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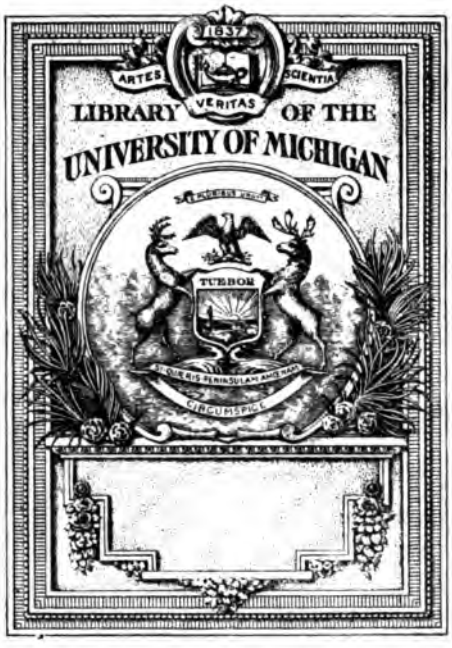
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McCLURE'S FOR JUNE

MISS TERRY'S FIRST AMERICAN TOUR

In the June installment of her Memoirs Miss Terry will describe her first visit to America, her appearance with Henry Irving at the old Star Theatre, New York, in 1883, and her first impressions of the American stage and American audiences. She writes entertainingly of some of the great personalities whom she knew in America —among them William Winter, the critic, and the late Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

MRS. EDDY'S THEORY OF THE UNIVERSE AND MAN

The fourteenth and last article of the Christian Science series, which will appear in June, will deal with Mrs. Eddy's book, "Science and Health." The *Christian Science Journal* declares that "Science and Health" and the Bible may be considered "as one book—the Sacred Scriptures." The last article will outline Mrs. Eddy's so-called Metaphysics, her system of mental therapeutics, and her theology as explained in her book, making one of the most interesting chapters of this notable work.

CARL SCHURZ AS A REPORTER

In the June installment of his Reminiscences, Carl Schurz tells how, at the request of Horace Greeley, he became the Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, and in this capacity witnessed the opening of the struggle between President Johnson and Congress. Schurz came into personal contact with nearly all the great figures of this period: Thaddeus Stevens, the formidable leader of the Republicans, so infirm that he had to be carried to his seat in the House, but relentless in his war on the President and his reactionary policy; William Pitt Fessenden, the peace-maker of the Senate; Charles Sumner, John Sherman and Wendell Phillips.

PORTRAITS BY GILBERT STUART

An artistic feature of the June number will be the reproduction in full color of two portraits by Gilbert Stuart, the most celebrated of American painters in the eighteenth century. These portraits—of the first Spanish Minister to the United States and his wife—were recently obtained by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Samuel Isham, the best-known authority on early American paintings, has written an article to accompany these examples of Mr. Stuart's art.

A GOOD FICTION NUMBER

Equally as interesting as the articles are the short stories selected for the forthcoming number. Among them are:

"Bob, Débutant," by Henry Gardner Hunting.

"The Decree Made Absolute," by Mrs Belloc Lowndes, a writer who has achieved success in England.

"Jungle Blood," by Elmore Elliott Peake, author of "The Heart of Eric," etc.

"The Key to the Door," by Fielding Ball, author of "Emmeline," "The Elopement," etc.

"A Cavalry Pegasus," by Will Adams, author of "The Knuckle-pusher," "A Pair of Diamonds," etc.

"The Wayfarers," the novel by Mrs. Mary Stewart Cutting, which has gained friends with every installment, will be continued.

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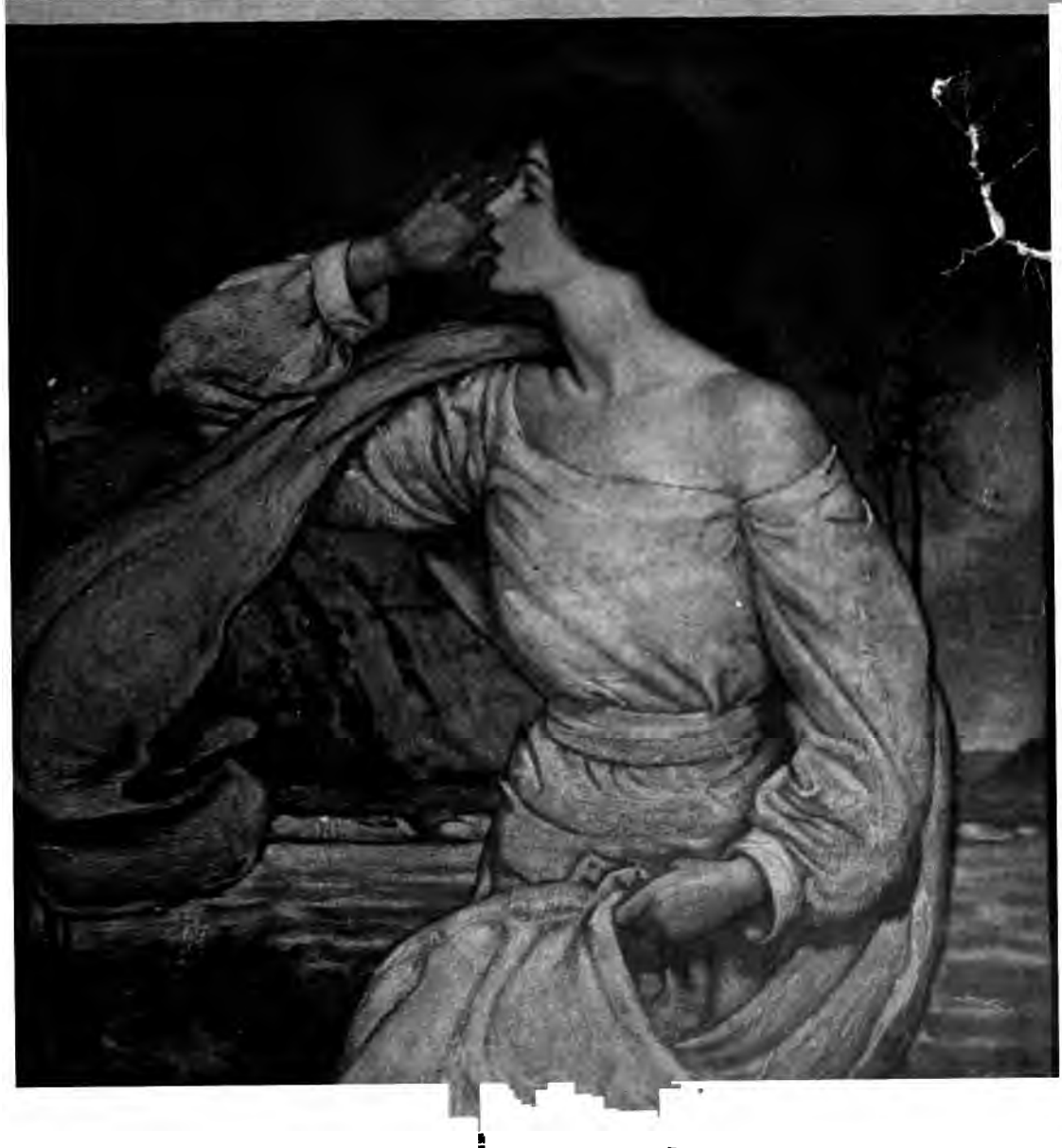

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President

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Secretary and Treasurer

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McCLURE'S FOR JUNE

MISS TERRY'S FIRST AMERICAN TOUR

In the June installment of her Memoirs Miss Terry will describe her first visit to America, her appearance with Henry Irving at the old Star Theatre, New York, in 1883, and her first impressions of the American stage and American audiences. She writes entertainingly of some of the great personalities whom she knew in America —among them William Winter, the critic, and the late Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

MRS. EDDY'S THEORY OF THE UNIVERSE AND MAN

The fourteenth and last article of the Christian Science series, which will appear in June, will deal with Mrs. Eddy's book, "Science and Health." The *Christian Science Journal* declares that "Science and Health" and the Bible may be considered "as one book—the Sacred Scriptures." The last article will outline Mrs. Eddy's so-called Metaphysics, her system of mental therapeutics, and her theology as explained in her book, making one of the most interesting chapters of this notable work.

CARL SCHURZ AS A REPORTER

In the June installment of his Reminiscences, Carl Schurz tells how, at the request of Horace Greeley, he became the Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, and in this capacity witnessed the opening of the struggle between President Johnson and Congress. Schurz came into personal contact with nearly all the great figures of this period: Thaddeus Stevens, the formidable leader of the Republicans, so infirm that he had to be carried to his seat in the House, but relentless in his war on the President and his reactionary policy; William Pitt Fessenden, the peace-maker of the Senate; Charles Sumner, John Sherman and Wendell Phillips.

PORTRAITS BY GILBERT STUART

An artistic feature of the June number will be the reproduction in full color of two portraits by Gilbert Stuart, the most celebrated of American painters in the eighteenth century. These portraits—of the first Spanish Minister to the United States and his wife—were recently obtained by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Samuel Isham, the best-known authority on early American paintings, has written an article to accompany these examples of Mr. Stuart's art.

A GOOD FICTION NUMBER

Equally as interesting as the articles are the short stories selected for the forthcoming number. Among them are:

"Bob, Débutant," by Henry Gardner Hunting.

"The Decree Made Absolute," by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, a writer who has achieved success in England.

"Jungle Blood," by Elmore Elliott Peake, author of "The Heart of Eric," etc.

"The Key to the Door," by Fielding Ball, author of "Emmeline," "The Elopement," etc.

"A Cavalry Pegasus," by Will Adams, author of "The Knuckle-pusher," "A Pair of Diamonds," etc.

"The Wayfarers," the novel by Mrs. Mary Stewart Cutting, which has gained friends with every installment, will be continued.

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PROPERTY.
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"FOR FOUR LONG SUMMER MONTHS OF DUST AND HEAT CASSIDY HAD BEEN A FREIGHTER"

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI MAY, 1908

DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI

THE MISADVENTURES OF CASSIDY

BY EDWARD S. MOFFAT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

CASSIDY gazed long and blankly across the desert. "Wot a life!" he muttered grimly. "Say, *wot* a life this is!" Cassidy made the words by putting his tongue against his set teeth and forcibly wrenching the sounds out by the roots. The words had been a long time in the making, but now, because of the infinite sourness of their birth and because of the acrid grinding and gritting that had been going on in the dark recesses of his soul, Cassidy was forced at last to listen. Rudely and forever they dispelled Cassidy's dull impression that things were well with Cassidy, and in so doing tore away the veil and revealed Truth standing before him, naked, yet gloriously unashamed. But the general outlines of the goddess had not been entirely unfamiliar to him. Although his previous skull-gropings had brought forth neither a cause nor a remedy, he had so long felt that things were far from satisfactory that when at last she fronted him brazenly, eye to eye, he only sighed heavily, spat twice in sad reflection, and — nodded for her to pass on; she had been accepted.

"Gosh, wot a thirst I got!" he pondered, and kicked the empty canteen at his feet. "Wot a simply horrible thirst! Say, pardner, I wonder did a feller *ever* have a thirst like this?" Luckily for Cassidy, his throat was not yet so dry but that he could amuse himself by fancifully measuring his thirst, first by pints, then by quarts.

"A quart would never do it, though," he meditated whimsically. "It would be a mean, low trick to make it think so. This yere job rightly belongs to a water-tank. Oh, gosh! And ten miles yet, across that darned dry lake, tuh Ochre. Gid-ap, Tawmm!"

In slow response, the four blacks settled into their sweaty collars, and the big Bain freighter, with its tugging trailer, heaved up the swale and lurched drunkenly down the other side to the glittering mesa.

For four long summer months of dust and heat Cassidy had been a freighter. From sun-up to sun-down he had dragged with snail-like progress up and down the cañons, through the rocky washes and crooked draws; and now that the road had dropped into the Southwestern Basin it was sickening mesa work, with the fine dust running like water ahead of his wheels or whirling up in fantastic, dancing pillars of grit that drove spitefully into his slack, parched mouth and sleepy eyes.

"It's the goll-dinged monotonosity of it I cain't stand!" he whined, as he drove his boot-heel down on the rasping brake-lever and waited sullenly for the inevitable bump from the trailer. "Gawd never meant fer a feller tuh do this work. I don't know Him very good," wailed Cassidy, "but I bet He wouldn't deal no such a raw hand. It ain't *human!*"

He frowned heavily at the sky-line of jagged mountains blued with haze. "They look like a lot of big old alligators — just as if they was asleep and lyin' with their shoulders half out of water," he murmured in gentle, subdued reminiscence. "The darned old no-good things!"

Then, as the bitterness of his lonely life rose up and dulled his mind and soured his tongue, "Why don't yuh get some mineral into yuh?" he yelled with abrupt ferocity. "Why ain't

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"I'VE SOLD THEM WHEELERS!"

"NEAREST TO THE ROUGH PINE BOX STOOD THE WIDOW, WITH LOWERED EYES"

yuh some good tuh a feller? *Zing, zing, zing* — I *hate* your old heat a-singin' in my ears all the gosh-blamed time! Why don't yuh *do* something? Huh? Yuh don't make it so's anything kin live. Yuh don't give no water, yuh don't give no grass, yuh don't do nothin'! Yuh jest lay there and make *heat!*"

Across the mesa the shimmering white surface of a dry lake caught his angry eye. As he looked, it began to rock gently from side to side. Presently, in a freakish spirit of its own, it curled up at the edges. Later, it seemed to turn into a dimpling sheet of water, cool, sweet, and alluring.

Cassidy burst into a howl of derision that startled his blacks into a jogging trot: "Oh, yuh cain't fool me, yuh darned old fake!" He shook a huge red fist in defiance of his ancient foe. "I'll beat yuh yet — darn yuh!"

Late that night, a large man with a red face and a sunburned neck on which the skin lay in little cobwebs, stumbled in under the lights of Number One Commissary Tent.

"I want my time and I want my money. I ain't a-goin' tuh work *no more!*" he announced with a displeased frown.

"Going back home tuh Coloraydo?" asked the youthful clerk.

"Back home?" repeated Cassidy mechanically. "How — how's that, young feller?"

"I asked yuh if yuh were going tuh hit the grit fer home?" the boy repeated.

"Aoh!" said Cassidy, and a blank look spread across his countenance. He spoke as if he did not understand. For a while he stood quite still, unknowingly twiddling the time-check in his thick, fat-cushioned fingers into a moist pink ball. His face grew heavy and dull. It seemed to have been robbed, with a surprising suddenness, of all the good spirits, all the abounding, virile life, of the moment before. It grew to look old and lined under the flickering lamplight, and this was odd, because Cassidy was not by any means an old man.

For a time the only sound he made was a queer little ejaculation of surprise, the only movement a bewildered stare at the boy. Together they were the actions of a child who, in the first numbing moments of a gashed finger, only gazes at the wound in round-eyed wonder. Cassidy had begun to remember.

He remembered that "back home" a man didn't have to live *all* the time on sour bread and canned tomatoes; "back home" you didn't have to die of thirst, coming in with day-empty water-barrels to find the spring dried up; "back home" the mountains didn't jiggle up and down in front of you, through glassy waves of heat that rightfully belonged in a blast-furnace. Things were different — and better — "back home."

Cassidy lifted his head and listened. He had heard the sound of water. Half hidden in the brush, a little brook was running by him down a dark ravine. Joyously, tumultuously, it churked and gurgled over the smooth green stones and moss down to the level, and then slipped away, with low, contented murmurings, among the cottonwoods and willows. Cassidy found himself following that brook. It took him down through fields of dark lucerne. It led him through yellow pasturage, deep with stubble and wild oats. It showed him long-aisled orchards glinting with fruit in the sunlight. It ushered him into a wide and pleasant valley. In the distance Cassidy saw a ranch. Near by, with blowsy forelock and careless mane, a shaggy pony stood knee-deep in the river-sedge.

"Why, hello, hossy!" whispered Cassidy, with soft surprise. "Why, say! I know yuh!"

A full, warm wind began to sough through the pines on the hillside. He could hear it blowing, blowing unendingly, from across the hills. His ears rang with the whirring sound, as it came singing along with the vox humana chords of a great 'cello, streaming down from the heights, gentle-fingered, but wondrously vast-bodied — booming along with half a world behind it. Fair in the face it smote him with its resinous breath, and he felt his lips parting to inhale its fiery tonic — felt, as he used to feel, the magic glow tingling in his veins again and brightening his eyes with the pure pagan glory of his living.

And then, very sadly indeed for Cassidy, and in much the same way that whisky and he had let it all slip through their fingers long ago, the sound of the brook stilled. The valley, the meadows, the ranch, and the kind, warm wind faded, one by one. In their stead came the creak and shock of a belated wagon-train pulling into camp. He heard the panting of laboring horses. He caught the salt reek of sweaty harness. He heard the drivers curse querulously as they jammed down the brake-levers, tossed the reins away, and clambered stiffly down.

Cassidy turned a strained, hard face on the boy. "I reckon not," he said sadly, grimly. "I ain't a-goin' home. Nope; I ain't a-goin' no place that's good. Yuh kin always be sure of that, kid."

"Oh, now, that's all right. Don't get sore," soothed the boy. "That's all right, Cassidy."

"No, it ain't!" roared Cassidy, angry with the long, hot days and stifling nights, angry with the work and the scanty pay, angry

"'I HEREBY PRONOUNCE YUH MAN AND WIFE!'"

most of all with himself. "No, it *ain't* all right!"

As a previously concealed resolve crystallized at last somewhere in his brain, his voice rasped up a whole octave.

"Nothin's all right, pardner!" he yelled. "Yuh hear me? Yuh know what I'm goin' tuh do?" He waved the time-check defiantly above his head and let go one last howl of sardonic self-derision:

"I'm goin' down tuh the Bucket of Blood *tuh get drunk!*"

The desert town of Ochre, in its more salient points, was not unlike a desert flower, although its makers were far from desiring it to blush unseen. Yesterday it had slept unborn in a nook of the sand-hills, the abiding-place of cat's-claw, mesquit, and flickering lizards.

To-day it burst, with an almost tropic vigor, into riotous growth. Flamboyant youth, calculating middle age, doddering senility, all these were there, all treading on one another's heels, to reap and be reaped. To-day a scene of marvelous activity, a maelstrom of bustling commissariat and fretting supply-trains, cut by never-ending counter-currents of hoboes to and from the front, to-morrow it would simmer down into the desuetude of a siding. Thus is vanity repaid.

Although Cassidy had begun at the "Bucket," he soon discovered that it possessed no phonograph, and, possessing a craving for music, he had removed himself and the remains of the pink check to where an aged instrument in "Red Eye Mike's" guttered forth a doubtful plea for one "Bill Bailey" to come home.

Here he had remained for five fateful, forgetting days. What Mike and Mike's friends did to him in that space of time cannot be dwelt upon. Suffice it to say that on the morning of the sixth day the bleary semblance of a man who had slept all night in the sand, alongside of a saloon, awoke to the daylight and a hell of pain.

By dint of soul-racking exertions it managed to roll to its hands and knees. Then, by slow stages, it pulled itself together, and after several unsuccessful attempts, tottering, stood on its feet. Tents, horses, sky, desert, and sun revolved in a bewildering kaleidoscope before his eyes. In the vastness of his skull a point of pain darted agonizingly back and forth. In his mouth was a taste like unto nothing known on this earth or in either bourn.

"I got money yet," he mumbled dazedly to himself, as was his conversational wont. "Say! I'm tellin' yuh, I got money yet!" Fumbling, he searched his pockets, but quite to no avail. Sadder yet, a repetition of the search, even to turning his clothes inside out and then looking anxiously on the sand, produced nothing. With a puzzled look on his haggard face, he stumbled into Mike's saloon.

Not at all disconcerted by the bedraggled form that leaned on his bar and mouthed disconnectedly, the worthy keeper of the hostel proceeded to produce a sheet of paper from the till.

"I don't savvy what you're talking about at all," he remarked ingenuously; "but seein' as you've been spendin' a few bucks amongst your friends here, I'll tell you how you stand."

"How do I stand?" asked Cassidy thickly.

Mike laughed in his face. "You don't stand, pardner. You're all in."

A moment necessarily had to be allowed Cassidy to fathom this catastrophe. When the agony had come and passed, he was heard to sigh heavily and remark: "Well, I reckon it'll be the old job again. I got the outfit yet."

"Have you, indeed?" mocked Mike, well up to his lay. "I'm glad to have you mention it. See here, pardner." He slapped the sheet of paper flat on the bar, under Cassidy's astonished eyes. "Do you figure this is your name at the bottom, or don't you?" he demanded in peremptory tones.

Cassidy frowned and regarded the paper. Then, as the words swam and blurred together in one long, discouraging line, he weakly gave it up.

"Wot's it say, Mike?" he asked feebly.

"This here paper says," responded the other, with the cold, forceful air of one well within his rights, "that last night you sold me your teams and your outfit — fer a consideration. Of course, now, I ain't sayin' just what you done with the consideration I give you. Mebbe you spent it like a gent fer booze, mebbe you was foolish and went to some strong-arm shack and got rolled. I dunno; I can't say. All I know is that you got your money and I got the outfit. Savvy?"

Cassidy's face took on a queer, pasty white. His hands clawed ineffectively at the bar.

"Sold you my *outfit?*" he quavered, with an awful break in his voice. "*Sold it,* Mike? Why, how do you figure that?"

"Is that your name?" barked Mike in answer. He thrust the paper out at arm's length and shook it under Cassidy's nose with astonishing ferocity. "Just you say one little short word, friend. Is that your name, or isn't it?"

Cassidy wavered. It was unquestionably his name; whether *he* had written it there or not was yet to be decided.

If psychological moments come to the Cas-

sidys, this one felt such a thing near him. *Now* was the time for him to leap in the air and pound wrathfully upon the bar. *Now* was the instant for him to rush into the open and call vociferously on his friends. *Now* was the fraction of a second left for him to reach out his hard knuckles and pin Mike to the wall and tear the paper from his hands. But instead, and with a queer feeling of aloofness from it all, much as if he were the helpless spectator of activities proceeding in some fantastic dream, he felt the moment thrilling up to him; felt it stand obediently waiting; felt himself slowly gathering in response to its mute query; then felt himself drop helplessly back into a stupid coma of whisky fumes and sodden inertia.

When he came to, Mike had put the paper back in his till and was assiduously cleaning up his bar. It was all over.

Cassidy shifted irresolutely from one foot to the other. A sickening feeling of hollowness within him was crying aloud to be appeased by either food or drink, and his shaking body begged for a place to rest itself into tranquillity; but still for a while he stood there, fighting off these yearnings while he gathered his far-strayed wits. Now and then he weakly attempted to catch the other's eye, but as Mike studiously refused to be caught, Cassidy could only blink owlishly and fumble again with the tangled ends of the skein. Finally, abandoning it all as useless, he turned toward the door, yet arrested his dazed shambling to ask one last question.

"How's that?" Mike responded vaguely over his shoulder. "Still harping on that, are you?"

"Did I really sell you them blacks?" ventured Cassidy quaveringly, controlling his voice only with a tremendous effort. "Reelly, truly — did I sell 'em?"

Mike rolled a cigar over in his mouth, with a complacent lick of his tongue. "That's what," he replied laconically.

Cassidy gulped down something in his throat. He leaned for a moment against the door-jamb; his gaunt, hollow-cheeked face quivered with misery.

"I mean them black wheelers, Mike. Just them two — them wheelers," he pleaded. Hesitating a little, as the other deigned no response, he ventured weakly on:

"I was figurin', now — of course, I don't mean nothin' by it, Mike, only yuh see how a feller c'u'd figger it — that mebbe — mebbe you made some mistake in readin' that paper. Yuh see how it could happen. A feller c'u'd make a mistake in readin', now, c'u'dn't he?" With this flimsy appeal Cassidy played his last and poorest card.

In answer the other snapped some ashes from his sleeve, turned his back, slapped the cash-register shut, and strode masterfully down the room. "Not this time, pardner."

Cassidy stumbled out.

"I've sold them wheelers!" he sobbed under his breath. "Why, it seems like I was just this minute thinkin' I'd get tuh go and water 'em, and rub 'em down a bit. *Now* it ain't no use thinkin' about it — not any more. It ain't me that's goin' tuh do that. I cain't water 'em. I ain't got rights to even lay my hands on 'em! O-h-h!" he shuddered, and agonizedly pulled taut on every tired, aching muscle. "Yuh oughter be beat up with a club. Yuh oughter get pounded with a rawk. You're a rotten, whisky-soaked bum, that's all yuh are now, and yuh oughter be killed and kicked out in the street!"

Half whining, half crying miserably, he drove himself out of the town, for a mile or more, on the desert, then plodded painfully back again, mauling and beating himself with the bludgeon of his awful self-pity.

At the foot of a fast-rising "grade" he halted wearily and watched the work. It was well on toward noon by this time, and the sun was blazing down through a choking pall of dust that hung in the lifeless air. Men were driving horses to and fro. They were men with weak, deeply lined faces and shambling gaits. They broke into querulous curses and beat their animals savagely on ridiculously small pretexts. They handled their reins with a uniformly betraying awkwardness.

Cassidy sized them up and sniffed contemptuously to himself. *He* knew. "That's wot *you*'ll be doing to-morrow," he muttered. "Durn your hide, that's all you're good for. That's yuh to-morrow, yuh and the rest of the 'boes."

Not knowing what to do with himself now, he drifted back to the town and sat in the scanty shade of a joshua, prepared to commune further with himself. Looking up after a time, his eyes descried in the distance the figures of two men who were walking toward him.

"I bet that's Con Maguire," he murmured. "Yep — him and that old 'Arkinsaw.' They've got their time-checks, tuh; I kin tell the way they walk. I bet I know wot they're sayin'. Con, he's got a little ranch up tuh Provo, and he's fer makin' right up the line and gettin' that old no-good Arkinsaw to go along and pass up the booze.

"Poor old Arkinsaw!" mused Cassidy shrewdly. "He's worked three months steady for Donovans', drivin' scraper, the poor old

slob, and their chuck is rotten. I'll bet he's terrible glad to get back tuh Number One. He's got forty dollars now. I bet he's near crazy. He allers looks that way when he's got forty dollars," said Cassidy.

"Sure I'll go with you, Con," Arkinsaw was saying. "I always meant to go, reelly, truly I did. You ask any of the fellers back to Donovans'. I was allers sayin', 'I'm goin' out home when Con Maguire goes' — and, sure enough, here I am. I'll be to the train the same time as you. We'll go home on the same train, Con; sure we will." The old man laughed nervously. His eyes were bright with some strange excitement — but half of it was fear.

"Say, Con," he whispered hoarsely, "I'll be all right. You jest ketch holt of my arm when we go by; I'll be all right then. Say, Con," he guttered, in an agony of fear and desperation, "you hear me? Only git me by that first saloon."

But the approaching twain had been seen by other eyes than Cassidy's. By some odd fortuity, a phonograph broke into wheezy song as the wayfarers swung down the street. Dice began to roll invitingly across the bars, and from a distant spot came the hollow sound of the roulette-ball. Quite by chance, a man appeared in a doorway, holding a glass of beer. He was seen to drain it, just as they passed. Then he noticed them for the first time.

"Come in and cool off, boys," he suggested cordially. "It's all on ice. Good, cold lager, boys!"

Under its mask of dust, Arkinsaw's face worked horribly. He stumbled, loitered along the way to fix his shoe, zigzagged from one side to the other, fumbled at his pack, and finally stopped.

"Say, Con," he rasped feebly. "Oh, Con! Say, I gotter see a feller here. Say!" as his friend looked back at him with disconcerting doubt written on every feature. "Say, Con! — reelly, truly I have!"

"Well, hurry up, then," replied the other, and went on his dogged way.

The instant his back was turned, the old man obliqued crabwise to the side of the road. Fumbling nervously at his roll of bedding, he threw it off and darted for the saloon, running and stumbling in his haste. But at this point a large, gaunt, red-faced man, bearing a club in one hand, appeared from nowhere in particular and fronted him.

"G'wan down the road!" said the red-faced man harshly.

"Why — why, *Cass!*" Arkinsaw bleated surprisedly. "How you did startle me! Why, where did you come from? Yessir!" and he deftly manoeuvered so as to catch a glimpse of the bar over Cassidy's shoulder. "You surely startled me bad. Excuse *me*," he murmured absently; "I gotter see a feller ——"

"G'wan down the road!"

"No, no, Cass!" the old man begged, hopping frantically on one foot. "Just a minute. It'll only take me a minute, I tell you. I gotter see a feller."

"G'wan down the road!"

"Say, Cass! *don't* treat a feller that way ——"

Arkinsaw retreated. Cassidy and the club advanced. Arkinsaw craftily side-stepped. So did Cassidy. They paused.

Cassidy leaned on his stick and centered the old man's wavering gaze. "Don't lie," he said softly. "If yuh lie tuh me, yuh feather-brained old cockroach, I'll just natch'lly beat your face off! I want yuh tuh go home; just clamp your mind on that, Sam Meeker! If yuh think you're goin' tuh throw your money away over that bar, yuh want tuh separate yourself from the idea mighty quick. I won't stand fer foolishness. Go over there and git your bed!"

By this time the old man had calmed down. He looked the other over with a benevolently crafty eye.

"Why, what you been doing lately, Cass?" he inquired, with an adroit turn of the conversation. "You don't look as if you were real happy."

Cassidy winced. Then he hefted the club suggestively. "I've been doin' things *yuh* won't do!" he said savagely. "There's your bed over there. Pick it up! Hit the breeze! *Hike!*"

"This yere's a friend of mine, Con," chortled Arkinsaw delightedly, as he scrambled up the steps of the swing train a little later. "He knowed my folks, back home. He's a real kind feller."

Con nodded and surveyed Cassidy's club with vast appreciation. The train underwent a preliminary convulsion and began to pull out.

"Good-by!" yelled Cassidy. "Keep sober, yuh brindle-whiskered old billy-goat!"

Arkinsaw's straggly beard waved in the air as he stuck his head out of a window. His worn, furtive old face was riotous with joy. He was going home — *home!* Safe and sober, with forty dollars and a clean conscience, more than had been his in many a day.

"You bet I kin!" he bellowed back. "You're all right, Cass!"

Cassidy sniffed and turned again toward the town. "I don't reckon I c'u'd stand these yere chuck-ranches off fer a meal," he soliloquized, "not lookin' the way I am. To-morrow's all

right; I'll be workin' then. To-day —" He paused and ran his hand over his forehead. "Well, to-day I reckon it'll be Mike's again — if he'll stand fer it."

And Mike fed him. Cassidy was harmless now. The fact that he asked for food proved it. Mike knew it; Cassidy knew it.

The rear of the saloon was partitioned off into a "Ladies' Room," whose door opened on the alkali flat behind. From thence came the monotonous drone of a murmured conversation. Cassidy tried ineffectually to follow it, but the droning of the voices and the steady hum of the flies around the beer lees on the bar made him sleepy. Outside it was stiflingly hot. Over on the grade the horses were choking and snorting in the dust, while the shambling-gaited men cursed steadily and heaved at the heavy scrapers. The little patch of blue in the doorway was twinkling with heat. Far out on the yellow plain, a grotesque-armed joshua lurched from side to side.

Cassidy felt a hand on his shoulder. "Do you want a drink?" asked Mike. "If you do, go in there and earn it. Talk to her. She's in hard luck."

Cassidy arose obediently, and with not a little timidity ventured to open the door and peer within.

"Come in," said a woman's voice, and Cassidy, not knowing why or why not, went in.

"Put your hat on the coffin and have a chair," said the woman. "I've looked and looked, and I can't see any table in this room."

Cassidy shuffled to a seat in a moment of surprise, and looked guardedly about him. There was, in fact, no table. Indubitably there was a coffin.

"That's my husband," said the woman. "Want to see him?"

"N-n-no, ma'am," Cassidy stammered hastily.

The woman nodded appreciatively. "Few does," she said, "and I guess it wouldn't do yuh much good. What's the matter with yuh? Yuh don't seem right well."

"No, ma'am," Cassidy confessed; "I ain't very well to-day."

The woman smiled a little. There was a pause. "How long have yuh been drinkin'?" she asked in a gentle voice.

"'Bout five days now," said Cassidy, reddening to the tips of his ears and bashfully looking up for the first time.

She was a short, well-made woman, dressed in black from the hem of her shiny skirt to the long plush bonnet-strings dangling loosely in her lap. Her face was a firm, pleasant oval, quite unlined except near the eyes, where there was a multitude of fine wrinkles such as come from squinting across a desert under a desert sun. There was nothing particularly worth noting about her face, except that it had an exceptionally healthy appearance. But her eyes fascinated Cassidy. They were an uncompromising, snapping black. They seemed brimming over with vitality. They were eyes that showed a strength of will behind them only woefully expressible in her woman's voice. They had a compelling quality in their straightforward honesty that forced Cassidy at once to forego the rest of her features. If he ventured to admire the firm white chin and well-kept teeth, the eyes flashed a stern rebuke. If his gaze slipped down to the sleazy, badly fashioned dress, the eyes brought him up with a round turn, slapped him, and reduced him to obedience. If his own flitted curiously to the smooth brown hair, drawn simply, plainly away from her forehead, hers towed him mercilessly back.

"We never drank much down tuh the ranch," she remarked, with the easy deviance of one who understands another's failings and does not wish to pain him by intruding their own immunity; "and now I s'pose there won't be hardly any. I'm Sarah Gentry. Yuh know me? We live down tuh Willow Springs."

Cassidy nodded. *He* knew Willow Springs and its well-kept ranch. It was the only fertile neck of land that ran down to Ochre Desert, an oasis, a veritable paradise of cottonwoods, willows, dark fields of alfalfa, a capably fenced corral, long lines of beehives, and apple- and olive-trees.

Cassidy grinned feebly. "I know. I stoled a mushmelon there last week."

"I saw yuh," said Sarah Gentry quickly, but without a shadow of malice. "Your head is tuh red. Yuh better stick tuh grapes at night."

Cassidy collapsed.

"My husband died yesterday, from consumption," she went on, with an even, steady flow of talk. "And I came in here tuh get a preacher tuh bury him. I heard the railroad was comin' this way, and I figured Christianity would come clippin' right along behind. But I guess it won't pull in for quite a spell. It just beats me how the devil *always* gets the head start. *He* kin always get in somehow, ridin' the rods, or comin' blind baggage; religion sorter tags behind and waits for the chair-car. I don't think much of this town, either. It seems like it was full of nothin' but sand, saloons, beer-bottles, and bums. Are yuh one of 'em?" she inquired, with a sudden thrust that startled Cassidy beyond bounds.

"A *bum*, ma'am?" gasped Cassidy.

"No; a preacher."

"I reckon not," said Cassidy definitely.

"I didn't know," said the woman vaguely. "I never saw one. Edgard an' me was married by the county clerk down tuh Hackberry, and he tried tuh kiss me, and Edgard shot him. Those would be mighty unfortunate manners for a preacher, I reckon. And now I'm all tired out and don't know what tuh do. That man outside let me sit down in here, and made me bring the coffin right inside,— he carried it in himself,— but he didn't seem tuh know much about preachers, either. If I was a Mormon I s'pose I could divide up the buryin' some, but I'm all alone now."

In a moment of unreflecting insanity Cassidy opened his mouth. "I'll help yuh, ma'am!" he said gallantly.

"All right," responded the widowed woman instantly. "Yuh kin lead."

Cassidy paled perceptibly under his tan.

"Now don't back out," she said, "even if yuh do feel sick. Mebbe some whisky would hearten yuh up." And she went quickly to the door.

Cassidy sat still in his chair, making up his mind — about the whisky.

"There!" said Sarah Gentry, suddenly appearing with a glass which she set on the coffin. "Looks real good, don't it?"

Cassidy's forehead was damp with perspiration. Inside of him something was clamoring frightfully for the stuff in the glass. Something seemed gnawing at his very heart and soul, threatening and pleading, begging and insisting, fashioning devilish excuses, promising great things. Cassidy's hand stretched slowly out for the drink — and came back. There was a silence. The woman fixed her large, strong eyes on his. Again he reached out his hand, and his face was strained and unpleasant to look upon. But again he stopped before he took the glass. A horse had whinnied outside. Cassidy shook his head grimly. Putting his toe against the glass, he deftly kicked it into the corner. "I reckon not," he said.

The woman jumped to her feet.

"Git up!" she said impulsively. "Git up and shake hands. You're a *man!* And now we'll go out and git tuh buryin'."

A little party of six was assembled in a gulch in the sand-hills. The coffin, marked only with a card, lay in a slight depression scooped out by the wind.

Nearest to the rough pine box stood the widow, with lowered eyes, but without the trace of an expression on her face. Heavy-handed, red-faced, gaunt and grim, Cassidy loomed up beside her. Behind them, in attitudes of more or less perfunctory interest, stood a white-capped cook from the commissary-tent, who had come out to get away from the flies, two vague-visaged unknowns from the vast under-world of hobodom, and a greasy, loose-lipped fireman with a dirty red sweater and a contemptuous eye.

"Go on!" whispered the woman. She threw one of her swift, compelling glances at Cassidy. "Say something!" And Cassidy obeyed; he could not have refused if he had tried.

It became at once apparent that he must make no rambling talk. The history of the past five days, while illuminating and diverting, could not be calculated to inspire the casual onlooker with religious awe. If aught was to be said, it must, perforce, be meaty and direct.

Cassidy grasped the irritating fireman firmly by the arm. Fixing him with a baleful eye, he spoke:

"This yere lady has wanted me to say something tuh yuh about her husband dyin'. As far as I kin understand, that part is all right. That's what he done. He's dead, all right; there ain't no mistake about *that.* Wot I'm askin' *yuh* is: Was he a *man?* Was he good for anything? Wot did he do when he wasn't workin'? Was he a low, mean cuss, always goin' round with bums?"

"How do I know?" asked the fireman, in an aggrieved tone. "Ouch! Say, leggo my arm!"

Cassidy's grip tightened. The fireman groaned dismally and subsided.

"Judgin' from wot I kin see, I should say he was! I mean he *was* good fer something. I should say he was surely a terrible weaver if he couldn't keep straight, hitched up alongside of the — the lamented widow. I don't think any feller could be much if he wasn't. Yuh see, pardner, he had *all the chance in the world. He* didn't need to be jay-hawkin' round, makin' eyes at every red-cheeked biscuit-shooter that fed him hot cakes. *He* had a nice ranch and a good wife. A feller that couldn't be grateful tuh a woman that's treated him as good as she has to-day, and hauled him clear from Willow Springs tuh git a Christian burial, and stood around fer him in a hot sun — well, he couldn't be no account *at all!*"

Cassidy paused and spat. "That's the way *I* look at it. And," thwarting the restive fireman by a startlingly painful grip on the fleshy part of his arm, "any feller that ain't got as good a wife — any feller that ain't got *any*, and lays round drinkin', and foolin' his money away on the 'double O,' and sittin' in tuh stud games with permiskus strangers, and gettin' ready tuh be a hobo — all I kin say is, he'd better brace up and try tuh deserve one. A feller that ain't

t a wife is a no-account loafer and bum, and ought tuh git kicked! *This* man had one, t he went and left her. Even then he done tter than *yuh* done! That's all."

"Kin I go now?" queried the fireman artly.

"Yuh kin!" responded Cassidy, malevo-itly, "but I'll see yuh later, young feller. I 't overfond of yuh." And he turned away cover the coffin with sand, digging it up oriously and scattering it here and there th a piece of board.

"That was a mighty nice talk yuh gave the eman," remarked the woman, during an in-val in their labors. "I feel a lot better now. ebbe the fireman will get married now and ace up. Was he really doing all those things ih said?"

"Some feller was," answered Cassidy. "I ard about it."

"And now," announced the widow, "we'll st make him a good head-board and stop ere. Edgard *might* have been a good hus-nd, but he didn't try overhard. Have yuh t anything written?"

"I ain't got anything but this yere old loca-n notice," ventured Cassidy doubtfully. "I ess, though, I'll just stake out Edgard, the me as a claim. Then it'll be regular, and ere won't nobody touch him. Of course we n't put up any side centers or corner posts; t a sort of discovery monument. He'll be e for three months, all right."

And so Cassidy, with the nub of a pencil, and g his knee as a writing-desk, duly, and in manner set forth in the laws of the United tes, discovered and located Edgard Gentry, thirty-five, died of consumption, extending en hundred feet in a northerly and south-direction and three hundred feet on either together with all his dips, spurs, and es.

Yuh write a nice hand," murmured the w pensively, sitting down in the sand be-him and unwittingly breathing on his neck e wrote. "Did yuh go tuh school, Mister idy?"

essum," was the confused answer. "Least-part of the time."

e widow surveyed him with a dreamy look fine eyes and pulled thoughtfully at her wer lip.

ou're a big man," she remarked. "How do you weigh?"

er two hundred," answered Cassidy con-.

I yuh haven't got any home?" — in-y.

ma'am."

"What were yuh doing tuh that poor old man to-day?"

The sudden irrelevance of the question startled Cassidy immeasurably.

"Wot? That little old Arkinsaw man? Oh — nothin'. Did yuh see me talkin' tuh him?"

"I did," said the woman; "and I also saw yuh poking him up the street with a big stick. Do yuh think that was a nice thing for a strong young man like yuh?"

"I was — I was just advisin' him," explained Cassidy thickly. "I ——"

"What were yuh hurtin' that old man for?" was the forceful interruption. "Did he ever hurt *yuh* any?"

"Hurt *me?* Old Arkinsaw? No, ma'am; not tuh my knowledge. But ——"

"*Never mind that,*" said the woman stonily, though the big, strong eyes had a favorable light in their depths. "Yuh tell me why yuh were sticking him in the back."

"Well — he wanted a drink — that's why," Cassidy mumbled.

"Oh!" remarked the woman, with withering comprehension. "And so, because he was tired and thirsty and wanted a drink, yuh poked him. I see."

Cassidy grew desperate. "I'm afraid, ma'am, yuh don't rightly understand," he undertook to explain.

"Yes, I do," replied the woman hotly, and burned him with her eyes. Then she turned her back on him, which hurt him a great deal more.

Cassidy groaned aloud.

"I believe you're a bully," goaded the little woman, and showed an attractive, mutinous profile over her shoulder. "Do yuh bully women, too?"

Cassidy did not answer at once. When he did, it was in a low, rather lifeless voice: "No'm; I don't bother the women-folks much."

"There, there, now," soothed the woman, quickly turning to him and putting her hand on his shoulder with a motherly gesture. "Don't go tuh feelin' bad. Don't yuh s'pose I knew all the time why yuh did it? I was glad, too. Just yuh lay down there in the sand and get rested, and tell me all about it."

And so Cassidy, stretched full length, with his face half hidden in his arm, mumbled fragmentarily — and told. After it was finished, after all his misdeeds had been related, and counted over, one by one, he ventured to look up.

The woman's face was grave, but she was smiling. She laid her hand gently on his cheek and turned his eyes to hers.

"But you've quit now?" she stated.

"I've quit," answered Cassidy honestly.

"Well, then, it'll be all right. I reckon it's time for me to be going now. Yuh better drive me home."

The road to Willow Springs lay straight across the mesa. Here and there, in the yellow expanse of sand, were patches of green mesquit, where some underground flow came near enough to the surface to slake their thirsty roots. Elsewhere the sand shifted noiselessly across the plain, under the touch of the wind, which fashioned innumerable oddly shaped hummocks, and then gently purred them away again, to heap on others.

After they had driven silently for some time, the woman spoke: "There's a man standing in that clump of cat's-claw ahead. Did yuh see him?"

Cassidy thoughtfully eased up the perspiring team. "I know him," he answered, although apparently he had not raised his eyes above the dash-board for a long time. "Name is Tommy."

"Well, what's Tommy hidin' in those bushes for?" demanded the woman.

"A feller broke into Number One Commissary last night."

"Did Tommy do it?"

"No, ma'am — not this time. His partner done it and skipped out."

"Does Jake think Tommy did it?"

"Yes, ma'am. I see Jake hitchin' up tuh go after him when we started out."

There was little said after that until they came abreast of the cat's-claw near the road. Cassidy pulled up.

"Say, Tommy! Oh, yuh Tommy!" he called persuasively at the silent bushes. "Come, git in here. This lady wants yuh."

"I guess Jake's a-comin'," replied Tommy, poking his head into view from his thorny retreat.

"I guess he is," said Cassidy, and looked over his shoulder at a rapidly approaching pillar of dust. "It's a good thing the county pays for his horse-flesh." There was a pause. "I reckon you'd better hurry some, Tommy," drawled Cassidy.

"Don't stand there imperiling your life, tryin' tuh guess who I am," said the widow abruptly. "Get right in here and cover up with alfalfa and them horse-blankets, and lie quiet. I want yuh."

"What for?" queried Tommy, as he clambered in, being a young man of devious thought.

"For a witness!" said Sarah Gentry unfathomably — for Tommy.

Cassidy looked puzzled for a moment. Then a slow wave of red crept over his face and crimsoned his ears. He started his horses again to cover his confusion.

The woman let him think for a moment; then her eyes drew his own startled orbs around and enveloped them in a soft light.

"Yuh know what I mean, Mister Cassidy?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well — shall we?" shyly.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Cassidy, and blushed incontinently.

Behind them a light buggy was being driven over the desert at a furious pace. As it came nearer, the two in the ranch-wagon, with its confused huddle of horse-blankets and hay, beneath which lay the trustful Tommy, could hear the shock of the springs as it bumped from one chuck-hole to another; but they did not turn their heads.

"Hello, there, Cass!" shouted the sheriff genially, as he pulled down alongside of them. "How'do, Mis' Gentry! Pretty hot travelin', ain't it?"

"I s'pose it is — being July," the little woman replied, with the first trace of confusion that Cassidy had seen. "I — I hadn't been noticing lately."

"I'm in a terrible hurry," the sheriff continued rapidly. "Some are sayin' young Tommy Ivison come this way, and I want him. I hate tuh give yuh my dust. Whoa, Dick! Whoa, Pet!" He pulled in his fretting team with a heavy hand. "I've got tuh get him before he crosses the California line, so I got tuh fan right along. Gid-ap, there!"

"Wait a minute, Jake."

"Can't do it, Mis' Gentry. If he's more than a couple of miles ahead, I can't ketch him. What is it I can do for you?"

"Yuh kin marry us two!" said the little woman, with a gulp.

"*Marry yuh?*" roared the sheriff. "Can't do it, ma'am — not even for a friend. Awful sorry, Mis' Gentry, but I've just *got* tuh go." He jerked the whip from its socket for a merciless slash.

"*Jake!*" said the little woman commandingly.

"Ma'am?" said the sheriff in an uncertain tone.

"Yuh heard what I said?"

"Yes, ma'am; but it ain't regular at *all*. I ain't no justice of the peace; I ain't got power enough; I ain't got anything — Bible, nor statutes, nor nothing. I couldn't take no fee, either; it wouldn't be right. By Golly!" he exclaimed excitedly, "I bet that's him, up ahead, right now!" and he struck his horses.

"Whip up!" said the woman to Cassidy, and she stood up in the wagon and held on by the rocking top.

"Jake Bowerman!" she called across the erratic width that separated the rapidly moving vehicles, "if you've got power enough tuh rest people and keep 'em in jail for the rest of their lives, marryin' ain't much worse, and yuh kin do it if yuh try!"

"Yuh ain't got any witness, Mis' Gentry!" bellowed the confused Jake, as a last resort, and touched his horses again. Cassidy let out another notch, and kept even. The wagons were swaying jerkily from side to side.

"Yes, I have!" snapped the woman. "Now, yuh hurry up!

"Better stand up, Mister Cassidy," she whispered: "we've got tuh be real quick!"

"It don't seem hardly regular!" yelled the discomfited sheriff, skilfully avoiding a dangerous hummock and crashing through a mesquit-bush which whipped away his hat. "I'll — I'll do it for yuh, Mis' Gentry. I'll marry yuh as tight as I kin; but I can't stop drivin' for that, and I've forgot a whole lot how it goes. Are yuh all ready?"

The desert had changed from its soft, yielding sand to a brown, flat floor of small stones and volcanic dust, fairly hard and unrutted. Pulling in dangerously close, the sheriff shifted his reins to one hand and faced them. The two wagons were racing neck and neck in a cloud of dust. Cassidy handling his lines with skill and growing satisfaction. From the body of the wagon under him, and quite distinguishable from the clatter of the horses' feet, came a series of sharp bumps as the unfortunate Tommy ricocheted from side to side.

"Do yuh believe in the Constitution of the United States?" bellowed Jake.

"*We do!*" pealed the woman.

"Do yuh — whoa, there, Pet! Goll darn your hide! — do yuh solemnly swear never tuh fight no *duels?*"

"What's that?" screamed the woman.

"He said a 'duel'!" shouted Cassidy in her ear above the uproar of the wheels. "Tell him no! We won't fight many duels!"

"No! *No* duels!" sang the woman.

"And no aidin' or abettin'?"

"No! No bettin' at all!"

"Nor have any connection with any *duels* whatsoever?"

The widow looked puzzled. She didn't understand. What had *duels* to do with solemn marriage?

"It's all in the statutes, all right!" roared the sheriff angrily, as vast portions of the laws of Nevada fled from his agitated mind.

"Mebbe you're both grand jurors now; I dunno. I think that's the oath. I reckon it's good and bindin', anyhow." He stood up in his buggy and shook the reins furiously over his horses' backs to escape from further legal entanglements. Leaning back over the folded top, he pointed at them magisterially with his whip.

"And now, by the grace of God and me, Jake Bowerman, I hereby pronounce yuh man and wife!"

With a roar of wheels, bad language, and a cloud of dust, the sheriff vanished in pursuit of the California line and the fleet-footed Tommy.

Cassidy pulled his horses into a much-needed walk. The little woman sat down and felt for her bonnet.

"*My!*" gasped Mrs. Cassidy, "*that* was going some! Do yuh reckon we're really married?"

The team, unheeded, had swung off from the desert into a road made in damper, richer soil. Not far ahead, now, the dark foliage of the Willow Spring ranch rose in cool relief against the grim, sun-reddened buttes beyond. Their passenger had some time since dropped quietly off and was walking ahead of the plodding horses.

As Cassidy looked forward at the quiet fields, and the ranch, and the spring, in the half-circle of willows where the cattle drank, now gradually dimming in the soft twilight, and then, with an involuntary turn, at the God-forgotten waste behind him, something melted in his breast; something cleared up his mind, and wiped it free of his thoughtless appetites and sins, and made him a strong, clean-hearted man again. He turned to the now quiet, pensive little woman at his side. He found her looking up at him with trustful, softly shining, all-enveloping eyes.

"I hope we're married!" said Cassidy gravely. "I reckon we are. Jake was always a mighty brave man, and what he does, he does so it sticks. But even if we ain't married good enough fer some folks, it's good enough fer me, for all time. I won't run away, ma'am. No, ma'am — not ever!"

"I know!" said the little woman happily. "*I* know!"

MARY BAKER G. EDDY

THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY GEORGINE MILMINE

XIII

TRAINING THE VINE—A STUDY IN MRS. EDDY'S PREROGATIVES AND POWERS

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land.
Motto upon the cover of the "Christian Science Sentinel"

AT the June communion of the Mother Church, 1895, a telegram from Mrs. Eddy was read aloud to the congregation, in which she invited all members who desired to do so to call upon her at Pleasant View on the following day.* Accordingly, one hundred and eighty Christian Scientists boarded the train at Boston and went up to Concord. Mrs. Eddy threw her house open to them, received them in person, shook hands with each delegate, and conversed with many. This was the beginning of the Concord "pilgrimages" which later became so conspicuous.

After the communion in 1897, twenty-five hundred enthusiastic pilgrims crowded into the little New Hampshire capital. Although the Scientists hired every available conveyance in Concord, there were not nearly enough carriages to accommodate their numbers, so hundreds of the pilgrims made their joyful progress on foot out Pleasant Street to Mrs. Eddy's home.

Mrs. Eddy again received her votaries, greeted them cordially, and made a rather lengthy address. The *Journal* says that her manner upon this occasion was peculiar for its "utter freedom from sensationalism or the Mesmeric effect that so many speakers seem to exert," and adds that she was "calm and unimpassioned, but strong and convincing." The *Journal* also states that upon this occasion Mrs. Eddy wore "a royal purple silk dress covered with black lace" and a "dainty bonnet." She wore her diamond cross and the badge of the Daughters of the Revolution in diamonds and rubies.

In 1901* three thousand of the June communicants went from Boston to Concord on three special trains. They were not admitted to the house, but Mrs. Eddy appeared upon her balcony for a moment and spoke to them, saying that they had already heard from her in her message to the Mother Church, and that she would pause but a moment to look into their dear faces and then return to her "studio." The *Journal* comments upon her "erect form and sprightly step," and says that she wore "what might have been silk or satin, figured, and cut *en traine*. Upon her white hair rested

* This communion was originally observed once each quarter and then twice a year. Since 1899 it has been observed but once a year, on the second Sunday in June. No "material" emblems, such as bread and wine, are offered, and the communion is one of silent thought. On Monday the directors meet and transact the business of the year, and on Tuesday the officers' reports are read. As most members of the branch churches are also members of the Mother Church, thousands of Christian Scientists from all over the United States visit Boston at this time.

* At the 1898 communion there was no invitation from Mrs. Eddy, but a number of communicants went up to Concord to see her house and to see her start out upon her daily drive. In June, 1899, Mrs. Eddy came to Boston and briefly addressed the annual business meeting of the church. In 1902 and 1903 there were no formal pilgrimages, although hundreds of Christian Scientists went to Concord to catch a glimpse of Mrs. Eddy upon her drive.

bonnet with fluttering blue and old gold rimmings."

The last of these pilgrimages occurred in 904, when Mrs. Eddy did not invite the pilrims to come to Pleasant View but asked them o assemble at the new Christian Science church n Concord. Fifteen hundred of them gathered n front of the church and stood in reverent ilence as Mrs. Eddy's carriage approached. The horses were stopped in front of the assemlage, and Mrs. Eddy signaled the President f the Mother Church to approach her carriage. To him, as representing the church body, she spoke her greeting.

The yearning which these people felt toward Mrs. Eddy, and their rapture at beholding her, can only be described by one of the pilgrims. In the *Journal*, June, 1899, Miss Martha Sutton Thompson writes to describe a visit which she made in January of that year to the meeting of the Christian Science Board of Education in Boston. She says:

"When I decided to attend I also hoped to see our Mother. . . . I saw that if I allowed the thought that I must see her personally to transcend the desire to obey and grow into the likeness of her teachings, this mistake would obscure my understanding of both the Revelator and the Revelation. After the members of the Board had retired they reappeared upon the rostrum and my heart beat quickly with the thought 'Perhaps *she* has come.' But no, it was to read her message. . . . She said God was with us and to give her love to all the class. It was so precious to get it directly from her.

"The following day five of us made the journey to Concord, drove out to Pleasant View, and met her face to face on her daily drive. She seemed watching to greet us, for when she caught sight of our faces she instantly half rose with expectant face, bowing, smiling, and waving her hand to each of us. Then as she went out of our sight, kissed her hand to all.

"I will not attempt to describe the Leader, nor can I say what this brief glimpse was and is to me. I can only say I wept and the tears start every time I think of it. Why do I weep? I think it is because I want to be like her and they are tears of repentance. I realize better now what it was that made Mary Magdalen weep when she came into the presence of the Nazarene."

Mrs. Eddy's Last Class

After the pilgrimages were discouraged, there was no possible way in which these devoted disciples could ever see Mrs. Eddy. They used, indeed, like Miss Thompson, to go to Concord and linger about the highways to catch a glimpse of her as she drove by, until she rebuked them in a new by-law in the Church Manual: "*Thou Shalt not Steal.* Sect. 15. Neither a Christian Scientist, his student or his patient, nor a member of the Mother Church shall daily and continuously haunt Mrs. Eddy's drive by meeting her once or more every day when she goes out — on penalty of being disciplined and dealt with justly by her church," etc.

Mrs. Eddy did her last public teaching in the Christian Science Hall in Concord, November 21 and 22, 1898. There were sixty-one persons in this class,— several from Canada, one from England, and one from Scotland,— and Mrs. Eddy refused to accept any remuneration for her instruction. The first lesson lasted about two hours, the second nearly four. "Only two lessons," says the *Journal*, "but such lessons! Only those who have sat under this wondrous teaching can form a conjecture of what these classes were." "We mention," the *Journal* continues, "a sweet incident and one which deeply touched the Mother's heart. Upon her return from class she found beside her plate at dinner table a lovely white rose with the card of a young lady student accompanying on which she chastely referred to the last couplet of the fourth stanza of that sweet poem from the Mother's pen, 'Love.'

"Thou to whose power our hope we give
Free us from human strife.
Fed by Thy love divine we live
For Love alone is Life," etc.

Mrs. Eddy and the Press

Mrs. Eddy now achieved publicity in a good many ways, and to such publications as afforded her space and appreciation she was able to grant reciprocal favors. The *Granite Monthly*, a little magazine published at Concord, New Hampshire, printed Mrs. Eddy's poem "Easter Morn" and a highly laudatory article upon her. Mrs. Eddy then came out in the *Christian Science Journal* with a request that all Christian Scientists subscribe to the *Granite Monthly*, which they promptly did. Colonel Oliver C. Sabin, an astute politician in Washington, D. C., was editor of a purely political publication, the Washington *News Letter*. A Congressman one day attacked Christian Science in a speech. Colonel Sabin, whose paper was just then making things unpleasant for that particular Congressman, wrote an editorial in defense of Christian Science. Mrs. Eddy inserted a card in the *Journal* requesting all Christian Scientists to subscribe to the *News Letter*. This brought Colonel Sabin such a revenue that he dropped

politics altogether and his political sheet became a religious periodical. Mr. James T. White, publisher of the *National Encyclopaedia of American Biography*, gave Mrs. Eddy a generous place in his encyclopedia and wrote a poem to her. Mrs. Eddy requested, through the *Journal*, that all Christian Scientists buy Mr. White's volume of verse for Christmas presents, and the Christian Science Publication Society marketed Mr. White's verses. Mrs. Eddy made a point of being on good terms with the Concord papers; she furnished them with many columns of copy, and the editors realized that her presence in Concord brought a great deal of money into the town. From 1898 to 1901 the files of the *Journal* echo increasing material prosperity, and show that both Mrs. Eddy and her church were much more taken account of than formerly. Articles by Mrs. Eddy are quoted from various newspapers whose editors had requested her to express her views upon the war with Spain, the Puritan Thanksgiving, etc.

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GREETING THE PILGRIMS

MRS. EDDY ON THE BALCONY OF HER CONCORD HOME ADDRESSING THE PILGRIMS IN 1903. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE AT THE TIME BY R. W. SEARS

In the autumn of 1901 Mrs. Eddy wrote an article on the death of President McKinley. Commenting upon this article, *Harper's Weekly* said: "Among others who have spoken [on President McKinley's death] was Mrs. Eddy, the Mother of Christian Science. She issued two utterances which were read in her churches. . . . Both of these discourses are seemly and kind, but they are materially different from the writings of any one else. Reciting the praises of the dead President, Mrs. Eddy says: 'May his history waken a tone of truth that shall reverberate, renew euphony, emphasize human power and bear its banner into the vast forever.' No one else said anything like that. Mother Eddy's style is a personal asset. Her sentences usually have the considerable literary merit of being unexpected."

Of this editorial the *Journal* says, with a candor almost incredible: "We take pleasure in republishing from that old-established and valuable publication *Harper's Weekly*, the following merited tribute to Mrs. Eddy's utterances," etc. Then follows the editorial quoted above.

In the winter of 1898 Christian Science was given great publicity through the death, under Christian Science treatment, of the American journalist and novelist, Harold Frederic, in England. Mr. Frederic's readers were not, as a rule, people who knew much about Christian Science, and his taking off brought the new cult to the attention of thousands of people for the first time.

Mrs. Eddy and the Peerage

In December, 1898, the Earl of Dunmore, a peer of the Scottish Realm, and his Countess, came to Boston to study Christian Science. They were received by Mrs. Eddy at Pleasant View, and Lady Dunmore was present at the June communion, 1899. According to the *Journal*, Lady Dunmore's son, Lord Fincastle, left his regiment in India and came to Boston to join his mother in this service, and then returned immediately to his military duties. Lady Mildred Murray, daughter of the Countess, also came to America to attend the annual communion. A pew was reserved upon the first floor of the church for this titled family, although the *Journal* explains that "the reservation of a pew for the Countess of Dunmore and her family was wholly a matter of international courtesy, and not in any sense a tribute to their rank."

Lord Dunmore, at one of the Wednesday evening meetings, discussed the possibilities of a "Christianly-Scientific Alliance of the two Anglo-Saxon peoples." Even after his departure to England, Lord Dunmore continued to contribute very characteristic Christian Science poetry to the *Journal*. He paid a visit to Mrs. Eddy only a few months before his death in the summer of 1907.

In 1904 the Earl was present at the convention of the Christian Science Teachers' Association in London, and sent Mrs. Eddy the following cablegram:

"London, Nov. 28, 1904.

REV. MARY BAKER EDDY,
Pleasant View, Concord, N. H.

"Members of Teachers' Association, London, send much love, and are striving, by doing better, to help you. "DUNMORE."

To this Mrs. Eddy gallantly replied:

"Concord, N. H., November 29, 1904.

EARL OF DUNMORE, AND TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION, London, G. B.

"Increasing gratitude and love for your truly help and that of your Association.

"MARY BAKER EDDY."

In these prosperous years the Reverend Irving C. Tomlinson, in commenting in the *Journal* upon Brander Matthews' statement that English seemed destined to become the world-language, says: "It may be that Prof. Matthews has written better than he knew. Science and Health is fast reaching all parts of the world; and as our text book may never be translated into a foreign tongue, may it not be expected to fulfill the prophet's hope, 'Then will I turn to the people a pure language,'" etc.

In January, 1901, Mrs. Eddy called her directors together in solemn conclave, and charged them to send expressions of sympathy to the British government and to King Edward upon the death of the Queen.

Truly the days of the Lynn shoemakers and the little Broad Street tenement were far gone by, and it must have seemed to Mrs. Eddy that she was living in one of those *New York Ledger* romances which had so delighted her in those humbler times. Even a less spirited woman than she would have expanded under all this notoriety, and Mrs. Eddy, as always, caught the spirit of the play. A letter written to her son, George Glover, April 27, 1898, conveys some idea of how Mrs. Eddy appeared to herself at this time:

Pleasant View,
Concord, N. H., April 27, 1898.

DEAR SON: Yours of latest date came duly. That which you cannot write I understand, and will say, I am reported as dying, wholly decriped and useless, etc. Now one of these reports is just as true as the others are. My life is as pure as that of the angels. God has lifted me up to my work, and if it was not pure it would not bring forth good fruits. The Bible says the tree is known by its fruit.

But I need not say this to a Christian Scientist, who knows it. I thank you for any interest you may feel in your mother. I am alone in the world, more lone than a solitary star. Although it is duly estimated by business characters and learned scholars that I lead and am obeyed by 300,000 people at this date. The most distinguished newspapers ask me to write on the most important subjects. Lords and ladies, earles, princes and marquises and marchionesses from abroad write to me in the most complimentary manner. Hoke Smith declares I am the most illustrious woman on the continent — those are his exact words. Our senators and members of Congress call on me for counsel. But what of all this? I am not made the least proud by it or a particle happier for it. I am working for a higher purpose.

Now what of my circumstances? I name first my home, which of all places on earth is the one in which to find peace and enjoyment. But my home is simply a house and a beautiful landscape. There is not one in it that I love only as I love everybody. I have no congeniality with my help inside of my house; they are no companions and scarcely fit to be my help.

I adopted a son hoping he would take Mr. Frye's place as my book-keeper and man of all work that belongs to man. But my trial of him has proved another disappointment. His books could not be audited they were so incorrect, etc., etc. Mr. Frye is the most disagreeable man that can be found, but this he is, namely, (if there is one on earth) an honest man, as all will tell you who deal with him. At first mesmerism swayed him, but he learned through my forbearance to govern himself. He is a man that would not steal, commit adultery, or fornication, or break one of the Ten Commandments. I have now done, but I could write a volume on what I have touched upon.

One thing is the severest wound of all, namely,

the want of education among those nearest to me in kin. I would gladly give every dollar I possess to have one or two and three that are nearest to me on earth possess a thorough education. If you had been educated as I intend to have you, today you could, would, be made President of the United States. Mary's letters to me are so misspelled that I blush to read them.

You pronounce your words so wrongly and then she spells them accordingly. I am even yet too proud to have you come among my society and alas! mispronounce your words as you do; but for this thing I should be honored by your good manners and I love you. With love to all

MARY BAKER EDDY.

P. S. — My letter is so short I add a postscript. I have tried about one dozen bookkeepers and had to give them all up, either for dishonesty or incapacity. I have not had my books audited for five years, and Mr. Ladd, who is famous for this, audited them last week, and gives me his certificate that they are all right except in some places not quite plain, and he showed Frye how to correct that. Then he, Frye gave me a check for that amount before I knew about it.

The slight mistake occurred four years ago and he could not remember about the things. But Mr. Ladd told me that he knew it was only not set down in a coherent way for in other parts of the book he could trace where it was put down in all probability, but not orderly. When I can get a Christian, as I know he is, and a woman that can fill his place I shall do it. But I have no time to receive company, to call on others, or to go out of my house only to drive. Am always driven with work for others, but nobody to help me even to get help such as I would choose.

Again, MOTHER.

GEORGE WASHINGTON GLOVER

MRS. EDDY'S ONLY SON

While Mrs. Eddy was working out her larger policy she never forgot the little things. The manufacture of Christian Science jewelry was at one time a thriving business, conducted by the J. C. Derby Company, of Concord. Christian Science emblems and Mrs. Eddy's "favorite flower" were made up into cuff-buttons, rings, brooches, watches, and pendants, varying in price from $3.25 to $2.50. The sale of the Christian Science teaspoons was especially profitable. The "Mother spoon," an ordinary silver spoon, sold for $5.00. Mrs. Eddy's portrait was embossed upon it, a picture of Pleasant View, Mrs. Eddy's signature, and the motto, "Not Matter but Mind Satisfieth." Mrs. Eddy stimulated the sale of this spoon by inserting the following request in the *Journal*:*

"On each of these most beautiful spoons is a motto in bas relief that every person on earth needs to hold in thought. Mother requests that Christian Scientists shall not ask to be informed what this motto is, but each Scientist shall purchase at least one spoon, and those who can afford it, one dozen spoons, that their families may read this motto at every meal, and their guests be made partakers of its simple truth.

"MARY BAKER G. EDDY.

* February, 1899.

he above-named spoons are sold by the
tian Science Souvenir Company, Concord,
. and will soon be on sale at the Christian
ce reading rooms throughout the country."

s. Eddy's picture was another fruitful
e of revenue. The copyright for this is
wned by the Derby Company. This por-
is known as the "authorized" photograph
rs. Eddy. It was sold for years as a
ine photograph of Mrs. Eddy, but it is
tted now at Christian Science sales-rooms
this picture is a "composite." The
pest sells for one dollar. When they were
for sale, in May, 1899, Mrs. Eddy, in
Journal of that date, announced:

it is with pleasure I certify that after
ths of incessant toil and at great expense
Henry P. Moore, and Mr. J. C. Derby of
ord, N. H., have brought out a likeness of
ar superior to the one they offered for sale
November. The portrait they have now
ected I cordially endorse. Also I declare
sole right to the making and exclusive sale
e duplicates of said portrait.
I simply ask that those who love me pur-
se this portrait.

"MARY BAKER EDDY."

he material prosperity of the Mother
rch continued and the congregation soon
grew the original building. At the June
munion in 1902 ten thousand Christian
ists were present. In the business meet-
which followed they pledged themselves,
"startling grace," as Mrs. Eddy put it, to
two million dollars, or any part of that sum
it should be needed, to build an annex.
the late spring of 1906 the enormous addi-
to the Mother Church — the "excelsior
sion," as Mrs. Eddy calls it — was com-
d, and it was dedicated at the annual com-
on June 10, of that year. The original
ng was in the form of a cross, so Mrs.
had the new addition built with a dome
present a crown — a combination which is
in its symbolism than in its architectural
. The auditorium is capable of holding
housand people; the walls are decorated
texts signed "Jesus, the Christ" and
Baker G. Eddy"— these names stand-
e by side.
ding to the belief of Mrs. Eddy's fol-
every signal victory of Christian Science
o beget "chemicalization"; that is, it
"error" and "mortal mind"— which
clude everything that is hostile to Chris-
nce — and makes them ugly and re-
The forces of evil — that curious,
non-existent evil which, in spite of its nihility, makes Mrs. Eddy so much trouble — were naturally aroused by the dedication of the great church building in 1906, and within a year Mrs. Eddy's son brought a suit in equity which caused her annoyance and anxiety.

Suit Brought by Mrs. Eddy's Son

Among the mistakes of Mrs. Eddy's early life must certainly be accounted her indifference to her only child, George Washington Glover. Mrs. Eddy's first husband died six months after their marriage, and the son was not born until three months after his father's death — a circumstance which, it would seem, might have peculiarly endeared him to his mother. When he was a baby, living with Mrs. Glover in his aunt's house, his mother's indifference to him was such as to cause comment in her family and indignation on the part of her father, Mark Baker. The symptoms of serious nervous disorder so conspicuous in Mrs. Eddy's young womanhood — the exaggerated hysteria, the anaesthesia, the mania for being rocked and swung — are sometimes accompanied by a lack of maternal feeling, and the absence of it in Mrs. Eddy must be considered, like her lack of the sense of smell, a defect of constitution rather than a vice of character.

Mrs. Eddy has stated that she sent her child away because her second husband, Dr. Patterson, would not permit her to keep George with her. But although Mrs. Eddy was not married to Dr. Patterson until 1853, in 1851 she sent the child to live with Mrs. Russell Cheney, a woman who had attended Mrs. Eddy at the boy's birth. George lived with the Cheneys at North Groton, New Hampshire, from the time he was seven years old until he was thirteen. During the greater part of this time his mother, then Mrs. Patterson, was living in the same town. When George was thirteen the Cheneys moved to Enterprise, Minnesota, and took him with them. Mrs. Eddy did not see her son again for twenty-three years. She wrote some verses about him, but certainly made no effort to go to him, or to have him come to her. On the whole, her separation from him seems to have caused her no real distress. The boy received absolutely no education, and he was kept hard at work in the fields until he ran away and joined the army, in which he served with an excellent record.

After he went West with the Cheneys in 1857, George Glover did not see his mother again until 1879. He was then living in Minnesota, a man of thirty-five, when he received a telegram from Mrs. Eddy, dated from Lynn, and asking him to meet her immediately in Cincinnati. This

was the time when Mrs. Eddy believed that mesmerism was overwhelming her in Lynn; that every stranger she met in the streets, and even inanimate objects, were hostile to her, and that she must "flee" from the hypnotists (Kennedy and Spofford) to save her cause and her life. Unable to find any trace of his mother in Cincinnati, George Glover telegraphed to the Chief of Police in Lynn. Some days later he received another telegram from his mother, directing him to meet her in Boston. He went to Boston, and found that Mrs. Eddy and her husband, Asa G. Eddy, had left Lynn for a time and were staying in Boston at the house of Mrs. Clara Choate. Glover remained in Boston for some time and then returned to his home in the West.

George Glover's longest stay in Boston was in 1888, when he brought his family and spent the winter in Chelsea. His relations with his mother were then of a friendly but very formal nature. In the autumn, when he first proposed going to Boston, his plan was to spend a few months with his mother. Mrs. Eddy, however, wrote him that she had no room for him in her house and positively forbade him to come. Mrs. Eddy's letter reads as follows:

Massachusetts Metaphysical College.
Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy, President.

No. 571 Columbus ave.
Boston, Oct. 31, 1887

DEAR GEORGE: Yours received. I am surprised that you think of coming to visit me when I live in a schoolhouse and have no room that I can let even a boarder into.

I use the whole of my rooms and am at work in them more or less all the time.

Besides this I have all I can meet without receiving company. I must have quiet in my house, and it will not be pleasant for you in Boston the Choates are doing all they can by falsehood, and public shames, such as advertising a college of her own within a few doors of mine when she is a disgraceful woman and known to be, I am going to give up my lease when this class is over, and cannot pay your board nor give you a single dollar now. I am alone, and you never

THE MOTHER CHURCH IN BOSTON

THE ORIGINAL BUILDING, AT THE RIGHT, IS IN THE FORM OF A CROSS, AND THE IMMENSE "ANNEX," WITH ITS DOME, IS SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT A CROWN, THE TWO BUILDINGS THUS FORMING THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SEAL—THE CROSS AND CROWN

MRS. EDDY'S NEW HOME AT CHESTNUT HILL

JANUARY 26, 1908, MRS. EDDY LEFT HER OLD HOME AT CONCORD AND CAME TO HER NEW HOUSE AT NEWTON ON A SPECIAL TRAIN, WITH THREE ENGINES TO INSURE HER SAFE CONDUCT

...e to me when I called for you, and now I ... you come.

... quiet and Christian life alone with God, ... can find intervals for a little rest. You ... what I had hoped to find you, and I am ... The world, the flesh and evil I am at war ... if any one comes to me it must be to help ... to hinder me in this warfare. If you will ... from me until I get through with my pub... then I will send for you and hope to then ... me to take you to.

... is, I have none, and you will injure me ... to Boston at this time more than I have ... ate in a letter. I asked you to come to me ... husband died and I so much needed some ... help me. You refused to come then in my ... and I then gave up ever thinking of you ... me. Now I have a clerk* who is a pure... Christian, and two girls to assist me in the ... These are all that I can have under this roof. ... come after getting this letter I shall feel ... regard for my interest or feelings, which ... to be obliged to feel.

... the last place in the world for you or ... When I retire from business and into ... then I can receive you if you are re...

* Calvin Frye.

formed, but not otherwise. I say this to you, not to any one else. I would not injure you any more than myself. As ever sincerely,

M. B. G. EDDY.

After Mrs. Eddy retired to Pleasant View, neither her son nor his family were permitted to visit her, and, when they came East, they experienced a good deal of difficulty in seeing her at all. Mr. Glover believed that his letters to his mother were sometimes answered by Mr. Frye, and that some of his letters never reached his mother at all. Mr. Glover states that he finally sent his mother a letter by express, with instructions to the Concord agent that it was to be delivered to her in person, and to no one else. He was notified that Mrs. Eddy could not receive the letter except through her secretary, Calvin Frye.

January 2, 1907, Mr. Glover and his daughter, Mary Baker Glover, were permitted a brief interview with Mrs. Eddy at Pleasant View. Mr. Glover states that he was shocked at his mo-

ther's physical condition and alarmed by the rambling, incoherent nature of her conversation. In talking to him she made the old charges and the old complaints: "people" had been stealing her "things" (as she used to say they did in Lynn); people wanted to kill her; two carriage horses had been presented to her which, had she driven behind them, would have run away and injured her — they had been sent, she thought, for that especial purpose.

After this interview Mr. Glover and his daughter went to Washington, D. C., to ask legal advice from Ex-Senator William E. Chandler. While there Mr. Glover received the following letter from his mother:

Pleasant View,
Concord, N. H., Jan. 11, 1907.

MY DEAR SON: The enemy to Christian Science is by the wickedest powers of hypnotism trying to do me all the harm possible by acting on the minds of people to make them lie about me and my family. In view of all this I herein and hereby ask this favor of you. I have done for you what I could, and never to my recollection have I asked but once before this a favor of my only child. Will you send to me by express all the letters of mine that I have written to you? This will be a great comfort to your mother if you do it. Send all — ALL of them. Be sure of that. If you will do this for me I will make you and Mary some presents of value, I assure you. Let no one but Mary and your lawyer, Mr. Wilson, know what I herein write to Mary and you. With love, MOTHER, M. B. G. EDDY.

Mr. Glover refused to give up his letters, and on March 1, 1907, he began, by himself and others as next friends, an action in Mrs. Eddy's behalf against some ten prominent Christian Scientists, among whom were Calvin Frye, Alfred Farlow, and the officers of the Mother Church in Boston. This action was brought in the Superior Court of New Hampshire. Mr. Glover asked for an adjudication that Mrs. Eddy was incompetent, through age and failing faculties, to manage her estate; that a receiver of her property be appointed; and that the various defendants named be required to account for alleged misuse of her property. Six days later Mrs. Eddy met this action by declaring a trusteeship for the control of her estate. The trustees named were responsible men, gave bond for $500,000, and their trusteeship was to last during Mrs. Eddy's lifetime. In August Mr. Glover withdrew his suit.

This action brought by her son, which undoubtedly caused Mrs. Eddy a great deal of annoyance, was but another result of those indirect methods to which she has always clung so stubbornly. When her son appealed to her for financial aid, she chose, instead of meeting him with a candid refusal, to tell him that she was not allowed to use her own money as she wished, that Mr. Frye made her account for every penny, etc., etc. Mr. Glover made the mistake of taking his mother at her word. He brought his suit upon the supposition that his mother was the victim of designing persons who controlled her affairs — without consulting her, against her wish, and to their own advantage — a hypothesis which his attorneys entirely failed to establish.

This lawsuit disclosed one interesting fact, namely, that while in 1893 securities of Mrs. Eddy amounting to $100,000 were brought to Concord, and in January, 1899, she had $236,200, and while in 1907 she had about a million dollars' worth of taxable property, Mrs. Eddy in 1901 returned a signed statement to the assessors at Concord that the value of her taxable property amounted to about nineteen thousand dollars. This statement was sworn to year after year by Mr. Frye.

Mrs. Eddy's Removal to Newton

About a month after Mr. Glover's suit was withdrawn, Mrs. Eddy purchased, through Robert Walker, a Christian Scientist real-estate agent in Chicago, the old Lawrence mansion in Newton, a suburb of Boston. The house was remodeled and enlarged in great haste and at a cost which must almost have equaled the original purchase price, $100,000. All the arrangements were conducted with the greatest secrecy and very few Christian Scientists knew that it was Mrs. Eddy's intention to occupy this house until she was actually there in person.

On Sunday, January 26, 1908, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Eddy, attended by nearly a score of her followers, boarded a special train at Concord. Extraordinary precautions were taken to prevent accidents. A pilot-engine preceded the locomotive which drew Mrs. Eddy's special train, and the train was followed by a third engine to prevent the possibility of a rear-end collision — a precaution never before adopted, even by the royal trains abroad. Dr. Alpheus B. Morrill, a second cousin of Mrs. Eddy and a practising physician of Concord, was of her party. Mrs. Eddy's face was heavily veiled when she took the train at Concord and when she alighted at Chestnut Hill station. Her carriage arrived at the Lawrence house late in the afternoon, and she was lifted out and carried into the house by one of her male attendants.

Mrs. Eddy's new residence is a fine old stone mansion which has been enlarged without injury to its original dignity. The grounds cover an area of about twelve acres and are well wooded. The house itself now contains about twenty-five rooms. There is an electric elevator

adjoining Mrs. Eddy's private apartments. Two large vaults have been built into the house — doubtless designed as repositories for Mrs. Eddy's manuscripts. Since her arrival at Chestnut Hill, Mrs. Eddy, upon one of her daily drives, saw for the first time the new building which completes the Mother Church and which, like the original modest structure, is a memorial to her.

There are many reasons why Mrs. Eddy may have decided to leave Concord. But the extravagant haste with which her new residence was got ready for her — a body of several hundred laborers was kept busy upon it all day, and another shift, equally large, worked all night by the aid of arc-lights — would seem to suggest that even if practical considerations brought about Mrs. Eddy's change of residence, her extreme impatience may have resulted from a more personal motive. It is, indeed, very probable that Mrs. Eddy left Concord for the same reason that she left Boston years ago: because she felt that malicious animal magnetism was becoming too strong for her there. The action brought by her son in Concord last summer she attributed entirely to the work of mesmerists who were supposed to be in control of her son's mind. Mrs. Eddy always believed that this strange miasma of evil had a curious tendency to become localized: that certain streets, mail-boxes, telegraph-offices, vehicles, could be totally suborned by these invisible currents of hatred and ill-will that had their source in the minds of her enemies and continually encircled her. She believed that in this way an entire neighborhood could be made inimical to her, and it is quite possible that, after the recent litigation in Concord, she felt that the place had become saturated with mesmerism and that she would never again find peace there.

Mrs. Eddy at Eighty

The years since 1890 Mrs. Eddy has spent in training her church in the way she desires it to go, in making it more and more her own, and in issuing by-law after by-law to restrict her followers in their church privileges and to guide them in their daily walk. Mrs. Eddy, one must remember, was fifty years of age before she knew what she wanted to do; sixty when she bethought herself of the most effective way to do it,— by founding a church,— and seventy when she achieved her greatest triumph — the reorganization and personal control of the Mother Church. But she did not stop there. Between her seventieth and eightieth year, and even up to the present time, she has displayed remarkable ingenuity in disciplining her church and its leaders, and adroit resourcefulness and unflagging energy in the prosecution of her plans.

Mrs. Eddy's system of church government was not devised in a month or a year, but grew, by-law on by-law, to meet new emergencies and situations. To attain the end she desired it was necessary to keep fifty or sixty thousand people working as if the church were the first object in their lives; to encourage hundreds of these to adopt church-work as their profession and make it their only chance of worldly success; and yet to hold all this devotion and energy in absolute subservience to Mrs. Eddy herself and to prevent any one of these healers, or preachers, or teachers from attaining any marked personal prominence and from acquiring a personal following. In other words, the church was to have all the vigor of spontaneous growth, but was to grow only as Mrs. Eddy permitted and to confine itself to the trellis she had built for it.

Preaching Prohibited

Naturally, the first danger lay in the pastors of her branch churches. Mrs. Stetson and Laura Lathrop had built up strong churches in New York; Mrs. Ewing was pastor of a flourishing church in Chicago, Mrs. Leonard of another in Brooklyn, Mrs. Williams in Buffalo, Mrs. Steward in Toronto, Mr. Norcross in Denver. These pastors naturally became leaders among the Christian Scientists in their respective communities, and came to be regarded as persons authorized to expound "Science and Health" and the doctrines of Christian Science. Such a state of things Mrs. Eddy considered dangerous, not only because of the personal influence the pastor might acquire over his flock, but because a pastor might, even without intending to do so, give a personal color to his interpretation of her words. In his sermon he might expand her texts and infinitely improvise upon her themes until gradually his hearers accepted his own opinions for Mrs. Eddy's. The church in Toronto might come to emphasize doctrines which the church in Denver did not; here was a possible beginning of differing denominations.

So, as Mrs. Eddy splendidly puts it, "In 1895 I ordained the Bible and Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, as the Pastor, on this planet, of all the churches of the Christian Science Denomination." That is what Mrs. Eddy actually did. In the *Journal* of April, 1895, she announced, without any previous warning to them, that her preachers should never preach again; that there were to be no more preachers; that each church should have instead a First and a Second Reader, and that the Sunday sermon was to consist of extracts

from the Bible and from "Science and Health," read aloud to the congregation. In the beginning the First Reader read from the Bible and the Second Reader from Mrs. Eddy's book. But this she soon changed. The First Reader now reads from "Science and Health" and the Second reads those passages of the Bible which Mrs. Eddy says are correlative. This service, Mrs. Eddy declares, was "authorized by Christ."*

When Mrs. Eddy issued this injunction, every Christian Science preacher stepped down from his pulpit and closed his lips. There was not an island of the sea in which he could lift up his voice and sermonize; Mrs. Eddy's command covered "this" planet. Not one voice was raised in protest. Whatever the pastors felt, they obeyed. Many of them kissed the rod. L. P. Norcross, one of the deposed pastors, wrote humbly in the August *Journal:*

"Did any one expect such a revelation, such a new departure would be given? No, not in the way it came. . . . A former pastor of the Mother Church once remarked that the day would dawn when the current methods of preaching and worship would disappear, but he could not discern how. . . . Such disclosures are too high for us to perceive. *To One alone did the message come.*"

The "Reader" Restricted

Mrs. Eddy had no grudge against her pastors; she did not intend that they should starve, and many of them were made Readers and were permitted to read "Science and Health" aloud in the churches which they had built and in which they had formerly preached.

The "Reader," it would seem, was a safe experiment, and he was so well hedged in with by-laws that he could not well go astray. His duties and limitations are clearly defined:

He is to read parts of "Science and Health" aloud at every service.

He cannot read from a manuscript or from a transcribed copy, but must read from *the book itself.*

He is, Mrs. Eddy says, to be "well read and well educated," but he shall at no time make any remarks explanatory of the passages which he reads.

Before commencing to read from Mrs. Eddy's book "he shall distinctly announce its full title and give the author's name."

A Reader must not be a leader in the church.

Lest, under all these restrictions, his incorrigible ambition might still put forth its buds, there is a saving by-law which provides that Mrs. Eddy can without explanation remove any reader at any time that she sees fit to do so.*

Mrs. Eddy herself seems to have considered this a safe arrangement. In the same number of the *Journal* in which she dismissed her pastors and substituted Readers, she stated, in an open letter, that her students would find in that issue "the completion, as I now think, of the Divine directions sent out to the churches." But it was by no means the completion. By the summer of 1902 Septimus J. Hanna, First Reader of the Mother Church in Boston, had become, without the liberty to preach or to "make remarks," by the mere sound of his voice, it would seem, so influential that Mrs. Eddy felt the necessity to limit still further the Reader's power. Of course she could have dismissed Mr. Hanna, but he was far too useful to be dispensed with. So Mrs. Eddy made a new ruling that the Reader's term of office should be limited to three years,† and, Mr. Hanna's term then being up, he was put into the lecture field. Now the highest dignity that any Christian Scientist could hope for was to be chosen to read "Science and Health" aloud for three years at a comfortable salary.

Why the Readers Obeyed

Why, it has often been asked, did the more influential pastors — people with a large personal following, like Mrs. Stetson — consent to resign their pulpits in the first place and afterward to be stripped of privilege after privilege? Some of them, of course, submitted because they believed that Mrs. Eddy possessed "Divine Wisdom"; others because they remembered what had happened to dissenters aforetime. Of all those who had broken away from Mrs. Eddy's authority, not one had attained to anything like her obvious success or material prosperity, while many had followed wandering fires and had come to nothing. Christian Science leaders had staked their fortunes upon the hypothesis that Mrs. Eddy possessed "divine wisdom"; it was as expounders of this wisdom that they had obtained their influence and built up their churches. To rebel against the authority of Mrs. Eddy's wisdom would be to discredit themselves; to discredit Mrs. Eddy's wisdom would have been to destroy their whole foundation.

* In a notice to the churches, 1897, Mrs. Eddy says:
"The Bible and the Christian Science text-book are our only preachers. We shall now read scriptural texts and their correlative passages from our text-book—these comprise our sermon. The canonical writings, together with the word of our text-book, corroborating and explaining the Bible texts in their denominational, spiritual import and application to all ages, past, present and future, constitute a sermon undivorced from truth, uncontaminated or fettered by human hypotheses and authorized by Christ."

* For the text of these by-laws see Christian Science Manual (1904), Articles IV and XXIII.

† Mrs. Eddy stated in regard to this ruling that it was to have immediate effect only in the Mother Church, adding: "Doubtless the churches adopting this by-law will discriminate its adaptability to their conditions. But if now is not the time the branch churches can wait for the favored moment to act on this subject."

To claim an understanding and an inspiration equal to Mrs. Eddy's, would have been to cheapen and invalidate everything that gave Christian Science an advantage over other religions. Had they once denied the Revelation and the Revelator upon which their church was founded, the whole structure would have fallen in upon them. If Mrs. Eddy's intelligence were not divine in one case, who would be able to say that it was in another? If they could not accept Mrs. Eddy's wisdom when she said "there shall be no pastors," how could they persuade other people to accept it when she said "there is no matter"? It was clear, even to those who writhed under the restrictions imposed upon them, that they must stand or fall with Mrs. Eddy's Wisdom, and that to disobey it was to compromise their own career. Even in the matter of getting on in the world, it was better to be a doorkeeper in the Mother Church than to dwell in the tents of the "mental healers."

Mrs. Stetson and Mrs. Eddy

Probably it was harder for Mrs. Stetson to retire from the pastorship than for any one else; indeed, it was often whispered that the pastors were dismissed largely because Mrs. Stetson's growing influence suggested to Mrs. Eddy the danger of permitting such powers to her vice-regents. Mrs. Stetson had gone to New York when Christian Science was practically unknown there, and from poor and small beginnings had built up a rich and powerful church. But, when the command came, she stepped out of the pulpit she had built. She is to-day probably the most influential person, after Mrs. Eddy, in the Christian Science body. Rumors are ever and again started that Mrs. Stetson is not at all times loyal to her Leader, and that she controls her faction for her own ends rather than for Mrs. Eddy's. Whatever Mrs. Stetson's private conversation may be, her public utterances have always been humble enough, and she annually declares her loyalty. In 1907 the New York *World* published several interviews with persons who asserted that they believed Mrs. Eddy to be controlled by a clique of Christian Scientists who were acting for Mrs. Stetson's interests. In June Mrs. Stetson wrote Mrs. Eddy a letter which was printed in the *Christian Science Sentinel* and which read in part:

"Boston, Mass., June 9, 1907.

"My Precious Leader:— I am glad I know that I am in the hands of God, not of men. These reports are only the revival of a lie which I have not heard for a long time. It is a renewed attack upon me and my loyal students, to turn me from following in the footsteps of Christ by making another attempt to dishearten me and make me weary of the struggle to demonstrate my trust in God to deliver me from the 'accuser of our brethren.' It is a diabolical attempt to separate me from you, as my Leader and Teacher. . . .

"Oh, Dearest, it is such a lie! No one who knows us can believe this. It is vicarious atonement. Has the enemy no more argument to use, that it has to go back to this? It is exhausting its resources and I hope the end is near. You know my love for you, beloved; and my students love you as their Leader and Teacher; they follow your teachings and lean on the 'sustaining infinite.' They who refuse to accept you as God's messenger, or ignore the message which you bring, will not get up by some other way, but will come short of salvation. . . .

"Dearly beloved, we are not ascending out of sense as fast as we desire, but we are trusting in God to put off the false and put on the Christ. This lie cannot disturb you nor me. I love you and my students love you, and we never touch you with such a thought as is mentioned.

"Lovingly your child,
"Augusta E. Stetson."

The Teachers Disciplined

Her pastors having been satisfactorily dealt with, the next danger Mrs. Eddy saw lay in her teachers and "academies." Mrs. Eddy soon found, of course, that a great many Christian Scientists wished to make their living out of their new religion; that possibility, indeed, was one of the most effective advantages which Christian Science had to offer over other religions. In the early days of the church, while Mrs. Eddy herself was still instructing classes in Christian Science at her "college," teaching was a much more remunerative business than healing. Mrs. Eddy charged each student $300 for a primary course of seven lessons, and the various Christian Science "institutes" and "academies" about the country charged from $100 to $200 per student. So long as Mrs. Eddy was herself teaching and never took patients, she could not well forbid other teachers to do likewise. But after she retired to Concord, she took the teachers in hand. Mrs. Eddy knew well enough that Christian Science was propagated and that converts were made, not through doctrine, but through cures. She had found that out in the very beginning, when Richard Kennedy's cures brought her her first success. She knew, too, that teaching Christian Science was a much easier profession than heal-

ing by it, and that the teacher risked no encounter with the law. Since teaching was both easier and more remunerative, the first thing to be done in discouraging it was to cut down the teacher's fee, and to limit the number of pupils which one teacher might instruct in a year. By 1904 Mrs. Eddy had got the teacher's fee down to fifty dollars per student, and a teacher was not permitted to teach more than thirty students a year. Mrs. Eddy's purpose is as clear as it was wise: she desired that no one should be able to make a living by teaching alone. It was healing that carried the movement forward, and whoever made a living by Christian Science must heal. From 1903 to 1906 all teaching was suspended under the by-law "Healing better than teaching."

In the fall of 1895 Mrs. Eddy issued her instructions to the churches in the form of a volume entitled the "Church Manual of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass." The by-laws herein contained, she says, "were impelled by a power not one's own, were written at different dates, as occasion required." This book is among Mrs. Eddy's copyrighted works, — a source of revenue, like the rest,— and has now been through more than forty editions. Some of the by-laws in the earlier editions are perplexing.

We find that "Careless comparison or irreverent reference to Christ Jesus, is abnormal in a Christian Scientist and prohibited."* It is probable that no Christian church had ever before found it necessary to make such a prohibition.

Again, the by-laws state that "Any member of this church who is found living with a child improperly, or claiming a child not legally adopted, or claiming or living with a husband or a wife to whom they have not been legally married, shall immediately be excommunicated," etc.† This seems a strange subject for especial legislation.

The Manual, however, is chiefly interesting as an exposition of Mrs. Eddy's method of church government and as an inventory of her personal prerogatives. Never was a title more misleadingly modest than Mrs. Eddy's title of "Pastor Emeritus" of the Mother Church.

How the Mother Church is Organized

Next to Mrs. Eddy in authority is the Board of Directors, who were chosen by Mrs. Eddy and who are subject to her in all their official acts. Any one of these directors can at any time be dismissed *upon Mrs. Eddy's request,* and the vacancy can be filled only by a candidate whom she has approved. All the church business is transacted by these directors,— no other members of the church may be present at the business meetings,— and if at any time one of them should refuse to carry out Mrs. Eddy's instructions, or should grumble about carrying them out, her request would remove him. The members of this board, in addition to their precarious tenure, are pledged to secrecy; they "shall neither report the discussions of this Board, *nor those with Mrs. Eddy.*"*

These directors are Mrs. Eddy's machine; they are her executive self, created by her breath, dissolved at a breath, and committed to silence. Their chief duties are two — to elect to office whomsoever Mrs. Eddy appoints, and to hold their peace.

The President of the church is annually elected by the directors, the election being subject to Mrs. Eddy's approval.†

The First and Second Readers are elected every third year by the directors, subject to Mrs. Eddy's approval, but she can remove a Reader either from the Mother Church or from any of the branch churches whenever she sees fit and without explanation.‡

The Clerk and Treasurer of the church are elected once a year by the directors, subject to Mrs. Eddy's approval.§

Executive Members: Prior to 1903 these were known as First Members. They shall not be less than fifty in number, nor more than one hundred. They must have certain qualifications (such as residing within five hundred miles of Boston), and they must hold a meeting once a year and special meetings at Mrs. Eddy's call, but they have no powers and no duties.‖ The manner of their election is especially unusual. The by-laws state that a member can be made an Executive Member only after a letter is received by the directors from Mrs. Eddy requesting them to make said persons Executive Members; and then, Mrs. Eddy adds, "they shall be elected by the *unanimous vote of the Board of Directors.*"¶

What, one might ask, is the purpose in having an "executive" body which can do nothing — they are not even allowed to be present at the business meetings of the church — elected by a Board of Directors who have to elect "unanimously" whomsoever Mrs. Eddy names? Why go through the form of "electing" them, when they are simply appointed? Why, indeed,

* Church Manual (11th ed.), Article XXXII.
† Ibid. (3d ed.), Article VIII, Sec. 5.

* Church Manual (43d ed.), Article I, Sec. 5.
† Ibid. (43d ed.), Article I, Sec. 2.
‡ Ibid. (43d ed.), Article I, Sec. 4. Ibid. (11th ed.), Article XXIII, Sec. 2.
§ Ibid. (43d ed.), Article I, Sec. 3.
‖ Formerly the Executive Members were permitted to fix the salaries of the Readers, but in the last edition of the Manual this privilege seems to have been withdrawn.
¶ Church Manual (43d ed.), Article VI.

t the church officers, since, behind this brave wing of boards and bodies, Mrs. Eddy, in lity, simply appoints?

he reason is that Mrs. Eddy likes the play naking boards and committees; she loves s and loves to distribute them. Another on is that her followers are proud to be ed upon these boards, however limited r sphere of action may be.

Mrs. Eddy Controls the Branch Churches

ith the branch churches the case is much the e. Mrs. Eddy starts out bravely by saying t they are to have "local self-government." on reading the Manual we find that they pretty well provided for.

branch church can be organized only by a nber of the Mother Church.*

he services of the branch churches are defely prescribed; they are to consist of music, . Eddy's prayer, and oral readings from ience and Health" and the Bible.

Irs. Eddy may appoint or remove — with- explanation — the Readers of the branch rches at any time.†

he branch churches may never have comnts or remarks made by their Readers, either n passages from "Science and Health" or m the Bible.‡

he branch churches may have lectures only lecturers whom Mrs. Eddy has appointed in usual way — through the "vote" of her ard of Directors.§ And the lecture must e passed censorship.‖

After listening to such a lecture, the mems of the branch churches are not permitted give a reception or to meet for social interurse. Mrs. Eddy tells them that it will be ch better for them to "depart in quiet ought."¶ (It seems more than probable that s by-law was devised for the spiritual good the lecturer. Mrs. Eddy had no idea that ese gentlemen should be fêted or made much after their discourse and thus become puffed with pride of place.)

Since the branch churches, then, have noing to say about their services, Readers, or cturers, there seems to be very little left for em to do with their powers of local self-government.

Services in the branch churches, as in the Mother Church, are limited to the Sunday morning and evening readings from the Bible and "Science and Health," the Wednesday evening experience meetings, and to the communion service. (In the Mother Church this occurs but once a year, in the branch churches twice.) There is no baptismal service, no marriage or burial service, and weddings and funerals are never conducted in any of the Christian Science churches.

The Publication Committee

Included in the Mother Church organization are the Publication Committee, the Christian Science Publishing Society, the Board of Lectureship, the Board of Missionaries, and the Board of Education, all absolutely under Mrs. Eddy's control.

The manager of the Publication Committee, at present Mr. Alfred Farlow, is "elected" annually by the Board of Directors under Mrs. Eddy's instructions. His salary is to be not less than $5,000. This Publication Committee is simply a press bureau, consisting of a manager with headquarters in Boston and of various branch committees throughout the field. It is the duty of a member of this committee, wherever he resides, to reply promptly through the press to any criticism of Christian Science or of Mrs. Eddy which may be made in his part of the country, and to insert in the newspapers of his territory as much matter favorable to Christian Science as they will print. In replying to criticism this bureau will, if necessary, pay the regular advertising rate for the publication of their statements. The members of this committee, after having written and published their articles in defense of Christian Science, are also responsible, says the Manual, "for having the papers containing these articles circulated in large quantities." This press agency has been extremely effective in pushing the interests of Christian Science, in keeping it before the public, and in building up a desirable legendry around Mrs. Eddy.

The Publishing Society

The Christian Science Publishing Society is conducted for the purpose of publishing and marketing Mrs. Eddy's works and the three Christian Science periodicals, the *Christian Science Journal*, the *Christian Science Sentinel*, and *Der Christian Science Herold*. It is managed and controlled by a Board of Trustees appointed by Mrs. Eddy, and the net profits of the business are turned over semi-annually to the treasurer of the Mother Church. The manager and editors are appointed for but one year, and must be elected or reëlected by a vote of the directors *and* "the consent of the Pastor Emeritus, given in her own handwriting." The Manual also states that a person who is not accepted by

*Church Manual (43d ed.), Article XXVIII.
†Ibid. (11th ed.), Article XXIII.
‡Ibid. (43d ed.), Article IV.
§Ibid. (43d ed.), Article XXXIV, Sec. 1.
‖Ibid. (43d ed.), Article XXXIV, Sec. 2.
¶Ibid. (43d ed.), Article XXXIV, Sec. 4.

Mrs. Eddy as suitable shall *in no manner* be connected with publishing her books or editing her periodicals — not a compositor, not the copy-boy, not the scrubwoman.

Christian Science Lectures

Until 1898 any Christian Scientist could give public talks or lectures upon the doctrines of his faith, but in January of that year Mrs. Eddy prudently withdrew this privilege. She appointed a Board of Lectureship, carefully selecting each member and assigning each to a certain district. In this work she placed several of her most influential men, among whom was Septimus J. Hanna. Her idea seems to have been that as itinerant lecturers these men could not build up a dangerously strong personal following. These lecturers are elected annually, subject to Mrs. Eddy's approval. Their representative lecture must be censored by the clerk of the Mother Church. The Manual stipulates that these lectures must "bear testimony to the facts pertaining to the life of the Pastor Emeritus."

Missionaries

Seven missionaries are elected annually by the Board of Directors — Mrs. Eddy's usual way of appointing. Indeed, one finds that the elections of these various boards are simply confirmations of appointments made by Mrs. Eddy; not, certainly, because her appointments need confirmation, but rather because it seems to give these boards pleasure to vote "unanimously" when they are bidden. To all intents and purposes the Manual might just as well state that every committee and officer is appointed by the Pastor Emeritus, and the phrase "elected by the Board of Directors" seems used merely for variety of expression.

Board of Education

The Board of Education consists of three members, the President, Vice-President, and a teacher. Mrs. Eddy is the permanent President — unless, says the Manual, she sees fit to "resign over her own signature." The Vice-President and teacher are elected from time to time, "subject to the approval of the Pastor Emeritus."

Obligations of the Individual Christian Scientist

It is not easy to become a member of the Mother Church. In the first place, the applicant for admission must read nothing upon metaphysics or religion except Mrs. Eddy's books and the Bible. In the second place, his application must be countersigned by one of Mrs. Eddy's loyal students, who is made responsible for the candidate's sincerity. There are so many things for which the new member may be expelled after he is once admitted into the church, that it would seem as if he can remain there only by very special grace. He is hedged about by a number of by-laws which seem to relate chiefly to his personal attitude toward Mrs. Eddy. He may not haunt the roads upon which Mrs. Eddy drives. He may not discuss, lecture upon, or debate upon Christian Science in public without especial permission from one of her representatives. He must not be a "leader" in the church and must never be called one. He may read only the Bible and Mrs. Eddy for religious instruction. He shall not "vilify" the Pastor Emeritus. He is in duty bound to go to Mrs. Eddy's home and serve her in person for one year if she requires it of him. He may not permit his children to believe in Santa Claus — Mrs. Eddy abolished Santa Claus by proclamation in 1904. She brooks no petty rivals. He may not read or quote from Mrs. Eddy's books or from her "poems" without first naming the author. She says, in explanation of this by-law: "To pour into the ears of listeners the sacred revelations of Christian Science indiscriminately, or without characterizing their origin and thus distinguishing them from the writings of authors who think at random on this subject, is to lose some weight in the scale of right thinking."*

A Christian Scientist "shall neither buy, sell nor circulate Christian Science literature which is not correct in its statement," etc., Mrs. Eddy, of course, determining whether or not the statement is correct. He "shall not patronize a publishing house or bookstore that has for sale obnoxious books."

A Christian Scientist may not belong to any club or society, Free Masons excepted, outside the Mother Church. His connection with the Mother Church must be sufficient for all his social and intellectual needs, and his interest is not to be diverted from its one proper channel. Mrs. Eddy says that church organizations are ample for him.†

It is indicative of Mrs. Eddy's influence over her followers that when this by-law was issued, less than twenty inquiries (so her secretary announced) were received at Pleasant View. Men resigned from their political, business, and social clubs, women from their literary and patriotic organizations, without a murmur and without a question.

No hymns may be sung in the Mother Church unless they have been approved by Mrs. Eddy,

* Church Manual (11th ed.), Article XV.
† Ibid. (43d ed.), Article XXVI.

and Mrs. Eddy's own hymns must be sung at stated intervals. "If a solo singer in the Mother Church shall either neglect or refuse to sing alone a hymn written by our Leader and Pastor Emeritus, as often as once each month, and oftener if the Directors so direct, a meeting shall be called and the salary of this singer shall be stopped."

Supreme Authority

But far above all these lesser by-laws Mrs. Eddy holds one in which her supreme authority rests. A mesmerist or "mental malpractitioner" is, of course, to be excommunicated, and "if the author of Science and Health shall bear witness to the offense of mental malpractice, it shall be considered sufficient evidence thereof."* The accused can make no defense, has no appeal. If any Christian Scientist offends Mrs. Eddy, if he writes a letter to the *Journal* and uses a phrase which does not please her, if he is too popular in his own community, if it is rumored that he reads upon philosophy or metaphysics, or medicine, if he in any way wounds her vanity, Mrs. Eddy can expel him from the church by a word, without explanation, and he can make no effort to vindicate himself. In the matter of hypnotism Mrs. Eddy's mere word is enough. She has, she says, an unerring instinct by which she can detect hypnotism in any creature:

"I possess a spiritual sense of what the malicious mental practitioner is mentally arguing which cannot be deceived; I can discern in the human mind thoughts, motives, and purposes; and neither mental arguments nor psychic power can affect this spiritual insight."†

Actual Size of Mrs. Eddy's Following

The result of Mrs. Eddy's planning and training and pruning is that she has built up the largest and most powerful organization ever founded by any woman in America. Probably no other woman so handicapped — so limited in intellect, so uncertain in conduct, so tortured by hatred and hampered by petty animosities — has ever risen from a state of helplessness and dependence to a position of such power and authority. All that Christian Science comprises to-day — the Mother Church, branch churches, healers, teachers, Readers, boards, committees, societies — are as completely under Mrs. Eddy's control as if she were their temporal as well as their spiritual ruler. The growth of her power has been extensive as well as intensive.

In June, 1907, the membership of the Mother Church, according to the Secretary's report, was 43,876. The membership of the branch churches amounted to 42,846. As members of the branch churches are almost invariably members of the Mother Church as well, there cannot be more than 60,000 Christian Scientists in the world to-day, and the number is probably nearer 50,000.

In June, 1907, there were in all 710 branch churches. Fifty-eight of these are in foreign countries: 25 in the Dominion of Canada, 14 in Great Britain, 2 in Ireland, 4 in Australia, 1 in South Africa, 8 in Mexico, 2 in Germany, 1 in Holland, and 1 in France. There are also 295 Christian Science societies not yet incorporated into churches, 30 of which are in foreign countries.*

In reading these figures one must bear in mind the fact that twenty-nine years ago the only Christian Science church in the world was struggling to pay its rent in Boston.

One very effective element in the growth of the church has been the fact that a considerable proportion of Christian Scientists — probably about one tenth — make their living by their faith, and their worldly fortunes as well as their spiritual comfort are in their church; they must prosper or decline, rise or fall, with Christian Science, and they prosecute the cause of their church with all their energies and with entire singleness of purpose. Again, any religion must experience a great impetus and stimulus from the living presence of its founder or prophet, and when that presence is as effective as Mrs. Eddy's, it is a force to be reckoned with. Furthermore, Christian Science is a novel and sensational presentation of one of the oldest accepted truths in human thinking, and converts a few time-worn metaphysical platitudes into mysterious incantations which are quite as effective by reason of their incoherence and misapplication as because of the relative truths which they originally conveyed. Optimism is the cry of the times, and of all the voices which declare it, this is the most strident and insistent, proclaiming the shortest of all the short roads to happiness, declaring the secret of a contentment as impervious of total anaesthesia.

*Church Manual (43d ed.), Article XXII, Sec. 4.

†"Christian Science History," by Mary B. G. Eddy (1st ed.), page 25.

*In June, 1907, there were 3,515 authorized Christian Science "healers" in the world; 3,268 of these are practising in the United States, 1 in Alaska, 63 in the Dominion of Canada, 5 in Mexico, 1 in Cuba, 1 in South Africa, 18 in Australia, 1 in China, 105 in England, 5 in Ireland, 9 in Scotland, 7 in France, 15 in Germany, 4 in Holland, 1 in India, 1 in Italy, 1 in the Philippine Islands, 1 in Russia, 1 in South America, 7 in Switzerland.

[NOTE: The next article will deal with Mrs. Eddy's book, "Science and Health," and will complete this history.]

IN CHARGE OF TRUSTY

BY LUCY PRATT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

THERE was a dramatic arrival at the Whittier School one Monday morning.

The children were gathered in their class-rooms, looking particularly good and hopeful just after their morning exercises, and Miss Doane was on the platform in the Assembly Room, when she became aware of a slight confusion in the outside hall. But, since visitors of distinction always came in from that particular hall, Miss Doane merely waited for whatever special form of distinction this might be. There was a thump on the door, and then, after some slight parleying and continued confusion on the other side, it opened and two visitors made their entrance. One was a very large and rather ancient-looking colored man, the other was a very small colored boy. They both looked somewhat spent and breathless, and when the man had deposited the boy before him, with a threatening wave of the stick, he took out a large bandana and wiped the sweat of honest toil from his brow. Miss Doane, somewhat uneasy, approached her visitor.

"Yer see, Miss," he explained, with a gesture of triumph toward the small heap on the floor, "he's ser bad, I'se jes 'blige whup 'im all de way ter school ter git 'im yere fer sho!"

Miss Doane made some response to the effect that it certainly was an unusual way of making sure that a child came to school, to which he joined in:

"Ya-as, Miss, ya-as, *Miss!* Cert'nly is so! Jes 'blige drap all my wuk 'n' run 'im clean yere. Now, ain't yer 'shame, boy, fer de lady ter see yer ser bad 'n' hard-haided?"

He was not too ashamed to grumble out an unintelligible answer; but he looked quite disgusted with life in general, and twisted his head around in all sorts of directions, and sniffed, and rubbed his coat-sleeve across his face, and appeared generally ill at ease.

"What is his name?" questioned Miss Doane.

"Trusty — Trusty 'is name," explained the parent. "Trusty Miles. W'y doan't yer speak up, boy, an' tell de lady yer name?"

Trusty grunted.

"He doesn't seem very glad to be here," suggested Miss Doane mildly.

"No, Miss, dat's de trufe," agreed the parent cordially, "dat's de trufe! Yer see, he ain't r'ally used ter w'ite folks' school, 'counten allays gwine ter Miss Pauline Smiff's. Yas'm. He ain't r'ally used ter w'ite folks, an' he jes seem ter natchelly balk at de idea fum de fus."

"I see," returned Miss Doane modestly, producing a reader by way of tactful diversion.

Miss Pauline Smith's ex-pupil looked at it a bit askance, and Miss Doane proceeded in a somewhat harrowing attempt to discover and lay bare anything in the least suggestive of knowledge — as such.

"I see," she concluded finally, when there

was positively nothing more left to discover; "I see. Will you follow me, please?"

With unexpected docility, Trusty turned and, with his eyes fixed on a closed door toward which Miss Doane led the way, followed, he knew not where.

"Miss North," began Miss Doane, when the door had opened and closed again, "Miss North, I have a new pupil for you."

Miss North tried to look as if this were the most unexpected bit of good fortune which could possibly come to her, and glanced around for an appropriate seat. The children looked pleased at the slight diversion, and Ezekiel, sitting in a corner seat of the front row, looked both pleased and intelligent.

"Dat's Trusty," he began smilingly in a low voice to Miss North, "dat's Trusty Miles, Miss No'th"; and, feeling the cheerful superiority of former acquaintance, he beamed delightedly on Trusty.

"Yes; and I think you may sit right here," explained Miss North, after brief consideration.

In lack of anything else to do, Trusty accepted the offered seat.

"And now," continued Miss North, when the children had once more settled themselves and Miss Doane had gone back to her waiting visitor, "we will go on with the lesson. Yes, we had just decided that we all had *bodies*."

Ezekiel glanced at the new pupil, who seemed to be somewhat taken by surprise at this unexpected development, and was looking curiously around the room with evident hope of disputing the statement.

"Yes, that is true, is it not, that we all have *bodies?*"

They *all* looked around rather doubtfully, as if they did not feel quite so sure on this point; but, as no disembodied spirit spoke up in denial of the assertion, it was gradually accepted.

"Yes; and these bodies have a great many different *parts*, haven't they?"

"Yas'm," came, rather faintly.

"Why, yes, indeed," went on Miss North, quite gaily, "a great many different *parts*. Now, what are some of these parts, children? Who can think?"

There was a moment of tremendous concentration, and then a dozen hands went up.

"Well, Alphonso Jones — and make a nice sentence, Alphonso."

"Yer haid is part uv yer body," stated Alphonso, as though he were not in the habit of being contradicted.

"Yes, very true. Your head is part of your body. And now, as different parts of the head, we have —" putting her fingers suggestively to her ears ——

"Ears!" shouted a tremendous chorus.

"'I'SE JES 'BLIGE WHUP 'IM ALL DE WAY TER SCHOOL'"

"Yes; and—" closing her eyes and just touching the lids lightly, as the most delicate hint possible——

"Eyes!" shouted a yet more tremendous chorus.

"Yes; and now, since the eyes are such a very important part of the head, let us think how we can take very good *care* of the eyes."

This sounded rather complicated, and there was another moment of awful concentration. Even Trusty appeared to be thinking warmly on the subject.

"Well, Ezekiel, what do you say?"

"Not pick no holes in 'em wid no pin," suggested Ezekiel pleasantly.

"'I KIN GIT 'IM YERE, EF YER WANTS'"

"Why, Ezekiel, certainly not! Of course we shouldn't want to pick holes in them with a pin; but — well, what do you say, Tommy?"

"Not pick no holes in 'em wid no needle!" explained Tommy, his face all aglow with enthusiasm.

"Why, no, indeed! Of course not — why, of course *not*. But that isn't just what I mean, because of course you would never think of doing that anyway, would you, Tommy?"

Hands were waving madly in all directions now; but when young Charles Sumner Scott raised his with its usual effect of poise and precision, Miss North considered the situation saved. Charles usually saved the situation.

"How must we treat the eyes if we want to keep them nice and strong, Charles?"

"Not pick no holes in 'em wid no *hat*-pin!" announced Charles.

"Hands down!" ordered Miss North.

Hands down, indeed!

"Hezzy Cones, did you hear what I said?"

"Yath'm! Not pick no holthe in 'em wid no *hair*-pin!" shouted Hezzy, not to be walked over so easily, and jubilant at this slight variation.

The new pupil had waked up, too.

"Not pick no holes in 'em wid no *knittin'-needle!*" he sang loudly, in a perfect burst of inspiration.

This was a stroke of genius, and they all looked around on the new-comer admiringly, and looked a little doubtful, for a moment, as to whether anything more could be said on the subject.

Ezekiel fairly radiated at his friend's success.

"Now, wait, children!" said Miss North, with emphasis amounting almost to severity. "Our answers are getting wild — very wild. And I do not wish to hear anything more about *pins* or *needles* or *hat-pins* or *knitting-needles*. I should like to see you all *very straight* in your seats."

There was a tremendous effort at straightening up, whereupon Miss North proceeded to make a few valuable suggestions in regard to the treatment of the eyes.

"Now," said Miss North, as if she were propounding a theory of rare and striking originality, "*who* can tell me another part of the body?"

The pause was long; they were evidently feeling somewhat sore over their last setback.

"Well?" encouraged Miss North.

"Yer laigs," mumbled a stuffy voice from the back of the room.

"Yes, your legs, Samuel; that is quite right. And perhaps you can tell me what your legs are for, Samuel. But wait; we will *think* before answering."

"Ter se' down with," answered Samuel comfortably.

"No, Samuel; you evidently did *not* think; they are for nothing of the kind," returned Miss North shortly.

Trusty's hand was waving with unmistakable interest. Miss North was painfully aware that he must be encouraged.

"Well, Trusty," she ventured, "what are your legs for?"

"*Ter hole yer feet on!*" shouted Trusty, in a perfect spasm of joyous interest.

Miss North essayed to collect her thoughts.

"Well, hardly, hardly for — *that alone*, are they, Trusty? Tell me what else they are for."

But Trusty failed to find any other use to

which he could put the legs, and Miss North again took the floor; whereupon Trusty's interest immediately subsided.

Later on, she attempted, somewhat cautiously, to draw him out once more; but the day went on, and not once again did Trusty deign to come to the front.

The next morning Miss Doane was at school early. She had been working for some moments at her desk in the Assembly Room, when she became aware that again an unusual sort of demonstration was taking place in the outside hall. To the hall Miss Doane went; and there, once more, she was met by the large colored man and the small colored boy.

"Jes 'blige ter 'ply de same kine o' coaxin', Miss! Whup 'im all de way yere! Ain't I, Trusty?"

Poor Trusty appeared almost too spent even to reply; and Miss Doane looked at him and suggested that he go to his seat and rest.

"M-m-m — ain' gwine no seat 'n' res'!" he growled.

His father intervened: "Yer see, Miss? Yer see? He's de hard-haidedes' chile I'se got, an' dat's de trufe. Come 'long, now, boy; jes come 'long, now!" And, without ceremony, Trusty was lifted with a firm hand and transported through the Assembly Room to his seat, where he was deposited with a thump.

Miss North looked up in mild surprise.

"Why, Trusty! Good morning!"

Trusty's response was a thing of conjecture.

"And so you are back at school again; and aren't you glad, after all, to come back to this nice school?"

"M-m-m — school nuthin'!" was the unexpectedly prompt response.

"Yer'll fine 'im mighty wearisome, I 'spec', Miss," put in the parent. "But whup 'im! Dat's all I kin say. Whup 'im *all* de time; an' me 'n' 'Mandy'll wuk on im nights 'n' mawnin's."

Miss North looked at the diminutive object but half filling his seat, and caught her breath.

Another day of alternate gloom and occasional spasmodic interest on Trusty's part, another day of doubts and fears in his behalf on the part of Miss North.

That night, just as he was about to scuffle disconsolately behind the others from the room, picturing, no doubt, some of the joys which were awaiting him at home, she called him back. Ezekiel stood by her desk, wondering why she had called him, too.

"Trusty," she began, "wouldn't you like to come to school to-morrow morning with Ezekiel?"

Trusty looked up doubtfully, and Ezekiel looked up, not just comprehending.

"You live near each other, don't you?"

"No'm." Ezekiel's tone wavered anxiously. "No'm, we don't live nare each udder, Miss No'th; Trusty he live clare way *down* de road."

He stopped, meditating; then his face seemed to clear somewhat of its burden of thought. "But I reckon — I kin *git* 'im yere, ef yer wants, Miss No'th; yas'm, I — I kin git 'im yere, ef yer wants, 'cuz I kin go af' 'im an' git 'im. Yas'm, I kin ca'y 'im ter school, Miss No'th!"

Trusty looked a bit doubtful as to whether he should entirely fall in with the plan, and Miss North made haste to readjust herself.

"No'm, 'tain' no trouble, Miss No'th; no'm. I kin ca'y 'im ter school ter-morrer, cyan't I, Trusty?"

Trusty still appeared to be doubting heavily; but Ezekiel's assurances continued to ring warmly, as they moved on toward the door and disappeared into the hall.

It was still early the next morning when Miss North worked alone in the school-room. Slowly the door opened. Slowly two small figures pushed their way awkwardly into the room. Miss North looked up.

"Why, Ezekiel! And Trusty!"

They came in softly, hand in hand, and stood before her desk, Trusty passive, Ezekiel glowing shyly with pride and pleasure.

"Hyeah's Trusty, Miss No'th," he explained briefly.

"I see. Why, how — how very nice! And so nice and early! Why, Trusty, aren't you glad you could get here so early?"

Trusty seemed hardly ready to commit himself just yet, but began to look shyly pleased, too. Ezekiel, still holding him by the hand, looked down protectingly.

"TWO SMALL FIGURES PUSHED THEIR WAY INTO THE ROOM"

"Yas'm, he — he likes ter git yere early; doan't yer, Trusty?"

"Yes, I'm sure he does," put in Miss North tactfully. "And now, perhaps he would like to help by getting some of the dust out of these erasers; they aren't very clean this morning."

His eyes brightened. "Yas'm!"

The two came back looking as if they had been temporarily detained in a flour-barrel.

"Why, yes, those are very clean; but you seem to be just a little dusty yourselves, aren't you?"

"Yas'm," agreed Trusty, while Ezekiel brushed him with doubtful success. "Kin ole Sam'el Smiff dus' 'em?"

"Samuel Smith? I don't think Samuel ever did dust them ——"

"'Cuz me 'n' 'Zekiel kin dus' 'em good's dat 'mos' *any* time; cyan't we, 'Zekiel?"

By the time that school was ready to begin that morning, there stood a stately line of "visitors from the North" across Miss North's room, ready for enlightenment on the Negro Problem. And as Miss North began: "We are having a new month to-day, children; who can tell me what the name of the month is?" the line drew itself up, preparatory to getting right down to the heart of the matter.

"What month, class?"

"February!"

"Yes; very good. Is February a short month or a long month?"

There was an unfortunate difference of opinion:

"Short!" "Long!" "Short!" "Long!" *"Short!" "Long!"*

"Very well," joined in Miss North, ready to agree to anything. "What do you say about it, Archelus?"

"Li'l' teeny bit uv a short month," explained Archelus. "Ain' no longer'n ——"

As Archelus was about to illustrate the length of February with his two small hands, Miss North waived any further information on the subject, and went on:

"Yes, a short month. And who can tell me what holiday we have in this month?"

There were two or three who promptly arrived at conclusions. The visitors were smiling wide smiles of appreciation.

"Lemuel?"

"Chris'mas!"

"Oh, no; we have just had Christmas. Samuel?"

"Thanksgivin'!"

"Why, no, indeed, Samuel; you are not thinking. William?"

"Washin'ton's Birthday!"

One of the visitors, a rosy-cheeked gentleman with white hair, gave such a loud grunt of appreciation at this that Miss North glanced his way.

"Can he tell us anything *about* George Washington?" he questioned smilingly, in response to Miss North's glance.

"Oh, I think so. Who can tell me some one thing about George Washington, children? Hands, please."

"That little boy," smiled the rosy-cheeked gentleman; "he seems to be getting so very much interested!"

Heavens! it was Trusty who was getting interested. Miss North glanced at his face, which radiated with delighted intelligence as he fixed his eyes on the closed coat-closet, and felt a chilling and definite foreboding.

"H-m — yes," she went on evasively, "yes. Ezekiel, can you tell us — something about —" What was the matter? Had *Ezekiel* forgotten how to talk? To be sure! His eyes, kindling with interest and pride, were fixed on his friend.

"No, no! This one," explained the rosy-cheeked gentleman, his eyes still resting smilingly on Trusty. "Well, what do you know about George Washington, little fellow?"

"Miss No'th got 'im shet up in de coat-closet!"

The rosy-cheeked gentleman stepped back a bit, and there was suddenly a rather startled expression on the part of the visitors from the North. Somewhat furtively they glanced at the coat-closet, apparently expecting to see the immortal George emerge in person at any moment. Miss North coughed slightly, and looked as if she had known happier times.

"You may be seated, Trusty."

"She shet 'im in dere fer imperdence!" explained Trusty.

But just then the door creaked softly, and from the unknown depths of the coat-closet a little figure peered anxiously.

"Mith No'th! Kin I come out now?"

Miss North looked at the small figure, and then at the visitors from the North, whereupon they all looked at her; and then suddenly the rosy-cheeked gentleman burst out into such unchecked, joyous laughter that the others all joined in, and the visitors from the North moved on.

At the same time, there was a thump on the door which opened from the back hall, and a large and ancient colored man advanced into the room.

"'THAT LITTLE BOY,' SMILED THE ROSY-CHEEKED GENTLEMAN"

"Mawnin', Miss, mawnin'!" he began in loud, cheerful tones. "'Scusin' de privilege o' de interruption, I'se 'blige ax yer kin I borry Trusty fer a li'l' w'ile, 'spesh'ly fer de 'casion?"

Just what the occasion was he did not explain; but Trusty, possibly receiving suggestive glimmers of inward light on the subject, and being at this particular moment otherwise interested, began to show evidence of unexpected combativeness.

"M-m-m — I ain' gwine be 'scuse fer no 'casion," he mumbled cantankerously.

"Come, now, boy, ya-as, yer is, too!" disagreed the parent, advancing toward the subject of complication. "Yer see, Miss! Ain't I tole yer he's de hard-haidedes' chile? Fus I'se 'blige whup 'im school, 'n' nex' I cyan' git 'im 'way ter bless me! Ain't I jes tole yer!" And again, with a firm hand, Trusty was lifted and transported across the room to the open door. Miss North hastily suggested the final formalities requisite for an excuse, but her voice was quite lost among the reverberations of a more powerful organ:

"Ain't I jes tole yer so! Ya-as, yer is, too! Ain't I jes tole yer! Come 'long, now; jes come 'long, now!"

They disappeared through the doorway, and then only the final reverberations came back to them as Trusty was triumphantly exhorted on his way.

But the worst of vicissitudes, and the best of them, only wait to give place to new ones, and the old days change to new ones and the weeks and the months go on; and, as the oft-repeated act becomes a habit, so it had finally become an unvarying habit for Ezekiel to arrive at school with Trusty's hand held loosely in his own, while Trusty himself plodded unresistingly at his side.

But occasionally there comes a time, too, when the habitual thing fails to happen.

It was one morning toward the end of May. Miss North had glanced at the clock, which hovered close to nine, and then she had glanced around the room at several waiting children, and into the yard, which was filling rapidly, and wondered, half passively, why Ezekiel and Trusty had not come. In a quickly changing, drifting undercurrent of thought, she remembered their first arrival together — just how they had looked as they stood, hand in hand, before her desk. Again, she remembered Trusty as he had looked that first day, just after his arrival, first sullenly rebelling, and then vibrating, as it were, between a state of absolute indifference and one of suddenly aroused interest. Strange, how it had grown to be a regular thing for Trusty to be "interested"! She glanced around the room and out to the yard again, and wondered why they didn't come; and when one of the children came in from outside with an excited story of "ole Trusty racin' down de road, an' 'is father after 'im," she listened.

"Ole man Miles say Trusty he cyan' come school dis yere day, an' Trusty say he is, an' 'Zekiel say he is, too, an' ole man say he ain't, an' Trusty 'n' 'Zekiel say he is, an' start off down de road jes a-runnin'! An' ole man af' 'em clean all de way yere!"

A moment after this enthusiastic announcement, the school-room door burst open, and Ezekiel came lurching into the room, half carrying, half dragging Trusty, who was spattered with mud and dirt from head to foot.

"Miss No'th! He say he cyan' come!" cried Ezekiel. *"He — he say — he cyan' come — no mo'!"* He stumbled against her desk, and Trusty dropped limply down before him, feebly snatching at Miss North's skirts.

"He — he — say — I cyan'— come — no mo'!" he whispered in a faint, panting echo.

Ezekiel dropped heavily against the desk, his breath catching convulsively in his throat. "He — he lock 'im up so he cyan' come ter — ter school!" he choked. "But — T-Trusty he say he — he is, an' he keep on tellin' 'im he — is — an' he is! An'— an' he jes say — he cyan' come — no — mo'!" His head bumped down between his arms, and he waited, his breath still catching in his throat. "An' I — I tells 'im he — he's *'blige* ter come! But —'tain'— no — use; he — he — jes lock de do'! An'— an' we jumps outen de winder, an'— an' he cotch T-Trusty 'n' lock 'im up 'gin — an'— an' he jumps outen 'gin —'cuz he keeps on tellin' 'im he — he's — 'b-blige ter come ter — ter school! He — he tells 'im he's — jes — *'b-blige ter come!"*

With hushed faces, the children gazed first at Ezekiel and then at Miss North. With an involuntary movement of the arms, she made a movement toward him. But a small heap of a boy stirred at her feet, and she looked down. A possibility, suddenly realized, seemed to seize him, and he looked up, clinging to her in helpless terror.

"Doan't yer let 'im tek me back!" he whispered hoarsely, "so I cyan' git 'way! Doan't yer, Miss No'th! Please doan't yer! 'Cuz — ain't I 'blige — ain't I 'blige — s-seem like — some'ow"— Miss North bent down to hear it — "s-seem like — some'ow — t-ter-day — I'se jes —*'blige ter be yere!"*

She heard the faint, choked whisper, and she saw the trembling little figure. She saw the other little figure, and then again the faint, choked whisper came sounding up to her ears. But dimly, dimly — just for the moment — she seemed to hear something else — to see another little boy, whipped to school by a coarse, brutish man, yet all the while helplessly struggling against it. That other little boy — again the small hands caught at her skirts.

"Doan't yer let 'im! Will yer, Miss No'th?"

She lifted him from the floor.

"No — I won't let him," and she put him gently into his seat.

Still, with hushed faces, the children gazed wonderingly. . . . She held out her arms.

"Come, Ezekiel!" Was Miss North going to cry?

"Sit down — right here, Ezekiel; you are very — tired!"

He still hung over the desk, and she went up to him between the seats.

"Eze-kiel! Come! Come — my dear little boy!"

But there was the sound of an opening door, and she turned.

In the doorway stood a large and ancient-looking colored man, and for a moment he only stood there, breathing laboriously and murmuring in strange, half-audible tones. Then, with sudden unexpected perception, he took in the scene before him. Half mortified, half conciliatory, he turned to Miss North.

"Jes all completely wrop in dey edjercation!" he explained ingratiatingly, with resigned indulgence. His eyes rested on Trusty.

"Cert'nly did use ter be de boss o' dat boy! Cert'nly did!" He looked at Ezekiel and chuckled indulgently. "But look like times is change! Cert'nly is change! Ya-as, suh, I jes natchelly pass de case over ter you!"

He turned around and went out again — and Ezekiel looked up at Miss North through his tears.

FIRST DAYS OF THE RECONSTRUCTION

BY

CARL SCHURZ

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

MY travels in the interior of the South in the summer and fall of 1865 took me over the track of Sherman's march, which, in South Carolina at least, looked for many miles like a broad black streak of ruin and desolation — fences gone, lonesome smoke-stacks, surrounded by dark heaps of ashes and cinders, marking the spots where human habitations had stood, the fields along the road wildly overgrown by weeds, with here and there a sickly-looking patch of cotton or corn cultivated by negro squatters. In the city of Columbia, the political capital of the State, I found a thin fringe of houses encircling a confused mass of charred ruins of dwellings and business buildings which had been destroyed by a sweeping conflagration.

No part of the South I then visited had, indeed, suffered as much from the ravages of the war as South Carolina — the State which was looked upon by the Northern soldier as the principal instigator of the whole mischief and therefore deserving of special punishment. But even those regions which had been touched but little or not at all by military operations were laboring under dire distress. The Confederate money in the hands of the Southern people, paper money signed by the Confederate government without any security behind it, had by the collapse of the Confederacy become entirely worthless. Only a few individuals of more or less wealth had been fortunate enough to save, and to keep throughout the war, small hoards of gold and silver, which in the aggregate amounted to little. Immediately after the close of the war the people may be said to have been substantially without a "circulating medium" to serve in the transaction of ordinary business. United States money came in to fill the vacuum, but it could not be had for nothing; it could be obtained only by selling something for it, in the shape of goods or of labor. The Southern people, having during four years of war devoted their productive activity, aside from the satisfaction of their current home wants, almost entirely to the sustenance of their army and of the machinery of their government, and having suffered great losses by the destruction of property, had, of course, very little to sell. In fact, they were dreadfully impoverished and needed all their laboring capacity to provide for the wants of the next day; and as agriculture was their main resource, upon which everything else depended, the next day was to them of supreme importance.

The First Crop Without Slaves

But now the men come home from the war found their whole agricultural labor system

turned upside down. Slave labor had been their absolute reliance. They had been accustomed to it, they had believed in it, they had religiously regarded it as a necessity in the order of the universe. During the war a large majority of the negroes had stayed upon the plantations and attended to the crops in the wonted way in those regions which were not touched by the Union armies. They had heard of "Mas'r Lincoln's" Emancipation Proclamation in a more or less vague way, but did not know exactly what it meant, and preferred to remain quietly at work and wait for further developments. But when the war was over, general emancipation became a well-understood reality. The negro knew that he was a free man, and the Southern white man found himself face to face with the problem of dealing with the negro as a free laborer. To most of the Southern whites this problem was utterly bewildering. Many of them, honest and well-meaning people, admitted to me, with a sort of helpless stupefaction, that their imagination was wholly incapable of grasping the fact that their former slaves were now free. And yet they had to deal with this perplexing fact, and practically to accommodate themselves to it, at once and without delay, if they were to have any crops that year.

Many of them would frankly recognize this necessity and begin in good faith to consider how they might meet it. But then they stumbled forthwith over a set of old prejudices which in their minds had acquired the stubborn force of convictions. They were sure the negro would not work without physical compulsion; they were sure the negro did not, and never would, understand the nature of a contract; and so on. Yes, they "accepted the situation." Yes, they recognized that the negro was henceforth to be a free man. But could not some method of force be discovered and introduced to compel the negro to work? It goes without saying that persons of such a way of thinking labored under a heavy handicap in going at a difficult task with a settled conviction that it was really "useless to try." But even if they did try, and found that the negro might, after all, be induced to work without physical compulsion, they were apt to be seriously troubled by things which would not at all trouble an employer accustomed to free labor. I once had an argument with a Georgia planter who vociferously insisted that one of his negro laborers who had objected to a whipping had thereby furnished the most conclusive proof of his unfitness for freedom. And such statements were constantly reinforced by further assertion that they, the Southern whites, understood the negro and knew how to treat him, and that we of the North did not and never would.

This might have been true in one sense, but not true in another. The Southerner knew better than the Northerner how to treat the negro as a slave, but it did not follow that he knew best how to treat the negro as a freeman; and just there was the rub. It was perhaps too much to expect of the Southern slaveholders, or of Southern society generally, that a clear judgment of the new order of things should have come to them at once. The total overturning of the whole labor system of a country, accomplished suddenly, without preparation or general transition, is a tremendous revolution, a terrible wrench, well apt to confuse men's minds. It should not have surprised any fair-minded person that many Southern people for a time clung to the accustomed idea that the landowner must also own the black man tilling his land, and that any assertion of freedom of action on the part of that black man was insubordination equivalent to criminal revolt, and any dissent by the black man from the employer's opinion or taste intolerable insolence. Nor should it be forgotten that the urgent necessity of negro labor for that summer's crop could hardly fail to sharpen the nervous tension then disquieting Southern society.

Restless Foot-loose Negroes

It is equally natural that the negro population of the South should at that time have been unusually restless. I have already mentioned the fact that during the Civil War the bulk of the slave population remained quietly at work on the plantations, except in districts touched by the operations of the armies. Had negro slaves not done so, the Rebellion would not have survived its first year. They presented the remarkable spectacle of an enslaved race doing slaves' work to sustain a government and an army fighting for the perpetuation of its enslavement. Some colored people did, indeed, escape from the plantations and run into the Union lines where our troops were within reach, and some of their young men enlisted in the Union army as soldiers. But there was nowhere any commotion among them that had in the slightest degree the character of an uprising in force of slaves against their masters. Nor was there, when, after the downfall of the Confederacy, general emancipation had become an established fact, a single instance of an act of vengeance committed by a negro upon a white man for inhumanity suffered by him or his while in the condition of bondage. No race or class of men ever passed from slavery to freedom with a record equally pure of revenge. But many of

ıem, especially in the neighborhood of towns of Federal encampments, very naturally elded to the temptation of testing and enjoyg their freedom by walking away from the antations to have a frolic. Many others left eir work because their employers ill-treated em or in other ways incurred their distrust. us it happened that in various parts of the uth the highroads and byways were alive h foot-loose colored people.

did not find, so far as I was informed by sonal observation or report, that their con:t could, on the ole, be called law-. There was some ıling of pigs and ckens and other :ty pilfering, but ıer less than might e been expected. re serious depredaıs rarely, if ever, :urred. The vants were throughvery good-nared. They had ir carousals with ging and dancing, d their camp-meetgs with their peliar religious proıms. But, while ese things might in emselves have been rmless enough under fferent circumances, they proıced deplorable efcts in the situation en existing. Those groes stayed away om the plantations st when their labor as most needed to cure the crops of the eason, and those rops were more than ordinarily needed to ave the population from continued want and isery. Violent efforts were made by white nen to drive the straggling negroes back to the lantations by force, and reports of bloody outages inflicted upon colored people came from ll quarters. I had occasion to examine perually into several of those cases, and I saw in ious hospitals negroes, women as well as men, hose ears had been cut off, or whose bodies ere slashed with knives, or bruised with whips r bludgeons, or punctured with shot-wounds. Dead negroes were found in considerable numbers in the country roads or on the fields, shot to death, or strung on the limbs of trees. In many districts the colored people were in a panic of fright, and the whites in a state of almost insane irritation against them. These conditions in their worst form were only local, but they were liable to spread, for there was plenty of inflammable spirit of the same kind all over the South. It looked sometimes as if wholesale massacres were prevented only by the presence of the Federal garrisons which were dispersed all over the country.

MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN DECEMBER, 1862, JUST AFTER HIS PROMOTION TO MAJOR-GENERAL OF VOLUNTEERS

The Freedmen's Bureau

Indeed, nothing could have been more necessary at that time than the active interposition of the Federal power between the whites and the blacks of the South, not only to prevent or repress violent collisions, but to start the former masters and the former slaves on the path of peaceful and profitable coöperation as employers and free laborers. This was a difficult task. Northern men who had come to the South to purchase or lease plantations enjoyed the great advantage of having money, so that they could pay the wages of their negro laborers in cash, which the negroes preferred. The Southern men, having been stripped almost naked by the war, had, aside from current sustenance, only prospective payment to offer, consisting mostly of a part of the crop. While many planters were just and even liberal in the making of cash contracts, others would take advantage of the ignorance of the negroes and try to tie them down to stipulations which left to the laborer almost nothing, or even obliged him to run in debt to his employer, and thus drop into the condition of a mere peon, a debt-slave. It is a very curious fact that some of the forms of contract drawn up by former slaveholders contained provisions looking to the probability of

a future restoration of slavery. There was, not unnaturally, much distrust of the planters among the negroes, who, in concluding contracts, feared to compromise their rights as freemen or to be otherwise overreached. To allay that distrust and, in many cases, to secure their just dues, they stood much in need of an adviser in whom they had confidence and to whom they could look for protection, while, on the other hand, the employers of negro labor stood in equal need of some helpful authority to give the colored people sound instruction as to their duties as freemen and to lead them back to the path of industry and good order when, with their loose notions of the binding force of agreements, they broke their contracts, or indulged themselves otherwise in unruly pranks.

To this end the "Freedmen's Bureau" was instituted, an organization of civil officials who were, with the necessary staffs, dispersed all over the South to see that the freedmen had their rights and to act as intermediaries between them and the whites. The conception was a good one, and the institution, at the head of which General O. O. Howard was put, did useful service in many instances.

Thus the strain of the situation was somewhat relieved by the interposition of the Federal authority between clashing elements, but by no means as much as was required to produce a feeling of security. The labor puzzle, aggravated by race antagonism, was indeed the main distressing influence, but not the only one. To the younger Southerners who had grown up in the heated atmosphere of the political feud about slavery, to whom the threat of disunion as a means to save slavery had been like a household word, and who had always regarded the bond of Union as a shackle to be cast off, the thought of being "reunited" to "the enemy," the hated Yankee, was distasteful in the extreme. Such sentiments of the "unconquered" found excited and exciting expression in the Southern press, and were largely entertained by many Southern clergymen of different denominations and still more ardently by Southern women. General Thomas Kilby Smith, commanding the southern districts of Alabama, reported to me that when he suggested to Bishop Wilmer, of the Episcopal diocese of Alabama, the propriety of restoring to the Litany that prayer which includes the President of the United States, the whole of which he had ordered his rectors to expurge, the bishop refused, first, upon the ground that he could not pray for a continuance of martial law, and, secondly, because he would, by ordering the restoration of the prayer, stultify himself in the event of Alabama and the Southern Confederacy regaining independence.

Pickles and Patriotism

The influence exercised by the feelings of the women of the South upon the condition of mind and the conduct of the men was, of course, very great. Of those feelings I witnessed a significant manifestation in a hotel at Savannah. At the public dinner-table I sat opposite a lady in black, probably mourning. She was middle-aged, but still handsome, and of an agreeable expression of countenance. She seemed to be a lady of the higher order of society. A young lieutenant in Federal uniform took a seat by my side, a youth of fine features and gentlemanly appearance. The lady, as I happened to notice, darted a glance at him which, as it impressed me, indicated that the presence of the person in Federal uniform was highly obnoxious to her. She seemed to grow restless, as if struggling with an excitement hard to restrain. To judge from the tone of her orders to the waiter, she was evidently impatient to finish her dinner. When she reached for a dish of pickles standing on the table at a little distance from her, the lieutenant got up and, with a polite bow, took it and offered it to her. She withdrew her hand as if it had touched something loathsome, her eyes flashed fire, and in a tone of wrathful scorn and indignation she said: "So you think a Southern woman will take a dish of pickles from a hand that is dripping with the blood of her countrymen?" Then she abruptly left the table, while the poor lieutenant, deeply blushing, apparently stunned by the unexpected rebuff, stammered some words of apology, assuring the lady that he had meant no offense.

The mixing of a dish of pickles with so hot an outburst of Southern patriotism could hardly fail to evoke a smile; but the whole scene struck me as gravely pathetic, and as auguring ill for the speedy revival of a common national spirit.

The South's Hopeless Poverty

Southern women had suffered much by the Civil War, on the whole far more than their Northern sisters. There was but little exaggeration in the phrase which was current at the time, that the Confederacy, in order to fill its armies, had to "draw upon the cradle and the grave." Almost every white male capable of bearing arms enlisted or was pressed into service. The loss of men, not in proportion to the number on the rolls, but in proportion to the whole white population, was far heavier in the South than in the North. There were not many families unbereft, not many women who had not the loss of a father, or a husband, or a

A PHOTOGRAPH OF GENERAL HOWARD, TAKEN AT GOVERNOR'S ISLAND IN 1893
AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR GENERAL HOWARD WAS APPOINTED CHIEF OF THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU

brother, or a friend to deplore. In the regions in which military operations had taken place the destruction of property had been great, and while most of that destruction seemed necessary in the opinion of military men, in the eyes of the sufferers it appeared wanton, cruel, malignant, devilish. The interruption of the industries of the country, the exclusion by the blockade of the posts of all importations from abroad, and the necessity of providing for the sustenance of the armies in the field, subjected all classes to various distressing privations and self-denials. There were bread riots in Richmond. Salt became so scarce that the earthen floors of the smoke-houses were scraped to secure the remnants of the brine-drippings of former periods. Flour was at all times painfully scarce. Coffee and tea were almost unattainable. Of the various little comforts and luxuries which by long common use had almost become necessaries, many were no longer to be had. Mothers had to ransack old rag-bags to find material with which to clothe their children. Ladies accustomed to a life of abundance and fashion had not only to work their old gowns over and to wear their bonnets of long ago, but also to flit with their children from one plantation to another in order to find something palatable to eat in the houses of more fortunate friends who had in time provided for themselves. And when at

last the war was over, the blockade was raised, and the necessaries and comforts so long and so painfully missed came within sight again, the South was made only more sensible of her poverty. It was indeed an appalling situation, looking in many respects almost hopeless. And for all this the Southern woman, her heart full of the mournful memories of the sere past and heavy with the anxieties of the present, held the "cruel Yankee" responsible.

From time to time, traveling from State to State, I reported to President Johnson my observations and the conclusions I drew from them. Not only was I most careful to tell him the exact truth as I saw it; I also elicited from our military officers and from agents of the Freedmen's Bureau stationed in the South, as well as from prominent Southern men, statements of their views and experiences, which formed a mighty body of authoritative testimony, coming as it did from men of high character and important public position, some of whom were Republicans, some Democrats, some old anti-slavery men, some old pro-slavery men. All these papers, too, I submitted to the President. The historian of that time will hardly find more trustworthy material. They all substantially agreed upon certain points of fact. They all found that the South was at peace in so far as there was no open armed conflict between the government troops and organized bodies of insurgents. The South was not at peace inasmuch as the different social forces did not peaceably coöperate, and violent collisions on a great scale were prevented or repressed only by the presence of the Federal authority supported by the government troops on the ground for immediate action. The "results of the war," recognized in the South in so far as the restoration of the Union and the Federal Government, were submitted to by virtue of necessity, and the emancipation of the slaves and the introduction of free labor were accepted in name; but the Union was still hateful to a large majority of the white population of the South, the Southern Unionists were still social outcasts, the officers of the Union were still regarded as foreign tyrants ruling by force. And as to the abolition of slavery, emancipation, although "accepted" in name, was still denounced by a large majority of the former master class as an "unconstitutional" stretch of power, to be reversed if possible; and that class, the ruling class among the whites, was still desiring, hoping, and striving to reduce the free negro laborer as much as possible to the condition of a slave. And this tendency was seriously aggravated by the fact that the South, exhausted and impoverished, stood in the most pressing need of productive agricultural labor, while the landowners generally did not yet know how to manage the former slave as a free laborer, and the emancipated negro was still unused to the rights and duties of a freeman. In short, Southern society was still in that most confused, perplexing, and perilous of conditions — the condition of a defeated insurrection leaving irritated feelings behind it, and of a great social revolution only half accomplished, leaving antagonistic forces face to face. The necessity of the presence of a restraining and guiding higher authority could hardly have been more obvious.

MAJOR-GENERAL H. W. SLOCUM
FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH

Johnson's Haste for Reconstruction

During the first six weeks of my travels in the South I did not receive a single word from the President or any member of the administration; but through the newspapers and the talk going on around me I learned that the President had taken active measures to put the "States lately in rebellion" into a self-governing condition —

MAJOR-GENERAL H. W. SLOCUM

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH IN 1894

that is to say, he had appointed "provisional governors"; he had directed those provisional governors to call conventions, to be elected, according to the plan laid down in the North Carolina proclamation, by the "loyal" white citizens, an overwhelming majority of whom were persons who had adhered to the Rebellion and had then taken the prescribed oath of allegiance. On the same basis, the provisional governors were to set in motion again the whole machinery of civil government as rapidly as possible. When, early in July, I had taken leave of the President to set out on my tour of investigation, he, as I have already mentioned, had assured me that the North Carolina proclamation was not to be regarded as a plan definitely resolved upon; that it was merely tentative and experimental; that before proceeding further he would "wait and see"; and that to aid him by furnishing him information and advice while he was "waiting and seeing" was the object of my mission. Had not this been the understanding, I should not have undertaken the wearisome and ungrateful journey. But now he did not wait and see; on the contrary, he rushed forward the political reconstruction of the Southern States in hot haste — apparently without regard to consequences.

Every good citizen most cordially desired the earliest practicable reëstablishment of the constitutional relations of the late "rebel States" to the national government; but, before restoring those States to all the functions of self-government within the Union, the national government was in conscience bound to keep in mind certain debts of honor. One was due to the Union men of the South who had stood true to the republic in the days of trial and danger; and the other was due to the colored people who had furnished 200,000 soldiers to our army at the time when enlistments were running slack, and to whom we had given the solemn promise of freedom at a time when that promise gave a distinct moral character to our war for the Union, fatally discouraging the inclination of foreign governments to interfere in our civil conflict. Not only imperative reasons of statesmanship, but the very honor of the republic seemed to forbid that the fate of the emancipated slaves be turned over to State governments ruled by the former master class without the simplest possible guaranty of the genuineness of their freedom. But, as every fair-minded observer would admit, nothing could have been more certain than that the political restoration of the "late rebel States" as self-governing bodies on the North Carolina plan would, at that time, have put the whole legislative and executive power of those States into the hands of men ignorant of the ways of free labor society, who sincerely believed that the negro would not work without physical compulsion and was generally unfit for freedom, and who were then pressed by the dire necessities of their impoverished condition to force out of the negroes all the agricultural labor they could with the least possible regard for their new rights. The consequences of all this

MAJOR-GENERAL E. R. S. CANBY
COMMANDER OF THE DEPARTMENT OF LOUISIANA

were witnessed in the actual experiences of every day.

Arming the Young Men of the South

At last I came again into contact with the President. Late in August I arrived in Vicksburg, Mississippi, and visited the headquarters of Major-General Slocum, who commanded the Department of the Mississippi. I found the General in a puzzled state of mind about a proclamation recently issued by Mr. W. L. Sharkey, whom President Johnson had appointed provisional governor of that State, calling "upon the people, and especially upon such as are liable to perform military duty and are familiar with military discipline," and more especially "the young men of the State who have so distinguished themselves for gallantry," to organize as speedily as possible volunteer companies in every county of the State, at least one company of cavalry and one of infantry, for the protection of life, property, and good order in the State. This meant no more nor less than the organization under the authority of one of the "States lately in rebellion" of a large armed military force consisting of men who had but recently surrendered their arms as Confederate soldiers.

Two days before my arrival at Vicksburg, General Slocum had issued a "general order" in which he directed the district commanders under him not to permit within their districts the organization of such military forces as were contemplated by Governor Sharkey's proclamation. The reasons for such action, given by General Slocum in the order itself,

SENATOR WILLIAM LEWIS SHARKEY

APPOINTED PROVISIONAL GOVERNOR OF MISSISSIPPI BY PRESIDENT JOHNSON

were conclusive. While the military forces of the United States sent to the State of Mississippi for the purpose of maintaining order and of executing the laws of Congress and the orders of the War Department had performed their duties in a spirit of conciliation and forbearance and with remarkable success, the provisional governor, on the alleged ground that this had not been done to his satisfaction, and without consulting the department commander, had called upon the late Confederate soldiers, fresh from the war against the national government, to organize a military force intended to be "independent of the military authority now present, and superior in strength to the United States powers on duty in the States." The execution of this scheme would bring on collisions at once, especially when the United States forces consisted of colored troops. The crimes and disorder the occurrence of which the provisional governor adduced as his reason for organizing his State volunteers had been committed or connived at, as the record showed, by people of the same class as that to which the governor's volunteers would belong. The commanding general, as well as every good citizen, earnestly desired to hasten the day when the troops of the United States could with safety be withdrawn, but that day would "not be hastened by arming at this time the young men of the South."

General Slocum — by the way, be it said, not at all an old anti-slavery man, but a Democrat in politics — was manifestly right. He showed me reports from his district commanders which substantially anticipated his order. But the

General was anxious to know whether the President had authorized or approved Governor Sharkey's action. This he asked me to ascertain, and I telegraphed to President Johnson the following despatch:

"General Slocum has issued an order prohibiting the organization of the militia in this State. The organization of the militia would have been a false step. All I can see and learn in the State convinces me that the course followed by General Slocum is the only one by which public order and security can be maintained. To-day I shall forward by mail General Slocum's order with a full statement of the case."

The President Defends Southern Militia

It is hard to imagine my amazement when, at two o'clock on the morning of September 1, I was called up from my berth on a Mississippi steamboat carrying me from Vicksburg to New Orleans, off Baton Rouge, to receive a telegraphic despatch from President Johnson, to which I cannot do justice without quoting it in full:

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
August 30, 1865.

To MAJOR-GENERAL CARL SCHURZ,
Vicksburg, Mississippi.

I presume General Slocum will issue no order interfering with Governor Sharkey in restoring functions of the State Government without first consulting the Government, giving the reasons for such proposed interference. It is believed there can be organized in each county a force of citizens or militia to suppress crime, preserve order, and enforce the civil authority of the State and of the United States which would enable the Federal Government to reduce the Army and withdraw to a great extent the forces from the state, thereby reducing the enormous expense of the Government. If there was any danger from an organization of the Citizens for the purpose indicated, the military are there to detect and suppress on the first appearance any move insurrectionary in its character. One great object is to induce the people to come forward in the defense of the State and Federal Government. General Washington declared that the people or the militia was the Army of the Constitution or the Army of the United States, and as soon as it is practicable the original design of the Government must be resumed and the Government administrated upon the principles of the great chart of freedom handed down to the people by the founders of the Republic. The people must be trusted with their Government, and, if trusted, my opinion is they will act in good faith and restore their former Constitutional relations with all the States composing the Union. The main object of Major-General Carl Schurz's mission to the South was to aid as far as practicable in carrying out the policy adopted by the Government for restoring the States to their former relations with the Federal Government. It is hoped such aid has been given. The proclamation authorizing restoration of State Governments requires the military to aid the Provisional Governor in the performance of his duties as prescribed in the proclamation, and in no manner to interfere or throw impediments in the way of consummating the object of his appointment, at least without advising the Government of the intended interference. ANDREW JOHNSON, Prest. U. S.

As soon as I reached New Orleans, I telegraphed my reply. The President having apparently supposed that I had ordered General Slocum to issue his order, I thought it due to myself to inform the President that the order had been out before I saw the General, but that I decidedly approved of it.

According to the President's own words, I had understood the President's policy to be merely experimental and my mission to be merely one of observation and report. I had governed myself strictly by this understanding, seeking to aid the President by reliable information, believing that it could not be the President's intention to withdraw his protecting hand from the Union people and freedom before their rights and safety were secured. I entreated him not to disapprove General Slocum's conduct and to give me an indication of his purposes concerning the Mississippi militia case.

The next day, September 2, after having seen Major-General Canby, the commander of the Department of Louisiana, an uncommonly cool-headed and cautious man, I telegraphed again as follows:

"TO THE PRESIDENT: General Canby authorizes me to state that the organization of local militia companies was tried in his department, but that he found himself obliged to disband them again because they indulged in the gratification of private vengeance and worked generally against the policy of the Government. Sheridan has issued an order in Texas embracing the identical points contained in General Slocum's order."

Criticism and Personal Discomfort

Thereupon I received on September 6 a telegram simply announcing the receipt of my "despatch of the 30th ultimo," probably meaning my letter from Vicksburg; and then nothing more—not a word indicating the President's policy, or his wishes, or his approval or disapproval of my conduct. But meanwhile I had found a short paragraph in a New Orleans paper telegraphed from Washington, only a few lines, stating that the President was dissatisfied with me, and that I was especially blamed for having written to the newspapers instead of informing him. I believed I saw in this news paragraph an inspiration from the White House. Acting upon that supposition, I at once wrote to the President, reminding him that I had not sought this mission to the South, but had accepted it thinking that I might do

the country some service. I pointed out to him that the charge that I had reported to the newspapers instead of to the President was simply absurd; that I had written to the President a series of elaborate reports; and, though I had, indeed, written a few letters to a newspaper, that it was well understood by the Secretary of War that I would do this when he made the arrangements for my journey. The compensation set out for me, I reminded the President, was a mere War Department clerk's salary, utterly insufficient to cover the expenses incidental to my travels, aside from transportation and subsistence, among which incidentals was a considerable extra premium on my life-insurance on account of my travels so far South during the summer, and consequently, as the Secretary of War understood and appreciated, I had to earn something in some way to make my journey financially possible. My newspaper letters contained nothing that should have been treated as official secrets, but incidents of travel, anecdotes, picturesque views of Southern conditions with some reflections thereon, mostly things which would not find proper elaboration in official reports — and all this quite anonymous, so as not to have the slightest official character; and, finally, I wrote, I had a right to feel myself entitled to protection against such imputations as the newspaper paragraph in question contained.

My first impulse was to resign my mission at once and return home. But then I considered that the duty to the public which I had assumed obliged me to finish my work as well as I could, unless I were expressly recalled by the President. I would, therefore, at any rate, go on with my inquiries, in expectation of an answer from him to my letter. I was outraged at the treatment I was receiving. I had undertaken the journey in obedience to an urgent request of the President and at serious sacrifice, for I was on the point of returning to my Western home when the President called me. My journey in the South during the hottest part of the year was in the highest degree laborious and fatiguing, but it was hardly worse than the sweltering nights in the wretched country taverns of those days — nights spent in desperate fights with ravenous swarms of mosquitos. The upshot of it was that, when I arrived at New Orleans, the limits of my endurance were well-nigh reached, and a few days later I had a severe attack of the "break-bone fever," an illness which by the sensations it caused me did full justice to its ill-boding name. I thought I might fight the distemper by leaving New Orleans and visiting other parts in pursuit of my inquiries. I went to Mobile for the purpose of looking into the conditions of southern Alabama, returned to New Orleans, and then ran up Bayou Teche in a government tug-boat as far as New Iberia, where I was literally driven back by clouds of mosquitos of unusual ferocity. At New Orleans I despatched an additional report to the President, and then, relentlessly harassed by the break-bone fever, which a physician advised me I should not get rid of as long as I remained in that climate, I set my face northward, stopping at Natchez and Vicksburg to gather some important information.

The End of an Aristocracy

At Natchez I witnessed a significant spectacle. I was shown some large dwelling-houses which before the Civil War had at certain seasons been occupied by families of the planting aristocracy of that region. Most of those houses now looked deserted and uncared for, shutters unhinged, window-panes broken, yards and gardens covered with a rank growth of grass and weeds. In the front yard of one of the houses I observed some fresh stumps and stacks of cord-wood and an old man busy cutting down with an ax a magnificent shade-tree. There was something distinguished in his appearance that arrested my attention — fine features topped with long white locks; slender, delicate hands; clothes shabby, but of a cut denoting that they had originally been made for a person above the ordinary wood-chopper. My companion, a Federal captain, did not know him. I accosted him with the question to whom that house belonged. "It belongs to me," he said. I begged his pardon for asking the further question why he was cutting down that splendid shade-tree. "I must live," he replied, with a sad smile. "My sons fell in the war; all my servants have left me. I sell fire-wood to the steamboats passing by." He swung his ax again to end the conversation. A warm word of sympathy was on my tongue, but I repressed it, a look at his dignified mien making me apprehend that he might resent being pitied, especially by one of the victorious enemy.

At Vicksburg I learned from General Slocum that Governor Sharkey himself had, upon more mature reflection, given up the organization of his State militia as too dangerous an experiment.

I left the South troubled by great anxiety. Four millions of negroes, of a race held in servitude for two centuries, had suddenly been made free men. That an overwhelming majority of them, grown up in the traditional darkness of slavery, should at first not have been able to grasp the duties of their new condition, together with its rights, was but natural. It was equally

natural that the Southern whites, who had known the negro laborer only as a slave, and who had been trained only in the habits and ways of thinking of the master class, should have stubbornly clung to their traditional prejudice that the negro would not work without physical compulsion. They might have concluded that their prejudice was unreasonable; but, such is human nature, a prejudice is often the more tenaciously clung to the more unreasonable it is. There was, therefore, a strong tendency among the whites to continue the old practices of the slavery system to force the negro freedmen to labor for them. Thus the two races, whose well-being depended upon their peaceable and harmonious coöperation, confronted each other in a state of fearful irritation, aggravated by the pressing necessity of producing a crop that season, and embittered by race antagonism. The Southern whites wished and hoped to be speedily restored to the control of their States by the reëstablishment of their State governments. To this end they were willing to recognize "the results of the war," among them the abolition of slavery, in point of form. The true purpose was to use the power of the State governments, legislative and executive, to reduce the freedom of the negroes to a minimum and to revive as much of the old slave code as they thought necessary to make the blacks work for the whites.

Now President Johnson stepped in and, by directly encouraging the expectation that the States would without delay be restored to full self-control even under present circumstances, distinctly stimulated the most dangerous reactionary tendencies to more reckless and baneful activity.

An Ungracious Reception

This was my view of Southern conditions when I returned from my mission of inquiry. Arrived at Washington, I reported myself at once at the White House. The President's private secretary, who seemed surprised to see me, announced me to the President, who sent out word that he was busy. When would it please the President to receive me? The private secretary could not tell, as the President's time was much occupied by urgent business. I left the anteroom, but called again the next morning. The President was still busy. I asked the private secretary to submit to the President that I had returned from a three months' journey made at the President's personal request; that I thought it my duty respectfully to report myself back; and that I should be obliged to the President if he would let me know whether, and if so when, he would receive me to that end. The private secretary went in again, and brought out the answer that the President would see me in an hour or so. At the appointed time I was admitted. The President received me without a smile of welcome. His mien was sullen. I said that I had returned from the journey which I had made in obedience to his demand, and was ready to give him, in addition to the communications I had already sent him, such further information as was in my possession. A moment's silence followed. Then he inquired about my health. I thanked him for the inquiry and hoped the President's health was good. He said it was. Another pause, which I brought to an end by saying that I wished to supplement the letters I had written to him from the South with an elaborate report giving my experiences and conclusions in a connected shape. The President looked up and said that I need not go to the trouble of writing out such a general report on his account. I replied that it would be no trouble at all, but that I should consider it a duty. The President did not answer. The silence became awkward, and I bowed myself out.

President Johnson evidently wished to suppress my testimony as to the condition of things in the South. I resolved not to let him do so. I had conscientiously endeavored to see Southern conditions as they were. I had not permitted any political considerations or any preconceived opinions on my part to obscure my perception and discernment in the slightest degree. I had told the truth, as I learned it and understood it, with the severest accuracy, and I thought it due to the country that the truth should be known.

Why the President Reversed his Policy

Among my friends in Washington there were different opinions as to how the striking change in President Johnson's attitude had been brought about. Some told me that during the summer the White House had been fairly besieged by Southern men and women of high social standing, who had told the President that the only element of trouble in the South consisted of a lot of fanatical abolitionists who excited the negroes with all sorts of dangerous notions, and that all would be well if he would only restore the Southern State government as quickly as possible according to his own plan as laid down in the North Carolina proclamation, and that he was a great man to whom they looked up as their savior. It was now thought that Mr. Johnson, the plebeian who before the war had been treated with undisguised contempt by the slaveholding aristocracy, could not withstand the subtle flattery of the same

aristocracy when they flocked around him as humble suppliants cajoling his vanity.

I went to work at my general report with the utmost care. My statements of fact were invariably accompanied by the sources of my information, my testimony being produced in the language of my informants. I scrupulously avoided exaggeration and cultivated sober and moderate forms of expression. It gives me some satisfaction now to say that none of those statements of fact has ever been effectually controverted. I cannot speak with the same assurance of my conclusions and recommendations, for they were matters, not of knowledge, but of judgment.

In the concluding paragraph of my report I respectfully suggested to the President that he advise Congress to send one or more investigating committees into the Southern States to inquire for themselves into the actual condition of things before taking final and irreversible action. I sent the completed document to the President on November 22, asking him at the same time to permit me to publish it, on my sole responsibility and in such a manner as would preclude the imputation that the President approved the whole or any part of it. To this request I never received a reply.

Congress and General Grant's Report

Congress met early in December. At once the Republican majority in both houses rose in opposition to President Johnson's plan of reconstruction. Even before the President's message was read, the House of Representatives, upon the motion of Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, passed a resolution providing for a joint committee of both houses to inquire into the condition of the "States lately in rebellion," which committee should thereupon report, "by bill or otherwise," whether, in its judgment, those States, or any of them, were entitled to be represented in either House of Congress. To this resolution the Senate subsequently assented. Thus Congress took the matter of the reconstruction of the late rebel States as to its final consummation into its own hands.

On December 12, upon the motion of Mr. Sumner, the Senate resolved that the President be directed to furnish to the Senate, among other things, a copy of my report. A week later the President did so, but he coupled it with a report from General Grant on the same subject. The two reports were transmitted with a short message from the President in which he affirmed that the Rebellion had been suppressed; that peace reigned throughout the land; that, "so far as could be done," the courts of the United States had been restored, post-offices reëstablished, and revenues collected; that several of those States had reorganized their State governments, and that good progress had been made in doing so; that the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery had been ratified by nearly all of them; that legislation to protect the rights of the freedmen was in course of preparation in most of them; and that, on the whole, the condition of things was promising and far better than might have been expected. He transmitted my report without a word of comment, but called special attention to that of General Grant.

The appearance of General Grant's report was a surprise, which, however, easily explained itself. On November 22 the President had received my report. On the 27th General Grant, with the approval of the President, started on a "tour of inspection through some of the Southern States" to look after the "disposition of the troops," and also "to learn, as far as possible, the feelings and intentions of the citizens of those States toward the general government." On December 12 the Senate asked for the transmission of my report. General Grant's report was dated the 10th, and on the 17th it was sent to the Senate together with mine. The inference was easily drawn, and it was generally believed that this arrangement was devised by President Johnson to the end of neutralizing the possible effect of my account of Southern conditions. If so, it was cleverly planned. General Grant was at that time at the height of his popularity. He was since Lincoln's death by far the most imposing figure in the popular eye. Having forced the surrender of the formidable Lee, he was by countless tongues called "the savior of the Union." His word would go very far toward carrying conviction. But in this case the discredit which President Johnson had already incurred proved too heavy for even the military hero to carry. As to the practical things to be done General Grant's views were not so very far distinct from mine; but President Johnson's friends insisted upon representing him as favoring the immediate restoration of all "the States lately in rebellion" to all their self-governing functions, and this became the general impression, probably much against Grant's wish. My report after its publication as an "executive document" became widely known in the country. A flood of letters of approval and congratulation poured in upon me from all parts of the United States.

THE FLOWER FACTORY

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,
They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one—
Little children who have never learned to play:
Teresina softly crying that her fingers ache to-day,
Tiny Fiametta nodding when the twilight slips in, gray.
High above the clattering street, ambulance and fire-gong beat,
They sit, curling crimson petals, one by one, one by one.

Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,
They have never seen a rose-bush nor a dew-drop in the sun.
They will dream of the vendetta, Teresina, Fiametta,
Of a Black Hand and a Face behind a grating;
They will dream of cotton petals, endless, crimson, suffocating,
Never of a wild-rose thicket nor the singing of a cricket,
But the ambulance will bellow through the wanness of their dreams,
And their tired lids will flutter with the street's hysteric screams.

Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,
They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one.
Let them have a long, long play-time, Lord of Toil, when toil is done!
Fill their baby hands with roses, joyous roses of the sun.

THE SILLY ASS

BY JAMES BARNES

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR COVEY

"MARCIA," called the admiral, tapping lightly on the state-room door with the back of his finger-nails, "Marcia, my dear, I hope you're better. Come out with me; it's — oh, ah — where's Miss Marcia?"

The door had been opened by the courier maid, whose wilted and forlorn appearance was eloquent of her failure to live up to at least one item in her letter of recommendation.

"Miss Dorn has gone up to — ze deck, Monsieur."

"Humph! I didn't see her. When did she go?"

"Since early zis morning, Monsieur," rejoined the well-recommended one rather despondently.

Perhaps she might have gone on to say something more, but the admiral stamped down the passageway. The maid looked on her features in the glass much as one might inspect a barometer, drew a weak, despairing breath, and laid herself down on the sofa again, her relaxed person responding inertly to the steamer's vibrations.

Now, Admiral Page Paulding was as sweet-tempered an old sea-dog as ever retired from the employ of an ungrateful country; but foggy weather always worked a bit on his nerves — and what hands he had held that morning in the smoke-room! As he thumped up the rubber-carpeted staircase he knew that he was in a thoroughly bad humor, but made up his mind to conceal it. And there were reasons. When a man has reached the age when by all rights he should be a grandfather, and finds himself only a foolish old-bachelor uncle personally conducting a young niece of marriageable age and attractive exterior on her first trip to Europe, it may well be said: "Of each day learneth he experience." Aside from the avuncular privilege of paying bills, he had known the jealous promptings of a father, indulged in the self-communing suspicions of a mother, and supported smilingly the irritations of a chaperon. The enforced companionship of a courier maid does not lessen the perplexities of certain situations nor lighten the burden of responsibility.

If the truth be told, the admiral's retirement, this time, from what might quite properly be termed active service would be accompanied by no bitter heartburnings and regrets. Rather — yes, many times rather — would he con a fleet of battle-ships through the tortuous turnings of Smith Island Sound than again personally conduct one attractive and impulsive young female through the hotel-strewn shoals of Europe. There was that German baron in Switzerland, that dashing young lieutenant of cavalry in Vienna, and that persistent Englishman — oh, that *persistent* Englishman! — who turned up everywhere, and would not be turned down! There was a good deal back of the cablegram the old gentleman had sent Mrs. Dorn, his sister, from Southampton, which had read:

Sailing *Caronia*, unentangled, on Wednesday.

"That means only three days more now," mused the admiral, recalling these words to himself as he came out on the promenade-deck. He stood there a moment, looking about him, hoping for a glimpse of a slim young figure. But no sign! His conscience smote him a little. Maybe he had been somewhat neglectful for the past two days; but then — All at once he noticed the remarkable change in the weather.

From a foggy, dreary morning it had grown into a crisp, sparkling afternoon. The long, sweeping seas, the aftermath of some heavy blow to the northward, had subsided. Passengers who had kept to their cabins, or who had huddled in the corners of saloon or library, were emerging on the decks. Those who had braved the weather rather than face the close air below looked up, mummy-wise, from their swathings with hopes of returning appetites.

It had needed but a short perusal of the passenger-list to show him that his niece and he had several acquaintances as fellow-travelers on this homeward and thrice welcome voyage.

One of the swaddled objects suddenly turned and addressed him:

"Looking for Miss Dorn, Admiral?"

"Oh, how d'ye do — Mrs.——" For the life of him, he couldn't remember the lady's name. "Lovely day — er, yes; have you seen Marcia anywhere?"

"Yes; she's been walking up and down here for an hour with Victor Masterson and my——"

"With — what did you say his name was?"

"Victor Masterson."

"Is he an Englishman?"

"Oh, no; very much of an American, I should say — oh, most amusing and entertaining. My daughter has met him somewhere. I think you will find the young people up in that direction, playing some game or other."

The admiral thanked the swaddled lady and strode forward impatiently. All at once he stopped.

"I wonder," said he to himself, "if that's the silly ass I squelched t'other day in the smoke-room; just like Marcia to have picked him out!"

In the sunniest corner of the promenade-deck a quartermaster had laid the numbered squares of a shuffleboard. The game was over, but two young people still lingered, leaning against the rail. One was a tall, slender girl with red lips, red cheeks, tan-colored hair, and tan shoes, and the other was a very slight, extremely round-faced young man whose attire and manners could best be described as "insistent." He was one of the kind that appears in all weathers without a hat and that persists in attracting attention to large feet and bony ankles by wearing turned-up trousers, low shoes, and vivid half-hose. At this moment he was enjoying himself, and so was the girl.

"Was he large and rather red-faced?" she asked, following up something her companion was saying.

"Yes, with two bunches of iron-gray spinach growing down like this; and he beckoned me over to him and said, 'Young man, you're playing the clown'; and I said, 'You play you're the elephant, and we'll be a circus.'"

The round-faced one te-heed in a way that was contagious; Miss Dorn quite loved him for it.

"Do that again," she said.

"Do what?"

"Make that little squeak."

He looked at her with mock seriousness. "Oh, please don't! Please don't!" He spoke imploringly. "I am very touchy about my laugh — it's the only one I've got, you know. It's quite childish, isn't it? Never grew up, you know." He made the funny little sound again. It was like the bleating of a toy lamb when its head is twisted. "You know, they ask me how I do it. I don't know; I try to teach other people — they never seem to get it right. Do you like it?"

Miss Dorn laughed again and looked gratefully at him.

"Oh, I'm so glad I met you!" she said quite frankly — and then, mischievously: "I'll ask my uncle to forgive you, if you like."

"Your uncle!"

"Yes, the old gentleman with the — er — spinach."

If Mr. Masterson was simulating embarrassment, he did it very cleverly: he started to say something once or twice, changed his mind confusedly, and suddenly, putting the shuffleboard stick under his arm, began to imitate a guitar.

Miss Dorn applauded. "Splendid! You should play in the orchestra."

"Thank you." He smiled gratefully. "Listen; this is a bassoon. I have to make a funny face when I do it."

Miss Dorn clapped her hands. "Great!" she cried. "Oh, simply great!"

"A flute," introduced Mr. Masterson.

Miss Marcia chortled. "That's a funnier face than the last," she said.

"A cello."

"Good!"

"A violin," he announced.

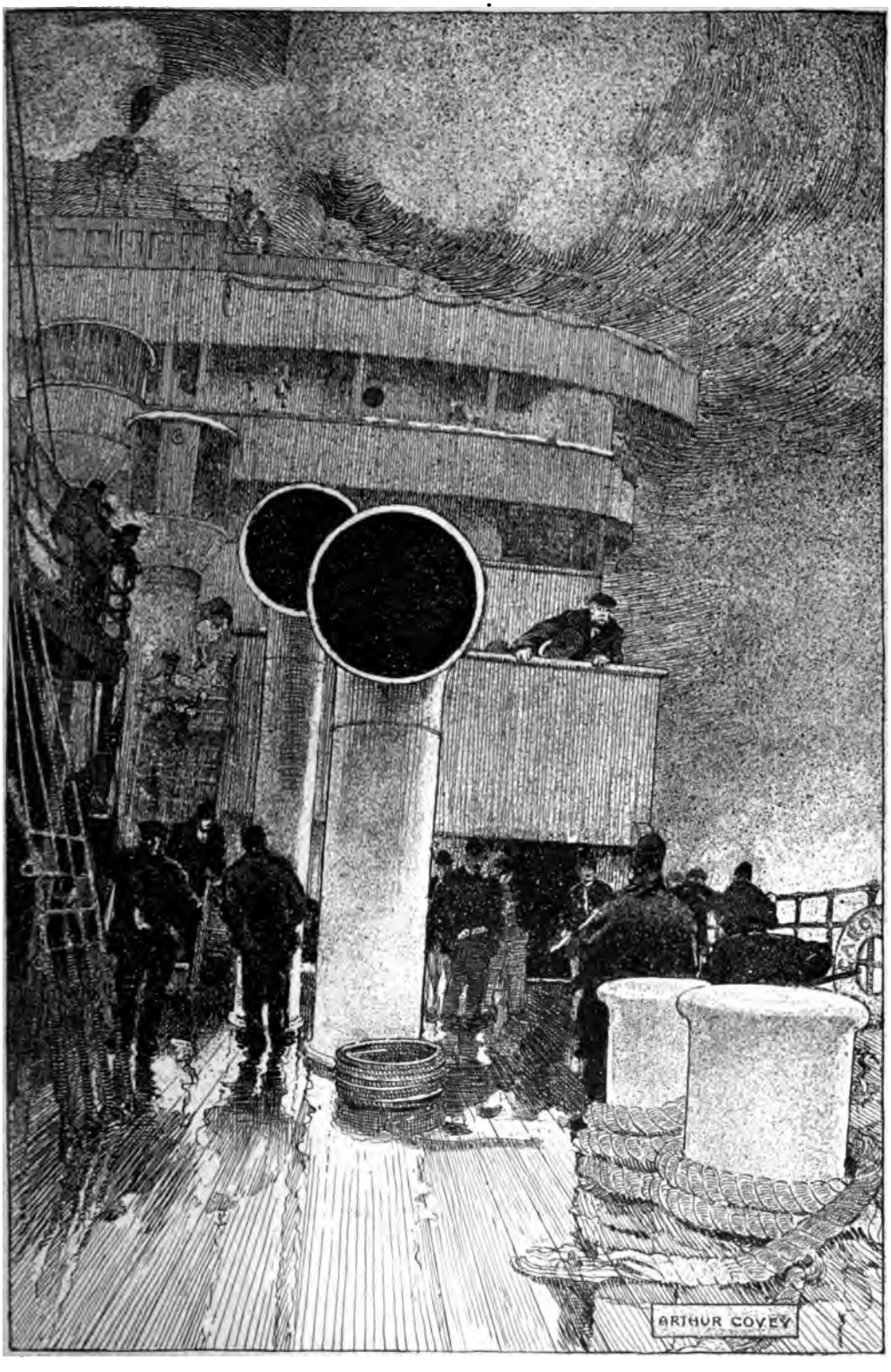
"Not so good"; she smiled in appreciative criticism.

"I'll have to practise up on it. But listen to this. I'm all right on the cornet."

It did sound like a cornet, even to the tremolo and the tonguing. People were looking up from their steamer-chairs now, and one or two pedestrians had gathered about; Mr. Masterson had an appreciative audience. Encouraged, he essayed another effort. He wrinkled his comical face and pursed up his lips, starting three or four times, and shaking his head at his failures. The others were watching him much as they would a catherine-wheel that refused to ignite. At last he brought forth a puny little sound.

"I really don't know," observed the amateur entertainer blandly, "what that is."

Every one burst into roars, and it was at this moment that the Admiral hove in sight round the corner of the deck-house. When Miss Dorn looked up, Mr. Masterson was gone; the crowd, still laughing, was dwindling; and there stood her uncle. He had on what she termed his "quarter-deck expression." Before he could speak she had taken him by the arm.



"HE COULD HEAR THE CRASH, SEE THE GREAT BOW SINKING"

"Where have you been, Nuncky dear?" she inquired most sweetly.

"Looking for you, my dear Marcia."

"For two whole days?"

"Well — er — yesterday I — er — thought you'd better be left alone, and — er — where did you meet that young man?"

"Oh, Bertha Sands introduced him — he's a dear! You came just a minute too late." Miss Dorn laughed and squeezed her uncle's arm. "He's *so* amusing. You'd *love* to meet him!"

"That silly ass!" grunted Admiral Paulding. "Not much. He makes my toe itch! I've got a good name for him — 'the smoke-room pest.' He's always doing card tricks under your unwilling nose, pretending to sit on somebody's hat, upsetting the dominos! If he can get a laugh out of a waiter, he's perfectly satisfied. I squelched him the other day, I can tell you!"

"What did you do?" Miss Marcia asked the question with mock seriousness.

"Never mind; but I taught him a lesson. Marcia, my dear, you do pick up the most peculiar acquaintances."

"But, really, my dear Nuncky, he's so clever, so quick at repartee — m — m — I'd be afraid! Tell me how you did it."

"Never mind how; but let me tell you this! That young man would never say anything sensible if he could help it, and never do anything useful, even by accident! And I think that you, my dear Marcia ——"

"It's been a perfectly lovely day," remarked Miss Dorn abstractedly.

II

As if in sheer perversity, the weather changed early in the evening, and the night that followed was punctuated regularly by the blast of the fog-whistle. The next day broke thick and damp, with a wall of impenetrable mist shadowing the great vessel to half her length. Over the tall sides the greasy green of the water could just be seen moving by. The masts and funnels disappeared irregularly overhead. The fog clung to everything; it rimed the rugs and capes of the passengers who feared the close air of the 'tween-decks and lay recumbent in the steamer-chairs, and it clung in little pearls to Miss Marcia Dorn's curly front hair, that seemed to curl all the tighter for the wetting.

With Mr. Victor Masterson at her side, she was walking up and down the hurricane-deck. His appearance was not quite so spruce or so comical this morning; he looked as if he had been dipped overboard. He still disdained a hat, and his hair was plastered over his forehead in an uneven, scraggly bang. The weather seemed also to have dampened his spirits. Miss Dorn found it difficult to lead him away from serious subjects; his ideas on mental telepathy did not amuse her, nor the fact that he was a fatalist.

"Oh, I wish you'd do something to make me laugh," she broke in suddenly.

"Are you ticklish?" inquired the Silly Ass quite soberly.

Miss Dorn could not help but titter; she was not at all put out.

"There!" said Mr. Masterson. "Now, you see, I have done it! Please thank me. Now let me go on. You know, there is no doubt that the mind of one person when thinking of ——"

"Oh, don't let's think!" Miss Dorn leaned back against the rail, half hidden from the gangway. "Isn't it dreary," she said, "this weather? And look at those people all stretched out. I wish we could do something to wake them up! The whole ship seems to have the glooms — even the captain; he wouldn't speak a word to me at breakfast."

"I could wake 'em up," said Mr. Masterson emphatically. "I could wake the whole ship up, and the captain too, and the lootenant, and the quartermaster, and the squingerneer, and the crew of the *Nancy Brig*, if I wanted to — and your Uncle Admiral Elephant here, asleep in the steamer-chair."

"Why, sure enough, there he is!" cried Miss Dorn. "He's got the glooms, too; he says he always gets 'em in foggy weather at sea." She turned and touched Mr. Masterson lightly on the arm. "Wake him up!" she said, her eyes twinkling.

"I hardly dare."

"Oh, go on! I don't believe you can. How would you do it?"

"How would I do it? Why, just this way." He crumpled his hands together and blew between the knuckles of his thumbs a low, resonant, gruffly humming note.

They were hidden now by the bow of the lifeboat and were standing quite close together. They noticed that the figure in the steamer-chair nearest them had suddenly raised itself a little and then had sat bolt upright. The old admiral, the mist in his gray whiskers, turned one ear forward and listened attentively.

The gray wall had grown a little whiter, less opaque; they could see now the whole length of the ship, out to the lifting stern.

"Oh, go on," tempted the girl; "do it again — louder!"

Mr. Masterson looked at her.

"Oh, *please* do," she pleaded; "real loud. I dare you to!"

He slowly raised his hands, the thumb-knuckles to his lips again. There sounded two deep, long-drawn, half-roaring, thrilling notes, for all the world like steam in the cup of a great metal whistle.

Footsteps, hurried and quick, rushed overhead on the bridge. A hoarse voice shouted orders. The quartermaster spun the wheel. Now:

"Full speed ahead, the starboard engine! Full speed astern, port!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

There was the clank-clank of the semaphores, and suddenly two bursting, answering blasts that hid the huge funnels in a cloud of feathery white.

The admiral in the steamer-chair threw off his wrappings and leaped to the rail.

A loud, anxious hail from above: "Lookout, there forward! Can you make out anything?"

"Oh, see what I've done!" faltered the Silly Ass in a frightened whisper.

Miss Dorn grasped his shoulder.

There had followed a sudden cry that rose in a diapason of mad fear:

"Vessel ahead! *Star*board your helm, sir! *Star*board your h-e-l-m!"

The helm was already over; the ship was swinging wide. Another quick order. The second officer leaped again to the semaphores. The huge fabric trembled, racking in every plate, as both engines reversed at full speed, the screws churning and thundering astern. And now a rift came in the encircling fog, as if it had been cut by a mighty sword.

Clear and distinct, not half a cable's length away, wallowed a great black shape. The mighty bow swept veering past her quarter, then her stern, and clear of it by no more than thirty yards!

Only those few on deck outside of the weather-cloth saw the sight, and then for but an instant. Never would they forget it!

Lying low in the water, all awash from the break of her topgallant-forecastle to the lift of her high poop-deck, the green seas running under her bridge and about her superstructure, swayed a great mass of iron and steel of full five thousand tons! Ship without a soul! A wisp of a flag, upside down, still floated in her slackened rigging; swinging falls dangled from her empty davits. Then the fog closed in, and, as a picture on a lantern-slide fades and disappears, she vanished and was gone!

A white-faced boy looked up into Miss Dorn's frightened eyes. His lips moved, but made no sound.

On the bridge, the captain had grasped the second officer by the arm. "My God! Fitzgerald, did you see that? It was the *Drachenburg*."

"Derelict and abandoned! But, by heaven, sir, *she signaled us!*"

The captain turned quickly. "Stop those engines!" he ordered hoarsely.

The tearing pulses down below ceased their beating; it was as if a great heart had stopped! The ship, breathless at her own escape, lay calm and quiet in the fog. The only sound was of the greasy waves lapping her high steel flanks. Yet——

Admiral Dorn, still standing beneath the bridge, with both hands grasping the rail, shivered and drew breath. What might have happened if — He looked forward. He imagined he could hear the crash, see the great bow sinking; he could hear the splintering of the bulkheads, the screams of the people tumbling up the companionways, the panic and pandemonium, the mad rush for the boats, the horrid, slow subsidence. But it was not to be; the danger had gone by!

Now he remembered having heard that first low whistle before the two that had signaled so plainly: "*I have my helm to starboard — passing to starboard of you!*" And yet, well did he know that no fires blazed in those dead furnaces, no steam was coming from that rusty, salt-incrusted funnel. It was as if the dead had spoken to warn the living! He shivered once more, and staggered to the bridge-ladder, holding on and listening.

Three, four, five times did the *Caronia's* siren wail out into the stillness. *No reply.* And then the throbbing pulses took up their beat again.

Down in the corner of the main saloon, filled with chattering people, romping children, and game-playing young folk, who knew not what had passed on deck, sat the Silly Ass, the girl close to him.

"I'll never tell," she whispered. "What is it you're thinking of?"

The round eyes gazed into hers. "It's a long time since I did," he said.

"Did what?"

"Prayed! God made me a fool just to do this some day, I guess." His face showed the expression of a grown-up, sobered man.

On the bridge, the captain and the other officers were talking in low, awe-struck tones.

WAR ON THE TIGER

BY W. G. FITZ-GERALD

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND FROM DRAWINGS BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

THE *patwari* salaamed and laid a report on my desk — a thing of maps and figures that brought the sweat to my face. Fifty-seven killed, six hundred square miles of rich rice and sugar country demoralized, communications stopped, crops rotting on the ground, nine villages abandoned, and the shyest of jungle creatures grazing in the market-place! Tiger and tigress — a bad case.

When I told a man once that tigers and cobras, between them, made away with 25,000 human beings in India every year, he thought I was joking. "Why," said he, "surely one fifth of the human race — 325,000,000, at any rate — is packed into that triangle! Where can the tigers live?" But I underestimated it; there were just 24,938 killed in 1906 by tigers alone. You can see it yourself in the government records.

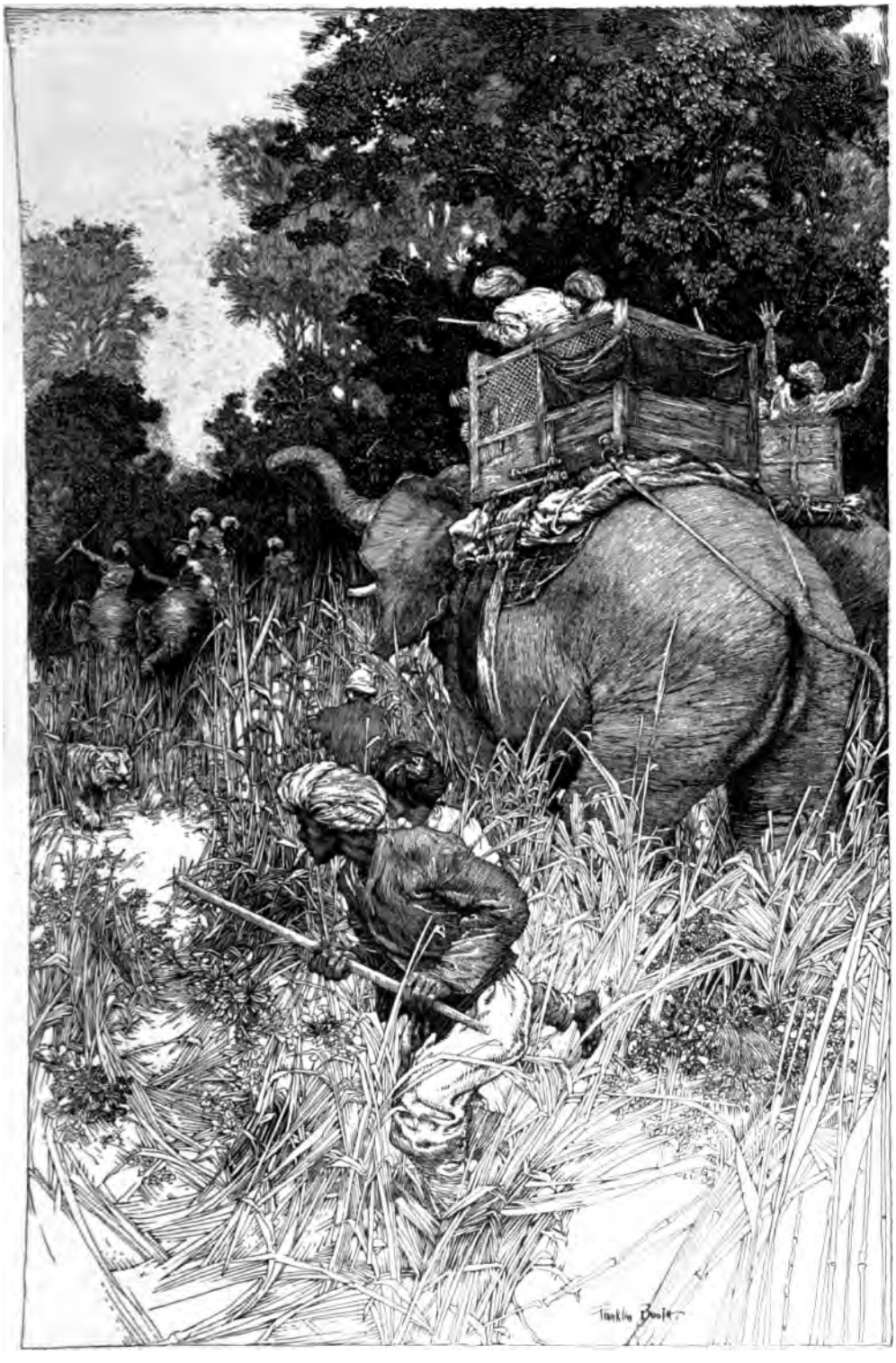
Now, as District Officer, I'm the "father" of two million souls, and responsible for all things, from murder to measles. But this was beyond me. It was a Commissioner's job, backed by the Maharaja.

The man-eaters, now propitiated as gods, had taken toll of my villagers for two long years. The people were in abject terror, for none knew the day, hour, or place of the monsters' next leap. Many were already resigned to death. "It's written on our foreheads," they said, with gentle misery. Poor devils! Think of the two hundred millions of them in India oscillating between mere existence and positive starvation; not living, but just strong enough to crawl along on the edge of death!

I called the *tahsildar:* "Bring me the record of these tigers."

A bulky file of horrors, in truth! Here a goatherd was taken; there it was an old woman gathering sticks in the jungle, or children playing in the village street, or maybe girls going down to the river for water, laughing joyously, unaware of the great green eyes that watched them through the towering stalks of elephant-grass; and last among the victims came some desperate young men who had faced one of the creatures with fish-spears.

It was a difficult country of limitless forest,



"FIRST A MAGNIFICENT YELLOW HEAD EMERGES, THEN THE LONG, LITHE BODY"

HOWDAH ELEPHANT BEING MADE READY

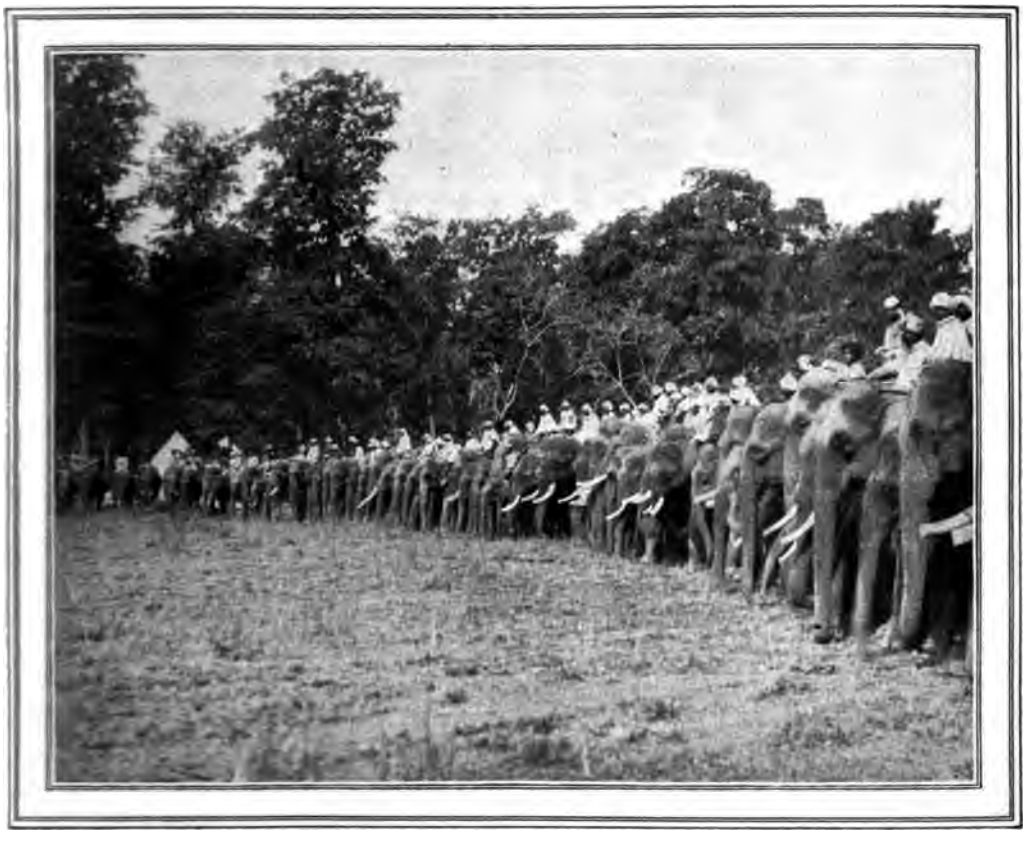
HE IS FED WITH "GOOR" OR CRUDE SUGAR BEFORE STARTING ON THE TIGER HUNT

broken in places by low hills and by bare sites of the typical village of India. And apparently from all quarters came the same report, with little modification. Here is a specimen:

"As I rode into camp at Bussavanpur to-day, I was met by trackers who told me the death wail was 'up' in the village. They brought to me a woman with three small children. Her husband was the latest victim. With tearless Hindu apathy she told her story, and I gave her five rupees. She had to spend half this, according to caste usage, because it was said to be the devil in her that had led the yellow devil to him. The formalities over, she was admitted to the villages of her caste, and then took me to the tragic scene. A solitary tamarind-tree grew on some rocks near the village; no jungle within three hundred yards; a few bushes on the rock crevices. And close by ran the broad cattle-track into the village. The man had been following the cattle home in the evening, and must have stopped to knock down some tamarinds with his stick; for this last, with his black blanket and skin cap, still lay where he was seized. Evidently the tigress had hidden in the rocks, and was upon him in one bound. Dragging her victim to the edge of a rocky plateau, she leaped down into a field and there killed him. The spot was marked by a pool of dried blood. I walked for two hours with the trackers, hoping to come on some traces of the brute or her mate, but without success."

And so on. Some of the deaths were horrible by reason of the eery silence that marked them, others because of the mysterious movements or amazing cunning of the tigers. The comic episodes it were not seemly to dwell upon. But fifty-seven! Nothing for it now but a hurry call to the Commissioner and the Maharaja for elephants and an army of tiger-hunters. a mobilization of the best *shikaris* in all India, for a regular campaign against these beasts.

In fourteen days that army was on the spot, and I enlisted under the banner of Colonel Howe of the Tenth Hussars. The staff was made up of *shikaris*, and the beaters were of the rank



LAST WALL OF DEFENSE

THE TIGER-HUNTING ELEPHANTS CLOSE THEIR RANKS TO RECEIVE THE CHARGE

and file. Maps were called for and studied, scouts sent far and wide into the theater of operations; native reports were sifted and their exaggerations discounted with the skill of long practice.

Tiger war is a science with axioms of its own. First of all come the weather and the water-supply. It's useless to look for tigers in a dry country, and it's useless to try and find them in the wet season, when there is plenty of water everywhere. "Stripes" must be hunted in hot weather, when great heat and the water distribution limit his wanderings, and when forest leaves have fallen and the dense jungle is thinned out.

And yet, there are all kinds of problems. For instance, Indian weather is so erratic that, while there may be water and cover and tigers one season, all three will be absent the next. Further, there is marked individuality among tigers. One will lie in water all day, and never venture forth till the sun has sunk behind the western hills; another prowls boldly by day. Some prey on forest beasts — chiefly the spotted cheetal and sambur-stag; others, again, mark out domestic animals. And last comes the tigress with clamorous cubs, who suddenly learns by accident or impulse that man, hitherto so feared, is in reality the easiest prey of all.

We had a front of eighty miles. Naturally we needed a big force; we probably mustered three hundred, all told. Our base of operations was a railroad-station twenty miles away, and we doubted at first whether we could live on the country, for the terrified people had abandoned all cultivation, and were living on bamboo-seeds and the fleshy blossoms of the mahwa-tree. This was a serious question — this and our transport. We had seventy-four elephants, and each ate seven hundred pounds of green stuff or sugar-cane every day; and of camels, bullocks, rude carts, and horses we had hundreds, to say nothing of the dozens of buffaloes we carried as live bait for tigers. We should need fodder by the ton, as well as sheep, fowl, goats, game, and milk; grain, too, for the

crowds of camp-followers; and canned foods and medicines — including, not least, the store of carbolic acid for possible tiger-bites and maulings. The water was to be boiled and filtered, then treated with permanganate of potash. It was regular army equipment, you see.

I went out myself with the *shikari* scouts, inspecting jungle-paths, dry river-beds, and muddy margins of pools. They pointed out to me the first rudiments in nature's book of signs: first of all the tiger "pug," and the difference between the footprints of the tiger and the tigress — the male's square, the female's a clear-cut oval. Here the great tiger had drunk four days ago. The prints were not clear; in places they were obliterated by tracks of bear, deer, and porcupine.

But clearly we were in a favorite haunt of both man-eaters. The male must have passed after dawn, for his tracks overlay those of little quail, which do not emerge until after daybreak. Then yet more signs: muddy pools told mute tales of recent visits; high over the hill that fell sheer to the valley were specks of vultures, hovering over recent kills. Back to camp we went to report the enemy's presence.

The next move was the setting out of the live bait — the buffaloes. Twoscore of the slow, ponderous creatures were led out and staked in a great ring about the tigers, passive outposts about the enemy, inviting their attack — an attack sure to come during the night. Then we went back again to wait.

Meanwhile, during the time while scouts were reconnoitering the enemy, the rank and file had been offering sacrifices to their gods. The Moslems were less tiresome than the Hindus in this respect. They merely went in a body to the snow-white *ziariat* (saint-house) on the hill, and offered up a goat. But the Brahman deity had to be propitiated, lest all our plans go down to defeat. This god dwelt in a jungle, attended by an old *jogi* smeared with wood-ashes and streaked with paint. Another goat was slain here. The beast was made to bow comically three times before the hideous image in the shrine, and then his throat was cut. Victory was now sure. The pious preliminaries were

SLAYER OF SEVENTY-SIX NATIVES LAID LOW AT LAST

HE AND HIS MATE RAVAGED A TRACT OF COUNTRY FOUR HUNDRED AND EIGHTY SQUARE MILES IN EXTENT

finished, and then arrived at last the day of battle — the scenes of which you never forget.

We are up and out at dawn, riding about the wide circle of the tethered buffaloes. A delicate business, this. As we draw near the first one, with infinite caution, we inspect the site through strong binoculars. A flick of the ear, a whisk of the tail because of flies, show that No. 1 is still alive. We water and feed the beast with fresh grass, and then leave him. But our next place of call looks suspicious, even from afar. A crow is cawing in a tree, and looks with beady eyes below. Dark vulture-specks are wheeling in the blue. And see! Tiger-marks in the dust, both square and oval! The dread couple have been here – early in the night, evidently, for over their "pug"-marks lies the trail of porcupines and other nocturnal beasts. Sure enough, the big buffalo is gone, leaving only a broken rope-end, a few splashes of blood, and the labored trail of a heavy body. Strategy is ended now, and tactics begin.

We gallop back to camp and give the alarm. The huge battle-line is ready. Long rows of giant tuskers stand with swaying heads, each with his howdah beside him – towering brutes such as the old kings of Asia rode into battle, to the terror of their enemies. The herds of disdainful camels are kneeling in roaring protest against the camp loads. From all quarters scouts have reported the enemy. Our army, horse and foot, elephants and camels, will march in an hour – as strange a sight and as strange a work as may be witnessed in the world to-day.

Watch each elephant kneel and come prone for his big hunting-tower. There are five men to each elephant, one at his head, four to haul the gear and make fast. The deft skill, the swiftness and silence, show the veteran in the enemy's country. Every man knows his work and knows the officer above him; and each officer, too, knows just what is expected of him – from the lowest up to the colonel himself, a fine figure, tall, erect, white-haired, an adept in tiger-lore, with a hundred and fifty skins in his bungalow.

Twelve mounted sahibs gallop this way and

TIGRESS ALSO IS SLAIN

THE BODY BORNE BACK TO CAMP ON ONE OF THE ELEPHANTS

that, collecting *shikaris* and beaters. Native officers distribute fire-works and tom-toms, rattles and flint-locks and torches. The *mot d'ordre* is: "Kick up —— at the right time."

There is a brief, businesslike interview in old Howe's tent. "The tigers," he says in a matter-of-fact way, as though dismissing school, "shall be inclosed in a triangle, of which the apex shall be ourselves and the elephants. You will draw lots for positions among yourselves. The bases of the triangle shall be the beaters, and the flanks the stops posted up trees, who shall see that the tigers do not turn and break out of the beat. You will please be alert, with rifles cocked and barrels and cartridges examined beforehand. There must be no undue noise or haste. Remember, the clink of a finger-ring on a barrel or the gleam of the sun on a bright muzzle may turn them. That's all, gentlemen."

We troop out to distribute rifles to the sepoys, who are supposed to protect the unarmed beaters. Some of us ride off for miles into the jungle to the base of the fateful triangle. Others visit the "stops"— keen-eyed *shikaris*, perched like crows in the big sal-trees.

Then hark — a shot! It travels like fire, and is answered by a faint uproar. The beat has begun. We dismount from our elephants for a steady shot, leaving them behind us in a huge semicircle. Some of them scent danger, and twirl delicate trunks high in the air. They have "been there" before! The mahouts sit motionless as bronze figures — superb fellows, deeply learned in jungle-lore. The triangle's apex and flanks are in absolute silence, but the base is fiendish with uproar. Two hundred men are yelling and cursing, roaring and singing, beating pots and pans, tom-toms and gongs.

Hearts beat a little faster. We look at one another anxiously and whisper, "Is the beat empty?" It would seem so, for the cunning brutes give no sign. Yet they must be driven forward if they are there. Ha! a slender sal-tree to the left shakes with excitement. A turbaned head shoots out of its branches, with a sudden sound of hand-clapping and shouting. One of the stops has seen a stirring in the high yellow grass. The tigers are in the living net!

I call to my side Hyder Ali, my gun-bearer, a lean Pathan from the Khyber Pass.

"You have my .303?"

He nods and smiles. At that moment I hear a heavy footfall, as of some great beast, on the thick dry leaves. The high grass parts. First a magnificent yellow head emerges, infinitely alert; then the long, lithe body, a picture of supple grace and immense strength. A superb spectacle the creature presents, with his lovely coat gleaming in the hot sun. But the din is drawing near. Down goes the massive head; wide, cruel lips draw back, and four long primary fangs are bared in a gruff roar. Then he dashes forward for cover. But too late; I have drawn a bead on his rippling shoulder and fired.

He is down, fighting and biting at he knows not what; and his roars rise high above the wild pandemonium of the beaters.

But my shot has not killed. I give the alarm, and we put scouts up trees to direct the ticklish pursuit along the bloody trail. We drive herds of buffaloes into the long grass and brush to drive out the wounded tiger. Our general himself takes charge, with few words and sure tactics.

"We've got his mate," he says grimly. "I put her on a pad-elephant and sent her back to camp."

It is growing dark. I hear the sambur-stag belling from the mountain-side, and the monotonous call of the coël, or Indian cuckoo. Afar a peacock calls from a ruined tomb, and through all the jungle concert runs the continuous screech of the cicada.

A loud signal from a treed scout suddenly tells us my tiger is located. Relentlessly, foot by foot, the man-eater is tracked. We are guided always by the scouts in the trees; for that terrible bamboo-like grass swallows even elephants, swaying noisily to their moving bulk. At length we emerge in a little clearing; and even as we glance around, the stalks part harshly, and the tiger leaps forth at an unarmed beater, burying fangs in a soundless throat. An awful sight!

A dozen rifles roar too late to save the poor wretch. We pick up victim and tiger and heave them on a pad-elephant. And then back to camp.

THE RADICAL JUDGE

BY ANITA FITCH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR G. DOVE

OFTEN when, arm in arm with black Double-headed Pete, the Radical Judge went by the paling fence, Hope Carolina said to herself:

"'en he comes all lonely, jus' by his own
I'll frow a rock at him. Yes, sholy!"

iconscious of the danger that lurked in
'e ambush, the great politician would pass
he rear view of his little stiff, quickly step-
figure showing a high silk hat and the
ed tails of a broadcloth coat, which in front
toned importantly at the waist. Dressed
ı exactly the same splendor, even to the
st-buttoning of the coat, the huge negro
'ered a full head taller than his hated, feared,
l brilliant intimate.

In that secret,
ysterious way
ich was a feature
the troublous times,
ith were recognized
rgets for other mis-
ies than stones flung
y dimpled baby
ands.

t was an educating
eriod for small maids
f six, that long-ago
ime of bitter party
hatred. Though only
a short half-dozen
years crowned her
fair cropped head, and
she lisped still in an
adorable baby way,
Hope Carolina was
very wise — "mon-
strous wise," the
black people said.
She did not under-
stand the meaning of
"renegade" exactly,
— the Radical Judge
was a renegade too,
— but she knew all about Reconstruction. It was what made *them*, the black people, so sassy, and your own darling family wretched.

She knew, too, that Radical judges always wore chain shirts under their white ones, because they were afraid; and that they carried knives, oh, mighty big ones, forever up their sleeves, to show in bar-rooms sometimes to Uncle John when anybody talked too loudly of renegades and turn-coats. Then, too, and worst of all, they got rich in a single night and took beautiful homes from dear Prestons and lived in them themselves. The beloved Prestons, so nobly proud in their fallen fortunes,— so right and proper in their politics,— had once owned all the lovely grounds alongside the bald yard that inclosed the child's own hired house; grounds where peacocks were as much at home as in story-books — peacocks with tails more ravishing than fly-brushes; where magnolia-trees flung down big scented petals as fascinating as sheets of letter-paper, and tall poplars stood like angels with half-closed wings against the sky. And with her own tear-filled eyes Hope Carolina had seen the exiled ones depart from this paradise — crying, ah, so bitterly; turning back, as the breaking heart turns, for long, last, kissing looks. And now the Radical Judge lived there — the bad Radical Judge *who went*

"'WADICAL!'"

"AN UNTIDY MIDGET FOLLOWING CLOSELY AT HIS HEELS"

locked-arms with niggers; lived there with the wife who took things to forget, and the little crippled child who had never walked in her life because somebody had let her fall long ago.

Hope Carolina could never go over again and make brown writing marks on the sweet magnolia petals. She could never steal suddenly through the boxwood hedge which hid the paling fence at that side of the hired yard, and frighten the peacocks so that they would spread their tails proudly. Everything belonged to the Radical Judge, even the old yellow satin sofas in the parlor, on which negroes sat now. And besides, no matter how poor they were, Democrat families never had anything to do with Radical families. They only threw "rocks" at them — safely from behind fences.

One day the pile of stones near the broken paling fence seemed splendidly high. They were muddy too, splendidly muddy, for it had rained in the night, and Hope Carolina had gouged the last ones out of the wet dirt with a sharp stick. She had even intentionally kept nice pats of earth around some; and directly, with the enemy approaching in the lonely way desired, there she was "scrouged" behind the paling fence, as Robert Lee Preston scrouged when he threw stones at Radicals. The brisk heels clicked nearer — passed; and then, with a fine sweep of a fat arm, a loud "ooh, ooh, ooh," she let fly the deadly missile.

The effect of it was magical. The enemy leaped as if the long-expected bullet had indeed pierced his chain armor; for the stone, perhaps the tiniest in Democracy's fort, had neatly nipped his stiff back. But the dark frown he turned toward her changed instantly. A slow smile, and then laughter — the doting laughter of the child-lover, to whom even the naughtiest phases are dear — replaced it. And, indeed, Hope Carolina did seem a sweet and comical figure in her low-necked, short-sleeved calico,

th her brass toes hitched in the paling fence nehow, and her cropped head rising barely ›ve it. Excitement, too, had lent a warmer k to her apple cheeks, and her blue eyes were deep and hating stars.

Oh, you bad baby!" he called in a moment, nly ravished with the nature of his would-be ssin. He knew why the stone had come — too well. "You hateful little Democrat!" ope Carolina fired up furiously at that. idical!" she called back, her voice tremu- with rage. And then, deliberately, "Wene- ! Seef!" fell from her pouting baby lips. change came over the Radical Judge's face. d not smile any longer; and yet, somehow *mebow* — it did not seem exactly angry. me a step nearer the paling fence.

ittle girl," he began softly, pleadingly, t prayerfully. But the thrower of stones d to hear no more. As he came nearer, t near enough to touch, holding her with eyes so different from those she had ex- l, she fired another shot — it seemed just out of her hand — and ran.

she scrambled up the high house steps, went rented-fashion in Fairville, from ound to the second story, she remembered lack splotch it had made on his white and then she remembered another thing chain one underneath, to keep away and bullets and everything. Ah, if he t worn that she might have killed him; hen all the trouble in dear South Carolina l be over forever and ever, amen.

she sat in her high-chair at supper, eat- ot raised corn-bread and sugar-sweet sor- n, it seemed a dreadful thing that she 'd really done it; and directly, when a -eyed, full-breasted goddess, known in the d house as Ma and Miss Kate, looked mean- y across the table, she sighed profoundly.

he fair lady, whose beauty was clouded by eep sadness, turned soon to the third sitter the table, a tall, lank gentleman of perhaps rty-five, who, with dark, brooding eyes and erious limp, had just entered. He was the doubtable Uncle John, of loud and fearless nion; and, if the bar-room bowie had missed m, a stray Radical bullet had been more suc- ssful. A political fight in the railroad turn- ible, some months ago, had been the scene of is heartbreaking accident. "And all through he war without a scratch!" Ma had sobbed ut to Mrs. Preston when speaking of that bul- et, still in the long-booted leg now under the table.

Directly Hope Carolina forgot the reproof of mother eyes anent the table manners of well- brought-up children. She began listening attentively; for that was how, listening when Ma and Uncle John talked, she had acquired all her deep knowledge of men and things. For in this close domestic circle all the lurid happenings of the times were touched upon: more fights in the turn-table; barbecues, black enemy barbecues — at which the bad Radical Judge stood on stumps, with his blacked shoes close together and his beaver hat off, as if he were talking, *truly*, to white people; where negroes, poor, pitiful, hungry, corn-field negroes, were bought with scorched beef and bad whisky to vote any which way. Even the price of bacon, the woeful rises in the corn-meal market, were discussed here — all the poignant things, indeed, which, as has been seen, had inspired Hope Carolina's own poignant and beautiful name.

Now they were speaking of Double-headed Pete, sweet, sorry Ma and good Uncle John, who must limp forever because he hadn't worn chain things underneath. Pete was feeling the oats of his new office, Uncle John said, and Ma said back, "To think!" and looked at Uncle John as if she were sorry for him.

Hope Carolina sat very quietly, but she was thinking hard. She knew Pete: he was a bad, bad nigger; and though he locked arms with white Radicals, and got a big, big salary, he could only put crosses instead of names at the bottom of the important papers. It seemed a strange thing that anybody who couldn't write names should get big salaries, when Uncle John, who did heavenly writing, couldn't get any at all. Then, along with everything else, there was Pete's maiden speech on the court-house steps — oh, a terrible maiden speech!

"*De white man is bad his day.*"

Whether there was any more of it Hope Carolina did not ask herself. That was enough, for folks looked tiptoe if you only spoke Pete's name.

Directly, thinking over it all, Hope Carolina said earnestly to herself, "Maybe I'd better put 'em back," meaning the two thrown stones. It looked, yes, truly, as if she would have to kill Pete, too; so her arsenal for destruction must not lack ammunition. It must rather flow over than fall short.

But a liberal allowance of hot corn-bread and sorghum are not conducive to murderous zeal. Slowly, almost painfully, the child got down from her high-chair. She went faster down the steep house steps; but as she neared the stone fort by the paling fence she halted, all but paralyzed by the audacity which was being committed under her very eyes.

Somebody was stooping down outside the fence, with a hand through the broken place.

"HOTT CAUGHNA, FROM HER MARVELOUS BED, COULD SEE EVERYTHING THAT WAS GOING ON IN THE RADICAL FUDGE'S GARDEN"

"FOREVER TURNING BACK TO KISS HIM, WITH HER HANDS FULL OF FLOWERS, AND WITH THE PEACOCKS TRAILING BESIDE"

putting something — *two round, pinky somethings!* — on top of the stone fort, putting them exactly where the two spent shots had been.

"Oh!" ejaculated Hope Carolina; and, reaching the fence with a rush, she stared down lovingly. For they were peaches, real, live, human peaches — the kind that you buy for five cents apiece, which was a great price in the hired house.

The form outside the fence straightened up then, and two oldish gray eyes looked over it into hers — the Radical Judge's eyes. "No more stones, please," they seemed to say, with a trace of embarrassment at being caught.

Hope Carolina nodded back with a lovely courtesy, as if to say in return: "Sholy not."

For this was no moment for politics. Besides, something in the watching eyes — a wistful something which spoke louder than words — had awakened all the lady in her; and there was more of it, I can tell you, than you may be inclined to believe.

Silently, with eyes still meeting eyes, they stood there for a moment; the great Radical almost shrinkingly, the fiery little Democrat with a new, sweet feeling which made her seem, for the instant, the bigger, stronger one of the two. Then, still silent, he was gone; and snatching the peaches with another ecstatic "Oh!" Hope Carolina did the thing she had dumbly promised. She kicked down the stone fort.

After she was in bed, she explained the deed to herself; for there, with reflection, had come some of the pangs that must pierce the breast of the traitor in any decent camp. You can't take peaches and throw stones too, no, not even if Democrats would almost want to hang you for not doing it!

She had come to the pits by now, and these, after more rapturous suckings, she put under her pillow for planting; for when you are six you plant everything. She did not know that another and more wonderful seed had already put forth a green shoot in her own so piteously hardened little heart.

Hope Carolina slept in a marvelous bed, almost the only thing of value, in fact, left in the hired house. Ma would not use it herself, she told dear friends, because of its memories; but as the child of the house had no recollections of other times, it seemed to her always a downy and restful nest. There were carved pineapples at the top of the high mahogany posts, and four more at the bottom of them; and when Hope Carolina lay in it in the morning, she could see everything that was going on in the Radical Judge's garden — that lovely paradise of peacocks and poplars and magnolias which had once been the dear Prestons'.

Sometimes, even before the truce of peaches, she had felt a little regret that the decencies barred out all acquaintance with Radical families. For always on the hot mornings — long, long before it was time for her to get up — there were the Radical Judge and the little crippled Grace going about among the shrubs and flowers as if they were the nicest people. And always the little pale, laughing child presented a very pretty picture in the wheeled chair, which her father pushed so patiently; forever turning back to kiss him, with her hands full of flowers, and with the peacocks trailing beside as if they had forgotten the dear Prestons entirely.

Then, the Radical Judge seemed to know bushels and bushels of fairy-stories; and when they came near the boxwood hedge, Hope Carolina would sometimes hear him begin a new one. They always began in the right way, "Once upon a time," and that seemed very remarkable, for how could a Radical Judge know the right sort of fairy-stories?

When they moved away again, the child in the enemy house would feel her throat gulp sometimes. She knew it was wrong, but oh, she would have loved to hear the end!

One morning, weeks and weeks after the peaches, when the peacocks had been gone for days,— they made too much noise, Hope Carolina knew,— when all the empty, sunburned garden seemed to say weepingly, "There will be no more fairy-tales," she woke with the morning star, and, sitting bolt up in bed, blinked wonderingly, a little painfully, in the direction of the Radical Judge's front door. It was too dark to see the knob yet, but she knew the thing must be there, the long, angelically sweet drop of white ribbon and flowers — the poetic and wistful mourning which is only hung for little dead children.

A great doctor had come down from Baltimore and gone again; and the Radical Judge's wife was still taking things to forget.

The heart of six is full of mystery. All that first morning, with a piteous earnestness, a piteous heartlessness, Hope Carolina played funeral in the front yard, in the place where the stone fort had once been and where the peach-pits were now planted. Every now and then she would stop patting the little mounds of earth — mounds of earth covered with sweet flowers, in a place as beautiful as any garden, were the chief thing in her idea of funerals — and, standing tiptoe, she would stare over the paling fence, hoping the Radical Judge would

"IT WAS THE QUAINT CUSTOM AT FUNERALS IN FAIRVILLE TO FOLLOW MOURNERS IN LINE FROM THE GRAVE"

come by. At last, late in the forenoon, her dogged vigilance was rewarded; and in a moment, bonnetless, an untidy midget in low-necked pink calico which even had a hole behind — there she was out of the gate, following closely at his heels. She couldn't tell exactly why she followed him; she only knew she wanted to — perhaps to see if he thought, too, as everybody said, that the little crippled Grace was better off up in the sky. She fancied maybe he didn't, he was so different, somehow — not like the old, fierce Radical Judge at all. And when really nice white gentlemen — *Democrats*, who had never noticed him before — stood respectfully aside with *their* beaver hats off, he walked still down the middle of the dirt sidewalk, and did not seem to see them at all.

Once when her brass-toed shoe kicked his heel in the railroad,— along which, the littlest distance away, was the historic spot where Uncle John had got the bullet,— she said "Thank you" aloud.

She meant it for the peaches, for she had just remembered that it wasn't very polite not to thank people for things. But still he seemed not to see, not to hear; and directly, in this blind, groping way, as if he were falling to pieces somehow, there he was turning into Miss Sally and Miss Polly Graham's store, where they only sold lady things.

Hope Carolina waited outside, openly and shamelessly watching to see what he was going to do. She never peeped secretly; that wouldn't be respectable.

In a minute she said, "Oh!" her eyes stretched wide with delighted wonder; for he was *buying* lady things — fairy lace, shimmering satin, narrow doll-baby ribbon, as lovely as heaven! When he went out, quickly, as if he were almost running, Hope Carolina still waited, wondering what Miss Sally and Miss Polly, the two old-maid sisters, who were Democrats and very nice people themselves, were going to do with the splendor which still lay upon the counter.

But they did not tell. They told something else — a thing so full of wonder, so dreadful, that, with another exclamation, one which drew four astonished maiden eyes to her suddenly blanched cheeks, the child took to her heels and fled as if pursued by a thousand terrors.

She thought of it all the time she was eating more hot corn-bread and sorghum at dinner — the thing Miss Sally and Miss Polly Graham had said to each other; the thing which seemed so

new, so strange, so *loud and awful*, like the hell-fire things Baptist ministers talked about.

Then, after supper, she fell asleep in the pine-apple bed, still thinking of it; and all the next day, still playing funeral by the paling fence, she thought of it again. And that night, when once more she lay in the pineapple bed, there it was again, the strange loud thing Miss Sally and Miss Polly Graham had said to each other — said in a soft, *crying* way.

All at once she had a waked-up feeling; she sat bolt upright in bed and thought, "Comp'ny." There were voices coming across the passageway from the parlor. A light streamed, too; and when she stood faintly bathed in its glow, she saw that Mrs. Preston was there — Mrs. Preston, in the deep mourning she had vowed never to put off as long as her beloved State lay with her head in the dust. But something in her lap brightened it now, this shabby, soldier-widow black: a slim cross, divine with green and white, as daintily delicate, with its tremulous myrtle stars, as had been the lady things in Miss Sally and Miss Polly Graham's store.

Mrs. Preston was saying that she was going to send it "anonymously." Then she asked Ma if she knew that *he* had had to attend to all the arrangements himself. "Even the dress," went on Mrs. Preston, crying a little; and Uncle John coughed in the deep, growly way gentlemen always cough when they are ashamed to cry themselves.

Then they all began talking about funerals, saying to each other they would like to go, but how *could* they? Uncle John saying at last, with more of the growly, coughy way, that no, no, they "couldn't flout him."

It would be more cruel, far, far more cruel, said Uncle John, than to stay away. Besides, — didn't the ladies know? — it was private. "Though," the speaker went on, his worn, somber face lighting up with something like a gleam of comfort, "I reckon that was to keep those other white hounds away as well as the rest of us."

Ma nodded. They weren't gentlemen-born, as he was, she sighed — "born to Southern best." And then, with a "Poor wretch — poor, proud, degraded wretch!" she handed out the thing she had been making — a white rosette as beautiful as any rose — and told Mrs. Preston to put it "there," touching the myrtle cross with fingers kissing-soft.

But Mrs. Preston only said back, "He's refused even the minister!" and seemed more unhappy, oh, mighty unhappy.

Hope Carolina gasped with the wonderment of it all. How funny it seemed, how dreadfully funny, that everybody had forgotten everything just because a child had gone up into the sky: Uncle John the bullet, and Mrs. Preston the lost paradise next door, and Ma the barbecue speeches that made niggers vote any which way — all, all that Radicals had ever done to them!

After a while one of the voices spoke again — whose, Hope Carolina could never tell:

"*Think, there won't be a white face there!*" And then, after a pause, another voice:

"*No, not one!*"

Hope Carolina jumped in bed, trembling.

Presently Mrs. Preston went, and then everybody else went to bed. But still Hope Carolina trembled. For that was exactly what Miss Polly and Miss Sally Graham had said — *about the white face.*

After a while she knew. It meant, oh, the mightiest, biggest disgrace on earth not to have white people at your funerals. They went to black funerals, even — *good* black funerals.

"Oh!" moaned Hope Carolina suddenly, loud enough for everybody to hear. But she cried silently. It was a way she had.

She cried again in the night, too — so loudly everybody did hear; but the dream mother who came and loved her, putting her head on the dear place, drove away all the lumps in her throat. After that the dark was still like the dear place, and like arms around her, too.

She had forgotten the dream mother when breakfast came; but she hadn't forgotten the other thing — the thing about the white face.

Ma said anxiously once to Uncle John, "Do you think she can be sick, brother?" and Uncle John shook his head, though he knew, too, of the tearful night.

Hope Carolina sat very still, not seeming to hear even when Ma announced that the funeral was at nine o'clock. She ate her breakfast like a ravenous cherub, smiling silently, mysteriously, whenever her mother looked at her with adoring eyes. Sometimes these dear, watching eyes, as blue as jewels, set wide apart under a low brow crowned with waved, satin-bright brown hair, filled slowly. But the darling child, who had certainly proved her excellent condition, only grinned back sweetly. All Hope Carolina was thinking of was that she had a *hole* — she was still wearing the soiled pink calico — and that her frilled white apron was mussed, and that shoe-strings wouldn't tie good. In the tarnished gilt-framed mirror behind Ma's lovely head she could see her own. *That* was all right; beautiful! She had doused it with water, the round baby poll, and plastered the short hair smooth, so that under this

close, shining cap her apple cheeks seemed fresher than ever.

Ma kissed them in passing, going then swiftly, with her eyes closed tight lest she herself should see, to shut windows on *that* side of the house. Hope Carolina knew. Children mustn't look out of windows when funerals were going on. They mustn't play in the yard, either, till after they were over.

The big clock in the corner ticked, ticked, ticked, seeming to say always, "Hurry up, hurry up." And then — it was the longest, longest while afterward — Ma called from another room that Hopey (it was the foolish home name) could go and play in the yard now, for it was nine o'clock.

"Quite half-past, darling," went on the liquid Southern voice, still tremulous with emotion, still with the yearning anxiety for its own that the death of any child of kindred age brings to the mother breast. But there was no answer, and for a very good reason.

Down the long clay road which led from living and now pitying Fairville to the little cemetery where slept its quiet dead, Hope Carolina was running.

A mile and a half is a long way for a wee fat maiden to go when the August sun is beating down upon bare heads and necks, and red clay roads spread sun-baked ruts and furrows as sharp as knives. As many times as her years, Hope Carolina fell by the way; oftener, indeed. But the good folk in the scattered blind-closed houses along the way — who, too, a half-hour ago had whispered tremulously, "There won't be a white face" — saw no sign of tears.

"It's only Hope Carolina," called somebody, and other watchers laughed; for all knew the wandering ways of this wise and fearless child.

And so, stumbling, falling, struggling to her feet again,— wiping away blood once, even, with impatient hand,— on, on the little figure in pink and white had gone, a brave and storm-driven flower in the cruel road. And at last there were the shining crosses and columns of the dead. One inclosure, radiant with more magnolias and angel poplars, more stately and wonderful than all the rest, was the dear Preston plot.

The child, who had paused anxiously at the open gate, sighed, sighed with immense relief, to see it still without the sacrilege of Radical invasion. He hadn't taken *that*, too! Then, a step farther, she stopped again. The red clayey place he had taken had neither fence nor flowers. Only a tree grew near his place, a great solitary pine, with the low wailing of whose softly swaying needles singing was mingled.

A single person was singing — a single *black* person. She knew by the soft mellow roll of the voice, the sweet, oh, honey-sweet sound of the hymn words, which she herself had sung many times at the Baptist Sunday-school, where she had to go when there was no Episcopal minister. The great figure towering above the tiny, dusky group, with bare woolly head and working, apelike face uplifted to the sky, took on a new grandeur.

But only for a moment did she think of Pete, so marvelously changed. The hymn was ending — they were a long way past the dear line, *Safe on his gentle breast.*

Now they were moving, the little "crowd of mo'ners over yonder," — all black it looked, house-servants mostly,—and quickly, with a breathless fear of being too late, she rushed forward and thrust her head between the singer and a sobbing petticoated figure beside him.

Then she drew back smiling, smiling divinely.

The grief-stricken eyes at the other side of the little grave — a grave heaped with Radical roses, sweet with one Democrat myrtle cross — had seen it, *the white face.*

"You go fust, honey, jus' behin' him," Pete whispered, as, trudging valiantly along with the rest, Hope Carolina passed out of the cemetery gate.

It was the quaint custom at funerals in Fairville, especially funerals with negroes, to follow mourners in line from the grave as well as to it. What had been begun through a lack of sidewalks had been continued as a ceremony of passionate respect.

Pete bent soft, wet, grateful eyes upon her, pushing her close behind the one carriage as he spoke — eyes as dear and tender as any old nigger eyes Hope Carolina had ever looked into. All at once she understood: Pete, bad Pete, loved the Radical Judge.

She nodded comprehendingly, including all the other black faces — which seemed to look toward her, too, with a doglike gratitude — in her flashing smile.

"Of course!"

So it came to pass that Fairville's terrible prophecy was falsified. In his darkest hour the Radical Judge was not forsaken of all his race; still unconscious of fatigue and hurt in the cruel clay road, the little white Democrat, who had toiled this hard way before, led and redeemed the funeral procession of his child.

POVERTY AND DISCONTENT IN RUSSIA

BY GEORGE KENNAN

IN an address delivered in New York City on the 14th of January, 1908, Paul Milyukov, historian, statesman, and leader of the Constitutional Democratic party in the third Russian Duma, after reviewing dispassionately, from a liberal point of view, the unsuccessful attempt at revolution in the great empire of the north, summed up, in the following words, his conclusions with regard to the present Russian situation:

"The social composition of the future Russia is now at stake; the fate of future centuries is now being determined"; but, "wherever we turn or look, we meet only with new trouble to come, nowhere with any hope for conciliation or social peace. This, I am afraid, is not the message that you expected from me, and I should be much happier myself if I could answer your wish for information with words of hope, and with the glad tidings that quiet and security have returned to Russia; but I am here to tell you the truth."

Americans who have not followed closely the sequence of events in Russia since October, 1905, may feel inclined to ask, "Why should Mr. Milyukov take such a pessimistic view of the future, when his country has not only a representative assembly, but an imperial guaranty of political freedom and 'real inviolability of personal rights'?" The answer is not far to seek. A representative assembly that has no power, and an imperial guaranty that affords no security, do not encourage hopeful anticipations. Russia has never had a representative assembly, in the Anglo-Saxon meaning of the words; and as for the imperial guaranty of political freedom, it was written in water.

Twenty-seven months ago, when Count Witte reported to Nicholas II. that Russia had "outgrown its governmental framework," and when the Czar himself, recognizing the necessity of "establishing civil liberty on unshakable foundations," directed his ministers to give the country political freedom and allow the Duma to control legislation, there seemed to be every reason for believing that the crisis had passed and that the people's fight for self-government had been won; but, unfortunately, the unstable Czar, who would run into any mold, but would not keep shape, did not adhere to his avowed purpose for a single week. In the words of a Russian peasant song:

> The Czar promised lightly to go,
> And made all his plans for departing;
> Then he called for a chair,
> And sat down right there,
> To rest for a while before starting.

Not even so much as an attempt was made to carry the "freedom manifesto" into effect, and before the ink with which it was written had fairly had time to dry, the rejoicing people, who assembled with flags and mottos in the streets of the principal cities to celebrate the dawn of civil liberty, were attacked and forcibly dispersed by the police, and were then cruelly beaten or mercilessly slaughtered by adherents of a national monarchistic association, hostile to the manifesto, which called itself the "Union of True Russians." * According to the conservative estimate of Mr. Milyukov, these "true Russians," with the sympathy and coöperation of the police, killed or wounded no less than thirteen thousand other Russians, whom they regarded as not "true," in the very first week after the freedom manifesto was promulgated. One not familiar with Russian conditions might have supposed that the Czar would use all the force at his command to stop these murderous "pogroms" and to punish the police and the "true Russians" who were responsible for them; but he seems to have regarded them as convincing proof that all true Russians would rather have autocracy than freedom, and, instead of insisting upon obedience to his manifesto and punishing those who resorted to wholesale

* Otherwise known as the "Black Hundreds." This reactionary and terroristic organization impudently pretended to represent the "true Russian people"; but in the election for the third Duma, when it had all the encouragement and help that the bureaucracy could give, it was able to send to the electoral colleges only 72 electors out of a total number of 5,160. It was composed mainly of the worst elements of the population, and derived all the power that it had from the support given to it by the bureaucracy and the police. Without such support it would have been stamped out of existence in a week by the liberals, revolutionists, and Jews, who were the chief objects of its attacks.

murder as a means of protesting against it, he not only allowed the slaughter to go on, but, a few months later, showed his sympathy with the "true Russians" by telegraphing to their president as follows:

"Let the Union of the Russian People serve as a trustworthy support. I am sure that all true Russians who love their country will unite still more closely, and, while steadily increasing their number, will help me to bring about the peaceful regeneration of our great and holy Russia." *

Disappointed at the Czar's failure to stand by his own manifesto, and exasperated by the murderous attacks of the Black Hundreds upon defenseless people in the streets, the Social Democrats, the Social Revolutionists, and the extreme opponents of the government generally resorted to a series of armed revolts, which finally culminated in the bloody barricade-fighting in the streets of Moscow in December, 1905. Taking alarm at these revolutionary outbreaks, and yielding to the reactionary pressure that was brought to bear upon him by the ultra-conservative wing of the court party, the Czar abandoned the reforms which he had declared to be the expression of his "inflexible will," † and permitted his governors and governors-general to "put down sedition" in the old arbitrary way, with imprisonment, exile, the Cossack's whip and the hangman's noose.

Long before the meeting of the first Duma the freedom manifesto had become a dead letter; and in July, 1906, when Mr. Makarof, the Associate Minister of the Interior, was called before the Duma to explain the inconsistency between the "inflexible will" of the Czar, as expressed in the freedom manifesto, and the policy of the administration, as shown in a long series of arbitrary and oppressive acts of violence, he coolly said that while the freedom manifesto "laid down the fundamental principles of civil liberty in a general way," it had no real force, because it did not specifically repeal the laws relating to the subject that were already on the statute-books. He admitted that governors-general were still arresting without warrant, exiling without trial, suppressing newspapers without a hearing, and dispersing public meetings by an arbitrary exercise of discretionary power; but he maintained that in so doing they were only obeying imperial ukases which antedated the freedom manifesto and which that document had not abrogated. In all provinces, he said, where martial law had been declared, or where it might in future be declared, governors and governors-general were not bound by the academic statement of general principles in the October manifesto, but were free to exercise discretionary power under the provisions of certain earlier decrees relating to "reinforced and extraordinary defense." These decrees, until repealed, were the law of the land, and they authorized and sanctioned every administrative measure to which the interpellations related, freedom manifestos to the contrary notwithstanding.*

The Czar's abandonment of the principles set forth in the freedom manifesto of October 30, 1905, put an end to what Mr. Milyukov has called "the ascending phase" of the Russian liberal movement. Count Witte, who had persuaded the Czar to sign the manifesto, was forced to retire from the Cabinet, and the new government, taking courage from the apparent loyalty of the army and the successful suppression of sporadic revolutionary outbreaks in various parts of the empire, returned gradually to the old policy of ruling by means of "administrative process," under the sanction of "exceptional" or "temporary" laws.

In July, 1906, when P. A. Stolypin was appointed Prime Minister, and when the first Duma was dissolved in order to prevent it from issuing an address to the people, the government abandoned even the pretense of acting in conformity with the principles laid down in the freedom manifesto, and boldly entered upon the policy of reaction and repression that it has ever since pursued. It now finds itself confronted by social and political problems of extraordinary difficulty and complexity, which are the natural and logical results of long-continued misgovernment or neglect. With the sympathetic coöperation of a loyal and united people, these problems might, perhaps be solved; but in the face of the almost universal discontent caused by the Czar's return to the old hateful policy of arbitrary coercion and restraint, it is almost impossible to solve them,

* This was the reply of the Czar to a telegram from the Union of True Russians thanking him for dissolving the second Duma and arresting fifty-five of its members on a charge of treason. Each of these representatives of the people were afterward sentenced to five years of penal servitude, nine to four years of penal servitude, and ten to exile in Siberia as forced colonists. (*Russian Thought*, St. Petersburg, December, 1907, p. 216.)

When Mr. Milyukov returned to St. Petersburg after the delivery of his temperate and dispassionate address in New York, the handful of "true Russians" in the third Duma attacked him with coarse and insulting abuse, and Mr. Vladimir Purishkevich, one of their most influential leaders, said to him in open session: "You are a poltroon and traitor, in whose face I would willingly spit!" Such is the spirit of the "true Russians" whom the Czar has asked to help him in bringing about "the peaceful regeneration of our great and holy Russia."

† The freedom manifesto of October 30, 1905, begins with the words "We lay upon Our Government the duty of executing Our inflexible will by giving to the people the foundations of civil liberty in the form of real inviolability of personal rights, freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, freedom of public assembly, and freedom of organized association."

* Stenographic report of the proceedings of the first Russian Duma, St. Petersburg, July 17, 1906. A large part of the Russian Empire has been under martial law ever since the assassination of Alexander II. In 1906 it was in force in sixty-four of the eighty-seven Russian provinces.

or even to create the conditions upon which successful solution of them depends.

Among the most serious and threatening of these problems is that presented by the steady and progressive impoverishment of the people. Russian political economists are almost unanimously of opinion that the condition of the agricultural peasants has been growing steadily worse ever since the emancipation.* As early as 1871, the well-known political economist Prince Vassilchikof estimated that Russia had a proletariat which amounted to five per cent. of the whole peasant population. In 1881, ten years later, the researches of Orlof and other statisticians from the zemstvos showed that this proletariat had increased to fifteen per cent., and it is now asserted by competent authority that there are more than twenty million people in European Russia who are living from hand to mouth, that is, who possess no capital and have not land enough to afford them a proper allowance of daily bread.† Four years ago, the Zemstvo Committee on Agricultural Needs in the "black-soil" province of Voronezh reported that in that thickly populated and once fertile part of the empire the net profits of the peasants' lands barely sufficed to pay their direct taxes. Of the 28,295 families in the district, only 14,328 had land enough to supply them with the necessary amount of food, while 13,967 were chronically underfed. Seven thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven families were unable to pay their taxes out of the net proceeds of their lands, even when they half starved themselves on a daily allowance of one pound and a third of rye flour per capita.‡ One might have expected the government to do something for the relief of a population suffering from such poverty as this, but, instead of aiding the sufferers, it punished the persons who called attention to the distress. One member of the Voronezh District Committee, Dr. Martinof, was exiled to the subarctic province of Archangel; two, Messrs. Shcherbin and Bunakof, were arrested and put under police surveillance; and two more, Messrs. Bashkevich and Pereleshin, were removed from their positions in the zemstvo and forbidden thenceforth to hold any office of trust in connection with public affairs.*

If the janitor of a tenement-house should notify the owner of the existence of a smoldering fire in the basement, and if the owner, instead of taking measures to extinguish the fire, should have the janitor locked up for giving information that might alarm the tenants and "unsettle their minds," we should regard such owner as an extremely irrational person, if not an out-and-out lunatic; and yet, this is the course that the Russian government has been pursuing for the past quarter of a century. Again and again it has closed statistical bureaus of the zemstvos, and in some cases has burned their statistics, simply because the carefully collected material showed the existence of a smoldering fire of popular distress and discontent in the basement of the Russian state. Now that the long-hidden fire has burst into a blaze of agrarian disorder, the government is trying to smother it with bureaucratic measures of relief, or to stamp it out with troops, military courts, and punitive expeditions; but the action comes too late. The economic distress which a quarter of a century ago was mainly confined to a few districts or provinces has now become almost universal. Long before the beginning of the recent agrarian disorders in the central provinces, a prominent Russian senator, who made an official tour of inspection and investigation in that part of the empire, described the condition of the peasants as follows:

"Among the indisputable evidences of progressive impoverishment among the peasants are the decreasing stocks of grain in the village storehouses, the deterioration of buildings, the exhaustion of the soil, the destruction of forests, the arrears of taxes, and the struggle of the people to migrate. In almost every village the penniless class is constantly growing, and, at the same time, there is a frightfully rapid increase in the number of families that are passing from comparative prosperity to poverty, and from poverty to a condition in which they have no assured means of support."

Scores if not hundreds of statements like this were made by the liberal provincial press, or by the district and provincial committees on agricultural needs; but, when the government paid any attention to them at all, it merely suspended or suppressed the newspapers for "manifesting a prejudicial tendency," or pun-

* Upon the shoulders of the peasants the whole framework of the Russian state rests. When the latest census was taken, in 1897, the peasants numbered 97,000,000 in a total population of 126,000,000. Since that time the population has increased to 141,000,000, and the relative proportion of peasants to other classes has grown larger rather than smaller. (Report of the Russian Statistical Department, St. Petersburg, August, 1905.)

† It is this part of the population that begins to suffer from lack of food when, for any reason, there is complete or partial failure of the crops. Twenty million people, in twenty-two provinces, were reduced to absolute starvation by the famine of 1906, and were kept alive only by governmental relief on a colossal scale. Famine is predicted again this year in the provinces of Kaluga, Tula, Tambof, Samara, Saratof, Viatka, Poltava, and Chernigof. In the province last named the peasants were already mixing weeds with their rye flour in November, 1907. (*Nasha Zhizn*, St. Petersburg, May 23, 1906; *Russian Thought*, St. Petersburg, December, 1907, p. 217.)

‡ Report of the Zemstvo Committee on Agricultural Needs in the District of Voronezh, Stuttgart, 1903. This report was published in pamphlet form abroad, because the censor would not allow it to be printed in Russia.

* Report of the Zemstvo Committee on Agricultural Needs in the District of Voronezh, pp. 33, 34, Stuttgart, 1903.

PAUL MILYUKOV

CONSTITUTIONAL DEMOCRATIC LEADER
IN THE THIRD DUMA

ished the committees for "presenting the condition of the people in too unfavorable a light."

A fair measure, perhaps, of the economic condition of a country is the earning capacity of its inhabitants, and, tried by this test, Russia stands far below the other civilized states of the world. According to a report made by S. N. Prokopovich to the Free Economic Society of St. Petersburg on May 2, 1907, the average annual income of the population per capita, in the United States and in various parts of Europe, is as follows:*

Country	Average income per capita
United States	$173.00
England	136.50
France	116.50
Germany	92.00
Servia and Bulgaria	50.50
Russia	31.50

It thus appears that the average American family earns nearly six times as much as the average Russian family, and that even in such comparatively backward and undeveloped parts of Europe as Servia and Bulgaria the average income of the population per capita is nearly twice that of Russia.

Another test of the economic condition of a country is its rate of mortality, taken in connection with the provision that it makes for the medical care and relief of its people. The death-rate of Russia — 37.3 per thousand — is higher than that of any other civilized state, and, according to a report made by Dr. A. Shingaref to the Piragof Medical Congress in Moscow in May, 1907, the health of the population is more neglected than in any other country in Europe. The figures by which he proved this are as follows: †

Great Britain	has	one	doctor	to	every	1,100	persons
France	"	"	"	"	"	1,800	"
Belgium	"	"	"	"	"	1,850	"
Norway	"	"	"	"	"	1,900	"
Prussia	"	"	"	"	"	2,000	"
Austria	"	"	"	"	"	2,400	"
Italy	"	"	"	"	"	2,500	"
Hungary	"	"	"	"	"	3,400	"
Russia	"	"	"	"	"	7,930	"

In connection with this report it may be noted that while Russia has only one physician to eight thousand people, there is one policeman to every nine hundred and one soldier to every one hundred and twelve.

This lack of physicians in Russia is mainly due to the extreme poverty of the mass of the people and their absolute inability to pay for medical attendance and care. With an earning capacity of only $31.50 per capita, or $189.00 per annum for a family of six, and with taxes that cut deeply into even this small revenue, the Russians cannot afford doctors. Shelter, food, and clothing they must have; but medical attendance is a luxury that may be dispensed with.

One of the principal causes of the impoverishment of the agricultural peasants in Russia is the insufficiency of their farm allotments. When the serfs were emancipated about forty-five years ago, they were not given land enough to make them completely independent of the landed proprietors, for the reason that the latter had to have laborers to cultivate their estates, and it was only in the emancipated class that such laborers could be found. Since that time the peasant population has nearly doubled, and an allotment that was originally too small adequately to support one family now has to support two. This increasing pressure of the growing population upon the land might have been met, perhaps, as it has been met in Japan, by intensive cultivation; but such cultivation presupposes education, intelligence, and adoption of improved agricultural methods; and the Russian government never has been willing to give its peasant class even the elementary instruction that would enable it to read and thus to acquire modern agricultural knowledge. In 1897, more than thirty years after the emancipation, the Russian percentage of illiteracy was still seventy-nine, and on January 1, 1905, only forty-two per cent. of the children of school age were attending school, as compared with ninety-five per cent. in Japan.* Intensive cultivation, moreover, involves high fertilization and the use of modern agricultural implements. The Russian peasants do not own live stock enough to supply them with the quantity of manure that intensive cultivation would require,— millions of them have no farm-animals at all,— and, with their earning capacity of only $31.50 a year per capita, they cannot afford to buy modern plows and improved agricultural machinery. If there were diversified industries in Russia, the agricultural peasants who are unable to maintain themselves on their insufficient allotments might find work to do in mills or factories; but Russia is not a manufacturing country, and her industrial establishments furnish only two per cent. of her population with employment.

Unable to get a living from their small and comparatively unproductive farms, and equally unable to find work elsewhere, the peasants clamor loudly for more land; and when, as the

* *Russian Thought*, St. Petersburg, June, 1907, p. 169.
† *Russian Thought*, St. Petersburg, June, 1907, p. 124.

* Report of the Russian Statistical Department, 1905; and Report to the Council of Ministers on the state of schools, *Strana*, St. Petersburg, August 23, 1906.

P. A. STOLYPIN

PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL AND
MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR

result of a bad harvest, their situation becomes intolerable, they are seized with a sort of berserker madness and break out into fierce bread riots, which frequently end in regular campaigns of pillage and arson. In 1905 they attacked and plundered the estates of more than two thousand landed proprietors and inflicted upon the latter a loss of more than $15,000,000. The disorder extended to one hundred and sixty-one districts and covered thirty-seven per cent. of the area of European Russia.

Such alarming evidences of wide-spread distress and discontent naturally forced the agrarian question upon the attention not only of the government but of the people's representatives in parliament. The Constitutional Democrats in the first Duma proposed to obtain more land for the common people by following the example set by Alexander II. when he emancipated the serfs, namely, by expropriating in part, and at a fixed price, the estates of the nobility, and selling the land thus acquired to the peasants upon terms of deferred payment extending over a long time. The government of Nicholas II., however, would not listen to this proposition, and the Stolypin ministry is now trying to satisfy the urgent need of the peasants by selling to them land that belongs to the state or the crown; by making it easier for them to buy land through the Peasants' Bank; and by facilitating emigration to Siberia, where there is supposed to be land enough for all. None of these measures, however, seems likely to afford more than partial and temporary relief. Most of the state and crown land in European Russia is not suitable for cultivation, or it is situated in northern provinces where agriculture is unprofitable on account of extremely unfavorable climatic conditions. According to Professor Maxim Kovalefski, the crown lands of European Russia comprise about 22,000,000 acres. Of the 4,933,000 acres that are arable and well located, 4,420,000 acres are already leased to the peasants upon terms that are quite as favorable as they could hope to obtain by purchase, and the remaining 513,000 acres would afford them no appreciable relief. In order to give them the same per capita allowance of land that they had at the time of the emancipation, it would be necessary to add about 121,000,000 acres to their present holdings, and no such amount of arable state or crown land is available.*

From the operations of the Peasants' Bank little more is to be expected. In the twenty years of its history it has bought about 17,000,000 acres from landed proprietors, but has disposed of only 3,600,000 acres to peasant communes. The rest it has sold to associations or land-speculating companies. The extreme need of the people, moreover, has so forced up the price of land in the black-soil belt as to make acquisition of it by the poorer class of peasants almost impossible. Between November 16, 1905, and August 31, 1906, the bank bought about 5,000,000 acres from landed proprietors, at an average price of $23.30 per acre, and resold it on bond and mortgage to individuals, companies, or peasant communes at an average rate of $24.44 per acre. Comparatively little of this land, however, went into the possession of the class that needed it most. The 4,997 peasant families in the district of Voronezh, who can make both ends meet only by limiting themselves to a per capita allowance of a pound and a third of rye flour a day, are not financially able to buy land at $24.44 per acre, and this is the economic condition of hundreds of thousands of families in the central provinces.*

Emigration to Siberia might have lessened the pressure of the growing population upon the land if it had been resorted to in time; but the government repeatedly put restrictions upon it, through fear that, if unchecked, it might result in depriving the landed proprietors of cheap labor. Count Dmitri Tolstoi, while Minister of the Interior, openly opposed it, and at one time the Russian periodical press was not allowed even to discuss it. When at last it was permitted, the bureaucracy managed it so badly, and paid so little attention to the distribution and proper settlement of the emigrants in Siberia, that nearly nineteen per cent. of them returned, practically ruined, to their old homes in European Russia. In the ten years from 1894 to 1903, 52,000 out of 304,000 emigrants came back from the crown lands in the Altai, one of the best parts of Siberia; and in the years 1901 and 1902 the percentages of returning emigrants were 53.9 and 68.1. In other words, more than half of the peasants who made a journey of fifteen hundred miles to the Altai came back simply because they could not satisfactorily establish themselves in the country where they had hoped to find more land and better conditions of life.†

If the government fails to relieve the land famine by selling its own land reserves, by making loans to the people through the Peasants' Bank, or by promoting emigration to Siberia, it will find itself threatened by two very serious dangers. On the one hand, the diminishing power of the peasants to pay taxes will ultimately affect the national revenue and

* *Strana*, edited by Professor Maxim Kovalefski, St. Petersburg, October 7 and 10, 1906.

* *Tovarishch*, St. Petersburg, August 26, 1906.

† V. Polozof, in *Strana*, St. Petersburg, October 18, 1906.

impair the revenue of the state; and, on the other hand, the discontent and exasperation of the great class from which soldiers are drawn will sooner or later infect the army and lessen the power of the autocracy to enforce its authority. The government is now drafting about 460,000 recruits a year, and these conscripts not only share the feelings of the peasantry as a whole, but belong largely to the very class that has recently been in revolt. Tens of thousands of them either participated in or sympathized with the agrarian riots of 1905–6; and not a few of them, remembering how the troops were then sent against them, solemnly promised their fellow-villagers, when they joined the colors, that they would never fire upon their brothers, even if ordered to do so by the Czar himself. An army of this temper is a weapon that may become very dangerous to its wielders; and if the discontent and hostility of the peasants continue to increase with increasing impoverishment, and if the hundreds of thousands of fresh recruits carry their discontent and hostility into their barracks, the government may have to deal with mutinies and revolts much more serious than those of Cronstadt, Sveaborg, and the Crimea. Certain it is that an army is not likely to remain loyal when there is wide-spread disaffection in the population from which it is drawn; and in the present condition, temper, and attitude of the peasants we may find reasons enough for the "trouble to come" that Mr. Milyukov predicts.

"THE HEART KNOWETH"

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

SOMETIMES my little woe is lulled to rest,
Its clamor shamed by some old poet's page—
Tumult of hurrying hoof, and battle-rage,
And dying knight, and trampled warrior-crest.
Stern faces, old heroic souls unblest,
Eye me with scorn, as they my grief would gage,
A mere child, schooled to weep upon the stage,
Tricked for a part of woe and somber-drest.
"Lo, who art thou," they ask, "that thou shouldst fret
To find, forsooth, one single heart undone?
The page thou turnest there is purple-wet
With blood that gushed from Caesar overthrown!
Lo who art thou to prate of sorrow?" Yet,
This little woe, it is my own, my own!

IN THE DARK HOUR

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON

THE house overlooked the starlit bay, nearly ringed with a sparse fence of palms, and on its roof, a little scarlet figure on the white rugs, Incarnacion sat waiting till Scott should come. Below her, the reeking city was hushed to a murmur, through which there sounded from the Praca a far throb of drums and pipe-music; and overhead the sky was a dome of velvet, spangled with a glory of bold stars. Save to the east, where the blank white walls of the house overlooked the water, there was on all sides a shadowy prospect of parapets, for in Superban the houses are close together and folk live intimately upon their roofs. As she sat, Incarnacion could hear a voice that quavered and choked as some stricken man labored with his prayers against the plague that was laying the city waste. Through all Superban such petitions went up, while daily and nightly the tale of deaths mounted and the corpses multiplied faster than the graves.

Incarnacion lit herself a cigarette, tucked her feet under her, and wondered why Scott did not come. But her chief quality was serenity; she did not give herself over to worry, content to let all problems solve themselves, as most problems will. She was a wee girl, preserving on the threshold of sun-ripened womanhood the soft and pathetic graces of a docile child. Her scarlet dress left her warm arms bare and did not trespass on the slender throat; she had all the charm of intrinsic femininity which comes to fruit so early in the climate of Mozambique and fades so soon. It was this, no doubt, that had taken Scott and held him; gaunt, harsh, direct in his purposes as he was quick in his strength, with Incarnacion he found scope for the tenderness that lurked beneath his rude forcefulness.

He came at last. She heard his step on the stair, cast her cigarette from her, and sprang to meet him with a little laugh of delight. He took her in his arms, lifting her from her little bare feet to kiss her.

"O-oh, Jock, you break me," she gasped, as he set her down. "You are strong like a bull. What you bin away so long?"

He smiled at her gravely as he let himself down on her rugs and put a long arm round her. "Did you want me, 'Carnacion?" he asked.

"Me? No," she answered, laughing; "I don' want you, Jock. You go away twenty — thirty — days; I don' care. Ah, Jock!"

He pressed her close and kissed the crown of her dark head gently. His strong, keen-featured face was very tender, for this small woman of the old tropics was all but all the world to him. "You're a little rip," he said, as he released her. "Make me a cigarette, 'Carnacion. I've found the boat."

She looked up quickly, while her deft fingers fluttered about the dry tobacco and the paper. "You find him, Jock?" she asked.

He nodded. "Yes, I've found it," he answered. "She's in a creek, about six miles down the bay. A big boat, too, with a pretty little cabin for you to twiddle your thumbs in, 'Carnacion. She's pretty clean, too; I reckon the old chap must have been getting ready to clear out in her when he dropped. It's a wonder nobody found her before."

Incarnacion sealed the cigarette carefully, pinched the loose ends away, kissed it, and put it in his mouth. "Then," she said thoughtfully, "you take me away to-morrow, Jock?"

He frowned; he was shielding the lighted match in both hands, and it showed up his drawn brows as he bent to light the cigarette. "I don't know," he said. "You see, 'Carnacion, there's a good many things I can't do, and sail a boat is one of 'em. I haven't got a notion how to set about it, even. I don't know the top end of a sail from the bottom."

"You make a Kafir do it?" suggested Incarnacion.

He smiled, a brief smile of friendship. "That would do first-rate," he explained; "only, you see, there's no Kafirs, kiddy. Every nigger that had ever seen a boat was snapped up a week ago, when the big flit was happening. That dead-scared crowd that cleared out then took every single sailorman to ferry 'em down the coast — white, black, and piebald. And the plain truth of it is, 'Carnacion, I've been up and down this old rabbit-warren of a city since sun-

down, looking for a sailor, an' the only one I could hear of I found — in the dead-house."

He spat at the parapet upon the memory of that face, where the plague had done its worst.

"So," remarked Incarnacion gaily. "Then we stop, Jock; we stop here, eh?"

"There'll be something broken first," retorted Scott. "It's all bloomin' rot, Incarnacion; you can't have a town this size without a man in it that can handle a boat — a seaport, too. It isn't sense. It don't stand to reason."

"There was the Capitan Smeeth," suggested Incarnacion helpfully.

"Just so," said Scott; "there was. He's dead."

Incarnacion crossed herself in silence, and they sat for a while without speaking. From the Praca the music was still to be heard; some procession to the great church was in progress, to pray for a remission of the scourge. Over the line of roofs there was a dull glow of the watch-fires in the streets; where they sat, Scott and the girl could smell the pitch that fed them. And, over all, an unseen sick man gabbled his prayers in a halting monotone. A quick heat of wrath lit in Scott as his thoughts traveled around the situation; for Incarnacion sat with her head bowed, playing with her toes, and the ever-ready terror lest the plague should reach her moved in his heart. He had been away from Superban when the plague arrived, and though he had come in on the first word of the news, he had been too late to find a place for her on the ships that fled down the coast from the pest. And now that he had found a boat, there was no one to sail her; in all that terror-ridden city, he could find no man to hold the tiller and tend the sheet.

"You're feeling all right, eh, 'Carnacion?" he asked sharply.

She turned to him, smiling at once. "All right," she assured him. "An' you, Jock — you all right, too?"

"Fit as can be," he answered, fingering her hair where it was smooth and short behind her ear.

"You see," she said. "It is the plague, but the plague don't come for us, Jock."

"That's right," he said. "You keep your courage up, little girl, an' we'll be married in Delagoa Bay."

He rose to his feet. "Kiss me good night, 'Carnacion," he said. "I'm busy these days, an' I can't stop any longer."

She kissed him obediently, giving her fresh lips frankly and eagerly; and Scott came out to the narrow lane below with the flavor of them yet on his mouth and new resolution to pursue his quest for a sailor.

He moved on to the Praca, where the stridency of the music still persisted. Great fires burned at every entrance to the square, so that between them a man walked in the midst of leaping shadows, as though his feet were dogged by ghosts. The tall houses around the place were blind with shuttered windows; from their balconies none watched the crowd before the great doors of the church. Here a priest stood in a cart, with a great cross in his hand. His high voice, toneless and flat, echoed vainly over the heads of the throng, where some knelt in a passion of prayer, but most stood talking aloud. Through the doors the lights on the altar were to be seen in the inner gloom, sparkling from the brass and golden accouterments of the church. Scott shouldered a road through the crowd, scanning faces expertly. To a big brown man with empty blue eyes he put the question:

"Can you sail a boat?"

The man stared at him. "Have you got one?" he asked.

"Can you?" repeated Scott. "Do you know anything about sailing a boat?"

"No," said the other; "but ——"

Scott pushed on and left him. In the church, his heart leaped at sight of a man in the clothes of a Portuguese man-o'-war's-man, asleep by a pillar — a little swarthy weed of a man. He woke him with a kick, only to learn, after further kicks, that the man was a stoker and knew as little about boats as himself. At the door of a confessional lay another man in the same uniform. A kick failed to wake him, and Scott bent to shake him. But the hand he stretched out recoiled; the plague had been before him.

In that time men knew no difference between day and night, for death knew none, and the traffic of the close, twisted streets never lulled. The blatant cafés were ablaze with lamps, and in them the tables were crowded and the fiddles raved and jeered. In one Scott found a chair to rest in, and sat awhile with liquor before him. He had carried his search from the shore to the bush, through all the town, and to no end. Now, mingled with his resolution there was something of desperation. He sat heavily in thought, his glass in his hand; and while he brooded, unheeding, the café roared and clattered about him. To his right, a group of white-clad officers chatted over a languid game of cards; at his left, a forlorn man sang dolorously to himself. Others were behind. From these last, as he sat, a word reached him which woke him from his preoccupation like a thrust of a knife. He sat without moving, straining his ears.

"De ole captain, he die," said some one; "but hees boat, she lie on de mud now."

"An' ye know where she is?" demanded another voice, a deeper one.

"Yais," the first speaker replied. He had a voice that purred in undertones, the true voice of a conspirator.

There was a sound of a fist on the table. "Good for you," said the deeper voice. "We'll get away by noon, then."

Scott carried his glass to his lips and drained it; then he rose deliberately in his place and commenced to thread his way out between the tables. He had to pause to pay the waiter for his drink when he was a yard or two away; he gave the man an English sovereign, and thus, while change was procured, he could stand and look at the owners of the voices. They paid him no attention; he was unsuspected. One of the men he knew, a tall Italian with a heavy, brutal face, a knife-fighter of notoriety and a bully. The other was a square, humpy man, half of whose face was jaw. Not men to put in the company of little Incarnacion, either of them; Scott's experience of the Coast spared him any doubts about that. It would be easy, of course, to settle the matter at once — simply to step up and let his knife into the Italian, under the neck, where he sat. At that season and in that place it was an almost obvious remedy; but it would not be less than a week before he could get clear of the jail, and in that time any one might find the boat.

He grasped his change and went out. There was only one thing to do: he must go to the creek where the boat was, and lie in wait for them there. "Nobody'll miss 'em," he said to himself; "and there's crocodiles in that creek, all handy."

He struck across the Praca again, between the fires, and down an alley that would lead him to the beach. The voice of the priest in the cart seemed to pursue him till he outdistanced it, and he pressed on briskly. His way was between tall, dark houses; the path lay at their feet, narrow and tortuous, like some remote cañon. Here was no light, save when, at the turn of the way, a star swam into view overhead, pale and cold, and bright as a lantern. Indistinct figures passed him sometimes; when one came into sight, he would move close to the wall with a hand on his knife, and the two would edge by one another watchfully and in silence.

He was almost clear and could smell the sea, when he came round a corner and met some four or five white figures in the middle of the way, sheeted like ghosts and walking in silence. There was not a space to avoid them, and he stopped dead for them to approach and speak — or, if that was the way of it, to attack. Some of the others stopped too, but one came on. Scott marked that he walked with a shuffle of his feet, and made out, by the starlight, that his sheet clung about him as though it were wet. And, at the same time, he noticed some faint odor, too vague to put a name to, but sickly and suggestive of hospitals.

"Go with God," said the figure, when it was close to him. The words were Portuguese, but the inflection was foreign.

"Are you English?" demanded Scott sharply.

The other had halted a man's length from him. "Ay," he said, "I'm English."

"Well," said Scott, making to move on, but pointing to where the other white figures were waiting in a group near by, "what are those chaps waiting for?"

"They'll not hurt you," answered the other. He mumbled a little when he spoke, like a man with a full mouth.

"Anyhow," said Scott, "they'd better pass on; I prefer it that way. Superban's not London, you know."

There came a laugh from the sheet that covered the man's head, short and harsh. "If it was," he said, "you'd not be meeting us, me lad."

"Who are you?" demanded Scott. Some quality in the man — his manner of speech, the tone of his laugh, or that faint, unidentifiable taint — made him uneasy.

"Me?" said the man. "Well, I'll tell you. I'm Captain John Crowder, I am — what's left of me, and that's a sick soul inside a dead body. And them"— he made a motion toward the waiting ghosts — "them's my crew these days. We're the chaps that fetches the dead, we are."

Scott peered at him eagerly, and stepped forward.

The other avoided him by stepping back. "Not too near," he said. "It ain't sense."

"Captain, you said?" asked Scott. "Er — not a ship-captain, you mean?"

"Ay, I'm a ship-captain right enough," was the answer; "and in my day ——"

Scott interrupted excitedly. "See here," he said. "I've got a boat, and I want a man to sail her to Delagoa Bay. I'll pay; I'll pay you a level hundred to start by nine in the morning, cash down on the deck the minute you're outside the bar. What d'you say to it?"

The sheeted man seemed to stare at him before he answered. "You're on the run, then?" he mumbled at last. "You're dodging the plague, eh?"

"Yes," said Scott. "A level hundred, an' you can have the boat as well."

"Man, you must be badly scared," said the

other. "What's frightened you? Are you feared you'll die?"

"Go to blazes," retorted Scott. "Will you come or won't you?"

The man laughed again, the same short cackle of mirth.

"Listen," urged Scott, wiping his forehead. "I've got a — er — I've got a girl. You say I'm scared. Well, I am scared; every time I think of her in this plague-rotten place, I go cold to the bone. Is it more money you want? You can have it. But there's no time to lose; I'm not the only one that knows about the boat."

"A girl." The other repeated the word, and then stood silent.

"Curse it!" cried Scott, "can't you say the word? Will you come, man?"

"It wouldn't do," said the sheeted man slowly. "You're fond of her, eh? Ay, but it wouldn't do. Any other man 'u'd suit ye better, me lad."

"There's no other man," said Scott angrily. "In all this blasted town there's no man but you. I've been through it like a terrier under a rick. And I'll tell you what." He took a step nearer; in his pocket his hand was on his knife. "You can have a hundred and fifty," he said, "and the boat, if you'll come. An' if you won't, by the Holy Iron, I'll cut your bloomin' throat here where you stand."

The other did not flinch from him. "Ay, an' you'll do that?" he said. "I like to hear you talk. Lad, do you know what fashion o' men it is that serve the dead-carts? Do ye know?" he demanded, seeming to clear his voice with an effort of the obstacle that hampered his speech.

"What d'you mean?" cried Scott.

"Look at me," bade the man, and drew back the sheet from his face. The starlight showed him clear.

Scott looked, while his heart slowed down within him, and bowed his head.

"And shall I steer your girl to Delagoa Bay?" the other asked.

"Yes," said Scott, after a pause. "There's nobody else, leper or not."

"Ah, well," said the leper, with a sigh, "so be it."

Scott fought with himself for mastery of the horror that rose in him like a tide of fever, and when the leper had put back the sheet and stood again a figure of the grave, he told him of the boat and how others knew of it besides himself. In quick, panting sentences he bade him get forthwith to the creek where the boat lay, directing him to it through the paths of the night with the sure precision of a man trained to the trek. He himself would go and fetch Incarnacion and beat up some provisions, and thus they might get afloat before the Italian and his mate came on the scene.

"It's every step of six miles," Scott explained. "Are you sure you can walk it?"

The leper nodded under his hood. "I'll do it," he said. "And if there's to be a fight, I'm not so far gone but what —" He broke off with a short spurt of laughter. "It'll be something to feel deck-planks under me again," he said.

"Then let's be gone," cried Scott.

"Wait." The captain that had been stayed him. "There's just this, matey. Have a shawl or the like on your girl's shoulders. They wear 'em, you know. An' then, when you come in sight o' me, you can rig it over her head an' all. For it's — it's truth, no woman should set eyes on the like o' me."

"I'll do it," said Scott. "You're a man, Captain, anyhow."

"I was," said the other, and turned away.

Scott had a dozen things to do in no more than a pair of hours. They were not to be done, but he did them. A couple of donkeys were procured without difficulty; he knew of a stable with a flimsy door. A revolver, his own small odds and ends, all his money, and such food as he could lay hands on — by rousing reluctant storekeepers with outcries and expediting commerce with violence — were got together. Then Incarnacion must be fetched. She came at once, smiling drowsily, with a flush of sleep on her little ardent face and all her belongings in a bundle no bigger than a hat-box. But, with all his urgency, the eastern sky was stained with dawn before he was clear of the town, bludgeoning the donkeys before him, with the gear on one and Incarnacion laughing and crooning on the other.

The beach stretched in a yellow bow on either hand, fringed with bush and palms, receding to where the ultimate jaws of the bay stood black and thin against the sunrise. Once upon it, they could be seen by whoever should look from the town, and there was peremptory occasion for haste. Scott had counted on forcing the journey into a little over an hour, but he was not prepared for the eccentricities of a pack adjusted on a donkey's back by an amateur. There is no art in the world more arbitrary than that of tying a package on a beast. It must be done just so, with just such a hitch and such an adjustment of the burden, or one's rope might as well be of sand. These refinements were outside Scott's knowledge, and he had not gone far before he saw his bags and bundles clear themselves and tumble apart. There was a

halt while he picked them up and lashed them on the ass anew. Again and again it happened, till his patience was raw; and all the time the steady sun swarmed up the sky and day grew into full being.

Incarnacion sat serenely in her place while these troubles occupied him, smoking her cigarette and looking about her. He was involved in an effort to jam the pack and the donkey securely in one overwhelming intricacy of knots when she called to him.

"Jock," she said.

"Yes, what's up?" he grunted, hauling remorselessly on a line with a knee against the ass's circumference.

"A man," she said placidly. "He come along, too, behin' us."

"Eh? Where?" he demanded, putting a last knot to the tedious structure.

Incarnacion pointed to the bush. "I see him poke out hees head two times," she explained.

Scott passed his hand behind him to his revolver, and stared with narrow eyes along the green frontier at the bush. He could see nothing.

"A big man, 'Carnacion?" he asked. "Mustaches? Black hair?"

She nodded and lit another cigarette. "You know him, Jock?"

"I know him," he answered, and drove the donkeys on, thwacking the pack-ass cautiously for the sake of the load.

It was an anxious passage then, on the open beach. The men who followed had the cover of the shrubs; theirs was the advantage to choose the moment of collision. They could shoot at him from their concealment and flick his brains out comfortably before he could set eyes on them; or they could shoot the donkeys down, or put a bullet into Incarnacion where she rode, quiet and regardless of all. He flogged the beasts on to a trot with a hail of blows, and ran up into the bush to take an observation.

His foot was barely off the sand of the beach when a shot sounded, and the wind of the bullet made his eyes smart. Invention was automatic in his mind. At the noise, he fell forthwith on his face, crashing across a bush, so that his head was up and his pistol in reach of his hand. Thus he lay, not moving, but searching through half-closed eyes the maze of green before him. He heard the rustle of grass, and prepared for action, every nerve taut; and there came into sight the big Italian, smiling broadly, a Winchester in his hand.

In Scott's brain some nucleus of motion gave the signal. With a single movement, his knee crooked under him and he swung the heavy revolver forward. A howl answered the shot, and he saw the Italian blunder against a palm, drop his rifle, and scamper out of sight. Firing again, Scott dashed forward and picked up the Winchester, while from in front of him the Italian or his companion sent bullet after bullet about his ears. It was enough of a victory to carry on with, for Incarnacion would have heard the shots and might come back to him; so he turned and ran again, and caught her just as she was dismounting.

It was a race now. He silenced the girl's questions sharply, and thumped the donkeys to a canter, running doggedly behind them with his stick busy. In the bush, too, there was the noise of hurry; he heard the crash of feet running, and twice they shot at him. Then Incarnacion gasped, and held up her cloak to show him a hole through it; but she was not touched. He swore, but did not cease to flog and run. The strain told on him: his legs were water, and the sweat stood on his face in great gouts; and, to embitter the labor, suddenly there was a shout from ahead. The men had passed him, and he saw the Italian show himself with a gesture of derision, and disappear again before he could aim.

"They'll kill the leper," he thought, "and they'll get the boat. But they'll not get out. I'll be on my belly in the bush then, with this." And he patted the stock of the Winchester.

"You bin shoot a man, Jock?" asked Incarnacion, as the desperate pace flagged.

"Not yet," he answered grimly; "but there's time yet, 'Carnacion."

Already he could see, through the slim palms, the straight mast of the boat against the sky, with its gear about it, not a mile away. He cocked his ear for the shot that should announce its capture and the end of the leper.

"Ai, hear that!" exclaimed Incarnacion.

It was a sound of screams — cries of men in stress, traveling thinly over the distance. Scott checked at it as a horse checks at a snake in the road, for the cries had a note of wild terror that daunted him.

"You frightened, Jockie?" crooned Incarnacion. "See," she said, lifting her hand over him, "I make the cross on you."

"It's the confounded mysteriousness that gets me," said Scott, wiping his forehead. "Here, get on, you beasts. We'll have to take a look at 'em, anyhow."

He strode on between the animals, the rifle in the crook of his arm, ready for use, and all his senses alert and vivacious. Day was broad above them now and bitter with the forenoon heat. At their side the bay was rippled with a capricious breeze, and in all the far prospect of earth and sea none moved save

iemselves, detached in a haunting significance solitude.

"Ah!" He stopped short and jerked the le forward. In the bush ahead there was a ovement; for an instant he saw something hite flash among the palms, and then the Ital- n burst forth and came toward them, running l at large, with head down and jolting elbows. e ran like a man hunted by crazy fears, and did ot see Scott till he was within twenty yards.

"Halt, there, Dago," ordered Scott, and ought the butt to his shoulder.

The Italian gasped and blundered to his nees, turning on Scott a glazed and twitching ce.

"For peety, for peety!" he quavered.

"Draw that shawl over your face, 'Carna- on," said Scott, without turning his head. Can you see now?"

"No," she answered.

He fired, and the Italian sprawled forward on is face, plowing up the sand with clutching ands.

"Keep the shawl over your eyes, 'Carnacion," irected Scott, and soon they came round a alm-bunch and were on the bank of the creek, here a fifteen-ton cutter lay on the mud. A lank lay between her deck and the shore, and, s they came to it, the captain hailed them from ie cockpit.

"Come aboard," he said. "All's ready."

Scott picked Incarnacion up in his arms, ound another fold of the shawl about her face, nd carried her aboard. He set her down on the ettee in the cabin, released her head, and kissed er fervently. "Now make yourself comfy ere, little 'un," he said; "for here you stay we make Delagoa."

He helped her to dispose herself in the cabin, owed her its arrangements, and saw her curi- s delight in the little space-saving contriv- nces. Then he went out, closing the door ehind him. It did not occur to him to render any explanations; what Scott did was ays sufficient for Incarnacion.

Again on deck, he found the swathed leper w, and started when he saw, along the banks ne creek, a gang of shrouded figures at work n a hawser.

My crew," said the captain. "They're to us off the mud."

Then," said Scott, "it was them——"

ie leper laughed. "Ay, they ran from us," id. "They ran from the lazaretto-hands. ne we caught, we put him overside for the iiles; an' you got the other."

ey chased him?" asked Scott, trembling he thought.

," said the leper; "they uncovered their faces and they chased. Ye heard the squealing?"

He broke off to oversee his gang. "Make fast on that stump!" he called. In spite of the disease that blurred his speech, there was the authority of the quarter-deck in his voice. "Now, all hands tally on and walk her down." And the silent lepers in their grave-clothes ranged themselves on the rope like the ghosts of drowned seamen.

When the mainsail filled and the cutter heeled to the breeze, pointing fair for the bar, the leper looked back. Scott followed his glance. On the spit by the mouth of the creek stood the white figures in a little group, lonely and voiceless, and over them the palms floated against the sky like tethered birds.

"There was some that was almost Christians," said the captain; "they'll miss me, they will." And after a pause he added: "And I'll be missing them, too; for they was my mates."

There were six days of sailing ere the captain made his landfall, and they stood off till evening. Then he put in to where the sea shelved easily on a beach four or five miles south of the town, and it was time to part.

"You can wade ashore," said the leper.

Scott opened the doors of the little cabin. On the settee Incarnacion lay asleep, her dark hair tumbled about her warm face. He was about to wake her, but stayed his hand and drew back. "You can look," he said to the leper in a whisper.

The shrouded man bent and looked in; Scott marked that he held his breath. For a full minute he stared in silence, his shoulders blocking the little door; then he drew back.

"Ay," he murmured, "it's like that they are, lad; and it's grand to be a man—it's grand to be a man!"

Scott closed the doors gently. "If ever there was a man," he began, but choked and stopped. "What will you do now?" he asked.

"Oh, I'll just be gettin' back," said the leper. "You see, there's them lads — my crew. It was me made a crew of 'em in that lazaretto. They was just stinking heathen till I come. An' I sort of miss 'em, I do."

"Will you shake hands?" said Scott, torn by a storm of emotions.

The leper shook his head. "You've the girl to think of," he said. "But good luck to the pair of ye. Ye'll make a fine team."

Half an hour later Scott and Incarnacion stood together on the beach and watched the cutter's lights as she stood on a bowline to seaward.

"Kiss your hand to it, darling," said Scott.

. bin done it," answered Incarnacion.

The Audrey Arms
Oxbridge
Middlesex

Miss Terry's country cottage from 1887 to 1890

"OLIVIA" AND "FAUST" AT THE LYCEUM*

BY ELLEN TERRY

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND FROM DRAWINGS BY ERIC PAPE AND HARRY FENN

THE first night of "Olivia" at the Lyceum was about the only *comfortable* first night that I have ever had! I was familiar with the part, and two of the cast, Terriss and Norman Forbes, were the same as at the Court, which made me feel all the more at home. Henry left a great deal of the stage-management to us, for he knew that he could not improve on Mr. Hare's production. Only he insisted on altering the last act, and made a bad matter worse. The division into two scenes wasted time, and nothing was gained by it. *Never* obstinate, Henry saw his mistake and restored the original end after a time. It was weak and unsatisfactory, but not pretentious and bad, like the last act he presented at the first performance.

We took the play too slowly at the Lyceum. That was often a fault there. Because Henry was slow, the others took their time from him, and the result was bad.

The lovely scene of the vicarage parlour, in which we used a harpsichord, and were accused of pedantry for our pains, did not look so well at the Lyceum as at the Court. The stage was too big for it.

The critics said that I played Olivia better at the Lyceum, but I did not feel this myself.

At first Henry did not rehearse the Vicar at all well. One day, when he was stamping his foot very much as if he were Mathias in "The Bells," my little Edy, who was a terrible child *and* a wonderful critic, said:

"Don't go on like that, Henry. Why don't you talk as you do to me and Teddy? At home you *are* the Vicar."

The child's frankness did not offend Henry, because it was illuminating. A blind man had changed his Shylock; a little child changed his

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ELLEN TERRY AS OLIVIA

Vicar. When the first night came, he gave a simple, lovable performance. Many people now understood and liked him as they had never done before. One of the things I most admired in it was his sense of the period.

In this, as in other plays, he used to make his entrance in the *skin* of the part. No need for him to rattle a ladder at the side to get up excitement and illusion, as another actor is said to have done. He walked on and was the simple-minded old clergyman, just as he had walked on a prince in "Hamlet" and a king in "Charles I."

A very handsome woman, descended from Mrs. Siddons and looking exactly like her, played the Gipsy in "Olivia." The likeness was of no use, because the possessor of it had no talent. What a pity!

"Olivia" a Family Play

"Olivia" has always been a family play. Edy and Ted walked on the stage for the first time in the Court "Olivia." In later years Ted played Moses, and Edy made her first appearance in a speaking part as Polly Flamborough, and has since played both Sophia and the Gipsy. My brother Charlie's little girl, Beatrice, made her first appearance as Bill, a part which her sister Minnie had already played; my sister Floss played Olivia on a provincial tour, and my sister Marion played it at the Lyceum when I was ill.

I saw Floss in the part, and took from her a lovely and sincere bit of "business." In the third act, where the Vicar has found his erring daughter and has come to take her away from the inn, I always hesitated at my entrance, as if I were not quite sure what reception my father would give me after what had happened. Floss, in the same situation, came running in and went straight to her father, quite sure of his love, if not of his forgiveness.

I did *not* take some business which Marion did on Terriss' suggestion. Where Thornhill tells Olivia that she is not his wife, I used to thrust him away with both hands as I said "Devil!"

"It's very good, Nell, very fine," said Terriss to me, "but, believe me, you miss a great effect there. You play it grandly, of course, but at that moment you miss it. As you say 'Devil!' you ought to strike me full in the face."

"Oh, don't be silly, Terriss," I said. "Olivia is not a pugilist."

Of course I saw, apart from what was dramatically fit, what would happen!

However, Marion, very young, very earnest, very dutiful, anxious to please Terriss, listened eagerly to the suggestion during an understudy rehearsal.

"No one could play this part better than your sister Nell," said Terriss to the attentive Marion, "but, as I always tell her, she does miss one

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HENRY IRVING AS THE VICAR

great effect. When you say 'Devil!' hit me bang in the face."

"Thank you for telling me," said Marion gratefully.

"It will be much more effective," said Terriss.

It *was*. When the night came for Marion to play the part, she struck out, and Terriss had to play the rest of the scene with a handkerchief held to his bleeding nose!

Ellen Terry and Eleanora Duse

I think it was as Olivia that Eleanora Duse first saw me act. She had thought of playing the part herself sometime, but she said: "*Never* now!" No letter about my acting ever gave me the same pleasure as this from her:

"MADAME: With Olivia you have given me pleasure and pain. *Pleasure* by your noble and sincere art — *pain* because I feel sad at heart when I see a beautiful and generous woman give her soul to art — as you do — when it is life itself, your heart itself, that speaks tenderly, sorrowfully, nobly beneath your acting. I cannot rid myself of a certain melancholy when I see artists as noble and distinguished as you and Mr. Irving. Although you are strong enough (with continual labor) to make life subservient to art, I, from my standpoint, regard you as forces of nature itself, which should have the right to exist for themselves instead of for the crowd. I would not venture to disturb you, Madame, and moreover I have so much to do that it is impossible for me to tell you personally all the great pleasure you have given me, because I have felt your heart. Will you believe, dear Madame, in mine, which asks no more at this moment than to admire you and to tell you so in any manner whatsoever.

"Always yours,

"E. DUSE."*

It was worth having lived to get that letter!

"Faust"

A claptrappy play "Faust" was, no doubt, but Margaret was the part I liked better than any other — outside Shakespeare. I played it beautifully sometimes. The language was often very commonplace, not nearly as poetic or dramatic as that of "Charles I.," but the character was all right — simple, touching, sublime.

The Garden Scene I know was a *bourgeois*

From a drawing by the Marchioness of Granby

H. BEERBOHM TREE

WHO PLAYED WITH ELLEN TERRY IN "THE AMBER HEART"

* MADAME: Avec Olivia vous m'avez donné bonheur et peine. *Bonheur* par votre art qui est noble et sincère —*peine* car je sens tristesse au coeur de voir une belle et généreuse nature de femme, donner son âme à l'art — comme vous le faites—quand c'est la vie même, votre coeur même, qui parle tendrement, douleureusement, noblement sous votre jeu. Je ne puis pas me débarrasser d'une certaine tristesse quand je vois des artistes si nobles et hauts tels que vous et Monsieur Irving. Si vous deux vous êtes si fortes de soumettre (avec un travail continuel) la vie à l'art, moi de mon coin, je vous regarde comme des forces de la nature même qui auraient droit de vivre pour eux-mêmes et pas pour la foule. Je n'ose pas vous déranger, Madame, et d'ailleurs j'ai tant à faire aussi, qu'il m'est impossible de vous dire de vive voix tout le grand plaisir que vous m'avez donnée, mais parce que j'ai senti votre coeur. Veuillez, chère madame, croire au mien qui ne demande pas mieux dans cet instant que vous admirer et vous le dire tant bien que mal d'une manière quelconque.

Bien à vous,
E. DUSE.

ELEANORA DUSE WITH LENBACH'S CHILD

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANZ VON LENBACH

affair. It was a bad, weak love-scene, but George Alexander as Faust played it admirably. Indeed, he always acted like an angel with me; he was so malleable, ready to do anything. He was launched into the part at very short notice, after H. B. Conway's failure on the first night. Poor Conway! It was Coghlan as Shylock all over again.

Conway was a descendant of Lord Byron, and he had a look of the *handsomest* portraits of the poet. With his bright hair curling tightly all over his well-shaped head, his beautiful figure, and charming presence, he created a sensation in the eighties almost equal to that made by the more famous beauty, Lily Langtry. As an actor he belonged to the Terriss type, but he was not nearly as good as Terriss.

Henry called a rehearsal the next day — on Sunday, I think. The company stood about in groups on the stage, while Henry walked up and down, speechless, but humming a tune occasionally, always a portentous sign with

him. The scene set was the Brocken scene, and Conway stood at the top of the slope, as far away from Henry as he could get! He looked abject. His handsome face was very red, his eyes full of tears. He was terrified at the thought of what was going to happen. As for Henry, he was white as death, but he never let pain to himself (or others) stand in the path of duty to his public, and his public had shown that they wanted another Faust. The actor was summoned to the office, and presently Loveday came out and said that Mr. George Alexander would play Faust the following night.

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ELLEN TERRY AS ELLALINE IN "THE AMBER HEART"

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MISS FRANCES JOHNSTON

George Alexander and the Barmaids

Alec had been wonderful as Valentine the night before, and as Faust he more than justified Henry's belief in him. After that he never looked back. He had come to the Lyceum for the first time in 1882, an unknown quantity from a stock company in Glasgow, to play Caleb Decie in "The Two Roses." He then left us for a time, returned for "Faust," and remained in the Lyceum Company for some years, playing all Terriss' parts.

Alexander had the romantic quality which was lacking in Terriss, but there was a kind of shy modesty about him which handicapped him when he played Squire Thornhill in "Olivia." "Be more dashing, Alec!" I used to say to him. "Well, I do my best," he said. "At the hotels I chuck all the barmaids under the chin, and pretend I'm a dog of a fellow, for the sake of this part!" Conscientious, dear, delightful Alec! No one ever deserved success more than he did, and used it better when it came, as the history of St. James' Theatre under his management proves. He had the good luck to marry a wife who was clever as well as charming, and could help him.

The original cast of "Faust" was never improved upon. What Martha was ever so good as Mrs. Stirling? The dear old lady's sight had failed since "Romeo and Juliet," but she was very clever at concealing it. When she let Mephistopheles in at the door, she used to drop her work on the floor, so that she could find her way back to her chair. I never knew why she dropped it — she used to do it so naturally, with a start, when Mephistopheles knocked at the door — until one night when it was in my way and I picked it up, to the confusion of poor Mrs. Stirling, who nearly walked into the orchestra.

"Faust" a Paradoxical Success

"Faust" was abused a good deal — as a pantomime, a distorted caricature of Goethe, and

a thoroughly inartistic production. But it proved the greatest of all Henry's financial successes. The Germans who came to see it, oddly enough, did not scorn it nearly as much as the English who were sensitive on behalf of the Germans, and the Goethe Society wrote a tribute to Henry Irving after his death, acknowledging his services to Goethe!

It is a curious paradox in the theatre that the play for which every one has a good word is often the play which no one is going to see, while the play which is apparently disliked and run down has crowded houses every night.

Our preparations for the production of "Faust" included a delightful "grand tour" of Germany. Henry, with his accustomed royal way of doing things, took a party which included my daughter Edy, Mr. and Mrs. Comyns Carr, and Mr. Hawes Craven, who was to paint the scenery. We bought nearly all the properties used in "Faust" in Nuremberg, and many other things which we did not use, that took Henry's fancy. One beautifully carved escutcheon, the finest armorial device I ever saw, he bought at this time, and presented it in after years to the famous American connoisseur, Mrs. Jack Gardner. It hangs now in one of the rooms of her palace at Boston.

It was when we were going in the train along one of the most beautiful stretches of the Rhine that Sally Holland, who accompanied us as my maid, said: "Uncommon pretty scenery, dear, I must say!"

When we laughed uncontrollably, she added: "Well, dear, *I* think so!"

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HENRY IRVING AS MEPHISTOPHELES IN "FAUST"
FROM THE DRAWING BY BERNARD PARTRIDGE

Irving on Long Runs

During the run of "Faust" Henry visited Oxford, and gave his address on "Four Actors" (Burbage, Betterton, Garrick, Kean). He met there one of the many people who had recently been attacking him on the ground of too long runs and too much spectacle. He wrote me an amusing account of the duel between them:

"I had supper last night at New College after the affair. A. was there, and I had it out with him — to the delight of all.

"'*Too much decoration*,' etc., etc.

"I asked him what there was in Faust in the matter of appointments, etc., that he would like left out.

"Answer — nothing.

"'Too long runs.'

"'You, sir, are a poet,' I said. 'Perhaps it may be my privilege some day to produce a play of yours. Would you like it to have a long run or a short one?' (Roars of laughter.)

"Answer: 'Well, er, well, of course, Mr. Irving, you — well — well, a short run, of course, for *art*, but ——'

"'Now, sir, you're on oath,' said I. 'Suppose that the fees were rolling in £10 and more a night — would you rather the play were a failure or a success?'

"'Well, well, as *you* put it, I must say — er — I would rather my play had a *long* run!'

"A. floored!

"He has all his life been writing articles running down good work and crying up the impossible, and I was glad to show him up a bit!

"The Vice-Chancellor made a most lovely speech after the address — an eloquent and splendid tribute to the stage.

"Bourchier presented the address of the 'Undergrads.' I never saw a young man in a greater funk — because, I suppose, he had imitated me so often!

"From the address: 'We have watched with keen and enthusiastic interest the fine intellectual quality of all these representations, from Hamlet to Mephistopheles, with which you have enriched the contemporary stage. To your influence we owe deeper knowledge and more reverent study of the master mind of Shakespeare.' All very nice indeed!"

From the collection of Robert Coster

ELLEN TERRY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ABOUT 1885, THE YEAR IN WHICH "OLIVIA" AND "FAUST" WERE PRODUCED AT THE LYCEUM

Irving's Mephistopheles

I never cared much for Henry's Mephistopheles — a twopence coloured part, anyway. Of course he had his moments,— he had them in every part,— but they were few. One of them was in the Prologue, when he wrote in the student's book, "Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." He never looked at the book, and the nature of the *spirit* appeared suddenly in a most uncanny fashion.

Another was in the Spinning-wheel Scene, when Faust defies Mephistopheles, and he silences him with "*I am a spirit.*" Henry looked to grow a gigantic height — to hover over the ground instead of walking on it. It was terrifying.

I made valiant efforts to learn to spin before I played Margaret. My instructor was Mr. Albert Fleming, who, at the suggestion of Ruskin, had recently revived hand-spinning and hand-weaving in the north of England. I had always hated that obviously "property" spinning-wheel in the opera and Margaret's unmarketable thread. My thread always broke, and at last I had to "fake" my spinning to a certain extent, but at least I worked my wheel

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ELLEN TERRY'S FAVOURITE PHOTOGRAPH AS OLIVIA

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MISS EVELYN SMALLEY

ght and gave an impression that I could spin ½ pound of thread a day with the best!

Two operatic stars did me the honour to copy my Margaret dress — Madame Albani and Madame Melba. It was rather odd, by the way, that many mothers who would take their daughters to see the opera of "Faust" would not bring them to see the Lyceum play. One of these mothers was Princess Mary of Teck, a constant patron of most of our plays.

Other people "missed the music." The popularity of an opera will often kill a play, although the play may have existed before the music was ever thought of. The Lyceum "Faust" held its own against Gounod. I liked our incidental music to the action much better. It was taken from Berlioz and Lassen, except for the Brocken music, which was the original composition of Hamilton Clarke.

"Faust's" Four Hundred Ropes

In many ways "Faust" was our heaviest production. About four hundred ropes were used, each rope with a name. The list of properties and instructions to the carpenters became a joke among the theatre staff. When

ELLEN TERRY AS OLIVIA AND HENRY IRVING AS THE VICAR IN WILLS' PLAY "OLIVIA"

FROM A DRAWING BY ERIC PAPE

Henry first took "Faust" into the provinces, the head carpenter at Liverpool, Myers by name, being something of a humorist, copied out the list on a long, thin sheet of paper which rolled up like a royal proclamation. Instead of "God save the Queen," he wrote at the foot, with many flourishes:

"God help Bill Myers!"

The crowded houses at "Faust" were largely composed of "repeaters," as Americans call those charming playgoers who come to see a play again and again. We found favour with the artists and musicians, too, even in "Faust"! Here is a nice letter I got during the run (it *was* a long one) from that gifted singer and good woman, Madame Antoinette Sterling:

"MY DEAR MISS TERRY,

"I was quite as disappointed as yourself that you were not at St. James' Hall last Monday for my concert. . . . Jean Ingelow said she enjoyed the afternoon very much. . . .

"I wonder if you would like to come to luncheon some day and have a little chat with her, but perhaps you already know her. I love her dearly. She has one fault — she never goes to the theatre. Oh, my! What she misses, poor thing, poor thing! We have already seen Faust twice, and are going again soon, and shall take the George Macdonalds this time. The Holman Hunts were delighted. He is one of the most interesting and clever men I have ever met, and she is very charming and clever, too. How beautifully plain you write! Give me the recipe. With many kind greetings,

"Believe me, sincerely yours,

"ANTOINETTE STERLING MACKINLAY."

In "Faust" Violet Vanbrugh "walked on" for the first time.

My girl Edy was an "angel" in the last act. This reminds me that Henry one Valentine's Day sent me some beautiful flowers with this little rhyme:

White and red roses,
Sweet and fresh posies:
One bunch for Edy, *Angel* of mine —
Big bunch for Nell, my dear Valentine.

ELLEN TERRY AS MARGUERITE IN "FAUST"

FROM A DRAWING BY ERIC PAPE

Henry Irving has often been attacked for not preferring Robert Louis Stevenson's "Macaire" to the version which he actually produced in 1883. It would have been hardly more unreasonable to complain of his producing "Hamlet" in preference to Mr. Gilbert's "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern." Stevenson's "Macaire" may have all the literary quality that is claimed for it, although I personally think Stevenson was only making a delightful idiot of himself in it! Anyhow, it is frankly a burlesque, a skit, a satire on the real "Macaire." The Lyceum was *not* a burlesque house! Why should Henry have done it?

It was funny to see Toole and Henry rehearsing together for "Macaire." Henry was always *plotting* to be funny. When Toole, as Jacques Strop, hid the dinner in his pocket, Henry, after much labour, thought of his hiding the plate inside his waistcoat. There was much laughter later on when Macaire, playfully tapping Strop with his stick, cracked the plate, and the pieces fell out! Toole hadn't to bother about such subtleties, and Henry's deep-laid plans for getting a laugh must have seemed funny to dear Toole, who had only to come on and say "Whoop!" and the audience roared.

Henry's death as Macaire was one of a long list of splendid deaths. Macaire knows the game is up and makes a rush for the French windows at the back of the stage. The soldiers on the stage shoot him before he gets away. Henry did not drop, but turned round, swaggered impudently down to the table, leaned on it, then suddenly rolled over, dead.

Henry's production of "Werner" for one matinée was to do some one a good turn, and when Henry did a good turn he did it magnificently. We rehearsed the play as carefully as if we were in for a long run. Beautiful dresses were made for me by my friend Alice Carr, but when we had given that one matinée they were put away for ever. The play may be described as gloom, gloom, gloom. It was worse than "The Iron Chest."

While Henry was occupying himself with "Werner" I was pleasing myself with "The Amber Heart," a play by Alfred Calmour, a young man who was at this time Wills' secretary. I wanted to do it, not only to help Calmour, but because I believed in the play and liked the part of Ellaline. I had thought of giving a matinée of it at some other theatre, but Henry, who at first didn't like my doing it at all, said: "You must do it at the Lyceum. I can't let you, or it, go out of the theatre."

So we had the matinée at the Lyceum. Mr. Willard and Mr. Beerbohm Tree were in the cast, and it was a great success. For the first time Henry saw me act — a whole part and from the "front," at least, for he had seen and liked scraps of my Juliet from the "side." Although he had known me such a long time, my Ellaline seemed to come quite as a surprise. "I wish I could tell you of the dream of beauty that you realised," he wrote after the performance. He bought the play for me, and I continued to do it "on and off," in England and in America, until 1902.

Many people said that I was good, but that the play was bad. This was hard on Alfred Calmour. He had created the opportunity for me, and few plays with the beauty of "The Amber Heart" have come my way since. "He thinks it's all his doing!" said Henry. "If he only knew!" "Well, that's the way of authors!" I answered. "They imagine so much more about their work than we put into it that although we may seem to the outsider to be creating, to the author we are, at our best, only doing our duty by him!"

Our next production was "Macbeth"; but meanwhile we had visited America three times. In the next chapter I shall give an account of my tours in America, of my friends there, and of some of the impressions that the vast, wonderful country made on me.

THE LIE DIRECT

BY

CAROLINE DUER

TWO men went up into the sanctum sanctorum of the Quill Drivers' Club to lunch. The younger was a writer of fiction and the elder a clergyman, his friend and guest, by chance encountered on a rare visit to town.

They were evidently absorbed in discussion when they sat down, for the host hardly interrupted himself long enough to give the briefest of orders to the attendant waiter before he leaned forward across the table and resumed eagerly: "Let the critics rage furiously together if they will"—referring to a controversy excited by one of his late stories. "The thing is going to stand! I believe, and I'll go bail there's no reasonable person who doesn't believe, that falsehood is justifiable, and more than justifiable, on many occasions."

"Only everybody will differ as to the occasions," put in the clergyman, the humor in the corners of his eyes counterbalanced by the graveness of the lines about his mouth.

"I'll go further than that," continued the writer, striking his hand on the table impressively. "In the circumstances as I described them I won't call it falsehood! I agree with whoever it was who said that one lied only when one intentionally deceived a person who had a right to know the truth."

"And suppose," said the clergyman, with sudden earnestness, "the knowledge of the truth would be cruel, painful, harmful even, to the person who had the right to it. What then? Would you still owe it to him, or not?"

"Why, then, of course, I wouldn't tell it," answered the other. "You might call it what you liked. I suppose it would be a passive lie, if you're particular about its front name; but there have been lots of fine ones, actively and passively told, since the world began."

"Fine?" echoed the clergyman thoughtfully. "I wonder!"

"Fitting, proper, expedient," amended the writer impatiently.

"Fitting, proper, expedient," repeated the clergyman — "even when the result appeared to justify it. I — wonder!"

He sank into a reverie so profound that the younger man had to call his attention to the fact that food was being offered to him; and then he helped himself mechanically, as if his mind had drifted too far to be immediately recalled to material things.

"I wonder!" he said again vaguely, his eyes, sad and thoughtful, fixed upon distance.

"I was once, you see," he went on, making a sudden effort and looking his companion in the face with a directness that was almost disconcerting, "I was once involved in a case where such a lie had been told, and I — well, I am inclined, if you have no objections, to tell you the whole story and let you judge.

"Some years ago I broke down from overwork and worry, and was ordered away for my health. I chose to travel about my own country, and at a hotel in a certain place where many people go to recover from imaginary ailments I met a man who was being slowly crippled forever by a real and incurable one. His place at the table was next to mine, and every day he was brought in, in his wheeled chair, from the sunniest corner of the piazza, fed neatly and expeditiously by his manservant (his own hands were almost useless), and fetched away again. During the meal when I first sat beside him we entered into conversation, and I found him so cultivated, charming, and humorous a companion that for the rest of my stay I neglected no opportunity of indulging myself in his society."

"Of course it was no indulgence at all to him," said the writer, whose affectionate regard for his friend was one of long standing.

"I hope so," answered the other, "and, indeed, I had every reason to suppose that the liking which sprang up between us was no less on his side than on my own. We were mutually attracted in spite of, or perhaps *because* of, our fundamental differences in disposition, opin-

ions, beliefs; though no Christian could have borne affliction with a braver patience than he — the braver in that he did not look to a hereafter for comfort."

"A continuous powder and no jam to come," threw in the writer, with the glare of battle in his eye, for he also had opinions and beliefs at variance with those of his companion. "There are a good many of us who have to face that."

"Not many in worse case than he," returned the clergyman gently, declining to be drawn into discussion. "But although the use of his limbs was denied him, he took a keener delight than any man I have ever known in the compensations that his mind, through books, and his senses, through contact with the outer world, brought him. Beauty of color and form, beauty in nature, beauty in people, was an exquisite pleasure to him, and music an intense — I had almost said a sacred passion. He drank in lovely sights and sweet sounds with an almost painful appreciation, and I remember well his telling me in his whimsical way — it was during one of the last conversations I had with him before my departure — that, travel about as I would with my mere automatic arms and legs, I could never overtake such happiness as he did on the wings of harmony.

"We corresponded, from time to time, for a year or two, I in the usual manner and he by means of dictation to his servant, who was an earnest if somewhat poor performer on the type-writer. But gradually the thread of our intercourse was broken in some way and our letters ceased."

"I've always said that nothing but community of interests preserved friendship," declared the writer sententiously, "with the exception, of course, of our own."

"I was surprised, therefore," went on the clergyman, "to receive about eighteen months ago a brief note telling me that a great sorrow and a great joy had come into his life almost simultaneously, and begging me to go to him, if he might so far trespass upon our acquaintance, as he had 'matters about which it behooved a man' — I am repeating his words — 'to consult another wiser than himself.' I started at once. It took me all day to accomplish the journey, and it was early evening when I arrived at the little station he had mentioned as the place where he would send somebody to meet me. I found the carriage without difficulty, and was driven for some five miles through the beautiful autumn woods.

"It was a low, square, comfortable-looking paper-weight of a house," he went on after a moment, "beaming welcome from an open front door, where my friend's confidential servant stood waiting for me. He conducted me at once to my room, saying that dinner would be served as soon as I could make myself ready and join his master in the library. This I made haste to do. I found my friend in his wheeled chair, near a cheerfully crackling fire in a delightful room lined with books from its scarlet-carpeted floor to its oak-beamed ceiling. He welcomed me warmly and yet with a certain constraint, and I felt — it might have been some subtle thought-transference — that the thing he had it in his mind to discuss with me was one which only an extremity of trouble would have induced him to discuss with any man.

"Dinner was announced almost before our first greetings were over, and an excellent dinner it was — cooked by an old woman who, he declared, had virtually ruled him and the house ever since he could remember, and waited upon by the man, who also attended to his master's peculiar needs with the utmost swiftness and dexterity. The household, I subsequently learned, consisted of only these two, an elderly housemaid, and the white-haired coachman who had driven me from the station.

"'Why they stay with me in this out-of-the-way place, without a grumble, all the year round, I can't see,' said my host, after our meal was over and we were once more alone in the library. 'And, by the way,' he added, turning his face toward me suddenly,—I don't know whether I have mentioned that he had a particularly handsome face,—'apropos of seeing, what I have not seen before I shall have no further chance of informing myself about now, for I have become, in these last six months, completely blind.'

"The unexpected horror of the announcement, the shock of it, left me for the moment speechless. But I looked at him and saw, what I suppose I might in a more direct light have noticed before, that his eyes had the dull, dumb stare of blindness. Before the inarticulate sound of pity I made could have reached him, he continued:

"'I used to tell myself, quite sincerely, I think, that as long as I had an eye or an ear left I'd not waste my time envying any other man. Nature seems to have been afraid I'd see too much, so she has cut off my powers of vision. That is the great sorrow that has come to me. The great joy, if I may accept it (and it is about that that I have been driven by my conscience to consult you), is that I have found — or perhaps, as that suggests a certain amount of

activity on my part, I'd better say *Fate* has found for me — here, living at my very gates, a woman who loves me!'

"He appeared to dread interruption, for he went on hurriedly: 'Extraordinary, isn't it? But let me tell you how it happened. I've a garden out there to the south, and last summer, soon after this thing first came upon me, I used to have myself wheeled there and left in the shade for hours to think things out where I could feel light and color and fresh air about me. On the other side of my wall is her cottage, and one day she began to play, play like an angel. You know how that would move me. I sent a note to her telling her that a blind beggar had been lifted into heaven for a little while by her music, and would be glad if, of her clemency, he might sometimes be so lifted again. After that she played to me every day, and so, she being alone — for her mother, it seems, had died early in the spring, soon after they came — and I being lonely, we gradually drifted into — Oh, I know it's monstrous!' he exclaimed, breaking off in his recital; and evidently afraid of the mental recoil he suspected in me, 'monstrous to consider that a beautiful young woman should bear the name, even, of wife to me; but she is very poor, and now entirely desolate. I am, comparatively speaking, well off, and I cannot live long! I shall at least leave her better able to fight the world. You'll think I could do that, I suppose, in any event, for a man such as I am — a sightless head in command of a body that cannot move hand or foot — might *will* what he pleased to any woman without exciting adverse comment; but I ask you, haven't I the right to allow myself the happiness of her near companionship for whatever time it may be before I die? It seems to me that I have, since, instead of shrinking from me, she loves me, and is willing, indeed,— bless her wonderful heart for it,— *wilful* to marry me. What time is it?' he cried abruptly, turning his blank eyes toward the clock on the mantelpiece.

"'Five minutes before nine,' I answered.

"'She will be here directly,' he said. 'I had a piano of my mother's put in order and moved in here as soon as the garden grew too cold for me. She comes every evening to play to me. You will see her with me, and alone if you like, and to-morrow you must tell me, man to man, what you think I ought or ought not to do. She knows that I was to write and put the case before you, but she will be surprised to find you here.'

"'I will do my best,' said I, infinitely moved, 'to make friends with her.'

"'I wish I could tell what you are thinking now!' he cried out with sudden passion, and then, before I could reply, he said, 'Hush! I hear her in the hall.'

"All the excitement died out of his face, leaving it white and drawn, but peaceful. I had heard nothing.

"'She's coming,' he whispered, 'and she'll be so embarrassed, poor, pretty soul. She thinks it's of no account, her being pretty, but I tell her that, blind as I am, I think I *feel* the atmosphere of her beauty, and if she were plain she would not please me so.'

"As he spoke the curtains in front of the doorway parted. My eyes, lifted to the height of fair tallness they expected to encounter, looked for an instant upon vacancy. Then they dropped to meet those of a grotesque and piteous little hunchback, whose agonized gaze cried to me, as did the hitching of her poor shoulders and the sudden trembling flutter of her hands to her mouth: 'For God's sake, don't betray me!'

"He leaned his head a little on one side, listening to the silence. Then he said to me, laughing: 'Is she as charming as all that? Or do you refrain from speech for fear of alarming her?'

"She stood quite still, her sharp-featured, tragic face, with its halo of reddish hair, raised toward mine, and her expression imploring, pleading, mutely compelling me.

"I had to answer his question.

"'Both,' I said.

"As I finished he called to her: 'I always knew you were lovely, Rica, but this is a real tribute — the dumbness of admiration!'

"She told me later that he had fantastically described her to herself after hearing her play, at the same time dwelling upon the happiness it was to him to think of her so. She had longed to make her affliction known to him, but for his own sake had not dared.

"'No one here will undeceive him unless you bid them,' she said, 'and you will not be so cruel! What has he left in life but this illusion? What have I but my love for him?'

"And she did love him! I had seen tenderness and pity leap from her eyes whenever they turned in his direction, and he — What should a man have done?" ended the clergyman.

The writer shook his head. "What did you do?" he asked rather hoarsely.

"I married them," answered the other simply.

THE WAYFARERS

BY

MARY STEWART CUTTING

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

XV

"LOIS, would you mind very much if we didn't move into the new house, after all?"

"Not move into the new house! What do you mean? I thought it would be finished next week."

"It means that I shall not be able to increase my living expenses this year," said Justin.

Husband and wife were sitting on the piazza, in the shade of the purple wistaria-vines, on a warm Sunday afternoon, a month after Dosia's return. From within, the voices of the children sounded peacefully over their early supper.

The afternoon, so far, had savored only of domestic monotony, with no foreshadowing of events to come. Dosia was out walking with George Sutton, and the people who might "drop in," as they often did on Sundays, had other engagements to-day. Lois, gowned in lavender muslin, had been sitting on the piazza for an hour, trying to read while waiting for Justin to join her. She had counted each minute, but now that he was there, she put down her book with a show of reluctance as she said:

"Why didn't you tell me before? I gave the order for the window-shades yesterday when I was in town — that was what I wanted to talk to you about this afternoon. You have to leave your order at least two weeks beforehand at this season of the year."

"You can countermand it, can't you?"

"I suppose I'll have to — if we're not to move into the house," said Lois in a high-keyed voice, with those tiresome tears coming, as usual, to her eyes. She felt inexpressibly hurt, disappointed, fooled. "I thought you said you were having so many orders lately. Does the money *all* have to 'go back into the business,'" she quoted sardonically, "as usual? I think there might be some left for your own family sometimes. I'm tired of always going without for the business." It was a complaint she had made many times before, but in each fresh pang of her resentment she felt as if she were saying it for the first time.

"We have orders, I'm glad to say, but we've had one big setback lately," he answered.

He knew, with a twinge, that she had some reason on her side. The very effort for success was meat and drink to him; he cared not what else he went without, so the business grew. But she *might* have had a little more out of it as they went along, instead of waiting for the grand climax of undoubted prosperity. A little means so much to a wife sometimes, because it means the recognition of her right.

"I've been in a lot of trouble lately, Lois, though I haven't talked about it," he continued, with an unusual appeal in his voice. The blasting fact of those returned machines had been all he could cope with; he had been tongue-tied when it came to speaking about it — the whirl and counter-whirl in his brain demanded concentration, not diffusion and easy words to interpret. But now that he had begun to see his way clear again, he had a sudden deep craving for the unreasoning sympathy of love.

"I waited until the last possible moment to tell you, in hopes that I shouldn't have to, Lois. Anyway, Saunders is going to put up a couple of houses for next year that you'll like much better, he says."

"Oh, it will be just the same next year; there'll always be something," said Lois indifferently, getting up and going into the house.

He was bitterly hurt, and far too proud to show it. He could have counted on quickest sympathy from her once; he knew in his

heart that he could call it out even now if he chose, but he did not choose. If his own wife could be like that, she might be.

"Papa dear, I love you so much!"

He looked down to see his little fair-haired girl, white-ruffled and blue-ribboned, standing beside him a-tiptoe in her little white shoes, her arms reached up to tighten instantly around his neck as he bent over.

"Zaidee, my little Zaidee," he said, and, lifting her on his knee, strained her tightly to him with a rush of such passionate affection that it almost unmanned him for the moment. She lay against his heart perfectly still. After a few moments she put her small hand to his lips, and he kissed it, and she smiled up at him, warm and secure — his little darling girl, his little princess. Yet, even in that joy of his child, he felt a new heart-hunger which no child love, beautiful as it was, could ever satisfy, any more than it could satisfy the heart-hunger of his wife.

She had begun, since the ball, to go around again as usual, and the house looked as if it had a mistress in it once more, though the atmosphere of a home was lacking. She was languid, irritable, and unsmiling, accepting his occasional caresses as if they made little difference to her, though sometimes she showed a sort of fierce, passionate remorse and longing. Either mood was unpleasing to him: it contained tacit reproach for his separateness. Then, there were still occasionally evenings when he came home to find her windows darkened and everything in the household upset and forlorn; when every footfall must be adjusted to her ear — that ear that had strained and ached for his coming. Her whole day culminated in that poor, meager half-hour in which he sat by her, and in which her personality hardly reached him until he kissed her, on leaving, with a quick, remorseful affection at being so glad to go.

The typometer disaster had proved as bad as, and worse than, he had feared, but he was working retrieval with splendid effort, calling all his personal magnetism into play where it was possible. He had borrowed a large sum from Lanston's,— a young private banking firm, glad at the moment to lend at a fairly large interest for a term of months,— holding on to the dissatisfied customers and creating new demand for the machine, so that the sales forged ahead of Cater's, with whom there was still a good-natured we-rise-together sort of rivalry, though it seemed at times as if it might take a sharper edge. Leverich's dictum regarding Cater embodied an extension of the policy to be pursued with minor, outlying competitors: "You'll have to force that fellow out of business or get him to come into the combine."

Leverich again smiled on Justin. Immediate success was the price demanded for the continuance of a backing. There was just a little of the high-handed quality in his manner which says, "No more nonsense, if you please." That morning after the ball had shown Justin the fangs that were ready, if he showed symptoms of "falling down," to shake him ratlike by the neck and cast him out.

"Papa dear, papa dear! There's a man coming up the walk, my papa dear."

"Why, so there is," said Justin, rising and setting the child down gently as he went forward with outstretched hand, while Lois simultaneously appeared once more on the piazza. "Why, how are you, Larue? I'm mighty glad to see you back again. When did you get home?"

"The steamer got in day before yesterday," said the newcomer, shaking hands heartily with host and hostess. He was a man with a dark, pointed beard and mustache, deep-set eyes, and an unusually pleasant deep voice that seemed to imply a grave kindliness. His glance lingered over Lois. "How are you, Mrs. Alexander? Better, I hope? Which chair shall I push out of the sun for you — this one?"

"Yes, thank you," responded Lois, sinking into it, with her billows of lilac muslin and her rich brown hair against the background of green vines. "Aren't you going to sit down yourself?"

"Thank you, I've only a minute," said the visitor, leaning against one of the piazza-posts, his wide hat in his hand. "I'm out at my place at Collingwood for the summer, and the trains don't connect very well on Sunday. I had to run down here to see some people, but I thought I wouldn't pass you by."

"Did you have a pleasant trip?" asked Lois.

"Very pleasant," rejoined Mr. Larue, without enthusiasm. "Oh, by the way, Alexander, I heard that you were inquiring for me at the office last week. Anything I can do for you?"

"Have you any money lying around just now that you don't know what to do with?" asked Justin significantly.

Mr. Larue's dark, deep-set eyes took on the guarded change which the mention of money brings into social relations.

"Perhaps," he admitted.

"May I come around to-morrow at three o'clock and talk to you?"

"Yes, do," said the other, preparing to move on. "Please don't get up, Mrs. Alexander; you don't look as well as I'd like to see you."

"Oh, I'm all right," said Lois.

"You must try and get strong this summer," said Mr. Larue, his eyes dwelling on her with an intimate, penetrating thoughtfulness before he turned away and went, Justin accompanying him down the walk, Zaidee dancing on behind. Lois looked after them. At the gate, Mr. Larue turned once more and lifted his hat to her.

A faint, lovely color had come into Lois' cheek, brought there by the powerful tonic which she always felt in Eugene Larue's presence. She felt cheered, invigorated, comforted, by a man with whom she had hardly talked alone for an hour altogether in their whole five years' acquaintance. He had a way of taking thought for her on the slightest occasion, as he had to-day: he knew when she entered a room or left it, and she knew that he knew.

It was one of those peculiar, unspoken sympathetic intimacies which exist between certain men and women, without the conscious volition of either. His glance or the tone of his voice was a response to her mood; he saw instinctively when she was too warm or too cold, or needed a rest. Her husband, who loved her, had no such intuitions; he had to be told clumsily, and even then might not understand. Yet she had not loved him the less because she must beat down such little barriers herself; perhaps she had loved him the more for it — he was the man to whom she belonged heart and soul: but the barriers were a fact. She had an absolute conviction that she could do nothing that Eugene Larue would misunderstand, any more than she misunderstood her involuntary attraction for him. Above all things, he reverenced her as his ideal of what a wife and mother should be. He would have given all he possessed to have the kind of love which Justin took as a matter of course.

Eugene Larue had been married himself for ten years, for more than half of which time his wife, whom Lois had never seen, had lived abroad for the further study of music, an art to which she was passionately devoted. If there had been any effort to bring a hint of scandal into the semi-separation, it had been instantly frowned away; there was nothing for it to feed on. Mrs. Larue lived in Dresden, under the undoubted chaperonage of an elderly aunt and in the constant publicity of large musical entertainments and gatherings. She sometimes played the accompaniments of great singers. Her husband went over every spring, presumably to be with her, living alone for the greater part of the year at his large place at Collingwood. Neither was ever known to speak of the other without the greatest respect, and questions as to when either had been "heard from" were usual and in order; it was always tacitly taken for granted that Mrs. Larue's expatriation was but temporary.

But Lois knew, without needing to be told, that he was a man who had suffered, and still suffered at times profoundly, from having all the tenderness of his nature thrown back upon itself, without reference to that sting of the known comment of other men: "It must be pretty tough to have your wife go back on you like that." In some mysterious way, his wife had not needed the richness of the affection that he lavished on her. If her heart had been warmed by it a little when she married him, it had soon cooled off; she was glad to get away, and he had proudly let her go.

Lois smiled up at Justin with sudden coquetry as he mounted the porch steps, but he only looked at her absently as he said:

"There seems to be a shower coming up. Dosia's hurrying down the road. I think I'd better take the chairs in now."

XVI

Dosia had come back from the Leverichs' to a household in which her presence no longer made any difference for either pleasure or annoyance. She came and went unquestioned, practised interminably, and spent her evenings usually in her own room, developing a hungry capacity for sleep, of which she could not seem to have enough — sleep, where all one's sensibilities were dulled and shame and tragedy forgotten. She had, however, rather more of the society of the children than before, owing to their mother's preoccupation. Nothing could have been more of a drop from her position as princess and lady-of-love in the Leverich domicile, where she had been the center of attraction and interest. Everything seemed terribly unnatural here, and she the most unnatural of all — as if she were clinging temporarily to a ledge in mid-air, waiting for the next thing to happen.

Lois had really tried to show some sympathy for the girl, but was held back by her repugnance to Lawson, which inevitably made itself felt. She couldn't understand how Dosia could possibly have allowed herself to get into an equivocal position with such a man —"really not a gentleman," as she complained to Justin, and he had answered with the vague remark that you could never tell about a girl; even in its vagueness the reply was condemning.

The people whom Dosia met in the street looked at her with curiously questioning eyes

as they talked about casual matters. Mrs. Leverich bowed incidentally as she passed in her carriage, where another visitor was ensconced, a blonde lady from Montreal, in whom her hostess was absorbed.

Dosia had been twice to see Miss Bertha, with a blind, desultory counting on the sympathy that had helped her before; but she had been unfortunate in the times for her visits. On the first occasion Mrs. Snow, with majestic demeanor and pursed lips, had kept guard; and on the second the whole feminine part of the family were engaged, in weird pinned-up garments, in the sacred rite of setting out the innumerable house-plants, with the help of a man hired semiannually, for the day, to set out the plants or to take them in. Callers are a very serious thing when you have a man hired by the day, who must be looked after every minute, so that he may be worth his wage. As Mrs. Snow remarked, "People ought to know when to come and when not to." Dosia got no farther than the porch, and though Miss Bertha asked her to come again, and gave her a sprig of sweet geranium, with a kind little pressure of the hand, she was not asked to sit down.

Your trouble wasn't anybody else's trouble, no matter how kind people were; it was only your own. Billy Snow, who had always been her devoted cavalier, patently avoided her, turning red in the face and giving her a curt, shamefaced bow as he went by, having his own reasons therefor. It would have hurt her, if anything of that kind could have hurt her very much. But Dosia was in the half-numb condition which may result from some great blow or the fall from a great height, save for those moments when she was anguished suddenly by poignant memories of sharpest dagger-thrusts, at which her heart still bled unbearably afresh, as when one remembers the sufferings of the long-peaceful dead which one must, for all time, be terribly powerless to alleviate.

Mr. Sutton alone kept his attitude toward her unchanged. He sent her great bunches of roses, that seemed somehow alive and comfortingly akin when she buried her face in them. He had come to see her every week, though twice she had gone to bed before his arrival. If his attitude was changed at all, it was to a heightened respect and interest and solicitude. It might be that in the subsidence of other claims Mr. Sutton, who had a good business head, saw an occasion of profit for himself which he might well be pardoned for seizing. He required little entertaining when he called, developing an unsuspected faculty for narrative conversation.

Foolish and inane in amatory "attentions" to young ladies, George was no fool. He had a fund of knowledge gained from the observation of current facts, and could talk about the newsboys' clubs, or the condition of the docks, or the latest motor-cars and ballooning, or the practical reasons why motives for reform didn't reform; and the talk was usually semi-interesting, and sometimes more — he had the personal intimacy with his topics which gives them life. Dosia began to find him, if not exciting, at least not tiring; restful, indeed. She began genuinely to like him. He took her thoughts away from herself, while obviously always thinking of her.

This Sunday afternoon Dosia — modish and natty in her short walking-skirt and little jacket of shepherd's check, and a clumpy, black-velveted, pink-rosed straw hat — walked companionably beside the square-set figure of George up the long slope of the semi-suburban road. Dosia had preferred to walk instead of driving. There was a strong breeze, although the sun was warm; and the summerish wayside trees and grasses had inspired him with the recollection of a country boy's calendar — a pleasing, homely monologue. He was, however, never too occupied with his theme to stoop over and throw a stone out of her path, or to hold her little checked umbrella so that the sun should not shine in her eyes, or to offer her his hand with old-fashioned gallantry if there was any hint of an obstacle to surmount. The way was long, yet not too long. They stopped, however, when they reached the summit, to rest for a while.

As they stood there, looking into the distance for some minutes, Dosia with thoughts far, far from the scene, George Sutton's voice suddenly broke the silence:

"I had a letter from Lawson Barr yesterday."

Dosia's heart gave a leap that choked her. It was the first time that anybody had spoken his name since he left. She had prayed for him every night — how she had prayed! as for one gone forever from any other reach than that of the spirit. At this heart-leap . . . fear was in it — fear of any news she might hear of him; fear of the slighting tone of the person who told it, which she would be powerless to resent; fear of awakening in herself the echo of that struggle of the past.

"He's at the mines, isn't he?" she questioned, in that tone which she had always striven to make coolly natural when she spoke of him.

"Yes; but I don't believe he's working there yet. He seems to be mostly engaged in playing at the dance-hall for the miners. Sounds like him, doesn't it?"

"Yes," assented Dosia, looking straight off into the distance.

"I call it hard luck for Barr to be sent out there," pursued Mr. Sutton. "It's the worst kind of a life for him. He's an awfully clever fellow; he could do anything, if he wanted to. I don't know any man I admire more, in certain ways, than I do Barr."

Sutton spoke with evident sincerity. Lawson's clever brilliancy, his social ease and versatility and musical talent, were all what he himself had longed unspeakably to possess. Besides, there was a deeper bond. "I've known him ever since he was a curly-headed boy, long before he came to this place," he continued.

"Oh, did you?" cried Dosia, suddenly heart-warm. With a flash, some words of Mrs. Leverich's returned to her —"Mr. Sutton brought Lawson home last night." So that was why! Her voice was tremulous as she went on: "It is very unusual to hear any one speak as you do of Mr. Barr. Everybody here seems to look down on — to despise him."

"Oh, that sort of talk makes me sick," said George, with an unexpected crude energy. His good-natured face took on a sneering, contemptuous expression. "Men talking about him who——" He looked down sidewise at Dosia and closed his lips tightly. No man was more respectable than he,— respectability might be said to be his cult,—yet he lived in daily, matter-of-fact touch with a world of men wherein "ladies" were a thing apart. No man was ever kept from any sort of confidence by the fact of George Sutton's presence. His feeling for Barr and toleration of his shortcomings were partly due to the fact that George himself had also been brought up in one of those small, dull country towns in which all too many of the cleanly, white, God-fearing houses have no home in them for a boy and his friends.

"If Lawson had had money, everybody would have thought he was all right," he asserted shortly. "Perhaps we'd better be going home; it looks as if there was a shower coming up. Money makes a lot of difference in this world, Miss Dosia."

"I suppose it does; I've never had it," said Dosia simply.

"Maybe you'll have it some day," returned Mr. Sutton significantly. His pale eyes glowed down at her as they walked back along the road together, but the fact was not unpleasant to her; Lawson's name had created a new bond between them. Poor, storm-beaten Dosia felt a warm throb of friendship for George. He sympathized with Lawson; *he* prized her highly, if nobody else did, and he was not ashamed to show it. He went on now with genuine emotion: "I know one thing; if — if I had a wife, she'd never have to wish twice for anything I could give her, Miss Dosia."

"She ought to care a good deal for you, then," suggested Dosia, picking her way daintily along the steeply sloping path, her little black ties finding a foothold between the stones, with Mr. Sutton's hand ever on the watch to interpose supportingly at her elbow.

"No, I wouldn't ask that; I'd only ask her to let me care for *her*. I think most men expect too much from their wives," said George. "I don't think they've got the right to ask it. And I don't think a man has any right to marry until he can give the lady all she ought to have — that's my idea! If any beautiful young lady, as sweet as she was beautiful, did me the honor of accepting my hand,"— Mr. Sutton's voice faltered with honest emotion,— "I'd spend my life trying to make her happy; I would indeed, Miss Dosia. I'd take her wherever she wanted to go, as far as my means would afford; she should have anything I could get for her."

"I think you are the very kindest man I have ever known," said Dosia, with sincerity, touched by his earnestness, though with a far-off, outside sort of feeling that the whole thing was happening in a book. Her vivid imagination was alluringly at work. In many novels which she had read the real hero was the other man, whom no one noticed at first, and who seemed to be prosaic, even uncouth and stupid, when confronted with his fascinating rival, yet who turned out to be permanently true and unselfish and omnisciently kind — the possessor, in spite of his uninspiring exterior, of all the sterling qualities of love; in short, "John," the honest, patient, constant "John" of fiction. His affection for the maiden might be of so high a nature that he would not even claim her as a wife after marriage until she had learned truly to love him, which of course she always did. If Mr. Sutton were really "John"— Dosia half-freakishly cast a swift inventorial side-glance at the gentleman.

The next moment they turned into the high-road, and a rippling smile overspread her face.

"Here's the very lady for you now," she remarked flippantly, as Ada Snow, prayer-book in hand, came into view at the crossing against a dust-cloud in the background, on her way to a friend's house from service at the little mission chapel on the hill. Ada's cheeks took on a not unbecoming flush, her eyes drooped modestly beneath Mr. Sutton's glance,— a maidenly tribute to masculine superiority,— before she went down the side-road.

Mr. Sutton's face reddened also. "Now,

Miss Dosia! Miss Ada may be very charming, but I wouldn't marry Miss Ada if she were the only girl left in the world. I give you my word I wouldn't. *You* ought to know ——"

"We'll have to hurry, or we'll be caught in the rain," interrupted Dosia, rushing ahead with a rapidity that made further conversation an affair of ineffective jerks, though she dreaded to get back to the house and be left alone to the numb dreariness of her thoughts. Justin and Lois were gathering up the rugs and sofa-pillows, as they reached the piazza, to take them in from the blackly advancing storm. Lois greeted Mr. Sutton with unusual cordiality; perhaps she also dreaded the accustomed dead level.

"Do come in; you'll be caught in the rain if you go on. Can't you stay to a Sunday night's tea with us?"

"Oh, do," urged Dosia, disregarding the delighted fervor of his gaze. Lois' hospitality, never her strong point, had been much in abeyance lately; to have a fourth at the table would be a blessed relief. She felt a new tie with Mr. Sutton: they both sympathized with Lawson, believed in him!

She ran up-stairs to change her walking-suit for a soft little round-necked summer gown of pinkish tint, made at Mrs. Leverich's, which somehow made her pale little face and fair, curling hair look like a cameo. When she came down again, she ensconced herself in one corner of the small spindle sofa, to which Zaidee instantly gravitated, her red lips parted over her little white teeth in a smile of comfort as she cuddled within Dosia's half-bare round white arm, while Mr. Sutton, drawing his chair up very close, leaned over Dosia with eyes for nobody else, his round face getting brick-red at times with suppressed emotion, though he tried to keep up his part in an amiable if desultory conversation. Lois reclined languidly in an easy-chair, and Justin alternately played with and scolded the irrepressible Redge, in the intervals of discourse.

Through the long open windows they watched the sky, which seemed to darken or grow light as fitfully, in the progress of the oncoming storm, the wind lifted the vines on the piazza and flapped them down again; the trees bent in straightly slanting lines, with foam-tossing of green and white from the maples; still it did not rain. Presently from where Dosia sat she caught sight of a passer-by on the other side of the street — a tall, straight, well-set-up figure with the easy, erect carriage of a soldier. He stopped suddenly when he was opposite the house, looked over at it, and seemed to hesitate; then he moved on hastily, only to stop the next instant and hesitate once more. This time he crossed over with a quick, decided step.

"Why, here's Girard!" cried Justin, rising with alacrity. His voice came back from the hall. "Awfully glad you took us on your way. Leverich told you where I lived? You'll have to stay now until the storm is over. Lois, this is Mr. Girard. You know Sutton, of course. Dosia ——"

"I have already met Mr. Girard," said Dosia, turning very white, but speaking in a clear voice. This time it was she who did not see the half-extended hand, which immediately dropped to his side, though he bowed with politely murmured assent. Stepping back to a chair half across the room, he seated himself by Justin.

A wave of resentment, greater than anything that she had ever felt before, had surged over Dosia at the sight of him, as his eyes, with a sort of quick, veiled questioning in them, had for an instant met hers — resentment as for some deep, irremediable wrong. Her cheeks and lips grew scarlet with the proudly surging blood, she held her head high, while Mr. Sutton looked at her as if bewitched — though he turned from her a moment to say:

"Weren't you up on the Sunset Drive this afternoon, Girard?"

"Yes; I thought you didn't see me," said the other lightly, himself turning to respond to a question of Justin's, which left the other group out of the conversation, an exclusion of which George availed himself with ardor.

There is an atmosphere in the presence of those who have lived through large experiences which is hard to describe. As Girard sat there talking to Justin in courteous ease, his elbow on the arm of his chair, his chin leaning on the fingers of his hand, he had a distinction possessed by no one else in the room. Even Justin, with all his engaging personality, seemed somehow a little narrow, a little provincial, by the side of Girard.

Lois, who had been going backward and forward from the dining-room,— with black-eyed Redge, sturdy and turbulent, following after her astride a stick, until the nurse was called to take him away,— came and sat down quite naturally beside this new visitor as if he had been an old friend, and was evidently interested and pleased. As a matter of fact, though all women as a rule liked Girard at sight, he much preferred the society of those who were married, when he went in women's society at all. Girls gave him a strange inner feeling of shyness, of deficiency — perhaps partly caused by the conscious disadvantages of a youth other than that to which he had been born; but

it was a feeling that he would have been the last to be credited with, and which he certainly need have been the last to possess. Like many very attractive people, he had no satisfying sense of attractiveness himself.

It was raining now, but very softly, after all the wild preparation, with a hint of sunshine through the rain that sent a pale-green light over the little drawing-room, with its spindle-legged furniture and the water-colors on its walls, though the gloom of the dining-room beyond was relieved only by the silver and the white napkins on the round mahogany table with a glass bowl of green-stemmed, white-belled lilies-of-the-valley in the center.

The people in the two separate groups in the drawing-room took on an odd, pearly distinctness, with the flesh-tints subdued. In this commonplace little gathering on a Sunday afternoon the material seemed to be only a veil for the things of the spirit — subtle cross-communications of thought-touch or repulsion, impressions tinglingly felt. Something seemed to be curiously happening, though one knew not what. To Dosia's swift observation, Girard had lost some of the brightness that had shone upon her vision the night of the ball; he looked as if he had been under some harassing strain. Her first impression that he had come into the house reluctantly was reinforced now by an equal impression that he stayed with reluctance. Why, then, had he come at all? Was it only to escape the rain? Her rescuer, the hero of her dreams, still held his statued place in the shrine of her memory, as proudly, defiantly opposed to this stranger. Had he known? He must have known, just as she had. It was not Lawson who had hurt her the most! She could not hear what he said, though the room was small; he and Justin and Lois were absorbed together. It was evident that he frankly admired Lois, who was smiling at him. Yet, as he talked, Dosia became curiously aware that from his position directly across the room he was covertly watching her as she sat consentingly listening to George Sutton, whose round face was bending over very near, his thick coat sleeve pinning down the filmy ruffles of hers as it rested on the carved arm of the little sofa.

She still held Zaidee cuddled close to her, the light head with its big blue bow lying against her breast, as the child played with the simple rings on the soft fingers of the hand she held.

Mr. Sutton got up, at Dosia's bidding, to alter the shade, and she moved a little, drawing Zaidee up to her to kiss her; Girard the next instant moved slightly also, so that her face was still within his range of vision, the intent gray eyes shaded by his hand. It was not her imagining — she felt the strong play of unknown forces: the gaze of those two men never left her, one covertly observant, the other most obviously so. George came back from his errand only to sit a little closer to Dosia, his eyes in their most suffused state. He was, indeed, in that stage of infatuation which can no longer brook any concealment, and for which other men feel a shamefaced contempt, though a woman, even while she derides, holds it in a certain respect as a foolish manifestation of something inherently great, and a tribute to her power. To Dosia's indifference, in this strange dual sense of another and resented excitement,— an excitement like that produced on the brain by some intolerably high altitude,— Mr. Sutton's attentions seemed to breathe only of a grateful warmth; she felt that he was being very, very kind. She could ask him to do anything for her, and he would do it, no matter what it was, just because she asked him. He was planning now a day on somebody's yacht, with Lois, of course; and "What do you say, Miss Dosia — can't we make it a family party, and take the children too?" he asked, with eager divination of what would please this lovely thing.

"Yes, oh, why can't you take *us*?" cried Zaidee, trembling with delight.

The rain had ceased, but the sunlight had vanished, too; the whole place was growing dark. There was a sudden silence, in which Dosia's voice was heard saying:

"I'll get my photograph now, if you want it." She rose and left the room,— she could not have stayed in it a moment longer,— and Zaidee ran over to her father, her white frock crumpled and the cheek that had lain against Dosia rosy warm.

"You had better light the lamp, Justin," said Lois, and then, "Oh, you're not going?" as Girard stood up.

He turned his bright, gentle regard upon her. "I'm afraid I'll have to."

"I expected you to stay to tea; I've had a place set for you."

"I'd like to very much — it's kind of you to ask me — but I'm afraid not to-night. I'll see you to-morrow, Sutton, I suppose. Good evening, Mrs. Alexander." His hand-touch seemed to give an intimacy to the words.

"Your stick is out here in the hall somewhere," said Justin, investigating the corners for it, while Zaidee, who had followed the two, stood in the doorway.

"I wonder if this little girl will kiss me good-by?" asked Girard tentatively.

"Will you, Zaidee?" asked her father, in his turn.

For all answer, Zaidee raised her little face trustfully. Girard dropped on one knee, a very gallant figure of a gentleman, as he put both arms around the small, light form of the child and held her tightly to him for one brief instant while his lips pressed that warm cheek. When he strode lightly away, waving his hand behind him in farewell, it was with an odd, somber effect of having said good-by to a great deal.

For the second time that day, it seemed that Zaidee had been the recipient of an emotion called forth by some one else.

XVII

"Lois?"

"Yes?"

Dosia had come into the nursery, where Lois sat sewing, a canary overhead swinging with shrill velocity in a stream of sunshine. Her look gave no invitation to Dosia. She did not want to talk; she was busy, as ever, with — no matter what she was doing — the self-fulness of her thoughts, which chained her like a slave. She had been longing to move into the other house, where, amid new surroundings, she could escape from the familiar walls and outlook that each brought its suggestion of pain, with the wearying iterancy of habit, no matter how she wanted to be happy.

Dosia dropped half-unwillingly into a chair as she said:

"I've something to tell you, Lois."

"Well?"

"I'm engaged to George Sutton."

"Dosia!"

Lois' work fell from her hand as she stared at the girl.

"I'm sure I don't see that you need be surprised," said Dosia. She looked pale and expressionless, as one who did not expect either sympathy or interest.

"No, I suppose not," said Lois. "Of course, I know he has been paying you a great deal of attention, but then, he has paid other girls almost as much." She stopped, with her eyes fixed on Dosia. In a sense, she had rather hoped for this; the marriage would certainly solve many difficulties, and be a very fine thing for Dosia — if Dosia could ——! Yet now the idea revolted Lois. To marry a man without loving him would have been to her, at any time or under any stress, a physical impossibility. Marriage for friendship or suitability or support were outside her scheme of comprehension. She spoke now with cold disapproval:

"Dosia, you don't know what you are doing. You don't love George Sutton."

Dosia's face took on the well-known obstinate expression.

"He loves me, anyhow, and he is satisfied with me as I am. If he is satisfied, I don't see why any one else need object! He likes me just as I am, whether I care for him or not."

She clasped both hands over her knee as she went on with that unexplainable freakishness to which girlhood is sometimes maddeningly subject, when all feeling as well as reason seems in abeyance, though her voice was tremulous. "And I *do* care for him. I like him better than any one I know. We are sympathetic on a great many points. No one — *no one* has been so kind to me as he! He doesn't want anything but to make me happy."

Lois made a gesture of despair. "Oh, ***kind!*** As if a man like George Sutton, who has done nothing but have his own way for forty years, is going to give up wanting it now! Marriage is very different from what girls imagine, Dosia."

"I suppose so," said Dosia indifferently. She rose and came over to Lois. "Would you like to see my ring?" She turned the circle around on her finger, displaying a diamond like a search-light. "He gave it to me last night."

"It is very handsome," said Lois. "I suppose you will have to be thinking of clothes soon," she added, with a glimmer of the natural feminine interest in all that pertains to a wedding, since further protest seemed futile. "I will write to Aunt Theodosia."

"Thank you," said Dosia dutifully.

A hamper of fruit came for her at luncheon, almost unimaginably beautiful in its arrangement of white hothouse grapes and peaches and strawberries as large as the peaches; and the contents of a box of flowers filled every available vase and jug and bowl in the house, as Dosia arranged them, with the help of Zaidee and Redge — the former winningly helpful, and the latter elfishly agile, his bare knees nut-brown from the sun of the springtime, jumping on her back whenever she stooped over, to be seized in her arms and hugged when she recovered herself. Flowers and children, children and flowers! Nothing could be sweeter than these.

In the afternoon, in a renewed capacity for social duties, she put on her hat with the roses and went to make a call, long deferred and hitherto impossible of accomplishment, on a certain Mrs. Wayne, a bride of a few months, who, as Alice Lee, had been one of the girls of her outer circle. Dosia did not mean to announce her engagement, but she felt that Alice Wayne's state of mind would be more sympathetic, even if unconsciously so, than Lois'.

As she walked along now, she thought of George with a deeply grateful affection. How good he was to her! He had been unexpectedly nice when he had asked her to marry him; the very force of his feeling had given him an unusual dignity. His voice had broken almost with a groan on the words:

"I have never known any one with such a beautiful nature as yours, Miss Dosia! I just worship you! I only want to live to make you happy."

He did not himself care for motoring — being, truth to tell, afraid of it; but she was to choose a car next week. She had told him about her father and her mother and the children. She was to have the latter come up to stay with her after she was married — do anything for them that she would. In imagination now she was taking them through all the shops in town, buying them toy horses and soldiers and balls, and dressing them in darling little light-blue sailor-suits. She could hardly wait for the time to come! She thought with a little awe that she hadn't known that Mr. Sutton was as well off as he seemed to be. And the way he had spoken of Lawson — Ah, Lawson! That name tugged at her heart. This suddenly became one of those anguished moments when she yearned over him as over a beloved lost child, to be wept over, succored only through her efforts. She must never forget! "Lawson, I believe in you." She stopped in the shaded, quiet street with its garden-surrounded houses, and said the words aloud with a solemn sense of immortal infinite power, before coming back to the eager surface planning of her own life, with an intermediate throb of a new and deeper loneliness. The Dosia who had so upliftingly faced truth had only strength enough left now to evade it. Perhaps some of that exquisite inner perception of her nature had been jarred confusingly out of touch.

Mrs. Wayne was in, although, the maid announced, she had but just returned from town. A moment later Dosia heard herself called from above:

"Dosia Linden! Won't you come up-stairs? You don't mind, do you?"

"No, indeed," answered Dosia, obeying the summons with alacrity, and pleased that she should be considered so intimate. This was more than she had expected — an informal reception and talk. With Dosia's own responsive warmth, she felt that she really must always have wanted to see more of Alice, who, in her lacy pink-and-white negligée, might be pardoned for wishing to show off this ornament of her trousseau.

"I hope you won't mind the appearance of this room," she announced, after a hospitable violet-perfumed embrace. "I went to town so early this morning that I didn't have time to really set things to rights, and I don't like the new maid to touch them."

"You have so many pretty things," said Dosia admiringly.

"Yes, haven't I? Take that seat by the window; it's cooler. *Please* don't look at that dressing-table; Harry leaves his neckties everywhere, though he has his own chiffonnier in the other room — he's such a *bad* boy! He seems to think I have nothing to do but put away his things for him."

Mrs. Wayne paused with a bridal air of important matronly responsibility. She was a tall, thin, black-haired, dashing girl, not at all pretty, who was always spoken of compensatingly as having a great deal of "style"; but she seemed to have gained some new and gentle charm of attraction because she was so happy.

"Have this fan, won't you?" she went on talking. "Harry and I saw you and George Sutton out walking yesterday. We were in the motor, and had stopped up on the Drive to speak to Mr. Girard. He *is* just the loveliest thing! What a pity he won't go where there are girls! Harry is quite jealous, though I tell him he needn't be." Mrs. Wayne paused with a lovely flush before going on. "You didn't see us, though we stopped quite near you. My dear, it's *very* evident that —" She paused once more, this time with arch significance. "Oh, you needn't be afraid. I never know anything until I'm told. But George is such a good fellow! I'm sure I ought to know — he was perfectly devoted to me. Not the kind girls are apt to take a fancy to, perhaps,— girls are so foolish and romantic,— but he'd be awfully nice to his wife. Harry says he's a lot richer than anybody knows. And people are so much happier married — the right people, of course."

"Did you have a pleasant time while you were away?" asked Dosia, as she lay back in her low, wide, prettily chintz-covered arm-chair. If she had had some half-defined impulse to confide in Alice Wayne, it was gone, melted away in this too fervid sunshine of approval. She had, instead, one of her accessions of dainty shyness; the ring on her finger, underneath her glove, seemed to burn into her flesh. Her eyes roved warily around the room as Mrs. Wayne talked about her wedding-trip and her husband, folding up her Harry's neckties as she chattered, her fingers lingering over them with little secret pats. She brought out some of her pretty dresses afterward for Dosia's inspection.

From the open door of a closet beyond, a pair of shoes was distinctly visible — Harry's shoes, which the wife laughingly put back into place as she went and closed the door. It was impossible not to see that even those clumsy, monstrously thick-soled things were touched with sentiment for her because the feet of her dearest had worn them.

In Dosia's world so far it was a matter of course that some people were married — their household life went unnoticed; the fact had no relation to her own intangible dreams or hopes; it was a condition inherent to these elders, and not of any particular interest to her. But Alice Wayne had been a girl like herself until now. This matter-of-fact community of living forced itself upon her notice, as if for the first time, as an absolutely new thing. The blood surged up suddenly through the ice of her indifference; the room choked her. George Sutton's neckties, not to speak of his shoes ——!

"I'll have to be going," she interrupted precipitately, rising as she spoke.

"Why,"— Alice Wayne stopped in the middle of a sentence, looking at her in surprise,— "what's the matter? Aren't you well?"

"Yes, yes, but I have an appointment," affirmed Dosia desperately. "I've been enjoying it all so much, but I'd forgotten I must go — at once! Good-by."

She almost ran on the way home. There was no appointment, but it was imperative that she should be alone, away from all suggestion of the newly married. She hoped that there would be no visitors. But as she neared the house she saw that there was some one on the piazza — George Sutton, frock-coated and high-hatted, with a rose above his white waistcoat and a beaming face that rivaled the rose in color as he came to meet her.

"Why, I thought you were not coming until this evening," said Dosia demandingly,— "not until you could see Justin."

"Did you think I could stay away as long as that?" asked George. His manner the night before had been almost reverential in the depth of his honest emotion; the kiss he had imprinted on her forehead had seemed of an impersonal nature, and she a princess who regally allowed it. She was conscious now of a change.

"Where is Lois?" she asked, as they went up the steps together.

"The maid said she had stepped out for a moment."

"Then we'll sit out here on the piazza and wait for her," said Dosia, without looking at her lover. Taking the hat-pins out of her hat, she deposited it on a chair with a quick decision of movement, and then seated herself by a wicker table, while Mr. Sutton, looking disappointed, was left perforce to the rocker on the other side.

The piazza was rather a long one, and, except for a rambling vine, open toward the street; but around the corner of the house Japanese screens walled it off from passers-by into a cozy arbored nook, sweet with big bowls of roses.

"Come around to the other end of the porch," said George appealingly.

"No," said Dosia, with her obstinate expression; "I like it here."

She stripped the long gloves from her arms, and spread out her hands, palms upward, in her lap. The diamond, which had been turned inward, caught the sunshine gloriously. His gaze fell upon it, and he smiled. Dosia saw the smile and reddened.

"I wish you wouldn't sit there looking at me," she said in a tone which she tried to make neutral.

"Come down to the other end of the piazza — just for a moment."

"No!" said Dosia again. She gave a sudden movement and changed her tone sharply: "Oh, there's a spider on the table there, crawling toward me! Please take it away." Her voice rose uncontrollably. "I hate spiders — oh, I *hate* spiders! I'm afraid of them. Make it go away! Please! There — now you've got it; throw it off the piazza, quick! Don't bring it near me!"

"The little spider won't hurt you," said George enjoyingly.

Dosia, flushing and paling alternately, carried entirely out of her deterring placidity, her blue eyes dilatingly raised to his, her red lips quivering, was distractingly lovely. Fear gave to her quick, uncalculated movements the grace of a wild thing. George, in spite of his solid good qualities, possessed the mistaken playfulness of the innately vulgar. He advanced, the spider now held between his thumb and forefinger, a little nearer to her — a little nearer yet. There is a type of bucolic mind to which the causeless, palpitating fear of a woman is an exquisitely funny joke.

"Don't," said Dosia again, in a strangled voice, ready to fly from the chair. The spider touched her sleeve, with George's fatuously smiling face behind it. The next instant she had fled wildly down to the screened corner of the veranda, with George after her, only to be stopped by the screens at the end. His following arms closed tightly around her as he kissed her in happy triumph.

After one wild, instinctive effort at struggle, Dosia stood perfectly still, with that peculiarly

defensive self-possession that came into play at such times. She seemed to yield entirely now to the rightful caresses of an accepted lover as she said in a perfectly even and casual tone of voice:

"Let me go for a moment, George! I must get my handkerchief up-stairs. I'll be right back again."

"Don't be gone long," said George fondly, releasing her half-unconsciously at the accent of custom.

"No," said Dosia, very pale, and smiling back at him coquettishly as she went off with unhurried step — to dart up two pairs of stairs like a flying, hunted thing, and into her room, to lock the door fast and bolt it as if from the thoughts that pursued her.

Lois, coming up the stairs half an hour later, rattled the door-knob ineffectually before she knocked.

"Dosia, what's the matter? To whom are you talking? Let me in! Katy said, when she came up, you would not answer. She said Mr. Sutton had been walking up and down the piazza for a long time. Dosia, let me in; let me in this minute!"

The key clicked in the lock, the bolt slipped back, and the door flew open. Dosia, in her blue muslin frock, her hair in wild disorder, was standing in the center of the room, fiercely rubbing her already scarlet cheeks with a rough towel. Every trace of assumed listlessness had vanished; she was frantically alive, with blazing, defiant eyes, and talking half-disconnectedly.

"Never let him come here again — never, never!" she appealed to Lois.

"Whom do you mean?"

"George Sutton!"

A contraction passed over her face; she began rubbing again with renewed fury.

"Don't do that, Dosia! You'll take the skin off. Stop it!"

Lois, alarmed, put her arm around the girl, trying to push the towel away from her. "Dosia, sit down by me here on the bed — how you're trembling! What on earth is the matter? Dosia, you must not; you'll take the skin off your face."

"I want to take it off," whispered Dosia intensely. "I hate him, I hate him! I never want to see him again. I can't see him again. I threw the ring out in the hall somewhere; you'll have to find it. I couldn't have it in the room with me! Lois, you must tell him I can't see him again; promise me that I'll never see him again — promise, *promise!*" She clung to Lois as if her life depended on that protection.

"Yes, yes, dear, I promise," said Lois with a sudden warmth of sympathy such as she had never before felt for the girl. This situation, this feeling, she could comprehend — it might have been her own in similar case. She had known girls before who had been engaged for but a day or a week, and then revolted — it was not so new a circumstance as the world fancies.

She drew the towel now from Dosia's relaxed fingers, and held her closer as she said:

"There, be quiet, Dosia, and don't make yourself ill. I don't see what that poor man is going to do — of course he'll feel dreadfully; but you can't help that now — it's a great deal better than finding out the mistake later. I'll tell him not to come again; I promise you. Of course, I'll have to speak to Justin — I don't know what he will say!" Lois broke into a rueful smile. "Dosia, Dosia! What scrape will you get into next?"

"Isn't it dreadful!" gasped poor Dosia. She sat up straight and looked at Lois with tragic eyes.

"Now two men have kissed me. I can never get over that in this world. I can never be nice again — no one can ever think I'm nice again! No one can ever — *love* me in this world!" She buried her hot face in Lois' bosom, sobbing tearlessly against that new shelter, in spite of the other's incoherent words of comfort, so unalterably, so inherently a woman made to be loved that the loss of the dream of it was like the loss of existence. After a moment Dosia went on brokenly:

"It seems so strange. Things begin, and you think they are going to turn out to be something you want very much, and then all of a sudden they end — and there is nothing more. Everything is all beginning — and then it ends — there is nothing more. And now I can never be really nice again!"

"Nonsense! You'll feel very differently about it all after a while," said Lois sensibly.

"I don't want to go down-stairs again." Dosia began to shake violently. "If he were to come back ——"

"Well, stay up here. Zaidee shall bring you your dinner," said Lois humoringly. "I must go down now; I hear Justin. Only, you'll have to promise me to be quiet, Dosia, and not begin going wild again the moment I'm out of the room."

"No, I'll be good," murmured Dosia submissively. "Oh, Lois, you're so kind to me! I love you so much!"

Her head ached so hard that it was easy to be quiet now. She could not eat the meal which Zaidee, assisted to the door by the maid, brought in to her. It seemed, oddly enough, like a reversion back to that first night of her arrival — oh, so long ago! — after tempest and

disaster. Yet then the white, enhancing light of the future had shone down through everything, and now there was no future, only a murky past, and she a poor girl who had dropped so far out of the way of happiness that she could never get back to it, never be nice again. That hand that had once held hers so firmly, so steadily, that she could sleep secure with just the comfort of its remembered touch, the thought of it had become only pain, like everything else. Oh, back of all this shaming hurt with Lawson and George Sutton was another shame, that went deeper and deeper still. Since that visit of Bailey Girard's, she had known that he had thought of her as she had thought of him, with a knowledge that could not be controverted. It is astonishing that we, who feel ourselves to be so dependent on speech as a means of communication, have our intensest, our most revealing moments without it. He had thought of her as she had of him, and, with the thought of her in his heart, had been content easily that it should be no more.

Oh, if this stranger had been indeed the hero of her dreams,— lover, protector, dearest friend,— to have sought her mightily with the privilege and the prerogative of a man, so that she might have had no experience to live through but that white experience with him!

"Dosia! Open the door quickly."

It was the voice of Lois once more, with a strange note in it. She stood, hurried and breathless, under the gas she turned on as she held out a telegram — for the second time the transmitter of bad news from the South. The message read: "Your father is ill. Come at once."

XVIII

There are times and seasons which seem to be full of happenings, followed by long stretches that have only the character of transition from the former stage to something that is to come. Weeks and months fly by us; we do not realize that they are here before they are gone, there is so little to mark any day from its fellow. Yet we lay too much stress on the power of separate and peculiar events to shape the current of our lives, and do not take into account that drama which never ceases to be acted, which knows no pause nor interim, and which takes place within ourselves.

It was April once more before Dosia Linden came North again, after extending months, in no day of which had her stay seemed anything but temporary — a condition to be ended next week or the week after at farthest. Her father's illness turned out to be a lingering one, taking every last ounce of strength from his wife and his daughter; and after his death the little stepmother had collapsed for a while, with only Dosia to take the helm. Dosia had worked early and late, nursing, looking after the children, cooking, sewing, and later on, when sickness and death had taken nearly all the means of livelihood, trying to earn money for the immediate needs by teaching the scales to some of the temporary tribe at the hotel — an existence in which self was submerged in loving care for those who clung to her; and to cling to Dosia was always to receive from her. Sleep was the goal of the day, and too much of a luxury to have any of its precious moments wasted in wakeful dreaming; besides, there was nothing to dream about any more. As she crept into her low bed, she turned away from the moonlight, because there are times, when one is young, when moonlight is very hard to bear.

The little family, bewildered and exhausted, had come to the end of its resources, when Mrs. Linden's brother in San Francisco offered her and her children a home with him — an offer which, naturally, did not include Dosia. She was very glad for them, but, after all, though she had worked so hard for them, they were not to belong to her for her very own. The aunt whose generosity had given her the money for her musical education had also died, leaving a small sum in trust for the girl. It was that which furnished her with means when she went once more to stay at the Alexanders'. Justin himself had written to see if she could come.

There was another baby now, a couple of months old, and Lois needed her. No fairy-story maiden this, going out to seek her fortune, who took an uneventful train journey this time — only a very tired girl, worn with work and worn with the sorrow of parting, yet thankful to lean her head against the back of the car-seat and feel the burden of anxiety and care slip from her for a little while.

Hard work alone is not ennobling, but drudgery for those whom we love may have its uplifting trend. Dosia was pale and thin; the blue veins on her temples showed more plainly. Her face was no longer the typical white page, unwritten upon; that first freshness of youth and inexperience had gone. Dosia had lived. Young as she was, she had tasted of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil; she had known suffering; she had faced shame and disappointment and — truth; yes, through everything she had faced that — taken herself to account, probed, condemned, renounced. What she had lost in youthfulness she had gained in

"MRS. LEVERICH BOWED INCIDENTALLY"

character. She had an innocent nobility of expression that came from a light within, as of one ready to answer unwaveringly wherever she might be called. Yet something in her soft eyes at times trembled into being, indescribably gentle, intolerably sweet — the soul of that Dosia who was made to be loved.

If she had changed since that first journeying a year and a half ago, so had the conditions changed in the household to which she went. Justin had had the not unusual experience of the business man who has achieved what he has set out to achieve without the expected result; in the silting-pan which holds success some of the gold mysteriously drops through. The Typometer Company was doing a very large business, quadrupled since the day of its inception. The building was hardly big enough now to hold the offices and manufacturing plant; the force had been greatly increased, and an additional floor for storage had been hired next door. The typometer had absorbed the output of two small rival companies, one out West and one in a neighboring town — both glad, in view of a losing game, to make terms with the successful arbiter. Where one person used a typometer three years ago, it was in request by fifty people now, for many things — for many more, indeed, than had been thought of at first; every week plans in special adjustments were made to fit the machine for different purposes. It was undoubtedly not only a success in itself, but was destined to fit into more and more of the needs of the working world as a standard product.

Orders came in from all parts of the globe. Justin, as he hurried over to his office or held important consultations with the men who wanted to see him, was awarded the respect given to the head of a large and successful concern. He was marked as a rising man. Yet, in spite of all this real accomplishment of the Typometer Company, the net profits had always fallen short of the mark set for them; the company was in constant and growing need of money.

Prices of everything to do with manufacturing had increased — prices of copper and steel, of machinery, of wages, in addition to the larger number of hands employed, and the rent of the additional floor. It was always necessary for one's peace of mind to go back to the value of the material stock and the assets to be counted on in the future. The steady branching out of the business in every direction was proof of the fact that if it did not it must retrench; and to retrench meant fewer orders, fewer opportunities — financial suicide.

It was the powerful shibboleth of the world of trade that one must be seen to be doing business; only so could the doors of credit be opened. If Cater came in with him now, as seemed at last to be expected, the doors must open farther. No matter how one tries to see all around the consequences of any change, any undertaking, there always arise minor consequences which from their very nature

must be unforeseen, and yet which may turn out to be the really powerful factors in the main issue; unimportant genii that, let out of their bottle, swell immeasurably. The consequences of the fire, small as it was, seemed never-ending. The defective bars had proved a disastrous supply for the machine, in more ways than one.

Left by the Leverich-Martin combination to work his own retrieval, he had borrowed the ten thousand from Lewiston, and had used part of the money to pay the interest to the others; and later, in the flush of reinstatement, he had borrowed another ten thousand from Leverich, a loan to be called by him at any time. Lewiston's loan had seemed easy of repayment at six months. Justin knew when the money was coming in, but he had been obliged, after all, to anticipate, and get his bills discounted before they came due for other purposes, often paying huge tribute for the service. Lewiston had renewed the note for sixty days, and then for sixty more, but with the proviso that this was the last extension.

In short, the whole process of competently keeping afloat had been gone through, with a definite aim of accomplishment. Cater's co-operation, about which he had been so slow, would infuse new blood into the business. It was maddening at times to have so many good uses for money, and to be unable to command it at the crucial moment. He had approached Eugene Larue on that past Sunday afternoon, only to find him cautiously negative where once he had seemed friendlily suggesting

Such a process, to be successful, depends on the power of the man behind it, which must not only comprehend and direct the larger issues, but must be able to carry along smoothly all the easily entangling threads of detail; he must not only have a capable brain, but he must have the untiring nervous energy that can "hold out" through any crisis. Such men may go to pieces after incredible effort, but they are on the way to success first. Danger only quickens the sure leap to safety.

Justin, preëminently clear-headed, had been conscious lately of two phases — one an almost preternatural illumination of intellect, and the other a sort of brain-inertia, more soul- and body-fatiguing than any pain. There were

"WITH EYES FOR NOBODY ELSE"

"FLOWERS AND CHILDREN - CHILDREN AND FLOWERS!"

seasons when he was obliged to think when he could instead of when he would. He looked grave, alert, competent, but underneath this demeanor there went an unceasing effort of computation and reckoning to which the computation and reckoning on the first night of his agreement with Leverich was as a child's play with toy bricks is to the building of an edifice of stone.

The large business responsibilities now in

"'THE LITTLE SPIDER WON'T HURT YOU'"

curred clashed grotesquely with the daily need of money at home for petty uses, a condition of affairs which often happens at the birth of a child, when the household is at loose ends, and the expenses are necessarily greater in every direction, at the time when it seems most imperative to limit them. He seemed never to have enough "change" in his pockets, no matter how much he brought home.

In some men the business faculties become more and more self-sufficing when there is no other passion to divide them — the nature grows all one way; and there are others who seem independent, yet who are always as dependent as children on the unnoticed, sustaining help of affectionate love that makes the home a refuge from the provoking of all men; that unreasonably, and at all times, hotly champions the cause of the beloved against the world. No help-giving virtue had gone out from this household in the last year; it had all been a dead lift.

Justin had never spoken of his affairs to Lois since that Sunday when she had said that she hated them. When she had asked for money, she had always added the proviso, "if he could afford it," and accepted the fact either way without comment. He was, as time went on, more and more affectionately solicitous for her welfare, even if he was, as she keenly felt, less personally loving.

If she went to bed early in the evening, he took that opportunity to go out; and if she stayed up, he remained at home and went to sleep on the lounge, and the little touch that binds divergence with the inner thread of sympathy was lacking.

Yet, strange as it might seem, while she consciously suffered far the most, his loss was mysteriously the greater; the fire of love of which she was by right high priestess still burned secretly for her tending as she covered over the embers on the hearthstone, though he was cold and chill for lack of that vital warmth.

There were moments when she felt that she could die gladly for him, but always for that glory of self-triumphing in the end. Then that which seemed as if it could never change began to change.

Before the child was born, and now since that, there was a difference. Men and women who

suffer most from imaginary wrongs may become sane and heroic in times of real danger. Lois, noble, sweet, and brave, thoughtful for Zaidee and Redge and Justin even while she trembled, excited reverence and a deep and anxious tenderness in her husband.

Then, afterward, he was proud of his second son. When Justin came in at the end of each day and sat down by her bedside, holding her blue-veined hand while she smiled peacefully at him, there was a sweet, sufficing pleasure about those few minutes, singularly soothing, though the interim had no relation to actual living, except in the fact that one anxiety had been lifted. While the expectant birth of the child had been to her, as it is to almost every woman, a separate and distinct calamitous illness to which she looked forward as one might look forward to being taken with typhoid or diphtheria, he considered it as a manifestation of nature, not in itself dangerous, and her fear that of a child, to be soothed by reason.

Still, he had had his moments of a reluctant, twinging fear. One cause for disquieting thought was removed. Now the helplessness of this little family, for whom he was the provider, tugged at a swelling heart.

"'NEVER LET HIM COME HERE AGAIN—NEVER, NEVER!'"

As he walked toward his office to-day somewhat later than was his wont, he diverged from his usual custom: instead of entering his own doorway, he went across the street to Cater's after a moment's hesitation. Now that Cater's coöperation was at the consummating point, it was wiser not to run the risk of its sagging back. Leverich and Martin were keenly for its success. Justin's credit would rise immeasurably with it. The Typometer Company had absorbed the minor machines with so little trouble that the unabsorbability of the timoscript had seemed an unnecessary stumbling-block. Time and time again Justin had sought Cater with tabulated figures and unanswerable arguments. The combination, he firmly believed, would be highly beneficial for both. The field was, in its way, too narrow to be divided with the highest profit; together they could command the trade.

Cater was opposed to all combinations as trusts,— a word against which he was principled,— with obstinate refusal to differentiate as to kind, quality, or intent. Like many men who are given to a far-seeing

philosophy in words, he was narrow-mindedly cautious when it came to action, apt to be suspicious in the wrong place, and requiring to be continually reassured about conditions which seemed the very a-b-c of commerce. The rivalry between the two firms had been apparently good-natured, yet a little of the sharp edge of competition had shown signs of cutting through the bond.

The typometer had put its prices down, and the timoscript had cut under; then the typometer had gone as low as was wise, and the timoscript had begun to weaken in its defenses.

Cater was already at work at a big desk as Justin entered, but rose to shake hands. There was a look of melancholy in his eyes, in spite of his smile of greeting.

"Anything wrong with you?" asked Justin, instinctively noticing the look rather than the smile.

"No," said Cater. He hooked his legs under his chair, and leaned back, the light from the high unshaded window striking full on his lean yellow countenance. "No, there's nothing wrong. Got some things off my mind, things that have been bothering me for a long time, and I reckon I don't feel quite easy without 'em."

"I think you're very lucky," said Justin. The light from the high window fell on his face, too — on his brown hair, turning a little gray at the temples, on the set lines of his face, in which his eyes, keen and blue, looked intently at his friend. He was well dressed; the foot that was crossed over his knee was excellently shod.

Cater shifted a little in his seat. "Well, I don't know. My experience is some different from the usual run, I reckon. I never had any big streak of luck that it didn't get back at me afterwards. There was my marriage — I know it ain't the thing to talk about your marriage, but you do sometimes. My wife's a fine woman,— yes, sir, I was mighty lucky to get her,— but I didn't know how to live up to her family. It's been that-a-way all my life. Sure's I get to ringin' the bells, the floorin' caves in under me."

"We'll see that the flooring holds, now that you're coming in with us," said Justin good-naturedly. "I've got some propositions to put up to you to-day."

Cater shook his head. "There's no use of your putting up any propositions. I've been drawin' on my well of thought so hard lately that I reckon you could hear the pumps workin' plumb across the street. I've been cipherin' down to the fact that I can't go it alone, any more'n you, — there we agree; hold on, now! — but I can't combine."

"You can't!" cried Justin, with unusual violence. "Why not?"

"Well, you know my feelin's about trusts, and — I like you, Mr. Alexander, you know that, mighty well, but I balk at your backin'. I don't believe in it. It'll fail when you count on it most. It'll cramp on you merciless if you come short of its expectations. Leverich isn't so bad, but Martin cramps a hold of him, and I can't stand Martin havin' a finger in any concern *I* have a hold of."

"He's clever enough to make what he touches pay," said Justin.

Cater's eyebrows contracted. "You say he's clever; because he's tricky — because he's sharp. He isn't clever enough to make money honestly; he isn't big enough. You and me, we're honest, or try to be; but we haven't the brain to give every man his just due, and get ahead, too. It's the greatest game there is, but you got to be a genius to play it. You and me, we can't do it; we ain't got the brain and we ain't got the nerve. *I* haven't. You've just everlastingly got to do the best for yourself if you've got a family; the best *as* you see it."

"What's all this leading up to? What change have you been making, Cater?" asked Justin, with stern abruptness.

"I've given the agency of t[illegible]hine to Hardanger."

"Hardanger!" Justin's face [illegible] momentarily, then became set and expressionless. To stand out on abstract questions of honor, and then tacitly break all faith by going in with Hardanger!

"I shut down on part of my plant when I began figuring on this change," continued Cater. "I've been getting the steel fittin's on contract from Beuschoten again, as I did at first; it'll come cheaper in the end. Gives us a pretty big stock to start off with. I was sorry — I was sorry to have to turn off a dozen men, but what you going to do? I've got to cut down on the manufacturing as close as I can now."

"I suppose so."

"I wanted to tell you the first one," said Cater.

"Well, I congratulate you," said Justin formally, rising.

"This isn't going to make any difference in the friendship between me and you, Mr. Alexander? I've thought a powerful lot of your friendship. If I'd 'a' seen any way to have come in with you, I'd 'a' done it. But business ain't going to interfere between two such good friends as we are!"

"Why, no," said Justin, with the conventional answer to an appeal which still pitifully claims for truth that which it has made false. The handshake that followed was one in which all their friendship seemed to dissolve and change its character, hardening into ice.

Hardanger!

Hardanger & Company represented one of the greatest factors in the trade of two hemispheres. To say that a thing was taken up by Hardanger meant its success. They took nothing that was not likely to succeed; they *made* it succeed — for them. Their agents in all parts of the known world had easy access to firms and to opportunities hard to be reached by those of lesser credit. Their reputation was unassailed; they kept scrupulously to the terms agreed upon. The only bar to putting an article into their hands was the fact that their terms — except in the case of certain standard articles which they were obliged to have — embraced nearly all the profits, only the very narrowest margins coming to the original owners. Everything had to be figured down, and still further and further down, by those owners, to make that margin possible. It was cutthroat all the way through — a policy that made for the rottenness of trade.

Justin and Leverich had once made tentative investigations as to Hardanger, with the conclusion that there was far more money outside, even if one must go a little more slowly. It was better to go a little more slowly, for the sake of getting so much more out of it in the end. Hardanger was to be kept as a last resort, if everything else failed. Cater had expressed himself as feeling the same way; that was the understanding between them. But now? Backed by this powerful agency, the timoscript assumed disquieting proportions. In the distance, a time not so very far distant either, Justin could see himself squeezed to the wall, the output of his factory bought up by Hardanger for the price of old iron — forced into it, whether he would or no. Why had he been so short-sighted? Why hadn't he made terms himself sooner? But Cater had been a fool to give in to those terms when, by combining, they could have swung trade between them to their own measure. Then Hardanger might have been obliged to seek *them*, to take their price! — Hardanger, who could afford to laugh at his pretensions now!

He thought of Cater without malice — with, instead, a shrewd, kind philosophy, a sad, clear-visioned impulse of pity mixed with his wonder. So that was the way a man was caught stumbling between the meshes, blinded, dulled, unconsciously maimed of honor, while still feeling himself erect and honest-eyed! There had been no written agreement between them that either should consult the other before seeking Hardanger; but some promises should be all the stronger for not being written.

This thing *couldn't* happen; in some way, he must get his foot inside the door, so that it couldn't shut on him. There was that note of Lewiston's, due in thirty days — no, twenty-five now. What about that?

Later in the day, after he had been seeing drayful after drayful of boxes leave the factory opposite, Bul en, the foreman, came into the office with some estimates, pointing out the figures with a small strip of steel tubing held absently in his fingers.

While the clerks were all deferential, and those of foreign birth obsequious, Bullen had an air that was more than sturdily independent — the air and the eye of the skilled mechanic. On his own ground he was master, and Justin, with a smile, deferred to him. But Justin broke into Bullen's calculations abruptly, after a while, to ask:

"What's that you've got there? It looks like one of those bars that nearly smashed us."

"You've got a good eye, sir," said Bullen approvingly. "A year and a half ago you'd not have seen any difference between one bit of steel and another. But there's one thing I didn't see about it myself until Venly — he's a new man we've taken on — pointed it out to me. He came across a case of these to-day we'd thrown out in the waste-heap. We thought our machine had jarred them out of shape, because they were a fraction off size; well, so they were. But Venly he spotted them in a minute, when he was out there, and he asked me if they weren't from the Beuschoten factory — he was turned off from there last week; they're cutting down the force; they always do, come spring. He said they looked like part of a bum lot that had flaws in them. He got the magnifying-glass and showed me, and, sure enough, 'twas right he was! He says they've got piles of them they've been workin' off on the trade at a cut price. Venly he said he didn't have any stomach for a skin game like that."

"That's a pretty ruinous way to do business, isn't it?" asked Justin.

"Oh, they're going to sell out in July, so they don't care. I pity any one that's counting on any sort of machine that's got these in 'em. Would you take the glass and look for yourself, sir? Every one of 'em is flawed!"

TO BE CONTINUED

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ELLEN TERRY AS BEATRICE, OPHELIA, AND HENRIETTA MARIA, THREE PARTS WHICH SHE PLAYED ON HER FIRST AMERICAN TOUR

The Unknown Dangers of America

I set out in 1883 from Liverpool on board the "Britannic" with the fixed conviction that I should never, never return. For six weeks before we started the word America had only to be breathed to me, and I burst into floods of tears! I was leaving my children, my bullfinch, my parrot, my "aunt" Boo, whom I never expected to see again alive, just because she said I never would, and I was going to face the unknown dangers of the Atlantic and of a strange, barbarous land. Our farewell performances in London had cheered me up a little — though I wept copiously at every one — by showing us that we should be missed. Henry Irving's position seemed to be confirmed and ratified by all that took place before his departure. The dinners he had to eat, the speeches he had to make and to listen to, were really terrific! One speech at the Rabelais Club had, it was said, the longest peroration on record. It was this kind of thing: "Where is our friend Irving going? He is not going like Nares to face the perils of the far North. He is not going like A—— to face something else. He is not going to China," etc. — and so on. After about the hundredth "he is not going," Lord Houghton, who was one of the guests, grew very impatient and interrupted the orator with: "Of course he isn't! He's going to New York by the Cunard Line. It'll take him about a week!"

New York Before the "Sky-scrapers"

My first voyage was a voyage of enchantment to me. The ship was laden with pig-iron, but she rolled and rolled and rolled. She could never roll too much for me. I have always been a splendid sailor, and I feel jolly at sea. The sudden leap from home into the wilderness of waves does not give me any sensation of melancholy.

What I thought I was going to see when I arrived in America, I hardly remember. I had a vague idea that all American women wore red flannel shirts and bowie knives and that I might be sandbagged in the street! From somewhere or other I had derived an impression that New York was an ugly, noisy place.

Ugly! When I first saw that marvellous harbour I nearly cried — it was so beautiful. Whenever I come now to the unequalled approach to New York I wonder what Americans must think of the approach from the sea to London. How different are the mean, flat, marshy banks of the Thames, and the wooden toy lighthouse at Dungeness, to the vast, spreading harbour, with its busy multitude of steam boats and ferry boats, its wharf upon wharf, and its tall statue of Liberty dominating all the racket and bustle of the sea traffic of the world!

That was one of the few times in America when I did not miss the poetry of the past. The poetry of the present, gigantic, colossal, and enormous, made me forget it. The "sky-scrapers," so splendid in the landscape now, did not exist in 1883; but I find it difficult to divide my early impressions from my later ones. There was Brooklyn Bridge, though, hung up high in the air like a vast spider's web. Between 1883 and 1893 I noticed a great change in New York and other cities. In ten years they seemed to have grown with the energy of tropical plants. But between 1893 and 1907 I saw no evidence of such feverish increase. It is possible that the Americans are arriving at a stage when they can no longer beat the record! There is a vast difference between one of the old New York brownstone houses and one of the fourteen-storied buildings near the river, but between this and the Times Square Building or the still more amazing Flatiron Building, which is said to oscillate at the top — it is so far from the ground — there is very little difference. I hear that they are now beginning to build downwards into the earth, but this will not change the appearance of New York for a long time.

I had not to endure the wooden shed in which

From the collection of Miss Evelyn Smalley

HENRY IRVING AS MATHIAS IN "THE BELLS"

THE PART IN WHICH IRVING MADE HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN AMERICA

THE COLUMBIAN EXHIBITION IN COMMEMORATION OF THE FOVRHVNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE LANDING OF COLVMBVS
WILLIAMS BRADFORD

Lent by The Century Co.

THE REJECTED DESIGN FOR A COLUMBIAN MEDAL MADE BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

most people landing in America have to struggle with the custom-house officials -- a struggle as brutal as a "round in the ring" as Paul Bourget describes it. We were taken off the "Britannic" in a tug, and Mr. Abbey, Lawrence Barrett, and many other friends met us -- including the much-dreaded reporters.

When we landed, I drove to the Hotel Dam, Henry to the Brevoort House. There was no Diana on the top of the Madison Square Building then — the building did not exist, to cheer the heart of a new arrival as the first evidence of *beauty* in the city. There were horse trams instead of cable cars; but a quarter of a century has not altered the peculiarly dilapidated carriages in which one drives from the dock, the muddy sidewalks, and the cavernous holes in the cobble-paved streets. Had the elevated railway, the first sign of *power* that one notices after leaving the boat, begun to thunder through the streets? I cannot remember New York without it.

I missed then, as I miss now, the numberless ***hansoms*** of London plying in the streets for hire. People in New York get about in the cars, unless they have their own carriages. The hired carriage has no reason for existing, and when it does, it celebrates its unique position by charging two dollars for a journey which in London would not cost fifty cents!

Lent by The Century Co.

THE BAS-RELIEF PORTRAIT OF BASTIEN-LEPAGE MODELED BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS. SAINT-GAUDENS GAVE A CAST OF THIS PORTRAIT TO MISS TERRY

Irving Brings Shakespeare to America

There were very few theatres in New York when we first went there. All that part of the city which is now "up town" did not exist, and what was then "up" is now more than "down" town. The American stage has changed almost as much. Even then there was a liking for local plays which showed the peculiarities of the different States, but they were more violent and crude than now. The original American genius and the true dramatic pleasure of the people is, I believe, in such plays, where very complete observation of certain phases of American life and very real pictures of manners are combined with comedy almost childlike in its

THE BAS-RELIEF PORTRAIT OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON MODELED BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS FOR THE ST. GILES CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH. SAINT-GAUDENS GAVE A CAST OF THIS PORTRAIT TO MISS TERRY'S DAUGHTER, EDITH CRAIG

HENRY IRVING AS HAMLET

FROM THE STATUE BY E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A., IN THE GUILDHALL OF THE CITY OF LONDON

naïveté. The sovereignty of the young girl which is such a marked feature in social life is reflected in American plays. This is by the way. What I want to make clear is that in 1883 there was no living American drama as there is now, that such productions of romantic plays and Shakespeare as Henry Irving brought over from England, were unknown, and that the extraordinary success of our first tours would be impossible now. We were the first, and we were pioneers and we were *new*. To be new is everything in America. Such palaces as the Hudson Theatre, New York, were not dreamed of when we were at the Star, which was, however, quite equal to any theatre in London, in front of the footlights. The

ELLEN TERRY AS IMOGEN

DRAWN BY ALMA-TADEMA FOR MISS TERRY'S JUBILEE IN 1906

ELLEN TERRY AS PORTIA

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOHN MILLAIS, R.A.

stage itself, the lighting appliances, and the dressing-rooms were inferior.

Our First Appearance Before an American Audience

Henry made his first appearance in America in "The Bells." He was not at his best on the first night, but he could be pretty good even when he was not at his best. I watched him from a box. Nervousness made the company very slow. The audience was a splendid one — discriminating and appreciative. We felt that the Americans *wanted* to like us. We felt in a few days so extraordinarily at home. The first sensation of entering a foreign city was quickly wiped out.

On the second night in New York it was my turn. "Command yourself — this is the time to show you can act!" I said to myself as I went on the stage of the Star Theatre, dressed as Henrietta Maria. But I could not command myself. I played badly and cried too much in the last act. But the people liked me, and they liked the play, perhaps because it was historical, and of history the Americans are passionately fond. The audience took many points which had been ignored in London. I had always thought Henry as Charles I. most moving when he made that involuntary effort to kneel to his subject, Moray, but the Lyceum audiences never seemed to notice it. In New York the audience burst out into the most sympathetic, spontaneous applause that I have ever heard in a theatre.

WILLIAM WINTER

ONE OF THE FIRST CRITICS TO WELCOME IRVING TO THIS COUNTRY

American Clothes

My impression of the way the American women dressed in 1883 was not favourable.

Some of them wore Indian shawls and diamond ear-rings. They dressed too grandly in the street and too dowdily in the theatre. All this has changed. The stores in New York are now the most beautiful in the world, and the women are dressed to perfection. They are as clever at the *demi-toilette* as the Parisian, and the extreme neatness and smartness of their walking gowns is very refreshing after the floppy, blowsy, trailing dresses, accompanied by the inevitable feather boa, of which English girls, who used to be so tidy and "tailor-made," now seem so fond. The universal white "waist" is so pretty and trim on the American girl. It is one of the distinguishing marks of a land of the free, a land where "class" hardly exists. The girl in the store wears the white waist; so does the rich girl on Fifth Avenue. It costs anything from seventy-five cents to fifty dollars!

London, when I come back from America, always seems at first like an ill-lighted village, strangely tame, peaceful, and backward. Above all, I miss the sunlight of America, and the clear blue skies of an evening.

"Are you glad to get back?" said an English friend.

"Very."

"It's a land of vulgarity, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, if you mean by that a wonderful land — a land of sunshine and light, of happiness, of faith in the future!" I answered. I saw no misery or poverty there. Everyone looked happy. What hurts me on coming back to England is the *hopeless* look on so many faces; the dejection and apathy of the people standing about in the streets. Of course there is poverty in New York, but not among the Americans. The Italians, the Russians, the Poles—all the host of immigrants washed in daily across the harbour — these are poor, but you don't see them unless you go Bowery ways and even then you can't help feeling that in their sufferings there is always hope. Vulgarity? I saw little of it. I thought that the people who had amassed large fortunes used their wealth beautifully. When a man is rich enough to build himself a big, new house, he remembers some old house which he once admired, and he has it imitated with all the technical skill and care that can be had in America. This accounts for the odd jumble of styles in Fifth Avenue, along the lake-side in Chicago, in the new avenues in St. Louis and elsewhere. One millionaire's house is modelled on a French château, another on an old Colonial house in Virginia, another on a monastery in Mexico, another is like an Italian *palazzo*. And their imitations are never weak or pretentious. The architects in America seem to me to be far more able than ours, or else they have a freer hand and more money.

The Work of Augustus Saint-Gaudens

It is sad to remember that Mr. Stanford White was one of the best of these splendid architects. It was Stanford White with Saint-Gaudens, that great sculptor, whose work dignifies nearly all the great cities in America, who had most to do with the Exhibition buildings of the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. It was odd to see that fair dream city rising out of the lake, so far more beautiful in its fleeting loveliness than the Chicago of the stock-yards and the pit which had provided the money for its beauty. The millionaires did not interfere with the artists at all. They gave their thousands — and stood aside. The result was one of the loveliest things conceivable. Saint-Gaudens and the rest did their work as well as though the buildings were to endure for centuries instead of being burned in a year to save the trouble of pulling down! The World's Fair recalled to me the story of how Michelangelo carved a figure in snow which, says the chronicler Vasari who saw it, "was superb."

Saint-Gaudens gave me a cast of his medallion of Bastien-Lepage, and wrote to a friend of mine: "Bastien had '*le coeur au mêtier.*' So has Miss Terry, and I will place that saying in the frame that is to replace the present unsatisfactory one." He was very fastidious about this frame and took such a lot of trouble to get it right.

It must have been very irritating to Saint-Gaudens when he fell a victim to that extraordinary official Puritanism which sometimes exercises a petty censorship over works of art in America. The medal that he made for the World's Fair was rejected at Washington because it had on it a beautiful little nude figure of a boy — holding an olive branch — emblematical of young America. I think a commonplace wreath and some lettering were substituted.

Saint-Gaudens did the fine bas-relief of Robert Louis Stevenson which was chosen for the monument in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh. He gave my daughter a medallion cast from this, because he knew that she was a great lover of Stevenson. The bas-relief was dedicated to his friend, Joe Evans. I knew Saint-Gaudens first through Joe Evans, an artist who, while he lived, was to me and to my daughter the dearest of all in America. His character was so fine and noble — his nature so perfect. Many were the birthday cards he did for me, original in design, beautiful in execution.

Whatever he did, he put the best of himself into it. I wrote this in my diary, the year he died:

"I heard on Saturday that our dear Joe Evans is dangerously ill. Yesterday came the worst news. Joe was not happy, but he was just heroic, and this world wasn't half good enough for him. I wonder if he has gone to a better. I keep on getting letters about him. He seems to have been so glad to die. It was like a child's funeral, I am told, and all his American friends seem to have been there — Saint-Gaudens, Taber, etc. A poem about the dear fellow by Mr. Gilder has one very good line in which he says the grave 'might snatch a brightness from his presence there.' I thought that was very happy, the love of light and gladness being the most remarkable thing about him, the dear sad Joe."

Robert Taber

Robert Taber, dear, and rather sad too, was a great friend of Joe's. They both came to me first in the shape of a little book in which was inscribed: "Never anything can be amiss when simpleness and duty tender it." "Upon this hint I spake," the book began. It was all the work of a few boys and girls who from the gallery of the Star Theatre, New York, had watched Irving's productions and learned to love him and me. Joe Evans had done a lovely picture by way of frontispiece of a group of eager heads hanging over the gallery's edge, his own and Taber's among them. Eventually Taber came to England and acted with Henry Irving in "Peter the Great" and other plays.

Like his friend Joe, he too was heroic. His health was bad and his life none too happy — but he struggled on. His career was cut short by consumption and he died in the Adirondacks in 1904.

I cannot speak of all my friends in America, or anywhere, for the matter of that, *individually*. My personal friends are so many, and they are *all* wonderful — wonderfully staunch to me! I have "tried" them so, and they have never given me up as a bad job.

Dramatic Criticism in America

William Winter, poet, critic, and exquisite man, was one of the first to write of Henry with whole-hearted appreciation. But all the criticism in America, favourable and unfavourable, surprised us by the scholarly knowledge it displayed. In Chicago the notices were worthy of the *Temps* or the *Journal des Débats*. There was no attempt to force the personality of the writer into the foreground nor to write a style that would attract attention to the critic and leave the thing criticised to take care of itself. William Winter and, of late years, Alan Dale have had their personalities associated with their criticisms, but they are exceptions. Curiously enough, the art of acting appears to bore most dramatic critics, the very people who might be expected to be interested in it. The American critics, however, at the time of our early visits, were keenly interested, and showed it by their observation of many points which our English critics had passed over. For instance, writing of "Much Ado about Nothing," one of the Americans said of Henry in the Church Scene that "something of him as a subtle interpreter of doubtful situations was exquisitely shown in the early part of this fine scene by his suspicion of Don John — felt by him alone, and expressed only by a quick covert look, but a look so full of intelligence as to proclaim him a sharer in the secret with his audience."

"Wherein does the superiority lie?" wrote another critic in comparing our productions with those which had been seen in America up to 1884. "Not in the amount of money expended, but in the amount of brains; in the artistic intelligence and careful and earnest pains with which every detail is studied and worked out. Nor is there any reason why Mr. Irving or any other foreigner should have a monopoly of either intelligence or pains. They are common property and one man's money can buy them as well as another's. The defect in the American manager's policy heretofore has been that he has squandered his money upon high salaries for a few of his actors; and in costly, because unintelligent, expenditure for mere dazzle and show."

William Winter and His Children

William Winter soon became a great personal friend of ours, and visited us in England. He was one of the few *sad* people I met in America. He could have sat upon the ground and "told sad stories of the deaths of kings" with the best. In England he loved going to see graveyards, and knew where every poet was buried. He was very familiar with the poetry of the *immediate* past — Cowper, Coleridge, Gray, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and the rest. He *liked* us, so everything we did was right to him. He could not help being guided entirely by his feelings. If he disliked a thing, he had no use for it. Some men can say, "I hate this play, but of its kind it is admirable." Willie Winter could never take that unemotional point of view.

His children came to stay with me in London. When we were all coming home from the theatre

one night after Faust (the year must have been 1886), I said to little Willie:

"Well, what do you think of the play?"

"Oh my!" said he, "it takes the cake."

"Takes the *cake*," said his little sister scornfully. "It takes the ice-cream!"

"Won't you give me a kiss?" said Henry to the same little girl one night.

"No, I *won't*, with all that blue stuff on your face." (He was made up for Mephistopheles.) Then, after a pause, "But why — why don't you *take* it!" She was only five years old at the time!

Discovering the Southern Darkey

For quite a while during the first tour I stayed in Washington with my friend, Miss Olive Seward, and all the servants of that delightful household were coloured. This was my first introduction to the negroes, whose presence in the country makes America seem more foreign than anything to European eyes. They are more sharply divided into high and low types than white people, and are not in the least alike in their types. It is safe to call any coloured man "George." They all love it, perhaps because of George Washington; and most of them are really named George. I never met with such perfect service as they can give. *Some* of them are delightful. The beautiful, full voice of the "darkey" is so attractive — so soothing, and they are so deft and gentle. Some of the women are beautiful, and all the young appeared to me to be well-formed. As for the babies! I washed two or three little piccaninnies when I was in the South, and the way they rolled their gorgeous eyes at me was "too cute," which means, in British-English, "fascinating."

At the Washington house, the servants danced a cake-walk for me — the coloured cook, a magnificent type, who "took the cake," saying, "That was because I chose a good handsome boy to dance with, Missie." They sang, too. Their voices were beautiful — with such illimitable power, yet as sweet as treacle.

The little page boy had a pet of a woolly head — Henry once gave him a tip, a "fee," in American-English, and said: "There, that's for a new wig when this one is worn out," gently pulling the astrakhan-like hair. The tip would have bought him many wigs, I think!

"Why, Uncle Tom, how your face shines tonight!" said my hostess to one of the very old servants.

"Yes, Missie, glycerine and rose-water, Missie!"

He had taken some from her dressing-table to shine up his face in honour of me! A shiny complexion is considered to be a great beauty among the blacks. The dear old man! He was very bent and very old; and looked like one of the logs that he used to bring in for the fire — a log from some hoary, lichened tree whose life was long since past. He would produce pins from his head when you wanted one; he had them stuck in his pad of white woolly hair. "Always handy then, Missie," he would say.

"Ask them to sing 'Sweet Violets,' Uncle Tom."

He was acting as a sort of master of the ceremonies at the entertainment the servants were giving me.

"Don't think they know dat, Miss Olly."

"Why I heard them singing it the other night!" And she hummed the tune.

"Oh, dat was 'Sweet Vio-*letts*,' Miss Olly!"

American Women

Washington was the first city I had seen in America where the people did not hurry, and where the social life did not seem entirely the work of women. The men asserted themselves here as something more than machines in the background, untiringly turning out the dollars while their wives and daughters give luncheons and teas at which only women are present.

Beautifully as the women dress, they talk very little about clothes. I was much struck by their culture — by the evidence that they had read far more and developed a more fastidious taste than most young Englishwomen. Yet it is all mixed up with extraordinary naïveté. Their vivacity, the appearance, at least, of *reality*, the animation, the energy of American women, delighted me. They are very sympathetic, too, in spite of a certain callousness which comes of regarding everything in life, even love, as "lots of fun." I did not think that they, or the men either, had much natural sense of beauty. They admire beauty in a curious way through their intellect. Nearly every American girl has a cast of the winged Victory of the Louvre in her room. She makes it a point of her *education* to admire it.

There! I am beginning to generalize — the very thing I was resolute to avoid. How silly to generalize about a country which embraces such extremes of climate as the sharp winters of Boston and New York, and the warm winds of Florida which blow through palms and orange groves!

THE DECREE MADE ABSOLUTE

BY MARIE BELLOC LOWNDES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR G. DOVE

JAMES TAPSTER was eating his solitary, well-cooked dinner in his comfortable and handsome house, a house situated in one of the half-moon terraces which line and frame the more aristocratic side of Regent's Park, and which may, indeed, be said to have private grounds of their own, for each resident enjoys the use of a key to a portion of the Park entitled locally the "Inclosure."

Very early in his life Mr. Tapster had made up his mind that he would like to live in Cumberland Crescent, and now he was living there; very early in his life he had decided that no one could order a plain yet palatable meal as well as he could himself, and now for some months past Mr. Tapster had given his own orders, each morning, to the cook.

To-night Mr. Tapster had already eaten his fried sole, and was about to cut himself off a generous portion of the grilled undercut before him, when he heard the postman's steps hurrying around the Crescent. He rose with a certain quick deliberateness, and, going out into the hall, opened the front door just in time to avoid the rat-tat-tat. Then, the one letter he had expected duly in his hand, he waited till he had sat down again in front of his still empty plate before he broke the seal and glanced over the type-written sheet of note-paper:

SHORTERS COURT,
THROGMORTON ST.
November 4, 190–.

DEAR JAMES:

In reply to your letter of yesterday's date, I have been to Bedford Row and seen Greenfield, and he thinks it probable that the Decree will be made Absolute to-day; in that case you will have received a wire before this letter reaches you.

Your affect' brother,
WM. A. TAPSTER.

In the same handwriting as the signature were added two holograph lines: "Glad you have the children home again. Maud will be round to see them soon."

Mr. Tapster read over once again the body of the letter, and there came upon him an instinctive feeling of intense relief; then, with a not less instinctive feeling of impatience, his eyes traveled down again to the postscript: "Maud will be round to see them soon." Well, he would see about that! But he did not exclaim, even mentally, as most men feeling as he then felt would have done, "I'll be damned if she will!" knowing the while that Maud certainly would.

His brother's letter, though most satisfactory as regarded its main point, put Mr. Tapster out of conceit with the rest of his dinner; so he rang twice and had the table cleared, frowning at the parlor-maid as she hurried through her duties, and yet not daring to rebuke her for having neglected to answer the bell the first time he rang. After a pause, he rose and turned toward the door — but no, he could not face the large, cheerless drawing-room up-stairs; instead, he sat down by the fire, and set himself to consider his future and, in a more hazy sense, that of his now motherless children.

But very soon, as generally happens to those who devote any time to that least profitable of occupations, Mr. Tapster found that his thoughts drifted aimlessly, not to the future where he would have them be, but to the past — that past which he desired to forget, to obliterate from his memory.

Till rather more than a year ago few men of his age — he had then been sixty, he was now sixty-one — enjoyed a pleasanter and, from his own point of view, a better filled life than James Tapster. How he had scorned the gambler, the spendthrift, the adulterer — in a word, all those whose actions bring about their own inevitable punishment! He had always been self-respecting and conscientious — not a prig, mind you, but inclined rather to the serious than to the flippant side of life; and, so inclining, he had found contentment and great material prosperity.

Not even in those days to which he was now looking back so regretfully had Mr. Tapster always been perfectly content; but now the

poor man, sitting alone by his dining-room fire, remembered only what had been good and pleasant in his former state. He was aware that his brother William and William's wife, Maud, both thought that even now he had much to be thankful for. His line of business was brisk, scarcely touched by foreign competition, his income increasing at a steady rate of progression, and his children were exceptionally healthy. But alas! now that, in place of there being a pretty little Mrs. Tapster on whom to spend easily earned money, his substance was being squandered by a crowd of unmanageable and yet indispensable thieves, — for so Mr. Tapster voicelessly described the five servants whose loud talk and laughter were even now floating up from the basement below,— he did not feel his financial stability so comfortable a thing as he had once done. His very children, who should now be, as he told himself complainingly, his greatest comfort, had degenerated from two sturdy, well-behaved little boys and a charming baby girl into three unruly, fretful imps, setting him at defiance, and terrorizing their two attendants, who, though carefully chosen by their Aunt Maud, did not seem to manage them as well as the old nurse who had been an ally of the ex-Mrs. Tapster.

Looking back at the whole horrible affair — for so, in his own mind, Mr. Tapster justly designated the divorce case in which he had figured as the successful petitioner — he wondered uneasily if he had done quite wisely — wisely, that is, for his own repute and comfort.

He knew very well that had it not been for William, or rather, for Maud, he would never have found out the dreadful truth. Nay, more, he was dimly aware that but for them, and for their insistence on it as the only proper course open to him, he would never have taken action. All would have been forgiven and forgotten, had not William, and more especially Maud, said he must divorce Flossy, if not for his own sake, —ah, what irony! — then for that of his children.

Of course, he felt grateful to his brother William and to his brother's wife for all they had done for him since that sad time. Still, in the depths of his heart, Mr. Tapster felt entitled to blame and sometimes almost to hate his kind brother and sister. To them both, or rather, to Maud, he really owed the break-up of his life; for, when all was said and done, it had to be admitted (though Maud did not like him to remind her of it), that Flossy had met the villain while staying with the William Tapsters at Boulogne. Respectable London people should have known better than to take a furnished house at a disreputable French watering-place, a place full of low English!

Sometimes it was only by a great exercise of self-control that he, James Tapster, could refrain from telling Maud what he thought of her conduct in this matter, the more so that she never seemed to understand how greatly she — and William — had been to blame. On one occasion Maud had even said how surprised she had been that James had cared to go away to America, leaving his pretty young wife alone for as long as three months. Why hadn't she said so at the time, then? Of course, he had thought that he could leave Flossy to be looked after and kept out of mischief by Maud and William. But he had been, in more than one sense, alas! bitterly deceived.

Still, it's never any use crying over spilt milk, so Mr. Tapster got up from his chair and walked around the room, looking absently, as he did so, at the large Landseer engravings, of which he was naturally proud. If only he could forget, put out of his mind forever, the whole affair! Well, perhaps with the Decree being made Absolute would come oblivion.

He sat down again before the fire. Staring at the hot embers, he reminded himself that Flossy, wicked, ungrateful Flossy, had disappeared out of his life. This being so, why think of her? The very children had at last left off asking inconvenient questions about their mama.

By the way, would Flossy still be their mama after the Decree had been made Absolute? So Mr. Tapster now suddenly asked himself. He hesitated, perplexed. But, yes, the Decree being made Absolute would not undo, or even efface, that fact. The more so — though surely here James Tapster showed himself less logical than usual — the more so that Flossy, in spite of what Maud had always said about her, had been a loving and, in her own light-hearted way, a careful mother. But, though Flossy would remain the mother of his children, — odd that the Law hadn't provided for that contingency — she would soon be absolutely nothing, and less than nothing, to him, the father of those children. Mr. Tapster was a great believer in the infallibility of the Law, and he subscribed whole-heartedly to the new reading, "What Law has put asunder, let no man join together."

To-night Mr. Tapster could not help looking back with a certain complacency to his one legal adventure. Nothing could have been better done or more admirably conducted than the way the whole matter had been carried through. His brother William, and William's solicitor,

"HE REMINDED HIMSELF THAT FLOSSY, WICKED, UNGRATEFUL FLOSSY, HAD DISAPPEARED OUT OF HIS LIFE"

Mr. Greenfield, had managed it all so very nicely. True, there had been a few uncomfortable moments in the witness-box, but every one, including the judge, had been most kind. As for his counsel, the leading man who makes a specialty of these sad affairs, not even James Tapster himself could have put his own case in a more delicate and moving fashion. "A gentleman possessed of considerable fortune —" so had he justly been described; and counsel, without undue insistence on irrelevant detail, had drawn a touching and a true picture of Mr. Tapster's one romance, his marriage eight years before to the twenty-year-old daughter of an undischarged bankrupt. Even the Petitioner had scarcely seen Flossy's dreadful ingratitude in its true colors till he had heard his counsel's moderate comments on the case.

This evening Mr. Tapster saw Flossy's dreadful ingratitude terribly clearly, and he wondered, not for the first time, how his wife could have had the heart to break up his happy home. Why, but for him and his offer of marriage, Flossy Ball — that had been his wife's maiden name — would have had to earn her own living! And as she had been very pretty, very "fetching," she would probably have married some good-for-nothing young fellow of her own age, lacking the means to support a wife in decent comfort,— such a fellow, for instance, as the wretched "co" in the case; while with Mr. Tapster — why, she had had everything the heart of woman could wish for — a good home, beautiful clothes, and the being waited on hand and foot. A strange choking feeling came into his throat as he thought of how good he had been to Flossy, and how very bad had been her return for that kindness.

But this — this was dreadful! He was actually thinking of her again, and not, as he had meant to do, of himself and his poor motherless children! Time enough to think of Flossy when he had news of her again. If her lover did not marry her — and, from what Mr. Greenfield had discovered about him, it was most improbable that he would ever be in a position to do so — she would certainly reappear on the Tapster horizon: Mr. Greenfield said "they" always did. In that case, it was arranged that William should pay her a weekly allowance. Mr. Tapster, always, as he now reminded himself sadly, ready to do the generous thing, had fixed that allowance at three pounds a week, a sum which had astonished, in fact quite staggered, Mr. Greenfield's head clerk, a very decent fellow, by the way.

"Of course, it shall be as you wish, Mr. Tapster, but you should think of the future and of your children. A hundred and fifty pounds a year is a large sum; you may feel it a tax, sir, as years go on ——"

"That is enough," Mr. Tapster had answered, kindly but firmly; "you have done your duty in laying that side of the case before me. I have, however, decided on the amount named; should I see reason to alter my mind, our arrangement leaves it open to me at any time to lower the allowance."

But, though this conversation had taken place some months ago, and though Mr. Tapster still held true to his generous resolve, as yet Flossy had not reappeared. Mr. Tapster sometimes told himself that if he only knew where she was, what she was doing, — whether she was still with that young fellow, for instance, — he would think much less about her than he did now. Only last night, going for a moment into the night nursery, — poor Mr. Tapster now enjoyed his children's company only when he was quite sure that they were asleep, — he had had an extraordinary, almost a physical impression of Flossy's presence; he certainly had felt a faint whiff of her favorite perfume. Flossy had been fond of scent, and, though Maud always said that the use of scent was most unladylike, he, James, did not dislike it.

With sudden soreness, Mr. Tapster now recalled the one letter Flossy had written to him just before the actual hearing of the divorce suit. It had been a wild, oddly worded appeal to him to take her back, not — as Maud had at once perceived on reading the letter — because she was sorry for the terrible thing she had done, but simply because she was beginning to hanker after her children. Maud had described the letter as shameless and unwomanly in the extreme, and even William, who had never judged his pretty young sister-in-law as severely as his wife had always done, had observed sadly that Flossy seemed quite unaware of the magnitude of her offense against God and man.

Mr. Tapster, who prided himself on his sharp ears, suddenly heard a curious little sound. He knew it for that of the front door being first opened, and then shut again, extremely quietly. He half rose from his chair by the fire, then sat down again heavily.

By Maud's advice, he always locked the area gate himself when he came home each evening. But how foolish of Maud — such a sensible woman, too — to think that servants and their evil ways could be circumvented so easily. Of course, the maids went in and out by the front door in the evening, and the policeman — a most respectable officer standing at point duty a few yards lower down the road — must be well aware of these disgraceful "goings on".

For the first two or three months of his widowerhood (how else could he term his present peculiar wifeless condition?) there had been a constant coming and going of servants, first chosen, and then dismissed, by Maud. At last she suggested that her brother-in-law should engage a lady housekeeper, and the luckless James Tapster had even interviewed several applicants for the post after they had been chosen — sifted out, as it were — by Maud. Unfortunately, they had all been more or less of his own age, and plain, very plain; while he, naturally enough, would have preferred to see something young and pretty about him again.

It was over this housekeeper question that he had at last escaped from Maud's domestic thraldom; for his sister-in-law, offended by his rejection of each of her candidates, had declared that she would take no more trouble about his household affairs! Nay, more, she had reminded him with a smile that she had honestly tried to make pleasant, that there is, after all, no fool like an old fool — about women. This insinuation had made Mr. Tapster very angry, and straightway he had engaged a respectable cook-housekeeper, and, although he had soon become aware that the woman was feathering her own nest, — James Tapster, as you will have divined ere now, was fond of good workaday phrases, — yet she had a pleasant, respectful manner, and kept rough order among the younger servants.

Mr. Tapster's sister-in-law now interfered only where his children were concerned. Never having been herself a mother, she had, of course, been able to form a clear and unprejudiced judgment as to how children, and especially as to how little boys, should be physically and mentally trained. As yet, however, Maud had not been very successful with her two nephews and infant niece, but this was doubtless owing to the fact that there had been something gravely amiss with each of the five nurses who had been successively engaged by her during the last year.

The elder of Mr. Tapster's sons was six, and the second four; the youngest child, a little girl named, unfortunately, Flora, after her mother, was three years old. There had been a fourth, Flossy's second baby, also a girl, who had only lived one day. All this being so, was it not strange that a young matron who had led, for some four years out of the eight years her married life had lasted, so wholly womanly and

"THERE STOOD CLOSE TO HIM, SO CLOSE THAT HE COULD ALMOST HAVE TOUCHED HER, FLOSSY, HIS WIFE"

domestic an existence as had fallen to the lot of Flossy, should have been led astray by the meretricious allurements of unlawful love? — Maud's striking thought and phrase, this.

And yet, Flossy, in spite of her frivolity, had somehow managed the children far better than Maud was now able to do. At the present time, so Mr. Tapster admitted to himself with something very like an inward groan, his two sons possessed every vice of which masculine infancy is capable. They had become, so he was told by their indignant nurses, the terror of the well-behaved children who shared with them the pleasures of the Park Inclosure, where they took their daily exercise; and Baby, once so sweet and good, was now very fretful and peevish.

Again the train of Mr. Tapster's mournful thoughts was disturbed by a curious little sound — that of some one creeping softly down the staircase leading from the upper floors. Once more he half rose from his chair, only to fall heavily back again, with a look of impotent annoyance on his round, whiskered face. Where was the use of his going out into the hall and catching Nurse on her way to the kitchen? Maud had declared, very early in the day, that there should be as little communication as possible between the kitchen and the nursery, but Mr. Tapster sometimes found himself in secret sympathy with the two women whose disagreeable duty it was to be always with his three turbulent children.

Mr. Tapster frowned and stared gloomily into the fire; then he suddenly pulled himself together rather sharply, for the door behind him had slowly swung open. This was intolerable! The parlor-maid had again and again been told that, whatever might have been the case in her former places, no door in Mr. Tapster's house was to be opened without the preliminary of a respectful knock.

Fortified by the memory of what had been a positive order, he turned round, nerving himself to deliver the necessary rebuke. But instead of the shifty-eyed, impudent-looking woman he had thought to see, there stood close to him, so close that he could almost have touched her, Flossy, his wife, or rather the woman who, though no longer his wife, had still, as he had been informed to his discomfiture, the right to bear his name.

A very strange feeling, and one so complicated that it sat uneasily upon him, took instant possession of Mr. Tapster: anger, surprise, and relief warred with one another in his heart.

Then he began to think that his eyes must be playing him some curious trick, for the figure at which he was staring remained strangely still and motionless. Was it possible that his mind, dwelling constantly on Flossy, had evoked her wraith? But, no, looking up in startled silence at the still figure standing before him, he realized that not so would memory have conjured up the pretty, bright little woman of whom he had once been proud. Flossy still looked pretty, but she was thin and pale, and there were dark rings round her eyes; also, her dress was worn, her hat curiously shabby.

As Mr. Tapster stared up at her, noting these things, one of her hands began playing nervously with the fringe of the dining-table cover, and the other sought the back of what had once been one of her dining-room chairs. As he watched her making these slight movements, nature so far reasserted itself that a feeling of poignant regret, of pity for her, as well as, of course, a much larger share of pity for himself, came over James Tapster.

Had Flossy spoken then,— had she possessed the intuitive knowledge of men which is the gift of so many otherwise unintelligent women, — the whole of Mr. Tapster's future, to say nothing of her own, might have been different and, it may be suggested, happier.

But the moment of softening and mansuetude slipped quickly by, and was succeeded by a burst of anger; for Mr. Tapster suddenly became aware that Flossy's left hand, the little thin hand resting on the back of the chair, was holding two keys which he recognized at once as his property. The one was a replica of the latch-key which always hung on his watch-chain, while the other and larger key, to which was attached a brass tag bearing the name of Tapster and the address of the house, gave access to the Inclosure Garden opposite Cumberland Crescent!

Avoiding her eager, pitiful look, Mr. Tapster set himself to realize, with a shrewdness for which William and Maud would never have given him credit, what Flossy's possession of those two keys had meant during the last few months.

This woman, who both was and was not Mrs. Tapster, had retained the power to come freely in and out of *his* house! She had been able to make her way, with or without the connivance of the servants, into *his* children's nursery at any hour of the day or night convenient to herself! With the aid of that Inclosure key, she had no doubt often seen the children during their daily walk! In a word, Flossy had been able to enjoy all the privileges of motherhood while having forfeited all those of happy wifehood!

His mind hastened heavily on. What a fool

he must have looked before his servants! How they must have laughed to think that he was being so deceived and taken in! Why, even the policeman who stood at point duty outside must have known all about it!

Small wonder that Mr. Tapster felt extremely incensed; small wonder that his heart, hardening, solidifying, expelled any feeling of pity provoked by Flossy's sad and downcast appearance.

"I must request you," he said, in a voice which even to himself sounded harsh and needlessly loud, "to give me up those keys which you hold in your hand. You have no right to their possession, and I grieve to think that you took advantage of my great distress of mind not to return them with the things of which I sent you a list by my brother William. I cannot believe" — and now Mr. Tapster lied as only the very truthful can lie on occasion — "I cannot believe, I say, that you have taken advantage of my having overlooked them, and that you have ever before to-night forced yourself into this house! Still less can I believe that you have taught our — *my* — children to deceive their father!"

Even when uttering his first sentence, he had noticed that there had come over Flossy's face — which was thinner, if quite as pretty and youthful-looking, as when he had last seen it — an expression of obstinacy which he had once well known and always dreaded. It had been Flossy's one poor weapon against her husband's superior sense and power of getting his own way, and sometimes it had vanquished him in that fair fight which is always being waged between the average husband and wife.

"You are right," she cried passionately. "I have not taught the children to deceive you! I have never come into this house until I felt sure that they were asleep and alone, though I've often wondered that they never woke up and knew that their own mother was there! But more than once, James, I've felt like going after that society which looks after badly treated children — for the last nurse you had for them was so cruel! If she hadn't left you soon I should have *had* to do something! I used to feel desperate when I saw her shake Baby in her pram; why, one day, in the Inclosure, a lady spoke to her about it, and threatened to tell her — her mistress ——"

Flossy's voice sank to a shamed whisper. The tears were rolling down her cheeks; she was speaking in angry gasps, and what she said actually made James Tapster feel, what he knew full well he had no reason to feel, ashamed of himself. "That is why," she went on, "that is why I have, as you say, forced myself into your house, and why, too, I have now come here to ask you to forgive me — to take me back — just for the sake of the children."

Mr. Tapster's mind was one that traveled surely, if slowly. He saw his chance, and seized it. "And why," he said impressively, "had that woman — the nurse, I mean — no mistress? Tell me that, Flossy. You should have thought of all that before you behaved as you did!"

"I didn't know — I didn't think ——"

Mr. Tapster finished the sentence for her: "You didn't think," he observed impressively, "that I should ever find you out."

Then there came over him a morbid wish to discover — to learn from her own lips — why Flossy had done such a shameful and extraordinary thing as to be unfaithful to her marriage vow.

"Whatever made you behave so?" he asked in a low voice. "I wasn't unkind to you, was I? You had a nice, comfortable home, hadn't you?"

"I was mad," she answered, with a touch of sharp weariness. "I don't suppose I could ever make you understand; and yet,"— she looked at him deprecatingly,— "I suppose, James, that you too were young once, and — and — mad?"

Mr. Tapster stared at Flossy. What extraordinary things she said! Of course he had been young once; for the matter of that, he didn't feel old — not to say *old* — even now. But he had always been perfectly sane — she knew that well enough! As for her calling herself mad, that was a mere figure of speech. Of course, in a sense, she had been mad to do what she had done, and he was glad that she now understood this; but her saying so simply begged the whole question, and left him no wiser than he was before.

There was a long, tense silence between them. Then Mr. Tapster slowly rose from his armchair and faced his wife.

"I see," he said, "that William was right. I mean, I suppose I may take it that that young fellow has gone and left you?"

"Yes," she said, with a curious indifference, "he has gone and left me. His father made him take a job out in Brazil just after the case was through."

"And what have you been doing since then?" asked Mr. Tapster suspiciously. "How have you been living?"

"His father gives me a pound a week." Flossy still spoke with that curious indifference. "I tried to get something to do"— she hesitated, then offered the lame explanation — "just to have something to do, for I've been

awfully lonely and miserable, James; but I don't seem to be able to get anything."

"If you had written to Mr. Greenfield or to William, they would have told you that I had arranged for you to have an allowance," he said, and then again he fell into silence. . . .

Mr. Tapster was seeing a vision of himself, magnanimous, forgiving — taking the peccant Flossy back to his heart and becoming once more, in a material sense, comfortable! If he acceded to her wish, if he made up his mind to forgive her, he would have to begin life all over again, move away from Cumberland Crescent to some distant place where the story was not known — perhaps to Clapham, where he had spent his boyhood.

But how about Maud? How about William? How about the very considerable expense to which he had been put in connection with the divorce proceedings? Was all that money to be wasted? Mr. Tapster suddenly saw the whole of his little world rising up in judgment, smiling pityingly at his folly and weakness. During the whole of a long and of what had been, till this last year, a very prosperous life, Mr. Tapster had always steered his safe course by what may be called the compass of public opinion, and now, when navigating an unknown sea, he could not afford to throw that compass overboard, so ——

"No," he said; "no, Flossy. It would not be right for me to take you back. *It wouldn't do.*".

"Wouldn't it?" she asked piteously. "Oh, James, don't say no like that, all at once! People do forgive each other — sometimes. I don't ask you to be as kind to me as you were before — only to let me come home and see after the children!"

But Mr. Tapster shook his head. The children! Always the children! He noticed, even now, that she didn't say a word of wanting to come back to *him;* and yet, he had been such a kind, nay, if Maud were to be believed, such a foolishly indulgent husband.

And then, Flossy looked so different. Mr. Tapster felt as if a stranger were standing there before him. Her appearance of poverty shocked him. Had she looked well and prosperous, he would have felt injured, and yet her pinched face and shabby clothes certainly repelled him. So again he shook his head, and there came into his face a look which Flossy had always known in old days to spell finality, and when he again spoke she saw that her knowledge had not misled her.

"I don't want to be unkind," he said ponderously. "If you will only go to William, or write to him if you would rather not go to the office,"— Mr. Tapster did not like to think that any one once closely connected with him should "look like that" in his brother's office,— "he will tell you what you had better do. I'm quite ready to make you a handsome allowance — in fact, it is all arranged. You need not have anything more to do with that fellow's father — an army colonel, isn't he? — and his pound a week; but William thinks, and I must say I agree, that you ought to go back to your maiden name, Flossy, as being more fair to me."

"And am I never to see the children again?" she asked.

"No; it wouldn't be right for me to let you do so." He hesitated, then added, "They don't miss you any more now"; with no unkindly intent he concluded, "soon they'll have forgotten you altogether."

And then, just as Mr. Tapster was hesitating, seeking for a suitable and not unkindly sentence of farewell, he saw a very strange, almost a desperate look come over Flossy's face, and, to his surprise, she suddenly turned and left the room, closing the door very carefully behind her.

He stared after her. How very odd of her to say nothing! And what a strange look had come over her face! He could not help feeling hurt that she had not thanked him for what he knew to be a very generous and unusual provision on the part of an injured husband. . . . Mr. Tapster took a silk handkerchief out of his pocket and passed it twice over his face, then once more he sought and sank into the armchair by the fire.

Even now he still felt keenly conscious of Flossy's nearness. What could she be doing? Then he straightened himself and listened; yes, it was as he feared; she had gone up-stairs — up-stairs to look at the children, for now he could hear her coming down again. How obstinate she was, how obstinate and ungrateful! Mr. Tapster wished he had the courage to go out into the hall and face her, in order to tell her how wrong her conduct was. Why, she had actually kept the keys — those keys that were his property!

Suddenly he heard her light footsteps hurrying down the hall; now she was opening the front door — it slammed, and again Mr. Tapster felt pained to think how strangely indifferent Flossie was to his interests. Why, what would the servants think, hearing the front door slam like that?

But still, now that it was over, he was glad the interview had taken place, for henceforth — or so, at least, Mr. Tapster believed — the Flossy of the past, the bright, pretty, prosper-

"HE SAW THAT WHICH RATHER SURPRISED HIM, AND MADE HIM FEEL ACTIVELY INDIGNANT"

ous Flossy of whom he had been so proud, would cease to haunt him. He remembered, with a feeling of relief, that she was going to his brother William; of course, she would then, among greater renunciations, be compelled to return the two keys — for they, that is, his brother and himself, would have her in their power. They would not behave unkindly to her — far from it; in fact, they would arrange for her to live with some quiet, religious lady in a country town a few hours from London.

Then Mr. Tapster began going over each incident of the strange little interview, for he wanted to tell his brother William exactly what had taken place.

His conscience was quite clear, except with regard to one matter, and that, after all, needn't be mentioned to William. He felt rather ashamed of having asked the question which had provoked so strange and wild an answer — so unexpected a retort. Mad? What had Flossy meant by asking him if he had ever been mad? No one had ever used the word in connection with James Tapster before — save once. Oddly enough, that occasion also had been in a way connected with Flossy, for it had happened when he had gone to tell William and Maud of his engagement.

It was on a fine day nine years ago come this May, and he had found William and William's wife walking in their little garden on Havenstock Hill. His kind brother, as always, had been most sympathetic, and had even made a suitable joke — Mr. Tapster remembered it very sadly to-night — concerning the spring and a young man's fancy; but Maud had been really disagreeable. She had said, "It's no use talking to you, James, for you're mad, quite mad!"

Strange that he should remember all this to-night, for, after all, it had nothing to do with the present state of affairs.

Mr. Tapster felt rather shaken and nervous; he pulled out his repeater watch, but, alas! it was still very early — only ten minutes to nine. He couldn't go to bed yet. Perhaps he would do well to join a club. He had always thought rather poorly of men who belonged to clubs — most of them were idle, lazy fellows; but still, circumstances alter cases.

Suddenly he began to wish that Flossy had remained a little longer. He thought of all sorts of things — improving, kindly remarks — he would have liked to say to her. He blamed himself for not having offered her any refreshment; she would probably have refused to take anything, but still, it was wrong on his part not to have thought of it. A pound a week for everything! No wonder she looked starved. Why, his own household bills, exclusive of wine or beer, had worked out, since he had had this new expensive housekeeper, at something like fifteen shillings a head, a fact which he had managed to conceal from Maud, who "did" her William so well on exactly ten shillings and ninepence all round!

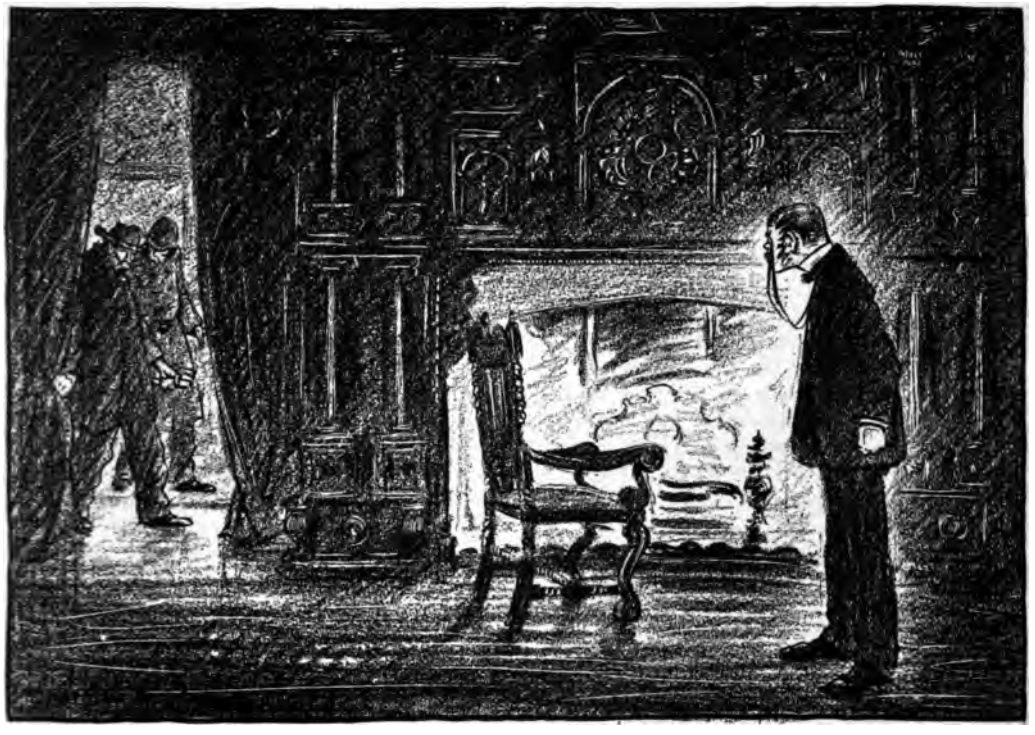
It struck nine from the neighboring church, where Mr. Tapster had sittings, — but where he seldom was able to go on Sunday mornings, for he was proud of being among those old-fashioned folk who still regard Sunday as essentially a day of rest,— and there came a sudden sound of hoarse shouting from the road outside. Though he was glad of anything that broke the oppressive silence with which he felt encompassed, Mr. Tapster found time to tell himself that it was disgraceful that vulgar street brawlers should invade so quiet a residential thoroughfare as Cumberland Crescent. But order would soon be restored, for the sound of a policeman's whistle cut sharply through the air.

The noise, however, continued; he could hear the tramp of feet hurrying past his house and then leaving the pavement for the other side of the road. What could be the matter? Something very exciting must be going on just opposite his front door, that is, close to the Inclosure railings.

Mr. Tapster got up from his chair, and walked in a leisurely way to the wide window. He drew aside the thick red rep curtains, and lifted a corner of the blind. Then, through the slightly foggy haze, he saw that which rather surprised him and made him feel actively indignant; for a string of people, men, women, and boys, were hurrying into the Inclosure Garden — that sacred place set apart for the exclusive use of the nobility and gentry who lived in Cumberland Crescent and the adjoining terraces.

What an abominable thing! Why, the grass would all be trampled down; and these dirty people, these slum folk, who seem to spring out of the earth when anything of a disagreeable or shameful nature is taking place,— a fire, for instance, or a brawl,— might easily bring infectious diseases on to those gravel paths where the little Tapsters and their like run about, playing their innocent games. Some careless person had evidently left the gate unlocked, and the fight, or whatever it was, must be taking place inside the Inclosure!

Mr. Tapster tried in vain to see what was going on inside the railings, but everything beyond the brightly lighted road was wrapped in gray darkness. Some one suddenly held up



"HE . . . TURNED TO SEE HIS HALL INVADED BY A STRANGE AND SINISTER QUARTET"

high a flaming torch, and the watcher at the window saw that the shadowy crowd which had managed to force its way into the Park hung together, like bees swarming, on the farther lawn through which flowed the Serpentine. With the gleaming of the yellow, wavering light there had fallen a sudden hush and silence, and Mr. Tapster wondered uneasily what those people were doing there, and what it was they were pressing forward so eagerly to see.

Then he realized that it must have been a fight, after all, for now the crowd was parting in two, and down the lane so formed Mr. Tapster saw coming toward the gate, and so in a sense toward himself, a rather pitiful little procession. Some one had evidently been injured, and that seriously; for four men, bearing a sheep-hurdle on which lay a huddled mass, were walking slowly toward the gate, and he heard distinctly the gruffly uttered words: "Stand back, please — back, there! We're going across the road." The now large crowd suddenly swayed forward; indeed, to Mr. Tapster's astonished eyes, they seemed to be actually making a rush for his house, and a moment later they were pressing around his area-railings.

Looking down on the upturned faces below him, Mr. Tapster was very glad that a stout pane of glass stood between himself and the sinister-looking men and women who seemed to be staring up at him, or rather at his windows, with faces full of cruel, wolfish curiosity. He let the blind fall to gently. His interest in the vulgar, sordid scene had suddenly died down; the drama was now over; in a moment the crowd would disperse, the human vermin (but Mr. Tapster would never have used, even to himself, so coarse an expression) would be on their way back to their burrows. But before he had even time to rearrange the curtains in their right folds, there came a sudden loud, persistent knocking at his front door.

Mr. Tapster turned around sharply, feeling justly incensed. Of course, he knew what it was — some good-for-nothing urchin finding a vent for his excited feelings. His parlor-maid, who was never in any hurry to open the door, — she had once kept him waiting ten minutes when he had forgotten his latch-key,— would certainly take no notice of this unseemly noise, but he, James Tapster, would himself hurry out and try to catch the delinquent, take his name and address, and thoroughly frighten him.

As he reached the door of the dining-room, Mr. Tapster heard the front door open — open, too,— and this was certainly very surprising,— from the outside! In the hall he saw that it

was a policeman — in fact, the officer on point duty close by — who had opened his front door, and apparently with a latch-key.

The constable spoke, as constables always do to the Mr. Tapsters of this world, in respectful and subdued tones:

"Can I just come in and speak to you, sir? There's been a sad accident — your lady fallen in the water; we found these keys in her pocket, and then some one said she was Mrs. Tapster"; and the policeman held out the two keys which had played a not unimportant part in Mr. Tapster's interview with Flossy. "A man on the bridge saw her go in," went on the policeman, "so she wasn't in the water long,— something like a quarter of an hour,— for we soon found her. I suppose you would like her taken up-stairs, sir?"

"No, no," stammered Mr. Tapster, "not up-stairs; the children are up-stairs."

Mr. Tapster's round, prominent eyes were shadowed with a great horror and an even greater surprise. He stood staring at the man before him, his hands clasped in a wholly unconscious gesture of supplication.

The constable gradually edged himself backward into the dining-room. Realizing that he must take on himself the onus of decision, he gave a quiet look round.

"If that's the case," he said firmly, "we had better bring her in here; that sofa that you have there, sir, will do nicely for her to be laid upon while they try to bring her round. We've got a doctor already."

Mr. Tapster bent his head; he was too much bewildered to propose any other plan; and then he turned, turned to see his hall invaded by a strange and sinister quartet. It was composed of two policemen and of two of those loafers of whom he so greatly disapproved. They were carrying a hurdle from which Mr. Tapster quickly averted his eyes. But, though he was able to shut out the sight he feared to see, he could not prevent himself from hearing certain sounds, those, for instance, made by the two loafers, who breathed with ostentatious difficulty as if to show they were unaccustomed to bearing even so comparatively light a burden as Flossy drowned.

There came a sudden short whisper-filled delay. The doorway of the dining-room was found to be too narrow, and the hurdle was perforce left in the hall.

An urgent voice, full of wholly unconscious irony, muttered in Mr. Tapster's ear: "Of course, you would like to see her, sir," and he felt himself being propelled forward. Making an effort to bear himself so that he should not feel afterward ashamed of his lack of nerve, he forced himself to stare with dread-filled yet fascinated eyes at that which had just been laid upon the leather sofa.

Flossy's hat, the shabby hat which had shocked Mr. Tapster's sense of what was seemly, was gone; her fair hair had all come down, and hung in pale-gold wisps about the face already fixed in the soft dignity which seems so soon to drape the features of those who die by drowning. Her widely opened eyes were now wholly emptied of the anguish with which they had gazed on Mr. Tapster in this very room less than an hour ago. Her mean brown serge gown, from which the water was still dripping, clung closely to her limbs, revealing the slender body which had four times endured, on behalf of Mr. Tapster, the greatest of woman's natural ordeals. But that thought, it is scarcely necessary to say, did not come to add an extra pang to those which that unfortunate man was now suffering, for Mr. Tapster naturally thought maternity was in every married woman's day's work — and pleasure.

It might have been a moment, for all that he knew, or it might have been an hour, when at last something came to relieve the unbearable tension of Mr. Tapster's feelings. He had been standing aside, helpless, aware of and yet not watching the efforts made to restore Flossy to consciousness.

The doctor raised himself and straightened his cramped shoulders and tired arms. With a look of great concern on his face, he approached the bereaved husband.

"I'm afraid it's no good," he said; "the shock of the plunge in the cold water probably killed her. She was evidently in poor health, and - and ill-nourished; but, of course, we shall go on for some time longer, and ——"

But whatever he had meant to say remained unspoken, for a telegraph-boy, with the impudence natural to his kind, was forcing his way into and through the crowded room. "James Tapster, Esquire?" he cried in a high, childish treble.

The master of the house held out his hand mechanically. He took the buff envelop and stared down at it, sufficiently master of himself to perceive that some fool had apparently imagined Cumberland Crescent to be in South London; before his eyes swam the line, "Delayed in transmission." Then, opening the envelop, he saw the message for which he had now been waiting so eagerly for some days; but it was with indifference that he read the words,

"*The Decree has been made Absolute.*"

PRESIDENT JOHNSON AND HIS WAR ON CONGRESS

BY

CARL SCHURZ

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

I WAS on the point of returning to the West when I received a message from Horace Greeley, the famous editor of the New York *Tribune*, asking me to take charge of the news bureau of that journal in Washington, as its chief correspondent. Although the terms offered by Mr. Greeley were tempting, I was disinclined to accept, because I doubted whether the work would be congenial to me, and because it would keep me in the East. But Mr. Greeley, as well as some of my friends in Congress, persuaded me that, since I had studied the condition of things in the South and could give reliable information concerning it, my presence in Washington might be useful while the Southern question was under debate. This determined me to assent, with the understanding, however, that I should not consider myself bound beyond the pending session of Congress.

Thus I entered the journalistic fraternity. My most agreeable experience consisted in my association with other members of the craft. I found among the correspondents of the press a number of gentlemen of uncommon ability and high principle — genuine gentlemen, who loved truth for its own sake, who heartily detested sham and false pretense, and whose sense of honor was of the finest. This was the rule, to which, as to all rules, there were of course some exceptions; wi
My more or less intimate c h
men high and low was not so or g
ing. I enjoyed, indeed, t iv ge o
ing statesmen of high purp or v
minds, of unselfish patriotism, and of the courage of their convictions. But disgustingly large was, on the other hand, the number of small, selfish politicians I ran against — men who seemed to know no higher end than the advantage of their party, which involved their own; who were always nervously sniffing for the popular breeze; whose most demonstrative ebullitions of virtue consisted in the most violent denunciations of the opposition; whose moral courage quaked at the appearance of the slightest danger to their own or their party's fortunes; and whose littlenesses exposed them sometimes with involuntary frankness to the newspaper correspondent whom they approached to beg for a "favorable notice" or for the suppression of an unwelcome news item. They were by no means in all instances men of small parts. On the contrary, there were men of marked ability and large acquirements among them. But never until then had I known how great a moral coward a member of Congress may be.

It is probably now as it was then. There were few places in the United States where

HORACE GREELEY

AT WHOSE REQUEST CARL SCHURZ BECAME THE CHIEF WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE IN 1865

the public men appearing on the national stage were judged as fairly and accurately as they were in Newspaper Row in Washington.

I remained at the head of the *Tribune* office in Washington, according to my promise to Mr. Greeley, to the end of the winter season, and then accepted the chief-editorship of the Detroit *Post*, a new journal established at Detroit, Michigan, which was offered to me — I might almost say urged upon me — by Senator Zachariah Chandler. In the meantime I had occasion to witness the beginning of the political war between the executive and the legislative power concerning the reconstruction of the "States lately in rebellion."

The Beginnings of the Struggle

I am sure I do not exaggerate when I say that this political war has been one of the most unfortunate events in the history of this Republic, for it made the most important problem of the time, a problem of extraordinary complexity, which required the calmest and most delicate and circumspect treatment, the foot-ball of a personal and party brawl which was in the highest degree apt to inflame the passions and to obscure the judgment of everybody con-

cerned in it. Since my return from the South, the evil effects of Mr. Johnson's conduct in encouraging the reactionary spirit prevalent among the Southern whites had become more and more evident and alarming from day to day. Charles Sumner told me that his personal experience with the President had been very much like mine. When Sumner left Washington in the spring, he had received from Mr. Johnson at repeated intervals the most emphatic assurances that he would do nothing to precipitate the restoration of the "States lately in rebellion" to the full exercise of self-governing functions, and even that he favored the extension of the suffrage to the freedmen. The two men had parted with all the appearance of a perfect friendly understanding. But when the Senator returned to Washington in the late autumn that understanding seemed to have entirely vanished from the President's mind and to have given place to an irritated temper and a certain acerbity of tone in the assertion of the "President's policy."

From various other members of Congress I heard the same story. Mr. Johnson, strikingly unlike Abraham Lincoln, evidently belonged to that unfortunate class of men with whom a difference of opinion on any important matter will at once cause personal ill feeling and a disturbance of friendly intercourse. By many Congressmen Mr. Johnson was regarded as one who had broken faith, and the memory of the disgraceful exhibition of himself in a drunken state at the inauguration ceremonies, which under ordinary circumstances everybody would have been glad to forget, was revived, so as to make him appear as a person of ungentlemanly character. All these things combined to impart to the controversies which followed a flavor of reckless defiance and rancorous bitterness, the outbursts of which were sometimes almost ferocious.

The first gun of the political war between the President and Congress, which was to rage four years, was fired by Thaddeus Stevens in the House of Representatives by the introduction, even before the hearing of the President's Message, of the resolution already mentioned, which substantially proclaimed that the reconstruction of the late rebel States was the business, not of the President alone, but of Congress. This theory, which was constitutionally correct, was readily supported by the Republican majority, and thus the war

TWO PORTRAITS OF CHARLES SUMNER

PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON

WHOSE RECONSTRUCTION POLICY LED TO THE FOUR YEARS' WAR BETWEEN HIMSELF AND CONGRESS

was declared. Of Republican dissenters who openly took the President's part, there were but few —in the Senate, Doolittle of Wisconsin, Dixon of Connecticut, Norton of Minnesota, Cowan of Pennsylvania, and, for a short period, Morgan of New York, as the personal friend of Mr. Seward. In the House of Representatives, Mr. Raymond of New York, the famous founder of the New York *Times*, acted as the principal Republican champion of the "President's policy."

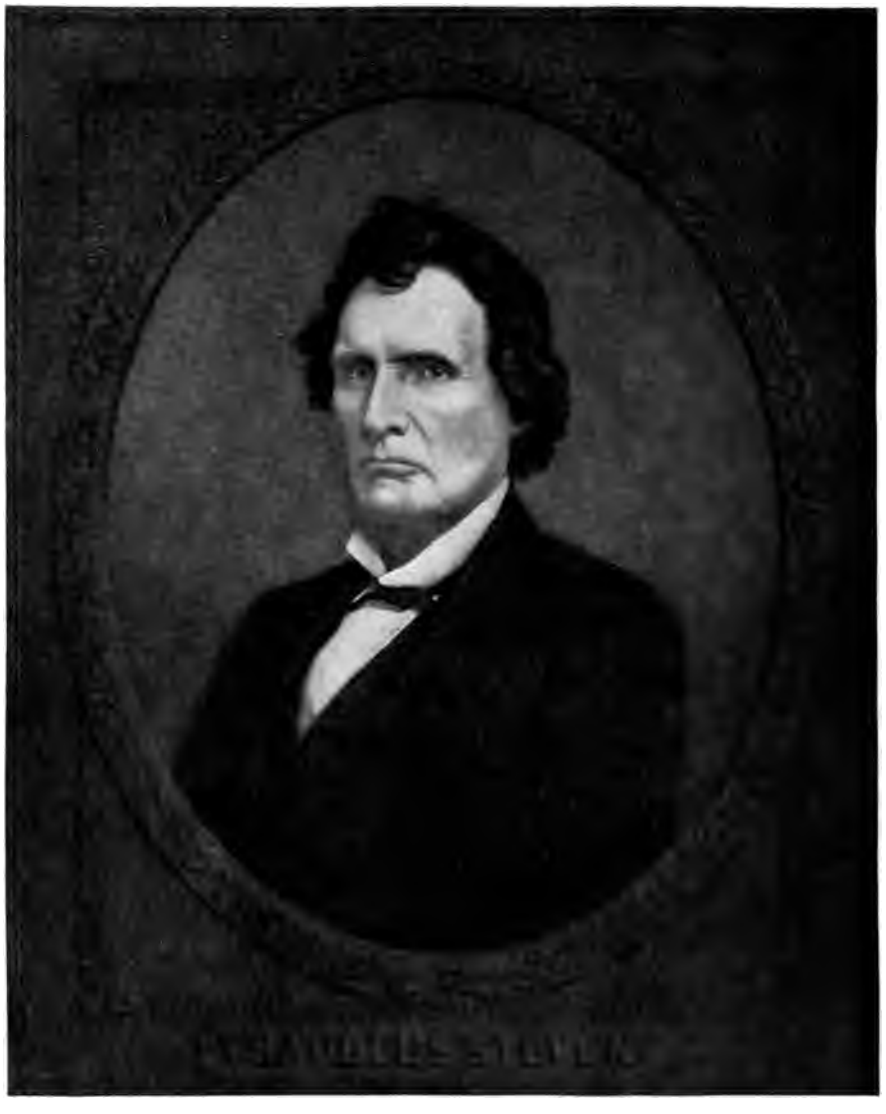
Stevens the Dominating Figure of the Struggle

Thaddeus Stevens was the acknowledged leader of the Republicans in the House. Few historic characters have ever been more differently judged from different points of view. A Southern writer of fiction has painted him as the fiend incarnate; others have spoken of him as a great leader of his time, far-sighted, a man of uncompromising convictions, intellectually honest, of unflinching courage and energy. I had come into personal contact with him in the Presidential campaigns of 1860 and 1864, when he seemed to be pleased with my efforts. I had once heard him make a stump speech which was evidently inspired by intense hatred of slavery, and remarkable for argumentative pith and sarcastic wit. But the impression his personality made upon me was not sympathetic: his face, long and pallid, topped with an ample dark-brown wig which was at the first glance recognized as such; beetling brows overhanging keen eyes of uncertain color which sometimes seemed to scintillate with a sudden gleam; the under lip defiantly protruding; the whole expression usually stern. His figure would have looked stalwart but for a deformed foot which made him bend and limp. His conversation, carried on in a hollow voice devoid of music, easily disclosed a well-informed mind, but also a certain absolutism of opinion, with contemptuous scorn for adverse argument. He belonged to the fierce class of anti-slavery men who were inspired by humane sympathy with the slave and righteous abhorrence of slavery, but also by hatred of the slaveholder. What he himself seemed to enjoy most in his talk was his sardonic humor, which he made play upon men and things like lurid freaks of lightning. He shot out such sallies with a fearfully serious mien, or at least he accompanied them with a grim smile which was not at all like Abraham Lincoln's hearty laugh at his own jests.

From the collection of F. H. Meserve

JOHN SHERMAN

WHO TRIED TO HEAL THE BREACH BETWEEN PRESIDENT JOHNSON AND THE SENATE



THADDEUS STEVENS

THE LEADING OPPONENT OF THE MOVEMENT TO RESTORE SLAVERY, AND THE MOST BITTER OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S ANTAGONISTS

Thus Mr. Stevens' discourse was apt to make him appear a hardened cynic, inaccessible to the finer feelings, and indifferent whether he gave pain or pleasure. But now and then a remark escaped him — I say "escaped him," because he evidently preferred to wear the acrid tendencies of his character on the outside — which indicated that there was behind his cynicism a rich fund of human kindness and sympathy. And this was strongly confirmed by his neighbors at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, his home, where on one of my campaigning tours I once spent a day and a night. With them, even with many of his political opponents,

"old Thad," as they called him, appeared to be eminently popular. They had no end of stories to tell about the protection he had given to fugitive slaves, sometimes at much risk and sacrifice to himself, and of the many benefactions he had bestowed with a lavish hand upon the widows and orphans and other persons in need, and of his generous fidelity to his friends. They did not, indeed, revere him as a model of virtue, but of the occasional lapses of his bachelor life from correct moral standards, which seemed to be well known and freely talked about, they spoke with affectionate lenity of judgment.

WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN

HEAD OF THE JOINT COMMITTEE ON RECONSTRUCTION, WHICH WAS DENOUNCED BY PRESIDENT JOHNSON AS AN "IRRESPONSIBLE CENTRAL DIRECTORY"

When I saw him again in Washington at the opening of the Thirty-ninth Congress, in December, 1865, he looked very much aged since our last meeting, and infirm in health. In repose his face was like a death-mask, and he was carried in a chair to his seat in the House by two stalwart young negroes. There is good authority for the story that once when they had set him down, he said to them, with his grim humor: "Thank you, my good fellows. What shall I do when you are dead and gone?" But his eyes glowed from under his bushy brows with the old keen sparkle, and his mind was as alert as ever. It may be that his age — he was then seventy-four — and his physical infirmities, admonishing him that at best he would have only a few years more to live, served to inspire him with an impatient craving and a fierce determination to make the best of his time, and thus to intensify the activity of his mental energies. To compass the abolition of slavery had been the passion of his life. He had hailed the Civil War as the great opportunity. He had never been quite satisfied with Lincoln, whose policy seemed to him too dilatory. He demanded quick, sharp, and decisive blows.

Now that the abolition of slavery was actually decreed, he saw President Johnson follow a policy which, in his view, threatened to undo the great work. His scornful anger at Andrew Johnson was equaled only by his contempt for the Republicans who sided with the President. He was bound to defeat this reactionary attempt and to see slavery thoroughly killed beyond the possibility of resurrection, at any cost. As to the means to be employed, he scrupled little. He wanted the largest possible Republican majority in Congress, and to this end he would have expelled any number of Democrats from their seats, by hook or crook. When my old friend and quondam law partner, General Halbert E. Paine, who was chairman of the Committee on Elections in the House, told him that, in a certain contested election case to be voted upon, both contestants were rascals, Stevens simply asked: "Well, which is *our* rascal?" He said this, not in jest, but with perfect seriousness. He would have seated Beelzebub in preference to the angel Gabriel, had he believed Beelzebub to be more certain than Gabriel to aid him in beating the President's reconstruction policy. His speeches were short, peremptory, and commanding. He bluntly avowed his purposes, however extreme they seemed to be. He disdained to make them more palatable by any art of persuasion, or to soften the asperity of his attacks by charitable circumlocution. There was no hypocrisy, no cant in his utterances. With inexorable intellectual honesty, he drew all the logical conclusions from his premises. He was a terror in debate. Whenever provoked, he brought his batteries of merciless sarcasm into play with deadly effect. Not seldom, a single sentence sufficed to lay a daring antagonist sprawling on the ground amid the roaring laughter of the House, the luckless victim feeling as if he had heedlessly touched a

heavily charged electric wire. No wonder that even the readiest and boldest debaters were cautious in approaching old Thaddeus Stevens too closely, lest something stunning and sudden happen to them. Thus the fear he inspired became a distinct element of power in his leadership — not a wholesome element, indeed, at the time of a great problem which required the most circumspect and dispassionate treatment.

William Pitt Fessenden

A statesman of a very different stamp was Senator Fessenden of Maine, who, being at the head of the senatorial part of the joint Committee on Reconstruction, presided over that important body. William Pitt Fessenden was a man who might easily have been overlooked in a crowd. There was nothing in his slight figure, his thin face framed in spare gray hair and side-whiskers, and his quiet demeanor, to attract particular notice. Neither did his appearance in the Senate Chamber impress one at first sight as that of a great power in that important assembly. I saw him more than once there walk with slow steps up and down in the open space behind the seats, with his hands in his trousers pockets, with seeming listlessness, while another senator was speaking, and then ask to be heard, and, without changing his attitude, make an argument in a calm conversational tone, unmixed with the slightest oratorical flourish, so solid and complete that little more remained to be said on the subject in question. He gave the impression of having at his disposal a rich and perfectly ordered store of thought and knowledge upon which he could draw with perfect ease and assurance. When I was first introduced to him, he appeared to be rather distant in manner than inviting friendly approach. But I was told that ill health had made him unsociable and somewhat morose and testy, and, indeed, there was often the trace of suffering and weariness in his face. It was also remarked in the Senate that at times he was ill-tempered and inclined to indulge in biting sarcasms and to administer unkind lectures to other senators, which in some instances disturbed his personal intercourse with his colleagues. But there was not one of them who did not hold him in the highest esteem as a statesman of commanding ability and of lofty ideals, as a gentleman of truth and conscience, as a great jurist and an eminent constitutional lawyer, as a party man of most honorable principles and methods, and as a patriot of noblest ambition for his country.

Being a man also of conservative instincts, averse to unnecessary conflicts, and always disinclined to go to extremes, in action as well as in language, he was expected to exert a moderating influence in his committee; and this expectation was not disappointed so far as his efforts to prevent a final breach between the President and the Republican majority in Congress were concerned. But regarding the main question whether the "States lately in rebellion" should be fully restored to their self-governing functions and to full participation in the government of the Republic without having given reasonable guaranties for the maintenance of the "legitimate results of the war," he was in

WENDELL PHILLIPS

WHOM PRESIDENT JOHNSON NAMED AS ONE OF THE ENEMIES OF THE REPUBLIC IN HIS SPEECH OF FEBRUARY 22

point of principle not far apart from Mr. Stevens.

The President's Logic

It must be admitted that, if we accept his premises, Mr. Johnson made in point of logic a pretty plausible case. His proposition was that a State, in the view of the Federal Constitution, is indestructible; that an ordinance of secession adopted by its inhabitants, or its political organs, did not take it out of the Union; that by declaring and treating those ordinances of secession as "null and void," of no force, virtually non-existent, the Federal government itself had accepted and sanctioned that theory; that during the rebellion the constitutional rights and functions of those States were merely suspended, and that when the rebellion ceased they were *ipso facto* restored; that, therefore, the rebellion having actually ceased, those States were at once entitled to their former rights and privileges — that is, to the recognition of their self-elected State governments and to their representation in Congress. Admitting the premises, this was logically correct in the abstract.

SENATOR LYMAN TRUMBULL

WHO MOVED THAT THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU BILL OF JANUARY 12 BE PASSED OVER PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S VETO

But this was one of the cases to which a saying, many years later set afloat by President Cleveland, might properly have been applied: we were confronting a condition, not a theory. The condition was this: Certain States had through their regular political organs declared themselves independent of the Union. They had, for all practical purposes, actually separated themselves from the Union. They had made war upon the Union. That war put those States in a position not foreseen by the Constitution. It imposed upon the government of the Union duties not foreseen by the Constitution; by "military necessity," war necessity, the Union was compelled to emancipate the negroes from slavery and to accept their military services. The war had compelled the government of the Union to levy large loans of money and thus to contract a huge public debt. The government had also, in the course of the war, the aid of the Union men of the South. It had thus assumed solemn obligations for value received or services rendered. It had assumed the duty to protect the emancipated negroes in their freedom, the Southern Union men in their security, and the public creditor from loss. This duty was a duty of honor as well as of policy. The Union could, therefore, not consent, either in point of honor or of sound policy, to the restoration of the late rebel States to the functions of self-government and to full participation in the national government so long as that restoration was reasonably certain to put the freedom of the emancipated slaves, or the security of the Southern Union men, or the rights of the public creditor, into serious jeopardy.

Lincoln's Policy versus Johnson's

It was pretended at the time, and it has since been asserted by historians and publicists of high standing, that Mr. Johnson's Reconstruction policy was only a continuation of that of Mr. Lincoln. This was true only in a superficial sense, and not in reality. Mr. Lincoln had, indeed, put forth reconstruction plans which contemplated an early restoration of some of the rebel States; but he had done this while the Civil War was still going on, and for the evident purpose of encouraging loyal move-

ments in those States and of weakening the Confederate State governments there by opposing to them governments organized in the interest of the Union, which could serve as rallying-points to the Union men. So long as the rebellion continued in any form and to any extent, the State governments he contemplated would have been substantially in the control of really loyal men who had been on the side of the Union during the war. Moreover, he always emphatically affirmed, in public as well as private utterance, that no plan of reconstruction he had ever put forth was meant to be "exclusive and inflexible," but might be changed according to different circumstances.

Now circumstances did change; they changed essentially with the collapse of the Confederacy. There was no more organized armed resistance to the national government, to distract which loyal State governments in the South might have been efficacious. But there was an effort of persons lately in rebellion to get possession of the reconstructed Southern State governments for the purpose, in part, of using their power to save or restore as much of the system of slavery as could be saved or restored. The success of these efforts was to be accomplished by the precipitate and unconditional readmission of the late rebel States to all their constitutional functions. This situation had not yet developed when Lincoln was assassinated. He had not contemplated it when he put forth his plans of reconstructing Louisiana and the other States. Had he lived, he would have as ardently wished to stop bloodshed and to reunite all the States as he ever did. But is it to be supposed, for a moment, that, seeing the late master class in the South still under the influence of their old traditional notions and prejudices, and at the same time sorely pressed by the distressing necessities of their situation, intent upon subjecting the freedmen again to a system very much akin to slavery, Lincoln would have consented to abandon those freedmen to the mercies of that master class!

The Personal Bitterness of the Struggle

No less striking was the difference of the two policies in what may be called the personal character of the controversies of the time. When the Republican majority in Congress had already declared its unwillingness to accept President Johnson's leadership in the matter of reconstruction, a strong desire was still manifested by many Republican senators and members of the House to prevent a decided and irremediable breach with the President. Some of them were sanguine enough to hope that more or less harmonious coöperation, or at least a peaceable *modus vivendi*, might still be obtained. Others apprehended that the President's policy, with its plausibilities, might after all find favor with the popular mind, which was naturally tired of strife and excitement, eager for peace and quiet, and that its opponents might appear as reckless disturbers. Still others stood in fear of a rupture in the Republican party, which, among other evil consequences, might prove disastrous to their own political fortunes. Several men of importance, such as Fessenden and Sherman in the Senate and some prominent members of the House, seriously endeavored to pour oil upon the agitated waters by making speeches of a conciliatory tenor. Indeed, if Andrew Johnson had possessed only a little of Abraham Lincoln's sweet temper, generous tolerance, and patient tact in the treatment of opponents, he might at least have prevented the conflict of opinions from degenerating into an angry and vicious personal brawl. But the brawl was Johnson's congenial atmosphere.

The Judiciary Committee of the Senate, on January 12, 1866, reported a bill to continue the existence, to increase the personnel, and to enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau. It was discussed in both Houses with great thoroughness and in a temperate spirit, and the necessity of the measure for the protection of the freedmen and the introduction of free labor in the South was so generally acknowledged that the recognized Republican friends of the President in the Senate as well as in the House supported it. It passed by overwhelming majorities in both Houses, and everybody, even those most intimate with the President, confidently expected that he would willingly accept and sign it. But on the 19th of February he returned it with his veto, mainly on the assumed ground that it was unnecessary and unconstitutional, and also because it was passed by a Congress from which eleven States, those lately in rebellion, were excluded — thus throwing out a dark hint that before the admission of the late rebel States to representation this Congress might be considered constitutionally unable to make any valid laws at all. Senator Trumbull, in an uncommonly able, statesmanlike, and calm speech, combated the President's arguments and moved that the bill pass, the President's veto notwithstanding. But the "Administration Republicans," although they had voted for the bill, now voted to sustain the veto, and, there being no two-thirds majority to overcome it, the veto prevailed. Thus President Johnson had won a victory over the Republican majority in Congress. This victory may have made him

believe that he would be able to kill with his veto all legislation unpalatable to him, and that, therefore, he was actually master of the situation. He made the grave mistake of underestimating the opposition.

A Humiliating Spectacle

On February 22, 1866, a public meeting was held in Washington for the purpose of expressing popular approval of the President's reconstruction policy. The crowd marched from the meeting-place to the White House to congratulate the President upon his successful veto of the Freedmen's Bureau Bill. The President, called upon to make a speech in response, could not resist the temptation. He then dealt a blow to himself from which he never recovered. He spoke, in the egotistic strain usual with him, of the righteousness of his own course, and then began to inveigh in the most violent terms against those who opposed him. He denounced the joint Committee on Reconstruction, the committee headed by Fessenden, as "an irresponsible central directory" that had assumed the powers of Congress, described how he had fought the leaders of the rebellion, and added that there were men on the other side of the line who also worked for the dissolution of the Union. By this time some of the uproarious crowd felt that he had descended to their level, and called for names. He mentioned Thaddeus Stevens, Charles Sumner, and Wendell Phillips as men who worked against the fundamental principles of the government, and excited the boisterous merriment of the audience by calling John W. Forney, the Secretary of the Senate and a prominent journalist, "a dead duck" upon whom "he would not waste his ammunition." Again he spoke of his rise from humble origin, — a tailor who "always made a close fit," — and broadly insinuated that there were men in high places who were not satisfied with Lincoln's blood, but, wanting more, thought of getting rid of him, too, in the same way.

I remember well the impression made by this speech as it came out in the newspapers. Many if not most of the public men I saw in Washington, remembering the disgraceful appearance of Andrew Johnson in a drunken state at the inauguration, at once expressed a belief that he must have been in the same condition when delivering that speech. Most of the newspapers favoring the President's policy were struck dumb. Of those opposing him, most of them spoke of it in grave but evidently restrained language. The general feeling was one of profound shame and humiliation in behalf of the country.

In Congress, where Mr. Stevens, with his characteristic sarcasm, described the whole story of the President's speech as a malignant invention of Mr. Johnson's enemies, the hope of preventing a permanent breach between him and the Republican majority was even then not entirely extinct. On the 26th of February, Sherman made a long and carefully prepared speech in the Senate, advocating harmony. He recounted all the virtues Andrew Johnson professed and all the services he had rendered, and solemnly affirmed his belief that he had always acted upon patriotic motives and in good faith. But he could not refrain from "deeply regretting his speech of the 22d of February." He added that it was "impossible to conceive a more humiliating spectacle than the President of the United States invoking the wild passions of a mob around him with the utterance of such sentiments as he uttered on that day." Still, Mr. Sherman thought that "this was no time to quarrel with the Chief Magistrate." Other prominent Republicans, such as General J. D. Cox of Ohio — one of the noblest men I have ever known, — called upon him to expostulate with him in a friendly spirit, and he gave them amiable assurances, which, however, subsequently turned out to have been without meaning. Then something happened which cut off the last chance of mutual approach.

On March 13th the House passed the Civil Rights Bill, which the Senate had already passed on the 2d of February. Its main provision was that all persons born in the United States, excepting Indians, not taxed, were declared to be citizens of the United States, and such citizens of every race and color should have the same right in every State and Territory of the United States to make and enforce contracts, to sue, be parties, and give evidence, to inherit, purchase, lease, sell, hold, and convey real and personal property, and to have the full and equal benefit of all laws and proceedings for the security of person and property as was enjoyed by white citizens. The bill had nothing to do with "social equity," and did not in any way interfere with Mr. Johnson's scheme of reconstruction. In fact, it was asserted, no doubt truthfully, that Mr. Johnson himself had at various times shown himself, by word and act, favorable to its provisions. It appeared, indeed, in every one of its features so reasonable and so necessary for the enforcement of the Thirteenth Constitutional Amendment prohibiting slavery, that disapproval of it by the President was regarded as almost impossible. Aside from the merits of the bill, there was another reason,

a reason of policy, for the President to sign it. Had he done so, he would have greatly encouraged the conciliatory spirit which, in spite of all that had happened, was still flickering in many Republican bosoms, and he might thus, even at this late hour, have secured an effective following among the Republicans in Congress. But he did not. He returned the bill to Congress with a veto message so weak in argument that it appeared as if he had been laboriously groping for pretexts to kill the bill. One of the principal reasons he gave was again the sinister one that Congress had passed the bill while eleven States were unrepresented, thus repeating the threatening hint that the validity of the laws made by such a Congress might be questioned.

False Encouragement to the South

Congress promptly passed the bill over the President's veto by a two-thirds majority in each House, and thus the Civil Rights Bill became a law. President Johnson's defeat was more fatal than appeared on the surface. The prestige he had won by the success of his veto of the Freedmen's Bureau Bill was lost again. The Republicans, whom in some way he had led to expect that he would sign the Civil Rights Bill, now believed him to be an insincere man capable of any treachery. The last chance of an accommodation with the Republican party was now utterly gone. But, worse than all, the reactionists in the South, who were bent upon curtailing the freedom of the emancipated negroes as much as possible, received his veto of the Civil Rights Bill with shouts of delight. Believing him now unalterably opposed to the bestowal, upon the freedmen, of equal civil rights such as were specified in the bill, they hailed President Johnson as their champion more loudly than ever. Undisturbed by the defeat of the veto, which they looked upon as a mere temporary accident, they easily persuaded themselves that the President, aided by the Administration Republicans and the Democratic party at the North, would at last surely prevail, and that now they might safely deal with the negro and the labor question in the South as they pleased. The reactionary element felt itself encouraged to the point of foolhardiness by the President's attitude. Legislative enactments and municipal ordinances and regulations tending to reduce the colored people to a state of semi-slavery multiplied at a lively rate. Measures taken for the protection of the emancipated slaves were indiscriminately denounced in the name of the Constitution of the United States as acts of insufferable tyranny. The instant admission to seats in the national Congress of senators and representatives from the "States lately in rebellion" was loudly demanded as a constitutional right, and for these seats men were presented who but yesterday had stood in arms against the national government, or who had held high place in the insurrectionary Confederacy. And the highest authority cited for all these denunciations and demands was Andrew Johnson, President of the United States.

The impression made by these things upon the minds of the Northern people can easily be imagined. Men of sober ways of thinking, not accessible to sensational appeals, asked themselves quite seriously whether there was not real danger that the legitimate results of the war, for the achievement of which they had sacrificed uncounted thousands of lives and the fruits of many, many years of labor, were in grave jeopardy again. Their alarm was not artificially produced by political agitation; it was sincere and profound, and began to grow angry. The gradual softening of the passions and resentments of the war was checked. The feeling that the Union had to be saved once more from the rule of the "rebels with the President at their head" spread with fearful rapidity, and well-meaning people looking to Congress to come to the rescue were becoming less and less squeamish as to the character of the means to be used to that end.

This popular temper could not fail to exercise its influence upon Congress and to stimulate the radical tendencies among its members. Even men of a comparatively conservative and cautious disposition admitted that strong remedies were necessary to avert the threatening danger, and they soon turned to the most drastic as the best. Moreover, the partizan motive pressed to the front to reinforce the patriotic purpose. It had gradually become evident that President Johnson, whether such had been his original design or not, — probably not, — would by his political course be led into the Democratic party. The Democrats, delighted, of course, with the prospect of capturing a President elected by the Republicans, zealously supported his measures and flattered his vanity without stint. The old alliance between the pro-slavery sentiment in the South and the Democratic party in the North was thus revived — that alliance which had already cost the South so dearly in the recent past by making Southern people believe that if they revolted against the Federal Government the Northern Democracy would stand by them and help them to victory.

THE JULY INSTALMENT OF CARL SCHURZ' MEMOIRS WILL CONCLUDE THE STORY OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S STRUGGLE WITH CONGRESS

THE CRYSTAL-GAZER

BY MARY S. WATTS

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT NORTH ROAD," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK A. NANKIVELL

THE carrier's cart — for my means afforded no more lordly style of travel — set me down at an elbow of white highroad, whence, between the sloping hills, I could see a V-shaped patch of blue, this half water and that sky; here and there the gable of a farmhouse with a plume of smoke streaming sidewise; and below me, in the exact point of the V, the masts and naked yards of a ketch at her moorings. Even in that sheltered harbor, to judge by the faint oscillations of her masts, she felt the tug of the waters around her keel. There had been a storm the night before; without, the sea ran strong about all these exposed coasts; and I knew that, hidden from sight behind the upper headland, the surf must be bursting in a cloud over the Brown Cow, and the perturbed tide setting like a mill-race between that great dun rock and the shore through the narrow gut we called the Cat's Mouth.

"You'll be noticing some changes, Mr. Nick?" the carrier hinted at last, lingering to observe me. "Well, there's a deal may happen in two or three years. You can't look to find things just the way you left 'em."

He used a certain respectful familiarity, having known me all my life, and, as he spoke, eyed me with the kind and open curiosity of a dog. He was a gentle little man, with a manner oddly compounded of the sailor's simplicity and the rustic's bootless cunning, — for he had followed both walks in his day, — and was popularly held to be somewhat weak-witted since a fall from the masthead to the decks of the brig *Hyperion* some years before.

"I am not near enough to see any changes yet, Crump," I answered him. "The changes, if any, show most, I dare say, in myself."

"So they do, sir; so they do," he assented heartily. "My wife used to say you were a pretty boy, and had the makings of a fine, personable man. First thing I thought, when I clapped eyes on you to-day, was: 'Well, this here's a lesson to Sarah not to be hasty in her judgments!' 'Tain't often I get the better o' Sarah, you know, sir. They tell me you've been in Italy and learned to paint?"

"I'm afraid I haven't quite learned all the art yet, Crump. It takes more than two or three years."

"Depends on the person, I shouldn't wonder," he said, wagging his head. "Some people are slow by nature. Could a man make his living by it, d'ye think, sir?"

I answered this devious inquiry as to my own financial standing by assuring him that I had

contrived so far to make mine. "I'm not riding in my coach-and-four yet, as you see, Crump, but the time may come."

"I'm sure I hope it will, Mr. Nick," he said rather dubiously. "But it's kind o' tempting Providence, seems to me. You might 'a' been walking your own quarter-deck, captain o' some tall East Indiaman by this, like your father and grandfather before you, making a safe, easy living, and looked up to by everybody."

I interrupted his moralizing to ask, as, indeed, I had already done more than once, without being able to get his attention: "How does my grandfather seem?"

Momentary gravity fell upon him. "He — he don't always answer the helm, Mr. Nicol," he said, and touched his forehead with a meaning look. "Barring that, I'd rate him seaworthy, for all he's cruised so long — nigh eighty year, ain't it?"

"I'm glad I came home," I said, concerned. "The old man should not be alone."

"He ain't exactly alone," said Crump, with an uneasy glance into my face. "He's signed on two new hands here lately — about a month ago, I b'lieve. I dessay he was making pretty heavy weather of it by himself, and so he — er — well ——" He cleared his throat, hesitating in an odd embarrassment; he plainly felt that here was information bound to be distasteful, and set about imparting it with a painful diplomacy. "The cap'n — Cap'n Pendarves, your grandfather, sir, was, as you might say, short-handed, you being in foreign parts, and old John Behenna having slipped his cable 'long about the last o' May, as I was telling you; and so the cap'n he ups and ships these here — and — and, in fac', Mr. Nick, one of 'em's a woman!" He drew a long breath and wiped his forehead.

"You don't mean he's married!" I shouted, and with, I am afraid, a pretty strong term of disapproval.

"There, now, I *thought* you'd take it that way!" Crump remarked, not without gratification. "But it ain't so bad as that, Mr. Nicol." And he went on to explain, with a variety of nautical metaphors, that the couple, an elderly man and a young girl supposedly his grandchild, had appeared in Chepstow some weeks ago during fair-time; that the young woman "took observations," which I translated to mean that she told fortunes, supporting them both, it would seem, by the pennies she gained this way, for the man did no work, and was most often seen "hove to, transhipping cargo," at the bar of the Three Old Cronies or elsewhere, Crump said. He did not know how or when or where my grandfather had first fallen in with these vagabonds. For several successive days he had been noticed in their company, or laying a straight course for the little booth wherein the girl plied her mean trade; and then, all at once, to the stupefied astonishment of Chepstow, — where the captain was reckoned, with reason, a particularly hard, sour, dour sort of body, anything but friendly or hospitable, — the pair of them were discovered comfortably installed beneath the Pendarves' roof, as snug as if they had lived there all their lives and never meant to go away! The thing was a mystery; it went near to being a scandal. For a final touch, Crump assured me that these precious gentry were all but nameless; no one had ever heard the woman called anything, and the man's name defied pronunciation.

Upon all this agreeable intelligence, we parted, as Crump's way was by the round-about hill road, while I struck straight across by short cuts to my grandfather's house. If I had been content to loiter on the path heretofore, no amount of haste could satisfy me now. I doubt if any honest artist lad returning to the place of his birth after three years' absence ever met a grayer welcome. I had left my grandfather unimpaired, and it was well-nigh impossible to figure that harsh and domineering spirit in decay. Abram Pendarves belonged to the ancient hearty, savage race of British sea-captains, now fast waning to extinction. After a youth of wild and black adventure under the rule of just such salt-water despots as he himself became, he had spent some two score years practising the tyrannies and what one may call the brutal virtues he had learned on every sea and beneath every sky this planet owns; then came at last to settle down in the storm-beaten house on the cliffs by Chepstow (the house his father's father had built), whence he could see the surf whiten on the rocks and gulls forever circling about the Brown Cow. His was a narrow and surly old age, not overwell provided, for he had never been a thrifty man; and he found among the rattletrap furnishings of his neglected home one living chattel quite as worthless — a weird, lean goblin of a boy, his sole descendant, fatherless and motherless, playing lonely little games in corners, making crass drawings with a charred stick on the walls, and viewing the blossoming orchards of spring with a crazy delight in color. I fear there was not much affection between this ill-matched couple. For long years I saw in my grandfather only a coarse, violent old man, niggardly and censorious. And to him there

was doubtless something unwholesome and repellent in the most innocent of my tastes; I could not even sin roundly, like other boys, by pilfering or truantry, but must display an exotic passion for reading forbidden books, an abhorred dexterity at caricature. I think we were equally headstrong and unreasonable, I in my young way, he in his old one; and as I trudged along the quiet homeward paths, it shamed me to remember with what hard words we had parted.

II

THE sun was going down as I conquered the last steep rise toward my grandfather's gate. Hereabouts a pair of steps had been cut into the cliff and a hand-rail erected to help the visitor against the wind, coming, as it so often did, in flaws of extraordinary force and fury around the headland. From this high point a great expanse of ocean filled the eye, and the ceaseless, uneasy rumor of water assailed one even in the fairest weather. There was always a thin run of surf about the base of the Brown Cow and among those narrow conical rocks which, set in a rough crescent near the lower end of the Cat's Mouth, had not inaptly been named the Cat's Teeth.

The path followed the edge of the cliff on the hither side of a stone wall, behind which some few experienced old apple-trees bent and flattened themselves into strange, tortuous shapes to escape the winds. The inclosure went by the name of orchard, though it was in truth little else than a wild jungle of weeds and rubbish; but one tree in the most sheltered corner yearly made a conscientious effort to supply us with a bushel or so of pippins, and adventurous Chepstow urchins as regularly defeated the hope. I purposed to shorten my road by crossing here; and so, finding a toe-rest in certain familiar crannies of the masonry, clambered easily to the top of the wall, and paused there a moment,

"'YOU DIDN'T SEE THE SIGN, I SUPPOSE?'"

astride of the coping, to put aside the branches and take a distant view of the forlorn pile of ruins I called home. It was a dreary place; its roofs sagged, its chimneys leaned at perilous slants. Yet my heart warmed to the sight of it. I took hold of the stoutest bough to swing me to the ground, when ——

"Don't touch those apples, young man!" said somebody sharply.

I was so startled as nearly to lose my hold, and came down with a run and hands well scored on the rough bark. There I stood, knee-high in rank undergrowth, staring all about in a surprise that must have been not a little ludicrous, for the voice uttered a short cicada-chirrup of laughter, shrill and sweet.

"Here I am. What bats men are!" it said.

I looked. She was standing almost immediately beneath the place where I had climbed over; my boot must have grazed her. She was what old women call a slip of a girl, in a cotton gown, white, figured with fine sprigs of green sadly faded, for it was not new. The wind whipped her red hair into her eyes. Her face was very much freckled; properly speaking, it was one freckle from brow to chin. She wore, besides, as I remember, a little muslin tucker (I think the garment is so named) and a little frilled muslin apron; and these articles, together with her old print frock, were washed, starched, and ironed to a degree it hath not entered into the mind of man to conceive. I took off my hat; and something about this young woman moved me thereafter hastily to adjust my cravat and shirt-ruffle. I believe these signs of perturbation (which were entirely genuine) pleased her in some subtle way, like a tribute, for she stopped to inquire: "You want to cut through here to the highroad? I'm very sorry, but I really cannot allow it. I've had a great deal of trouble keeping the village boys away from this tree. These are fine apples and good winter keepers — that is, I think they are ——" she added a little tentatively, searching my face. "You didn't see the sign, I suppose?"

I followed her gesture and beheld, nailed aloft on the stub of a dead tree, a square of white planking whereon was neatly lettered the legend:

NO TRESPASSING UNDER PENALTY OF
THE LAW
ABRAM AND NICOL PENDARVES, PROPRIETORS
PER MARY SMITH

"I did it myself with a red-hot poker," she said proudly.

I gazed from her to the sign-board, all but speechless. "It's very well done," I managed to get out at last.

"Yes, isn't it? But, somehow, it doesn't keep the boys from coming. They're not at all law-abiding. I don't think they've been very well brought up. And then, of course, they're not accustomed to seeing any one in charge here." She looked around, and smoothed her apron with the most astonishing little air of resource and command. "I saw a bill with the names at the bottom that way, and per So-and-So below, so I copied it," she continued, surveying her handiwork fondly.

"Ah? You are Miss Mary Smith?"

"Yes." And now she looked at me, and away again, with a strange and sudden flush. "Yes, *Smith*. That's — that's a very good name, *I* think." There was a kind of tremulous defiance in her tone, as if she half expected me to question it.

"I've heard it before, I believe," said I stupidly — for, in fact, I had scarcely yet got myself together. "You live here?"

She nodded, with a perplexed and inquiring eye on me. "I'm Captain Pendarves' housekeeper," she said, with a prim and bridling air, and once more her expression challenged me. "Deny it if you can, sir!" was evidently her unspoken thought.

"And how long has my — ahem! — has Captain Pendarves been employing you, may I ask?" I said, wondering that Crump had not prepared me for this as for the other changes.

"Young man," said Mary Smith severely, "I have no time to stand here answering idle questions. If you want to see Captain Pendarves, I will speak to him; but if not, I really think you had better be getting on, for it's late."

"I was thinking of stopping awhile," said I humbly, "with my grandfather. You see, I'm Nicol Pendarves."

Had I said, "I am the Prince of Darkness," the announcement could not have wrought a more appalling change in her. She fell back a step, putting out one faltering hand to the wall for support. Her small bullying mien vanished like a garment twitched from her shoulders by unseen magic. Her face blanched piteously; terror looked from her eyes. "Oh, I was afraid of this!" she gasped, in a voice that went to the heart. "Sir, I — I —meant no harm!"

"Harm!" said I, both touched and puzzled. "Why, you've done none. There is no need for excuses. I never saw a better steward; you did not know me, and you were within your rights to send me about my business."

"Sir," she said, still in a tremble, "I have

done no wrong. You will find everything just as you left it."

"I shall find everything in a good deal better case, judging by what I've seen already, I think," said I heartily. "How long have you been here?"

"Four weeks — next Wednesday," she answered nervously.

"Then," said I, "maybe you can tell me something about the drift of things here. For — not to boggle about it — I am in some uneasiness, Miss Smith. These people — this man and woman who I hear have settled themselves upon Captain Pendarves of late — who are they? what are they?"

As I spoke we emerged upon the stone-paved walk leading to our kitchen door; it had been picked free of weeds, and the currant-bushes on either side trimly harnessed up to a set of stakes. A white curtain flounced behind the old lattice; there was a row of flowering geraniums in pots upon the sill. Through the open door you might see a clear fire and Mary Smith's saucepans glowing on the wall. The place, I thought, wore, for a kitchen, the best air conceivable of decent and humble dignity; nor would one have supposed that mere thrift and cleanliness could be so comely. I turned to her with some such words, and found her facing me, so much of haggard trouble in her eyes that I stopped, aghast.

"Sir," she said, twisting her fingers, "I see you do not understand — I thought you knew. I — I am the woman you speak of. Your grandfather is within, and the other — the man — with him."

III

Our old house being designed and built with a shiplike compactness, there was but one room on the ground floor besides the kitchen and its offices. It was a plain, comfortable place, wainscoted about, with shelves and lockers in the whimsical copy of a vessel's cabin. And it contained the single work of art our establishment could show; that is, a portrait of my grandfather's grandfather, — he who founded this house, — in a finicking attitude, with a brocade coat and a pair of compasses. In his rear were to be seen a pillar and a red velvet curtain, and (distantly) a fine storm of clouds and lightning. Never was a respectable old sailorman so misrepresented; but all his descendants except one regarded this gaudy daub with almost religious veneration. Every family has its one great man; the admiral was ours. His was the distinction of being the only Pendarves who had ever managed to amass a fortune. It had dribbled through the fingers of succeeding generations; but there was a tradition that some part of it, buried or otherwise secreted with an admirable forethought by the old gentleman, might yet be discovered, to the further glorification of our house.

The picture hung directly opposite the door, favoring me, as I entered, with a disconcerting smirk; it needed no great stretch of fancy to credit him with cherishing some secret and villainous joke. Beneath it sat my grandfather, with his pipe, in the same place and attitude as I remembered him for upward of twenty years, but so spectral a likeness of himself that the sight of him shocked me like a blow. He had wasted to a mere parchment envelop of bones, and the eyes he turned to mine were bright with inward fever. I had looked for I do not know what signs of an unstable mind, but at first, save for the eyes, saw none. He showed only a not too well pleased surprise.

"Nicol!" he said, and pushed back his chair, without rising. "Nicol!" and then for a moment sat staring closely at me under his heavy brows. With his next action something of the horror of his affliction came home to me, for I saw that, but for some confused sense that I had been absent against his will, he had utterly forgot everything concerning me, the terms of our last meeting, and the events of many years besides.

"Hush, and sit down!" he said, in the habitually chiding tone he had used to the boy of ten or twelve. "Take your books and get your lesson!" He pointed with the stem of his pipe to a stool in the corner where, as a lad, I had passed more than one grim hour, and turned to his companion, as older people turn from the interruptions of children.

Mary Smith, following behind, touched me gently on the arm. "Go and sit down," she formed the words with her lips rather than voiced them.

There sat beside my grandfather a vast, fat creature with a forest of greasy black hair and beard about his pallid face; his heavy hands lay motionless in his lap, forcibly reminding me of an image I had seen of some Oriental god upon his throne. His eyes were scarcely opened, his breathing was almost imperceptible; a gross animal content appeared in him as of a full-fed, lethargic crocodile. Side by side, he and the gaunt, fierce-eyed old man presented no mean allegory of spirit and body. A table was before them, and in the middle of it a toy the like of which I had never seen in this house or elsewhere — a globe of crystal, perhaps the size of an orange, held up on a little bronze pedestal. The fat man's eyes, or so much of them as one

"THE FAT MAN'S EYES . . . WERE FIXED UPON THIS THING WITH A KIND OF STUPID INTENSITY"

might see, were fixed upon this thing with a kind of stupid intensity; one could have fancied him paying tribute to some idolatrous shrine. The captain watched him with an equal earnestness; so might the Roman mob have hung upon the reading of the sacred entrails; and there was about it the air of a well-practised, familiar rite. At last my grandfather asked:

"What do you see?"

The other's lips moved, and an unintelligible whisper reached me.

"Ay, that's it, that's it," said the captain, and sent a quick, searching look about the room. "Doubloons — pieces-of-eight — Spanish pillar-dollars — doubloons, doubloons! That is what it would likely be made up of, eh? But where — try to see that — where?"

Another interval of silent gazing, and the

oracle uttered some further statement, which my grandfather received with an impatient groan.

"Doubloons — piles of gold — I know!" he said. "And a ship. But whereabouts was it, eh? Surely you can see whereabouts it was?"

"It's all a mist; I can see nothing," the other answered, after a pause.

I could have found it in me to laugh at the whole miserable hocus-pocus, had I been less indignant. The situation was, besides, sufficiently grave; and as I listened to this silly and profane juggling, and observed the wildness of my grandfather's bearing, it became plain to me that he could not long endure such an influence. I guessed from his talk that the old man's disorder was based upon the idea of treasure lost, sunk, or hidden hereabout; for our coast was dangerous, a menace to vessels, and not innocent, besides, of smugglers and worse. Perhaps the poverty of his later years was at the root of his delusion; perhaps his madness would have taken this form anyhow. However he had fallen into the fat man's hands, this was the secret of the latter's power. While I pondered gloomily, the sitting (so to call it) came to an end. Perhaps my unwelcome appearance somewhat contracted it. My grandfather lapsed into his chair, his chin on his chest, brooding. Excitement died in him almost visibly, like the flickering down of a spent fire. Instead of eighty, he looked a hundred and eighty, and his face was as lifeless as a mummy's.

"Zaira!" said the fat man, raising his thick lids (but I fancied he had already taken some shrewd peeps at me from under them), "I have slept, and the spirit has spoken. Arise! take away the mirror of Time and Space!"

And hereupon the girl, advancing with a shamed glance at me, carried the globe to one of the lockers, shoved it in, and slammed the door on it savagely.

"Have a care!" the seer warned her somberly; the mirror of Time and Space, apparently, was not immune from the ordinary risks of mirrors, as one might have expected so august an instrument to be. When speaking aloud thus, he used a great rolling, sonorous voice; it filled the room until the very window-panes vibrated.

She gave him a look of angry rebellion, opened her lips as if to retort with some stinging word, stood irresolute a moment with eyes that wavered between the three of us, then walked off, leaving us sitting facing each other in silence.

The fat man and I exchanged a long stare, I choking down my temper, he smooth and placid, to outward seeming, as the idol he resembled. The resolution with which he stuck to his silly pose was, in its way, a rogue's masterpiece; nothing more exasperating than this stolid effrontery was ever devised. The scoundrel feared, and yet knew he had, in a sense, the better of me; the helpless old man between us was his shield.

"Young man," he said at last, in the same booming monotone, "have you the gift of the seeing eye?"

"I have more the gift of the feeling fist, I think," said I, with what calmness I could muster. "If you doubt it, sir, I shall be pleased to show you. I am Nicol Pendarves, as a soothsayer like yourself will have guessed already. Perhaps you will honor me with your name and business here?"

"Many names are mine," he answered, and made a solemn gesture. "Many names are mine —— "

"Doubtless," I said; "but I meant your *last* alias."

He went on, unruffled, in his great voice, as if I had not spoken: "Many names have been mine through the uncounted eons — many names. In this flesh men call me Constantine Paphluoides."

It was no wonder Chepstow could not turn its tongue about that name; that and his manner together must have dumfounded our straight-thinking townspeople. I do not remember — indeed, I took no pains to note — what else he said; bits of mythology, history, poetry, rolled from him in a cataract of meaningless noise. Had I been an ardent disciple sitting at his feet, he could not have feigned a greater exaltation. The fellow was at once dull and crafty; he loosed this gust of windy rhetoric at me as if he thought to win upon me by mere sound and fury signifying nothing.

I got up at length, when I had had enough of him, and, walking across to where he sat, "Mr. Constantine Paphluoides," said I, "this is my house; I give you until to-morrow morning to leave it; you will go quietly and without any formalities of farewell. You will find it expedient to obey me; otherwise, although I have not consulted the mirror of Time and Space, I should not be surprised if it revealed you, to the seeing eye, in the town jail and later in the stocks."

He made no answer, but sat staring at me, blinking, and opening and shutting his mouth in a gasping fashion like a fish. I had striven to speak quietly, but (being in a breathing heat of anger) must unconsciously have raised my voice, for unexpectedly, and, as it were, for a warning, my grandfather came out of his semi-

stupor and straightened up, eying me over with a kind of wandering severity.

"Nicol, go to bed! You hear me? Go to bed!" He reached, cursing, for his cane. There was a grotesque familiarity in the act. With that very cane he had sought to coerce me into the straight and narrow road, as he conceived it, how many times during all my childhood!

"Go to bed, I tell you!" he screamed, and half rose, brandishing his rod of correction.

Somebody pulled at my sleeve; it was the girl. "Please come away, Mr. Pendarves; please do come away, sir, just for a minute, and then he'll forget it," she urged; and, with her earnest air of responsibility: "It's so bad for him."

IV

In the kitchen, Zaira Mary Smith was getting supper ready, as it appeared. I followed her out passively, and sat down in a sort of maze. It seemed incredible that, amid the shabby tragedy of this household, there should be time or thought for the kindly business of spreading a meal. The girl marched briskly to and fro, stooping to the oven door, tinkling softly among her spoons and bowls, evidently taking a timid zest in her labors. It made her seem the most sane, assured, and stable person among us, spite of her position. I could have imagined her singing as she went, had it not been for my presence. She was desperately conscious of me, watching me askant

"'GO TO BED, I TELL YOU,' HE SCREAMED, AND HALF ROSE"

with the curiously commingled fear and trustfulness of a child. Nor, notwithstanding the untruths or half-truths she had told me, could her connection with the abominable rogue-fool in the next room appear other than an enormity — as if she might be the enchanted heroine of some fairy-tale, condemned to the service of a monster. At last, when she came and laid a board and pan on the table beside me, and, rolling up the sleeves about her capable, round little arms, began a severe maltreatment of a batch of dough, I could keep silence no longer; curiosity crowded every other feeling out of me.

"Mary Smith!" I burst out, "for God's sake, tell me all about it!"

She rested her hands on the edge of the bowl an instant. "About us?" she said, with a quick glance at me. She gave the dough one or two perfunctory pats and punches, biting her lips; and then suddenly, with a rush of color, her face puckered together, she clapped her befloured hands over it, and fell on the nearest bench in a perfect whirlwind of sobs.

"I — I —I w-w-wanted to be respectable!" was all I could make out between gasps — but that was staggering enough news, I thought. She wanted to be respectable!

She went on: "I didn't come here of my own free will, Mr. Pendarves, truly I didn't; but when we came, and I saw how nice I could make it, — and I never had a home before, — I knew, if you ever came back, that would end it all, and I did so hope you wouldn't!"

"It seemed a pity not to make hay while the sun shone?" I suggested.

She nodded, a little doubtfully. "I didn't think of it just that way," she said. "But — yes, I suppose any one would put it so. Only — I haven't hurt anything, Mr. Pendarves; I — I only scrubbed — and cooked — and cleaned a little. I was so happy: there was no harm, it seemed to me. And when I pretended to be the housekeeper, that — that was just a little game I played with myself; it was silly, I dare say, but, after all, it did no harm, either. It was like another game I play by myself sometimes — of having a birthday, you know? I put little things I've made beside the bed, and when I wake up in the morning, I make believe it's my birthday, and I'm so surprised at all the presents I've got! It's silly, isn't it? I knew you'd laugh."

"I never felt less like it," I said. "Don't you know your real birthday?"

She shook her head. No, she did not know that. She had never known anything about her father and mother. She was not even certain of her own name. "He calls me Zaira," she said, with a scornful jerk of her auburn head toward the other room; "but that's a stupid name, and I hate it. I tell every one my name's Mary Smith. Why not? I might as well call myself what I like — nobody cares. I think Mary Smith's beautiful, don't you? It's so respectable, isn't it?" she added wistfully.

Of her childhood she could remember nothing but being in some sort of school or institution (a home for foundlings, most likely) governed by nuns, or at least by women who went about in black stuff dresses and white caps, and whom one called *ma sœur* — for this was in southern France, she thought. The life was clean, decorous, and peaceful, and she might have grown up to wear a white cap herself, and herd little waifs into chapel; but when she was probably ten or eleven years old, the fat man came and took her away, and they had been wandering up and down the world ever since. He said he was her uncle, but she was no more sure of that than of anything else concerning herself.

When they had been in Chepstow a time, she said, her uncle came into their fortune-telling booth one day with Captain Pendarves, whose name she did not then know. He talked a great deal in an excited way about finding some treasure — "money I think he said his father or grandfather had hidden a long while ago. He kept saying it would all be in 'doubloons, doubloons,' because it was got in the Spanish Main and brought here in a ship. And he said there was treasure, heaps of it, in the bottom of the Cat's Mouth, where ships had sunk, gold pieces all in amongst the ribs of dead men. Mr. Pendarves," — she looked at me with a shy, awed sympathy, — "I saw your grandfather was — was ——"

"He is crazy, or nearly so," said I. "Plain talk is best."

"I'm afraid so. I thought shame to beguile a poor old man that way, but, sir, I could not stop it. He came every day, and they looked in the crystal — just as they were doing this afternoon, you know. He's worse now; I think he forgets betweenwhiles what was said the last time they looked. Then, one day, *he* told me we were to come here to live. It was wrong — I knew it; but when I saw it, and thought what I could do — and I did so want to have a home and — and be respectable — and I thought, too, if I worked hard and made it nice, it would be a — a kind of payment, wouldn't it? I couldn't help longing to——"

"Don't cry that way," I said. "I can't bear to see you cry."

"I can't help it," she sobbed. "It's so hard to leave it all."

"Well, then, why leave it?" said I. "*He* has to, surely; but that need make no difference to you. We must have a housekeeper, you know."

She gave me a woeful glance; and I understood that, according to her poor little code, it would be more "respectable" to resume her journeyings with the fat crystal-gazer than to stay in the house with Nick Pendarves as his grandfather's housekeeper. Here was a ticklish point to argue with her; and, for all her tears, there was a firmness in the set of her chin (it was dented with a dimple) that warned me such argument would be a waste of time. She had made up her mind, and would stand to it at all costs. It was martyrdom in an eminently feminine style; women deliver themselves up to it day by day, and contrive to be perfectly unreasonable, yet somehow in the right. She wiped her eyes presently, shut her mouth on a sob, and went resolutely about her work. We had, after all, a tolerably cheerful evening in the kitchen. It seemed wisest for me not to show myself again before Captain Pendarves, but I am afraid I did not repine greatly at the banishment. As the door swung to and fro behind Mary carrying their dishes, I caught glimpses of the gloomy parlor, my grandfather huddled in his chair by the table, with bright, roving eyes; the sorcerer surprisingly busy about the food for a person of his ethereal habits; and, on the wall beyond, old Admiral Pendarves simpering eternally over his private fun.

V

THE wind came up strong again after sunset, and all night long went noisily about the gables, and piped down our trembling old chimneys. It did not lessen with the approach of morning, and when I thrust open the window, an hour or so after dawn, there was a low-hanging gray sky and a great, driving stir in the air. I had hardly pushed the casement out, had one brief vision of bare tormented trees, felt a slap of rain, and heard, not far away, the measured beating of breakers as they charged at the foot of our cliff, when the wind, plucking the latch from my grasp, slammed the lattice and went yelling around the corner of the house like a jocular demon. I began to dress, thinking, as I had often thought before, that the place had a kind of fantastic kinship with the sea; every timber in it seemed to strain and creak to the repeated onsets of the storm, like those of any ship. The house stood steady enough, yet our position, open to all the winds of heaven, and within a few hundred paces of the furious water, was surely such as none but a sailor would have chosen. We rode out the weather in the open, so to speak, with abundant sea-room. And, for the better carrying out of the simile, there presently arose, somewhere outside, a long, drawling hail, calculated, with a mariner's nicety, to overcome the wind. "Ah-o-oy! The house, ah-o-oy!"

It came from the landward-looking or high-road side of the house — about two points on the starboard bow, as old Crump would have said. And, in fact, when I reached the door, there was Crump himself huddled in a pea-jacket on the seat of his cart, with his gray pony drooping dolefully between the shafts. I could just see them above the ragged hedge that divided our little front yard from the public way. Towering columns of rain swept across the landscape; Crump and the pony looked soaked to the core; and I was admiring the Spartan devotion to duty that brought him out at this hour, in such weather, when he began another wailing like a castaway banshee: "Ah-o-oy, the house! Pendarves, ah-o-oy!"

I set a hand to either side of my mouth and roared an answering hail to him up the wind. We were a bare twenty yards apart, but if he had not chanced at that moment to look in my direction, I doubt if he would have been aware of me, for all my efforts. The wind, in a fresh swoop, snatched the sound from my lips and ranged through the house with a turmoil of banging doors, falling crockery, and wildly fluttering draperies. As it was, he caught sight of me, shouted something unintelligible, and gesticulated toward a formless heap tucked up in oil-skins behind him in the cart. Then he descended laboriously and signaled for help to remove it.

"What is it? What has he got?" screamed Mary Smith in my ear. She must have come running from the back of the house at the recent outburst of racket. Her petticoats swirled; her red curls streamed (they were shining with wet). She had certainly been outdoors already, as early as it was, in the teeth of all this blow, and I was startled by the pale anxiety of her look. "What is it? Who is there?" she cried again shrilly.

"Nobody but Crump with my baggage," I cried back. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, Mr. Pendarves, haven't you seen them? They are both gone! I've looked everywhere about the house. They were gone when I got up, and I can't find them high or low!"

"You mean Captain Pendarves — and the other?"

She nodded, with terror-struck eyes on me; then, raising on tiptoe, screamed painfully, with

her mouth close to my ear (it was almost impossible to hear otherwise): "He — your grandfather — has done it before. He's always restless in a storm. He goes down to the shore sometimes. I'm so afraid ——" her look said the rest.

"Ask him — ask Crump; maybe he's seen them," she added in a shriek, as I started to the carrier's help. It was but a few steps to the gate, yet I reached it wet through, half blinded by sheets of water driven slantwise in my face, and with the breath nearly beaten out of me. In the open, thus, the storm seemed to increase tenfold in violence; it filled the vast cloudy hollow of the sky with reverberating din; and I felt, or fancied I felt, the solid ground shiver with the pounding of the waves on the ledges along the Cat's Mouth.

Crump greeted me with a cheerful grin; he had all the seaman's tolerance for the vagaries of the weather.

"Coming on to blow some, ain't it?" he remarked at the top of his lungs. "Your old apple-tree's carried away — that one in the corner of the orchard, I mean. I could see it as I came along by the upper road."

"Have you seen my grandfather anywhere about?" I shouted.

He could not have understood the question, for he answered, squinting up at me knowingly as he stooped over his end of my chest: "I see you got rid of *him*, Mr. Nick, and in short order, too. I spoke him a little way back, bound for Sidmouth with all sails set — at least, he was laying a course that way. Come on board, ma'am!" He pulled his forelock and made a leg respectfully before Mary (albeit eying her with no small interest) as we shoved our burden through the door. The girl clapped it shut, with a sharp struggle against the draught, and in the momentary silence that followed we stood awkwardly and apprehensively surveying one another, while the hurricane rumbled outside.

"I asked you if you had seen my grandfather," I said to Crump, at last.

"Seen the cap'n? Why, no, sir," he said, surprised. "I was telling you I saw ——" He stopped, with a glance at Mary.

"Yes, go on. You saw *him?* Where? What was he doing?" she said sharply.

"I was saying he crossed my bows laying his course for Sidmouth, or that way," said Crump, evidently striving for a witness-box exactness. "He didn't answer my hail. Looked like he was in too much of a hurry."

Mary cast a troubled look about. "Did he have anything with him? A portmanteau, or carpet-bag, or anything to carry clothes?"

"Not that I noticed," said Crump carefully. "Looked as if he was going out in ballast — except his pockets; there was something in his pockets, I should say."

I stared at Mary in some perplexity. What the fat man did, or what should become of him, were, indeed, matters of indifference to me, except so far as they concerned her. I was well enough pleased that he should go, but there was something unusual in the manner of his going; it was a headlong flight. To tell the truth, I had looked for further trouble with him. What would the girl do now? And where was Captain Pendarves? She met me with eyes at once frightened and resolute.

"First of all we must find Captain Pendarves — we must go look for him," she said, answering my thought and making up my mind for me in a trice. (She has a way of doing this, displaying the most unerring accuracy at it any time these twenty years!) And, in the turn of a hand, she had kilted up her skirts, tied a shawl over her head, and was making for the kitchen door.

"Lord love you, miss, you can't go out in this!" said Crump, aghast.

"Why not? I've been out in it once already."

"But, Mary!" I cried, and tried to withhold her. "What good can you do? Here is Crump, and here am I. We'll find them both. This is no work for a woman. You are wet; you may get hurt ——"

"And you?" she retorted. Then, in a lower voice, "Don't stop me, Mr. Pendarves; don't try to keep me from going. I can't stay quietly here, and wait, and wait, and not know what's happened. I think I should go mad. I *must* go. You are wasting time; your grandfather — oh, can't you understand?"

I understood only that she was frantic with anxiety, and might have offered further remonstrance had it not been for the sudden defection of Crump. He edged a little nearer, and gently jogged my elbow.

"I'm with ye, miss," he announced, with startling alacrity; and, as we followed her out, he explained to me in a hoarse and perfectly audible whisper behind one hand: "I'm always with 'em when they get that look on, Mr. Nicol. Catch me adrift on a lee shore! I've learned a lot since I signed with Sarah."

The breakfast-table had been laid, and the empty chairs stood around it in their places, under the smiling supervision of the admiral's portrait. In the kitchen, Mary had a bright fire going, her neat towels hanging to dry. She opened the door, and the next instant this pretty and comforting picture was shut behind us, and there we were crouching in the rain under the eaves, with the wind bellowing overhead.

"IT LAY BEFORE US, A CONSIDERABLE HEAP OF GOLD AND SILVER COINS, TARNISHED BUT RECOGNIZABLE"

Mary stood on tiptoe again to scream: "I've been all over except in the orchard — you can see the shore from there."

I took her hand within my arm, and we struggled forward. As we drew nearer the cliff, the loud and awful noise of breakers in the Cat's Mouth silenced the storm; yet the wind was no whit diminished. A man could hardly have kept his feet, I think, along the cliff path. Before we reached the corner where the ancient tree that had weathered so many gales lay prostrate, uprooted at last, although we had as yet no view of the immediate shore, we could see a white aureole of spray hang, vanish, and return in a breath, yards in air above the Brown Cow. We fetched a compass around the orchard, stumbling and staggering among stumps and matted weeds and half-hidden logs without finding my grandfather, or any trace of him; and Crump having dropped behind, we had lost sight of him when that eery screech he adopted to make himself heard traveled to us down the wind. He was kneeling by the dislodged roots of our old tree, and, as he caught my eye, began an uncouth pantomime of surprise and wonder; then stooped, grasped a handful of something, and held it aloft with extravagant gestures. He bawled again, and, having got closer by this time, I heard the words:

"Doubloons, Mr. Nick! Pieces-of-eight! Spanish dollars! Doubloons!"

"Heaven help us all!" went through me. "Here's another gone mad."

The spectacle put our search momentarily from my mind. I knew Crump's head to be none of the strongest, and I should never have guessed what had actually happened — for surely this was a strange place and way in which to stumble upon old Admiral Pendarves' treasure!

Yet that was what the carrier had done; he was never saner in his life. It lay before us, a considerable heap of gold and silver coins, tarnished but recognizable, in a rotting wooden keg sunk into the ground at the foot of the tree and partly meshed in its roots. Crump plowed among the coins with his hand.

"There's a mort of money here, Mr. Nicol," he said, "and there's been more. Look, here's some of it scattered out in the grass; it couldn't have got away out there of itself. And here's a footprint in the mud." He looked up thoughtfully. "Likely some of it's on its way to Sidmouth now," said he. "I thought his pockets bulged."

"Well, I wish him joy of it!" said I.

"Lord, you could have the law on him for that, Mr. Nicol. Ain't you going to?"

"Not I!" said I, holding Mary's hand.

Something in this attitude must have moved Crump to his next remark. He looked us both over with an impartial and dispassionate air, cast a calculating eye on the treasure; then, "Enough left to get married and set up on, anyway," he said weightily. "There's worse things in the world than being married — though you'd hardly believe it. That's what I often says to Sarah!"

At that Mary Smith snatched her hand suddenly from mine and moved toward the edge of the cliff, crying out that we must continue our search. I climbed the orchard wall and looked along the shore. Here the cliff dropped away almost sheer, and the narrow strip of shingle at its base was lost in the surf. Farther to the north it widened a little with the curve of the shore, and through a swaying curtain of rain I could follow it to a point we called the Notch, near the entrance of the Cat's Mouth; of late years they have dredged the channel and moored a bell-buoy off this headland. There was nothing alive in sight; some prone black objects I saw, with a start, were only a few fisher-boats drawn up on the sand, and none too safe. I looked out to sea; the tide was making, and, where the strait drew in toward the Cat's Teeth, the waves fought and clamored with a horrid vigor, like living monsters. Their huge voices outdid the winds, and, as one after another made forward, towered, and broke upon the reefs, the Teeth disappeared in a welter of foam. Hereabout we found the old man at last.

Where he had got a boat, or with what madman's strength he had launched it, we could not guess. It was midway of the Cat's Mouth that I first caught sight of him, at no great distance measured by feet and inches, but as far beyond human aid as if the wide Atlantic had separated us. He was standing up in the stern, with folded arms, in something the posture he may have maintained on the poop of his ship in old days — where, perhaps, he fancied himself at this moment. I trust that reason was withheld from him in the utter hour; and certainly, although I could not discern his features, I saw him make no gesture either to invite help or to indicate that he had any understanding of his position. If mad, I thought (right or wrong) his death thus less ignoble than his life had become; if sane, he held a strong and steadfast heart, and bore himself well on his last voyage. By some strange chance, the boat spun and tossed among the breakers, yet kept an even keel, and boat and man together made a viking end. For, so standing, unconscious or unmoved, he went down, before our eyes, between the white and pointed reefs of the Cat's Teeth.

BOB, DÉBUTANT

BY HENRY GARDNER HUNTING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENMAN FINK

OF course, Bob knew that, as an abstract ethical principle, it is wrong to fight. His mother had been endeavoring to impress that idea upon him, from the moment it was first decided that he should go to public school till his books and his lunch-box were packed and he was on his way thither; and she had succeeded fairly well, for she had exacted a promise from him faithfully to avoid personal encounters as wholly sinful and unbecoming.

As a matter of fact, Bob knew only so much about fighting as he had learned through round-eyed, somewhat frightened observation of a very few entirely bloodless encounters among older boys; and, inasmuch as he had found himself consistently excluded from nearly all other, more peaceful pursuits and interests of these older ones, it was not unnatural that he should feel merely a spectator's interest in their fistic battles also, and that he should look upon them as he would have looked upon any other natural phenomenon—with some excitement, perhaps, but with no personal concern.

Bob admired his mother. To him, she was the most beautiful and the most resourceful woman in the world. He had found her judgment upon many subjects so wise that he was quite prepared to believe her position in this matter (which did not appear to be vital) completely and unquestionably correct, and to promise accordingly.

But conditions which exist on the big, bare public-school playgrounds, away alike from parental restraint and parental protection, are quite different from those in the home door-yard, and the code which obtains in the ward-school world is not an open book to all mothers of chubby-fisted sons who are called upon to observe it. It seems difficult for mothers to comprehend that a normal boy's standing on the school-ground is, like that of a young cock in a barn-yard, simply a matter of mettle and muscle.

So it was as early as Bob's second day at school — on the first Papa Jack had gone with him — that a revelation came both to him and to his mother. To him it was a painful revela-

"SCHOOL-BAG AND LUNCH-BOX DROPPED FROM HIS HANDS"

tion, first because he had this new code to learn, and afterward because of his promise; and it was the latter thing that made the real difficulty. When you are a small boy you can easily adapt yourself and your habits of mind to new conditions and environment; but when you have some one else to think of, and when you are bound by a promise, that complicates matters.

Now, one "Curly" Davis — who was said to have been christened Charles, but whose astonishingly spiral locks surely constituted better authority for a name than any possible application of baptismal water — was, by right of reputed might, dictator of the Vine Street Primary. Curly was alleged to be of pugnacious disposition, and had not been bred to appreciation of the Golden Rule. He had the outward bearing of one who has reason for confidence in his personal prowess. He was popularly believed to have fought many fights and fierce, — just when and where his admirers seemed not to consider important, — and he had a reputation for ferocity rather disproportionate to his stature. He had a way of glaring at you, too, if you happened to be a new boy at school, which was sufficiently suggestive of a sanguinary temperament to overawe the average youngster and to render quite unnecessary any more active demonstration.

Like all despots who rule through fear, Curly had a following. It was made up of lesser lights of like tastes and ambitions, who toadied to and imitated the tyrant simply to avoid the unpleasant necessities which the alternative involved. These followers, numbering some six or eight, through their unity of aim and Curly's leadership, had gained a certain ascendency over the far greater, but unorganized, body of would-be independents who, chafe as they might under the yoke, dared not attempt to throw it off; and these loyal retainers were zealous in service of their lord's interests and pleasure.

On that beautiful fall morning when Bob first went alone to school, he had not been ten minutes on the playground, standing upon its outer edge, school-bag and lunch-box in hand, to gaze upon its novelties, before a satellite of Curly's, one Percy Emery, espied him. Instantly it was as though Percy had discovered some new quarry, unearthed a fresh specimen of some genus, edible and choice.

"Hi, Curly," he yelled, with the eager loyalty of his kind, "come 'ere. 'Ere's a new one. Look at the school-bag to 'im."

Curly, who was at the moment engaged in the pleasing pastime of hectoring a scared little five-year-old who ought still to have been in the

kindergarten, pricked up his ears at the cry and, like a hungry bird of prey leaving a mouse for a lamb, promptly swooped down upon the new game. His movement was the signal for the gathering of a crowd, and, before Bob was fairly aware that he was the object of attention, he had become the center of a curious group whose interest, if not wholly hostile, was in the main certainly not friendly. The dictator himself confronted him with unmistakably bellicose intentions.

"New shoes!" said Curly contemptuously, selecting the first obviously vulnerable point open to a shaft of insult. "New shoes! Spit on 'em!" He suited the action to the word, and immediately word and act alike were imitated by two or three of his more ardent admirers.

"Stop!" said Bob. He did not know what it meant. He backed away from his persecutors.

"Aw, stop, eh?" mocked Curly. "Who are *you?* What's yer name?"

"Bob McAllister."

"Bob! Bob-tail! Bob-cat!" chanted Curly, in gratuitous insult of which only bantam shamelessness is capable. "Stop, will I? Who'll make me? You? You want to fight?"

He danced about Bob's quiet little figure, snapping his fingers in the new boy's eyes. Then, suddenly, he swung his wiry body and swept a stinging blow in Bob's face.

A yell of delight from the despot's own drowned a weaker chorus of protest. Curly backed and squared, ready for some show of retaliation or resistance, a scornful little grin on his face.

"Come on, now. Fight! Stop me!" he cried.

But Bob did not move. Curly's blow had landed fair on the tender little red lip, and it had cut against the teeth behind; a tiny scarlet stream flowed down Bob's smooth little chin. In his eyes the dizziness of the first jar gradually gave way to slow amazement. Then the tears welled up, hot tears which overflowed the lids and ran scalding down the cheeks, but they did not conceal or quench a glitter which grew to a bright flame behind them.

Bob's school-bag and lunch-box dropped from his hands. The pudgy fists which had never before been clinched with belligerent purpose, but which were, nevertheless, a boy's fists, doubled themselves into hard little knots; but still he stood quiet.

So far as his whirling little mind could think, he thought thus: So this was fighting; this was what he had promised mother not to do; what he had promised — had promised — promised. He was not so big, this boy who had struck him,

"HE SET HIS FACE ONCE MORE TOWARD SCHOOL AND WALKED VERY FAST"

"A RING OF BOYS—

not so big. Bob was not afraid. But that a promise is a thing to be kept inviolate he had learned, oh, years ago, from Papa Jack, along with all the other *of-course-ities* of life, like telling the truth, keeping your troubles to yourself, and not being a cry-baby or a telltale. And a promise to mother — well, nothing could be more sacred. Yet here was a new condition which he had never met before, a new situation which suddenly made him see in an altogether different aspect a question supposedly settled — this question of to fight or not to fight. It made his sweeping promise to mother suddenly seem to have been very ill-advised indeed. He wondered if his mother could have known that he would meet this kind of thing at school. In that first instant after Curly's blow was struck, instinct told him that fists were made to be used, and reason added that self-defense is right; and now something else was stirring in his heart — something which might not, perhaps, be wholly unexpected, under such circumstances, to stir in the heart of a boy whose grandfather had carried a musket at Gettysburg and whose father had worn khaki at San Juan. He wondered if his mother could have known.

But Bob's fists only clinched; they did not strike. All the sturdy little muscles in his small body stiffened, and he stood with head up and eyes blazing, but he did not strike. And then the school-bell suddenly began to ring, and the group about him broke away; and Curly Davis started off, shouting back something about fixing *him* after school, and — he was alone.

Bob stood still. He realized that the last bell for school had rung. He knew that he should have gone in with the others. That was what he had been sent to school for, certainly. But he stood still.

The tears had dried upon his face, and so had the thin little line of red on his chin. His lip was swelling, and felt as if a hazelnut or a big bean had been pushed up under it and were sticking to and stinging the skin. He stooped and picked up his school-bag and lunch-box, stood still again for a moment, and then walked away. He was not going to school, and, naturally, as there was nowhere else to go, he was going home.

But a great, heavy weight seemed to have settled down upon his breast and pressed in upon it, and it was hard to breathe. His thoughts were still confused, but he was wondering — wondering. Why was it? Why had

EXCITED, EAGER, YELLING"

they treated him so? Why had they singled him out to attack him? Why had that boy with the curly hair struck him? Why had the others laughed? Didn't they like him? Didn't any one like him? Why, what had he done? His heart swelled with sudden misery and wretchedness. Why was such an unkind thing permitted in the world? And then again returned that something which stirred inside him, something hot and hard, which made his cheeks and eyes burn and his fingers clinch once more. And then again the question, "Could mother have known?"

Mrs. McAllister saw him coming a block away, and she ran down to the gate to meet him as he trudged in. Bob looked up into his mother's face. The quick concern in her eyes, as she saw the battered little lip and the stained chin, came nearer to making him sob than Curly's blow had done; but, though the tears would well up and his throat felt very tight, he only swallowed and carefully wet the puffed lip with his tongue.

"Why, Bobbie, Bobbie, what is the matter?" cried his mother, dropping down on her knees on the walk beside him. She put both her hands on his shoulders and turned his face toward her; and Bob looked straight into her troubled blue eyes, and suddenly began to feel better — began to feel, indeed, that he did not have to care so much, after all.

"Oh, Bobbie, *have* you been fighting?"

Bob shook his head.

"How did you get your lip hurt so? Did you fall down?"

Again he shook his head. He didn't know just how to tell her. It wasn't fighting. At least, *he* didn't fight; it had been that other boy. But, somehow, he did not want to say that; he did not want to tell; he wanted something, but he did not know just what it was. He found himself forgetting how he had felt a moment before, and then he discovered that he was not thinking about what he wanted at all. He was thinking what a very ***blue*** blue his mother's eyes were when she looked at him so, and, all at once, he felt more sorry for her than for himself, because she looked so troubled; and he kissed her quickly, and hurt his lip.

Mrs. McAllister led him into the house. "Won't you tell mother, Bob?" she asked.

But he couldn't. He was feeling better — much better — but he couldn't tell. There was another reason now, that he hadn't thought of before: it would make her feel more sorry. And

after all, it didn't matter so much; that is, it didn't if — He looked up at her with a new thought.

"But, Bob, you must tell mother all about it," she was saying, as she carefully bathed his chin and lip, and so he had to shake his head again.

"Then you must tell papa this noon, Bob."

Bob considered. No, he couldn't tell Papa Jack, either. He felt pretty sure father himself wouldn't tell about such a thing if he were a boy. He was silent.

Mrs. McAllister began to move about her work, though she still looked at him frequently and anxiously. Bob went away to the window, and stood looking out. He remembered how he had started out that morning, with school-bag and lunch; he remembered how he had approached the school-grounds, and how big and strange and attractive a place it had seemed to him at first, and what a good time all those boys had been having; and then he remembered how, suddenly, he had found them all around him, summoned by the call of that boy with the hateful grin, and how Curly Davis had sneered and spat and struck. Suddenly he found himself tingling all over, and pressing a burning forehead against the cool glass, and digging his knuckles into the corner of the sash till they ached. Then he went into the library, and lay down on father's big leather couch, and thought and thought.

Papa Jack came home for lunch at noon, and mother told him. Bob heard them in the hall.

"He says he didn't fight," said his mother, "and he says he didn't fall down. He won't tell me, and I told him he must tell you. I don't know why he doesn't want to tell; he isn't ashamed or very much frightened, and he didn't cry after he came home."

Bob heard Papa Jack's footsteps cross the hall and come in upon the hard-wood library floor, and then on the big rug by the library couch. Papa Jack sat down beside him and put his big fingers around Bob's little ones.

"Well, what about it, Son?"

Bob looked up and smiled. Always such a pleasant, warm feeling came over him when Papa Jack came near him and talked to him.

"What about it, Son?"

But Bob could not reply. His eyes grew serious as they looked back into his father's.

"What did this, Bob?" asked Papa Jack, gently touching the hazelnut bruise with a finger.

"A boy," said Bob.

"What boy?" asked Papa Jack. "A big boy?"

Silence, and then a shake of the head.

"Did you strike him first?"

Again Bob shook his head.

"What did you do to him?"

Still another shake of the head.

"Do you mean he just came up and struck you without any provocation?"

"He laughed," said Bob.

"What else?"

"Spit on my new shoes," reddening.

Papa Jack drew his mustache down between his lip and teeth. "Hm! He did, eh? What else?"

"Said 'Bob-tail, bob-cat.'"

Papa Jack looked puzzled.

"Said I was — Bob, bob-tail, bob-cat," explained Bob.

"Oh!" Papa Jack seemed to see light. "And then he struck you?"

A nod once more.

Mr. McAllister looked out the window and his fingers closed tightly around Bob's. "When was this, Bob — before school?"

"Mm."

"And you came right home?"

A nod.

"Did you strike him back?"

Bob's eyes widened. "No."

Papa Jack's eyes widened also. "Why?"

"Because."

"Because what, Bob?"

"Because mama said not to fight."

"And you promised?"

Bob nodded again.

"I see." Papa Jack's eyes suddenly lighted with something Bob did not understand, and he sat looking down at Bob for a long minute. "I see," he said again, and then he turned and called to mother. "Helen!" And mother came in, with a piece of white sewing in her hands.

"Helen," said Papa Jack, "it's a case of bullying. The boy promised you not to fight, and he didn't. It's a mistake, mother. He's been set upon by some young bully, and couldn't defend himself because of his promise."

Mother looked at Bob; there was distress in her eyes, but something else came into them, too.

"It's only the beginning, dear —the beginning of battles," said Papa Jack, and he put his other hand on mother's.

"Bob," he said, "mother doesn't mean you're not to defend yourself. Understand? By fighting, mother only means beginning fights, picking fights, provoking other boys to fight. We *have* to defend ourselves. It isn't right to pick a fight; that's what mother means."

Bob saw tears come into his mother's eyes. Papa Jack saw them, too.

"There's only one way among boys, Helen

dear. The bullies must be fought, you know. Our boy's got to be a boy's boy if he's to be a man's man by-and-by."

Suddenly mother bent over and kissed Bob, and held him, with her arms thrust under and about him — held him hard.

"The only thing, Bob, is to be a man always. Be square and white. Do the right thing. I can't tell you what it will be every time; neither can anybody else: but you your own self will know. It may be right even to fight sometimes, for yourself and for others who are bullied; but every boy knows for himself when it's right and when it's wrong. If he does as he *knows*, he'll do right."

It was a quiet lunch that day. Father and mother talked little and the meal was quickly over. Bob hardly knew what he himself ate or did or thought. There was a strange excitement in his heart and in his head, a feeling that he could not define. It was not that he was going back to school after dinner. It was not that he would probably meet those boys again, nor that he would sooner or later have to face again that Curly Davis. Neither was it that, when he did face Curly Davis, he meant to — yes, to fight him. No, it was none of these things, though his heart did beat the faster as he thought of them. It was something else; it was something about what his father had said, not so much his words, but the way he had said "a man's man" and "we must defend ourselves" — something that thrilled him, made him proud and humble, all at once. Someway, father seemed to have taken a new attitude toward him, and in that change even Bob seemed to see father's recognition that babyhood was over for his small son.

Mother stood in the door and watched him go. She had been crying again, a little; she had even wanted to keep him at home. But father had said, "No, let him go; as well now as to-morrow," and so she had kissed him and cried again, a little. And then she had begged him to "try to keep away from those bad little boys," and to "play only with good boys who did not want to fight"; and Bob had said yes — doubtfully. He waved his hand to her from the gate, and again from the corner of the block, and then he set his face once more toward school, and walked very fast.

It was five o'clock when Bob came home again. School closed at four, but the clock on the library mantel was tinkling five when he opened the door and closed it very softly. He didn't want mother to see him just then.

He was trembling and very white — his little mirror by the window showed him that. There was a brown-and-blue bruise just in the corner of his little brown eyebrow, of which he had felt carefully a dozen times on the way home, but which did not look so big in the glass as it had felt. There was a rubbed place on his chin, and the soft knuckles of his hands were grimy and stained. He laid his school-bag and box carefully on a chair, and went to look out the window for a moment. And then a strange feeling came over him.

—This was his little room; yes, it was his — the same little room; the same white curtains, the same little window, the same view of the little green door-yard and the apple-tree and the cedar-hedge; the same soft sunset light coming in upon him where it had come so many, many other evenings, ever since he could remember. But the boy —that little boy who had looked upon it all, who had lived there and loved the white curtains and the sun and the apple-tree — where was he? he wondered.

When he closed his eyes he could see just one thing — one whirling, seething vision: a ring of boys, excited, eager, yelling, laughing, cheering, with only here and there a frightened face; and there in the midst himself and another — some one who was striking and kicking and scratching at him, but whose blows he did not seem to feel, so hard and fierce and fast he himself was striking, and so hotly ran his blood. And in his ears were ringing the cries which had gone up at the end, when that other boy — he of the curly hair — had suddenly, at last, turned from him and run away through the crowd, beaten and sniveling and — alone. And he remembered that he had felt sorry then — oh, so sorry — sorry for that other boy!

He washed his face and hands carefully, and looked again in the little mirror. Perhaps mother wouldn't notice — much. He opened his door and crept softly down the stairs and into the library, and there was mother, looking anxiously from the window, and father, who had just come in, putting on his hat as if he were going out again. And they both turned and looked at him; and mother ran and caught him up in her arms, just as if he were that baby-boy again — that baby he had been yesterday. He wondered.

Father looked at the brown bruise and the scuffed knuckles critically, while mother held him with her face against his hair.

"Do you think he'll bother you any more, Bob?" father asked, just as if the whole story had been told.

Bob shook his head, and mother suddenly clasped him closer, while father turned away with a grim smile. And Bob himself just wondered — wondered about that baby-boy he had been yesterday.

TWO PORTRAITS BY GILBERT STUART

A NOTE ON A RECENT ACCESSION OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

BY SAMUEL ISHAM

THE name of Don Josef de Jaudenes y Nebot has not impressed itself deeply on the memory of the world. It does not appear in the great, many-volumed biographical dictionaries nor in the indexes of the standard histories of the United States. Even in the library of the Hispanic Society of America there is no record of him. He was, however, a man of some importance in the early diplomacy of the nation. The beginning of his official career may be definitely determined by a letter of Washington's of July 20, 1791, in which he says: "I yesterday had Mr. Jaudenes, who was in this country with Mr. Gardoqui and is now come over in a public character, presented to me for the first time by Mr. Jefferson."

Gardoqui came to America in 1786 as *chargé d'affaires* for the negotiation of a treaty with Spain. The "public character" in which Jaudenes was presented in 1791 was that of commissioner of Spain, and he had united with him on the commission Josef de Viar, all their official documents being signed with both names. Their main business, like Gardoqui's, was the negotiation of a treaty between Spain and the United States; a treaty which was to settle boundaries, rights of trade between the two nations, and also the question of the "occlusion" of the Mississippi River; but there was much outside diplomatic sparring over the disputes between the Governor of Louisiana and the Georgians about trespasses and conflicting rights. The last communication of the commissioners was dated in 1794. The next year the negotiations were transferred to Madrid and the treaty was signed there and Jaudenes probably then returned to Spain. There seems to be no trace of him after that.

The only other facts in regard to him are to be gathered from the two pictures recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which are the subject of this article. They are signed G. Stuart, R. A., New York, September 8, 1794, and bear inscriptions in Spanish which, to complete the record, are here given in full:

DON JOSEF DE JAUDENES Y NEBOT COMISARIO ORDENADOR DE LOS REALES EXERCITOS Y MINISTRO EMBIADO DE SU MAGESTAD CATHOLICA CERCA DE LOS ESTADOS UNIDOS DE AMERICA. NACIÓ EN LA CIUDAD DE VALENCIA REYNO DE ESPAÑA EL 25 DE MARZO DE 1764.

DOÑA MATILDE STOUGHTON DE JAUDENES—ESPOSA DE DON JOSEF DE JAUDENES Y NEBOT COMISARIO ORDENADOR DE LOS REALES EXERCITOS DE SU MAGESTAD CATHOLICA Y SU MINISTRO EMBIADO CERCA DE LOS ESTADOS UNIDOS DE AMERICA. NACIÓ EN LA CIUDAD DE NUEVA-YORK EN LOS ESTADOS UNIDOS EL 11 DE ENERO DE 1778.

We learn from these that Don Josef was thirty and his bride in her seventeenth year, and that she was born in New York. Unfortunately this is all that we know about her. Stoughton is a sufficiently familiar name in the colonial records of the New England and Middle States, but the lady of the portrait has not yet been identified nor has a search of the newspapers of the day revealed any mention of her marriage. It may very probably have taken place on September 8th, 1794, the date placed after Stuart's name on both canvases; but the journalists of that time took less note of such international alliances than those of the present. Something more about the lady is, however, certain to be found by the genealogists and delvers in old diaries and correspondence, for the wedding of the young Spanish diplomat with the pretty American girl just midway in her teens must have set tongues wagging and pens inditing. How the match turned out we do not know, but some argument as to their happiness may be based on the fact that Jaudenes' successor, the Marquis d'Yrujo, followed his example and took an American bride in the person of Miss Sally McKean, who was also painted by Stuart.

Having thus disposed (somewhat unsatisfactorily, it is true) of the personality of the sitters, we can turn to the portraits themselves. The accompanying reproductions make extended description unnecessary. They are characteristic Stuarts, more elaborate, more complete, than most of his subsequent work,

Two Portraits by GILBERT STUART
reproduced by permission of
THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Printed from plates made by the Colorplate Engraving Company, New York

list of gentlemen who are to have copies of his portrait of Washington, consisting of thirty-two names. A few take two copies, no one takes more save Jaudenes, who subscribes for five. The list is dated April 20th, 1795, which is seven months after the date on the pictures, and is the strongest possible evidence that Jaudenes was greatly pleased with Stuart — presumably on account of these portraits — and is entirely irreconcilable with the idea that the painter had quarreled with the diplomat's wife or left her portrait unfinished.

As to the coats of arms, the most casual examination makes it clear that they were painted by another hand than executed any part of the portraits. In all probability they were done after the canvases reached Spain, and the inscriptions and signatures would naturally have been added at the same time. Stuart would never have engrossed a long Spanish inscription, and that he should have signed his name (contrary to his habit) and have added the "R. A." to which he had no right is most unlikely. What is most unlikely of all, however, is that there should have been found in Spain an artist capable of painting a portrait like the Don Josef. Both heads are absolutely alike in handling, in texture, in mixing of the pigments, and in all of those things are absolutely characteristic of Stuart, whose methods were peculiarly his own and could not be caught even by men like Sully, who not only intently studied his processes but sat and watched him when he was at work. That a Spaniard with entirely different training and ideals could have reproduced them is impossible.

As for the costumes, it may be admitted that they differ from most of Stuart's American work; but the difference is more in subject than in method and is chiefly noticeable because he never again painted a gentleman in silver-sprigged scarlet waistcoat and small clothes. He hated such work, and his position in America enabled him to do as he chose, and he could tell sitters that if they wanted clothes they could go to a mantua-maker or a tailor, he painted the works of God. So distasteful was such labor to him that we know that he employed assistants in the details of some of his Washington portraits. In the present canvases the heads are painted with an interest and a thoroughness very different from that displayed in the costumes. These latter are skilfully done. The dexterity displayed is amazing and such as no copyist is at all likely to have had, but it is dexterity applied to getting a striking result as quickly as possible and with the least possible effort of hand or brain.

Now, to explain this, we should remember that Stuart only returned to America in 1793, and the pictures are both dated September 8, 1794. Whatever that date may mean, both pictures were presumably finished before then and were thus among the first, perhaps the very first, important works that Stuart did in New York. He would consequently have every motive, both from the desire to establish his reputation and from the position and charm of his sitters, to do his very best. The workmanship should be compared, not with what he did afterwards in America but rather with what he had done before in England and Ireland, when he was compelled by the exigencies of his sitters and the rivalry of his fellow artists to give some importance to costume and composition. Unfortunately, Stuart's foreign work is practically unknown to Americans (and to foreigners also, for that matter). There is little of it in the public galleries, and a large proportion of it has probably been rechristened with other and more attractive names. As far as we may judge from a few examples and from the many engravings after it (some of them large enough and good enough to give an idea of the handling), the costumes were done much in the style of those we are considering.

After all, the strongest argument for the authenticity of the portraits is the portraits themselves. They are beautiful, they are skilful, done in Stuart's style and entirely worthy of him. To suppose them done by any one else involves the doubter at once in a maze of improbabilities and impossibilities. The present writer is willing to put himself on record as quite convinced that they were painted by Stuart and are wholly by his own hand and are unusually important specimens of his work.

MARY BAKER G. EDDY

THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY

GEORGINE MILMINE

XIV

MRS. EDDY'S BOOK AND DOCTRINE

"No human tongue or pen taught me the Science contained in this book, 'Science and Health'; and neither tongue nor pen can overthrow it."—MARY BAKER G. EDDY.

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Eddy's book, "Science and Health," was not published until 1875, from the time Mrs. Eddy left P. P. Quimby in 1864 she had been struggling to get his theories before the public. Dr. Patterson, her second husband, left her in 1866, and for the next four years Mrs. Eddy was able to make a bare living by her "Science," wandering about among the little shoe towns near Boston and teaching Quimby's theories here and there for her board and lodging. She went from house to house with her precious copy of Quimby's "Questions and Answers"* and the pile of letter-paper, covered with her own notes, which she was forever rewriting and revising. The one thing that everybody knew about Mrs. Glover (Eddy) was that she "was writing a book." While she was staying with the Wentworths, in Stoughton, she carried her pile of manuscript to Boston, and when the printer to whom she showed it demanded to be paid in advance, she tried to persuade Mrs. Wentworth to lend her the money. Had the printer who looked over that confused mass of notes known that they were the nucleus of a book of which over five hundred thousand copies would be sold by 1907, and had he printed the manuscript then and there, Christian Science in its present form would never have existed. For at that time Mrs. Eddy had not dreamed of calling her system of mind cure anything but Dr. Quimby's "Science." She talked of Quimby to every one she met; could talk, indeed, of little else. When she introduced the subject of mental healing to a stranger — and she never lost an opportunity — it was always with that conscious smile and the set phrases which the village girls used to imitate: "I *learned* this from Dr. Quimby, and he made me *promise* to teach at least *two* persons before I *die*."

The story of the Quimby manuscript from 1867 to 1875, and of the gradual growth of Mrs. Eddy's feeling of possession, has already been recounted in an earlier chapter of this history.* By the time the first edition of "Science and Health" appeared, Mrs. Eddy said no more about Quimby or her promise to him. Mrs. Eddy has always been able to believe anything she wishes to believe, especially about her own conduct and about that of persons who have displeased her, and it is very probable that by this time she had persuaded herself that she really owed very little to the old Maine philosopher.

How "Science and Health" was Published

Although Mrs. Eddy had been working upon her book for about eight years, writing and rewriting with almost incredible patience, she was unwilling to assume any financial risk in getting it printed. George Barry and Elizabeth Newhall, two of her students, agreed to furnish the sum of one thousand dollars, which the Boston printer asked for issuing an edition of one thousand copies. Mrs. Eddy made so many changes in the proofs, continuing her revisions even after the plates had been cast, that she ran the cost of the edition up to about twenty-two hundred dollars, and Miss

* Mrs. Eddy also had copies of other Quimby manuscripts in her possession.

* See McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, May, 1907.

Newhall and Mr. Barry lost about fifteen hundred dollars on the book. They would, indeed, have lost more, had not Daniel Spofford, much against Mrs. Eddy's will, paid over to them six hundred dollars which he had received for the copies of the book he had sold. Although Mrs. Eddy at that time owned the house in which she lived and had some money in bank, she did not, either then or later, suggest reimbursing Barry or Miss Newhall for their loss.

Aside from the fact that she was unwilling to risk money upon it, Mrs. Eddy believed intensely in her book. One of her devoted students sent copies of "Science and Health" to the University of Heidelberg, to Thomas Carlyle, and to several noted theologians. But the book made no stir outside of Lynn, where it caused some perplexity. There was little about it, indeed, to suggest that it would be an historic volume. It was a book of 564 pages, badly printed and poorly bound; a mass of inconsequential statements and ill-constructed, ambiguous sentences which wander about the page with their arms full, so to speak, heedlessly dropping unrelated clauses about as they go.

Although the basic ideas of the book are Quimby's, and even much of the terminology, the first edition of "Science and Health" was certainly written by Mrs. Eddy. Not only is there every internal evidence of her hand in the style of the book, but a number of her students are still alive who went over portions of the manuscript with her and worked with her upon the proofs. The same George Barry who helped to pay for the publication of the book copied out in longhand twenty-five hundred pages of the manuscript. He brought suit against Mrs. Eddy for payment for "copying the manuscript of the book 'Science and Health,' and aiding in the arrangement of capital letters and some of the grammatical constructions." He produced some of Mrs. Eddy's manuscript in court, and the judge allowed him more than the usual copyist's rate "on account of the difficulty which a portion of the pages presented to the copyist by reason of erasures and interlineations," as it is put in the judge's finding.

Although Mrs. Eddy's book has been enlarged and greatly improved as to its order and grammar, the first edition contains all the essential elements of her philosophy, if such it may be called. Mr. Wiggin did good work in translating the book into comparatively conventional English, and gave a kind of unity to paragraphs and sentences, and later revisers have greatly improved upon his work; but the first edition gave a fairly complete and, on the whole, a comprehensible statement of Mrs. Eddy's platform.

Mrs. Eddy's religion claims to be a system of metaphysics, a system of therapeutics, and an improved form of Christianity. As the founder of a system of idealistic philosophy, Mrs. Eddy does indeed, as Mr. Alfred Farlow says, "begin where the sages of the world left off." Other philosophers have reached the conclusion that we can have no absolute knowledge of matter, since our evidence regarding it consists of sense impressions, and that we can absolutely assert of matter only that it exists in human consciousness; but Mrs. Eddy begins boldly with, "There is no such thing as matter." She reaches her conclusion by steps which she deems complete and logical:

1. God is All in all.
2. God is good. Good is Mind.
3. God, Spirit, being all, nothing is matter.

Mrs. Eddy calls attention to the fact that even if read backward, these propositions mean identically the same as when read in the usual order, and she seems to regard this as conclusive proof of their logical truth. She says, "The metaphysics of Christian Science, like the rules of mathematics, prove the rule by inversion. For example: there is no pain in Truth, and no truth in pain; no nerve in Mind, and no mind in nerve; no matter in Mind, and no mind in matter," etc.

In his article upon Christian Science, published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1904, Dr. John Churchman says:

> The uncompromising idealism, however, which Mrs. Eddy offers us not only has these defects, but is guilty of a far more serious charge. It poses as an explanation, and is in reality a total evasion. To deny that matter exists, and assert that it is an illusion, is only another way of asserting its existence; you are freed by your suggestion from explaining the fact, but forced by it to explain the illusion. It is the old mistake of imagining that an escape from a problem is a solution. You are out of the frying-pan, it is true, but you are in the fire instead. *

* Many typical instances of Christian Science logic may be found in Mr. Alfred Farlow's answer to Dr. Churchman's article (*Christian Science Journal*, 1904). Mr. Farlow takes up Dr. Churchman's statement, "To deny that matter exists and assert that it is an illusion, is only another way of asserting its existence." Says Mr. Farlow: "According to this logic, when a defendant denies a charge brought against him in court, he is only choosing a method of asserting its truth."

Mr. Farlow seems to think that Mrs. Eddy arrived at her discovery of the non-existence of matter, not by any process of reasoning, but by *personal experience*. He says:

"From doubting matter and learning by experience its utter emptiness Mrs. Eddy began to search for the universal spiritual cause, and having found it through actual demonstration in spirit, she was obliged in consistence therewith to deny the material sense of existence."

Mr. Farlow seems to consider the logic of this progression inevitable.

Having thus disposed of matter, Mrs. Eddy seems to think that her definition has actually changed the nature of the case, and that though we live in houses, eat food, and endure the changes of the seasons, our relation to the material universe is changed because she has defined matter as an illusion.

It is not, however, Mrs. Eddy's definition which is so remarkable, but her application of it. Having stated that matter is an illusion, she asserts that "matter cannot take cold";* that matter cannot "ache, swell and be inflamed";† that a boil cannot ache;‡ that "every law of matter or the body, supposed to govern man, is rendered null and void by the law of God". §

There is No Material Universe

Quimby acknowledged the actual existence of the universe, of the physical body, and of disease; Mrs. Eddy teaches that they are all illusory. The earth, the sun, the millions of stars, says Mrs. Eddy, exist only in erring "mortal mind"; and mortal mind itself does not exist. All phenomena of nature are merely illusory expressions of this fundamental error. "The compound minerals or aggregate substances composing the earth, the relations which constituent masses hold to each other, the magnitudes, distances, and revolution of the celestial bodies, are of no real importance. . . . Material substances, astronomical calculations, and all the paraphernalia of speculative theories . . . will ultimately vanish, swallowed up in the infinite calculus of spirit." "Earthquake, wind, wave, lightning, fire, bestial ferocity" are merely the "vapid fury of mortal mind." "Heat and cold are products of mind" — even a "mill at work, or the action of a water wheel," is only a manifestation of "mortal mind force." Apart from mortal belief, there is no such thing as climate.

"Repulsion, attraction, cohesion, and powers supposed to belong to matter are constituents of mind," Mrs. Eddy says. By this she does not mean that these forces exist, for us, in our minds, but that at some time in the dim past "mortal mind" imagined matter and imagined these properties in it. Christ, she says, was able to walk upon the water and to roll away the stone of the sepulcher because he had overcome the human *belief* in the laws of gravity. (Yet, Mrs. Eddy is continually reminding us that the fall of an apple led Newton to discover a great law, etc.) "Geology," Mrs. Eddy says, "has never explained the earth's formations. It cannot explain them." "Natural Science is not really natural or scientific, because it is deduced from the evidences of the senses." "Vertebra, articulata, mollusca, and radiata are evolved by mortal and material thought." "Theorizing about man's development from mushrooms to monkeys, and from monkeys into men, amounts to nothing in the right direction, and very much in the wrong." But it is not only with the natural sciences that Mrs. Eddy is displeased. "Human history," she says, "needs to be revised, and the *material record expunged.*"

Having dismissed the history of the race as trivial, the natural sciences as unscientific, the evidence of the senses as a cheat, and matter as non-existent, Mrs. Eddy proceeds to propound her own curious theory of the Universe and man. She has a theory; incomplete, but ingenious.

Mrs. Eddy's Exegesis

Mrs. Eddy says that her theory of the universe is founded, not upon human wisdom, but upon the Bible; and so it is, but she uses both addition and subtraction very liberally to get her Biblical corroboration. The Bible may be interpreted in two ways, Mrs. Eddy says, literally and spiritually, and what she sets out to do is to give us the spiritual interpretation. Her method is simple. She starts with the propositions that all is God and that there is no matter, and then reconstructs the Bible to accommodate these statements. Such portions of the Bible as can be made, by judicious treatment, to corroborate her theory, she takes and "spiritually interprets,"* that is, tells us once and for all what the passages really mean; and such portions as cannot possibly be converted into affirmative evidence she rejects as errors of the early copyists. Mrs. Eddy insists that the Bible is the record of truth, but a study of her exegesis shows that only such portions of it as meet with Mrs. Eddy's approval and lend themselves — under very rough handling — to the support of her theory, are accepted as the record of truth; the rest is thrown out as a mass of erroneous transcription. Mrs. Eddy's keen eye at once detects those meaningless passages which have for so long beguiled the world, just as it readily sees in familiar texts an entirely new meaning. She explains the creation of the world from the account in the first chapter of Genesis, but the unknown author of this disputed book would never recognize his narrative when Mrs. Eddy gets through with it.

* Science and Health (1898), page 375.
† " " " " " 392.
‡ " " " " " 46.
§ " " " " " 379.

*Mrs. Eddy and her followers believe that she possesses an enlightened or spiritual understanding of the Bible and the universe, not common to the rest of mankind.

Mrs. Eddy's Account of the Creation

*To begin with, Mrs. Eddy says, there was God, "All and in all, the eternal Principle." This Principle is both masculine and feminine; "Gender is embraced in Spirit, else God could never have shadowed forth from out Himself, the idea of male and female." But, Mrs. Eddy adds, "We have not as much authority for calling God masculine as feminine, the latter being the last, therefore highest idea given of Him."

Mrs. Eddy next sets about the creation. The "waters" out of which God brought the dry land, she says, were "Love"; the dry land itself was "the condensed idea of creation." When God divided the light from the darkness, it means, says Mrs. Eddy, that "Truth and error were distinct from the beginning, and never mingled." But Mrs. Eddy has always insisted on the idea that "error" is a delusion which arose first in the mind of mortal man; what is error doing away back here before man was created, and why was God himself compelled to take measures against it? Certainly the account of the Creation which came from Lynn is even more perplexing than that which is related in the Pentateuch.

With regard to the creation of grass and herbs, Mrs. Eddy eagerly points out that "God made every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew." And that, she says, proves that "creations of Wisdom are not dependent on laws of matter, but on Intelligence alone." She admits here that the Universe is the "idea of Creative Wisdom," which is getting dangerously near the very old idea that matter is but a manifestation of spirit. Call the universe "matter," and Mrs. Eddy flies into a rage; call it "an idea of God," and she is serenely complaisant. There was certainly never any one so put about and tricked by mere words; on the whole, it may be said that the English language has avenged itself on Mrs. Eddy.

Arriving at the creation of the beasts of the field, Mrs. Eddy says that "The beast and reptile made by Love and Wisdom were neither carnivorous nor poisonous." Ferocious tendencies in animals are entirely the product of man's imagination. Daniel understood this, we are told, and that is why the lions did not hurt him.

When she comes to the creation of man, Mrs. Eddy accepts the first account given in Genesis, but the second, which states that God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, she rejects as untrustworthy. The first account, she says, "was science; the second was metaphorical and mythical, even the supposed utterances of matter; the scripture not being understood by its translators, was misinterpreted."

The Story of Adam

"The history of Adam is allegorical throughout, a description of error and its results," etc. Man was created in God's likeness, free from sin, sickness, and death; but this Adam, who crept in, Mrs. Eddy does not explain how, was the origin of our belief that there is life in matter and was to obstruct our growth in spirituality. Mrs. Eddy says, "Divide the name Adam into two syllables, and it reads, *a dam*, or obstruction." This original method of word-analysis she seems to regard as final evidence concerning Adam. About the creation of Eve, Mrs. Eddy changes her mind. In the later editions of her book she says it is absurd to believe that God ever put Adam into a hypnotic sleep and performed "a surgical operation" upon him. In the first edition she says it is a mere chance that the human race is not still propagated by the removal of man's ribs. "The belief regarding the origin of mortal man has changed since Adam produced Eve, and the only reason a rib is not the present mode of evolution is because of this change," etc.

Not to be warned by the footprints of time, Mrs. Eddy pauses in her revision of Genesis to wonder "whence came the wife of Cain?" But on the whole she profits by the story of Cain, for here she finds one of those little etymological clews which never escape her penetration. The fact that Adam and all his race were but a dream of mortal mind is proved, she says, by the fact that Cain went "to dwell *in the land of Nod, the land of dreams and illusions.*" Mrs. Eddy offers this seriously, as "scientific" exegesis.

Mrs. Eddy's conclusion about the Creation seems to be that we are all in reality the offspring of the first creation recounted in Genesis, in which man is not named but is simply said to be in the image of God; but we *think* we are the children of the creation described in the second chapter; of the race that imagined sickness, sin, and death for itself. The tree of knowledge which caused Adam's fall, Mrs. Eddy says, was the belief of life in matter, and she suggests that the forbidden fruit which Eve gave to Adam may have been "a medical work, perhaps."

Mrs. Eddy Denies the Atonement

When she comes to the Atonement, Mrs. Eddy says that Christ did not come to save

* This account of the Creation is taken from the first edition of "Science and Health." It remains practically the same in later editions under the chapter called "Genesis."

mankind from sin, but to show us that sin is a thing imagined by mortal mind, that it is an illusion which can be overcome, like sickness and death. It was by his understanding of the truths of Christian Science that Christ remained sinless, healed the sick, and that he "demonstrated" over death in the sepulcher and rose on the third day. His sacrifice had no more efficacy than that of any other man who dies as a result of his labors to bring a new truth into the world, and we profit by his death only as we realize the nothingness of sickness, sin, and death. "God's wrath, vented on his only son, is without logic or humanity, and but a man-made belief."

The Trinity, as commonly accepted, Mrs. Eddy denies, though she seems to admit a kind of triune nature in God by saying over and over again that he is "Love, Truth, and Life."

The Holy Ghost she defines as Christian Science; "This Comforter I understand to be Divine Science."

Mrs. Eddy's Revision of the Lord's Prayer

In the course of Mrs. Eddy's revision of the Bible, she paused to "spiritually interpret" the Lord's prayer. She has revised the prayer a great many times, and different renderings of it are given in different editions of "Science and Health." The following is taken from the edition of 1902:

"Our Father-Mother God, all-harmonious, adorable One. Thy kingdom is within us, Thou art ever-present. Enable us to know — as in heaven, so on earth — God is supreme. Give us grace for to-day; feed the famished affections. And infinite Love is reflected in love. And Love leadeth us not into temptation, but delivereth from sin, disease, and death. For God is now and forever all Life, Truth, and Love."

In this interpretation the petitions have been converted into affirmations, and Mrs. Eddy's prayer seems a somewhat dry enumeration of the properties of the Deity rather than a supplication.

This method of "spiritual interpretation" has given Mrs. Eddy the habit of a highly empirical use of English. At the back of her book, "Science and Health," there is a glossary in which a long list of serviceable old English words are said to mean very especial things. The word "bridegroom" means "spiritual understanding"; "death" means "an illusion"; "evening" means "mistiness of mortal thought"; "mother" means God, etc., etc. The seventh commandment, Mrs. Eddy insists, is an injunction against adulterating Christian Science, although she also admits the meaning ordinarily attached to it. In the *Journal* of November, 1889, there is a long discussion of the ten commandments by the editor, in which he takes up both personal chastity and the Pure Food laws under the command, "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

Mrs. Eddy insists, and doubtless believes, that her "Science" is simply an elaboration, a more advanced explanation, of the teachings of the New Testament. Yet on the subject of repentance, which occupies so important a place in the teachings of Christ, we hear never a word, and upon that consciousness of sin, which is the burden of the Epistles, she is consistently silent. Paul's reiterated explanation of original sin, of the Atonement and Redemption, are ignored. "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive" is made to read: "As in error all die, so in Truth shall all," etc. Even Paul's "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" is made substantially to mean, Who shall deliver me from the belief that there is sensation in matter? Whatever cannot be "spiritually interpreted" into a confirmation of Mrs. Eddy's theory that sin, sickness, and death are non-existent, she refuses to consider.

Mrs. Eddy's Therapeutics

Mrs. Eddy's theology is, of course, a mere derivative of her system of therapeutics, an attempt to base her peculiar variety of mind-cure upon Biblical authority. In her therapeutics there is nothing new except its extremeness. That the mind is able, in a large degree, to prevent or to cause sickness and even death, all thinking people admit. Mrs. Eddy's fundamental propositions are that death is wholly unnecessary and that the body and the organs of the body have nothing to do with life. A man could live just as well after his lungs had been removed as before, if he but thought he could. "Cold, heat, exercise, study, food, infection, etc., never caused a sick or healthy condition in man." "Scrofula, fever, consumption, rheumatism or small-pox never produced pain or inharmony." "A dislocation of the tarsal joint (ankle-joint) would produce insanity as perceptible as that produced by congestion of the brain, were it not that mortal mind thinks this joint less intimately connected with mind than is the brain."

Sight and hearing do not depend upon the eyes and ears. The nervous system can really cause no suffering. "Nerves are not the source of pain or pleasure." "Nerves have no more sensation, apart from what belief bestows

upon them, than the fibre of a plant." What really suffers is mind, or belief; and, if we change that belief, the pain will disappear. "You say a boil is painful," says Mrs. Eddy, "but that is impossible, for matter without mind is not painful. The boil simply manifests your belief in pain, through inflammation and swelling; and you call this belief a boil."

Mrs. Eddy even argues against spanking children because "the use of the rod is virtually a declaration to the child's mind that sensation belongs to matter."*

Mrs. Eddy's idea is that our lungs are necessary to us because we think they are, just as we think heavy underwear is necessary in winter. Horses and cows, certainly, do not think much about their lungs, but Mrs. Eddy says that domestic animals are controlled by the beliefs of their human masters, and that we have corrupted the horse and have taught him to have epizoötic and colic. "What," says Mrs. Eddy, "if the lungs are ulcerated? God is more to a man than his lungs." "Have no fears that matter can ache, swell, and be inflamed. . . . Your body would suffer no more from tension or wounds than would the trunk of a tree which you gash, were it not for mortal mind."

All functional and organic diseases are produced by a popular belief in their reality. "No gastric juice accumulates . . . apart from the action of mortal thought."

"Inflammation, hemorrhages, tubercles, decompositions are all dream shadows." "Man is the same after, as before, a bone is broken or a head chopped off."

But as to who invented the idea of pain and whence came the superstition that we must have lungs to breathe and that the heart is necessary to life, Mrs. Eddy maintains a discreet silence. Sin, sickness, and death, she says, are beliefs which originated in mortal mind. And how and when did mortal mind originate? Mortal mind does not exist, she answers, therefore it had no origin. This reasoning satisfies her; she believes it perfectly adequate.

It is not only the diseased body which is to be disregarded and put out of mind, but all hygienic precautions. Mrs. Eddy particularly objects to diets, and she says that one food is as good as another. God gave man "dominion not only over the fish in the sea, but over the fish in the stomach also," she once said.

There is no such thing as fatigue: "You would not say that a wheel is fatigued; and yet the body is just as material as the wheel. If it were not for what the human mind says of the body, the body would never be weary, any more than the inanimate wheel."

Mrs. Eddy denies that physical exercise strengthens the muscles. "Because the muscles of the blacksmith's arm are strongly developed, it does not follow that exercise has produced this result, or that a less-used arm must be weak. . . . *The trip-hammer is not increased in size by exercise.* Why not, since muscles are as material as wood and iron?"

Constant bathing, Mrs. Eddy says, received a "useful rebuke from Jesus' precept, 'Take no thought . . . for the body.' We must beware of making clean merely the outside of the platter."

A Sensationless Body the Goal of Existence

"A sensationless body," Mrs. Eddy says, is the ultimate hope of Christian Science. Since insensibility to pain is the ultimate good which her system of philosophy offers, it is natural that she should often point us to the lower forms of animal life for our exemplars. "The conditions of life become less imperative in lower organisms, or where there is less mind and belief on this subject." She points out hopefully that certain marine animals multiply their species by self-division. "The less mind there is manifested in matter, the better. When the unthinking lobster loses his claw, it grows again." If we but believed that matter has no sensation, "then the human limb would be replaced as readily as the lobster's claw." She points out the fact that flowers produce their seed without pain. "The snowbird sings and soars amid the blasts; he has no catarrh from wet feet."

"Obesity," Mrs. Eddy says, "is *an adipose belief of yourself as a substance.*"

Mrs. Eddy's Physiology

The most discouraging thing about Mrs. Eddy's dissertations upon anatomy and physiology is that she seems to know so little about the physical facts and laws which she despises. She says, for instance, that a father "plunged his infant babe, only a few hours old, into water for several minutes and repeated this operation daily until the child could remain under water for twenty minutes, moving and playing without harm, like a fish." Does Mrs. Eddy actually believe that a child could live under water for twenty minutes? Again: "The supposition that we can correct insanity by the use of purgatives and narcotics is in itself a species of insanity." Where did Mrs. Eddy get the idea that such treatment was ever supposed to cure "insanity"? Mrs. Eddy says the fact that a finger which has been amputated continues to hurt is proof that nerves have nothing

* Miscellaneous Writings (1896), page 51.

to do with pain, because she states, "*the nerve is gone*"!

Mrs. Eddy says that when we burn a finger, not fire but mortal mind causes the injury. To this statement she adds: "Holy inspiration has created states of mind which are able to nullify the action of the flames, as in the Bible case of the three young Hebrew captives, cast into the Babylonian furnace; while an opposite mental state might produce spontaneous combustion." That is, if mortal mind worked hard enough, we could burn our fingers without any fire, or we could produce the fire by willing it.

The action of drugs depends entirely upon the belief of mortal mind. Stimulants, narcotics, poisons, affect the system solely because they are reputed to do so. And yet, with all her ingenuity, Mrs. Eddy has to admit that if a man took arsenic unknowingly it would probably kill him. This, she says, is because of the consensus of opinion that arsenic is deadly. Such would probably be her explanation of the destructive processes which go on in the world without the knowledge of man; fire consumes the forest, the tiger kills the antelope, and the bite of the cobra kills the tiger because the human mind has attributed such tendencies to fire, to the tiger, and to the cobra.

Mrs. Eddy's View of History

All the emanations of mortal mind are evil. Our redemption, Mrs. Eddy says, lies in Divine Mind, of which we are a part. "Spirit imparts the understanding which leads into all Truth . . . This understanding is not intellectual, is not aided by scholarly attainments." There is no mistaking Mrs. Eddy's meaning; the thing in us which is capable of cultivation and expansion, that which inquires and investigates and reasons, is mortal mind, and is therefore evil. All the physical sciences are the harmful inventions of mortal mind, and the slow and painful accumulation of exact knowledge has been but the harmful activity of the baser element in human nature. There was never such a discouraging view of human history.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that everything which civilization most cherishes has been the direct result of that spirit of inquiry and of those inductive processes of reasoning which Mrs. Eddy despises. If the morality of the civilized world is higher to-day than it was in the fifth century, it is not because men know any more about moral laws than they did two thousand years ago, but because this same spirit of inquiry has made cleaner living possible and imperative. Mrs. Eddy says that Christian Science would abolish war; but the diminution of war has come about, not through any growth of "Divine Mind" but, as Buckle pointed out, through three triumphs of the experimental tendency of the intellect; — the discovery of gunpowder, the discovery that war was detrimental to trade and to the best economic conditions, and the improvement in methods of transportation. Contemplating the history of civilization from Mrs. Eddy's point of view, we have simply gone on developing this injurious thing, "mortal mind" — applying our intelligence to the study of the physical universe — and have gone on piling up false belief on false belief. It is "matter" that is our great delusion and that stands between us and a full understanding of God; and matter exists, or seems to exist, only because we have invented it and invented laws to govern it and have given properties to its various manifestations. The more we know about the physical universe, the heavier do we make our chains; our progress in the physical sciences does but increase the dose of the drug which enslaves us. And there have been but two breaks in this jumbled dream of "error": the first when Jesus Christ "demonstrated the nothingness of matter," the second when Mrs. Eddy proclaimed its nothingness from Lynn.

With a "sensationless body" for the goal of existence, the savage was certainly much higher in "the scale of being" than the nations of modern Europe, and Mrs. Eddy is perfectly right when she refers us to the amœba and crustacea. Happy, indeed, the lobster who thinks so little about his anatomy that his lost claw is replaced by another!

From all her flights Mrs. Eddy comes back to her starting-point: physical well-being. Not for a single page are we permitted to forget that her religion is primarily a kind of "doctoring"; therapeutics made religion, or religion made therapeutics. She makes the fact that Christ healed the sick the principal feature of his mission, and makes it authority for her assumption that religion and therapeutics are essentially one. Certainly the burden of the New Testament is not that man may avoid suffering, but that he may suffer with noble fortitude.

Lack of Religious Feeling in Mrs. Eddy's Book

But it is before such a word as fortitude that Mrs. Eddy's book takes on its most discouraging aspect. Her foolish logic, her ignorance of the human body, the liberties which she takes with the Bible, and her burlesque exegesis, could easily be overlooked if there were any nobility of feeling to be found in "Science and Health"; any great-hearted pity for suffering, any humil-

ity or self-forgetfulness before the mysteries of life. Mrs. Eddy professes to believe that she has found the Truth, and that all the long centuries behind her have gone out in darkness and wasted effort, yet not one page of her book is tinged with compassion. "Oh that mine head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!" If there were one sentence like that in "Science and Health" no one would stop to quarrel with Mrs. Eddy's metaphysics.

But if there is little intelligence displayed in Mrs. Eddy's book, there is even less emotion. It is not exaggeration to say that "Science and Health" is absolutely devoid of religious feeling. God remains for Mrs. Eddy a "principle" indeed, toward which she has no attitude but that of a somewhat patronizing and platitudinous expositor. She discusses sin and death and human suffering as if they were curves or equations.

Malicious Animal Magnetism

In all the editions of Mrs. Eddy's book there is the same shiftiness, the same hardness, and the same astonishing complacency, and the text of the first three editions is disfigured by innumerable ebullitions of spite and hatred. In the first edition the first fifteen pages of the chapter on "Healing the Sick" are given up to an attack upon Richard Kennedy, the young man who was her first practitioner, and of whose personal popularity she was so bitterly jealous. The second edition, a small volume, is largely made up of denunciations of Daniel Spofford. The third edition opens with a preface (signed Asa G. Eddy) attacking Edward Arens, and contains the famous chapter on "Demonology" in which Mrs. Eddy devotes forty-six pages to settling scores with half a dozen of her early students, charging one and another with theft, adultery, murder, blackmail, etc. The Reverend Mr. Wiggin, when he revised Mrs. Eddy's book in 1885, persuaded her to omit these vituperative passages on the ground that they were libelous.

Mrs. Eddy's one original elemental contribution to Quimbyism, was her doctrine of Malicious Animal Magnetism; a grewsome superstition born of her own vindictiveness and distrust. Mrs. Eddy's more enlightened followers have for years tried to divert attention from this one of her doctrines, and there are hundreds of Christian Scientists in the field who know and think very little about it. But it has been a very important consideration in the lives of those who have come into personal contact with Mrs. Eddy. Between 1875 and 1888 many of Mrs. Eddy's students left her because in her lectures and conversation she dwelt more upon the malign power of mesmerism than upon the salutary power of truth. In her contributions to the *Journal* during those years she frequently took up Animal Magnetism; she tells her followers over and over again that she will denounce it, and that she will not be silenced. For several years there was a regular department in the *Journal* with the caption "Animal Magnetism," but the crimes which were charged to mesmerists were by no means confined to this department. "*Also they have dominion over our bodies, and over our cattle, at their pleasure, and we are in great distress,*" the *Journal* again and again affirms.

Poverty a False Belief

Mrs. Eddy surmounts economics as easily as she does physics and chemistry and physiology. Poverty is only a form of "error," a false belief. It can be abolished as readily as sin or disease or old age. She advertised the first edition of "Science and Health" as a book that "affords an opportunity to acquire a profession by which you can accumulate a fortune." "In the early history of Christian Science," Mrs. Eddy says, "among my thousands of students few were wealthy. Now, Christian Scientists are not indigent; and their comfortable fortunes are acquired by healing mankind morally, physically, and spiritually." Her healers should be well paid, she says. "Christian Science demonstrates that the patient who pays what he is able to pay, is more apt to recover than he who withholds a slight equivalent for health." In Mrs. Eddy's book* she publishes a long testimonial from a man who relates how Christian Science has helped him in his business.

This view of poverty has been generally accepted among Mrs. Eddy's followers. One contributor to the *Journal* writes: "We were demonstrating over a lack of means, which we had learned was just as much a claim of error to be overcome with truth as ever sickness or sin was."†

Another contributor writes: "The lack of means is a lupine ghost sired by the same spectre as the lack of health, and both must be met and put to flight by the same mighty weapons of our spiritual warfare."‡

In the files of the *Journal* there are many reports of the material prosperity of individual Christian Scientists. It is an evidence of "atoneness" with God to prosper in business just as it is to overcome disease.

* "Science and Health" (1906), pages 696, 697.
† *Christian Science Journal*, September, 1898.
‡ *Christian Science Journal*, October, 1904.

In the *Journal* of September, 1904, a contributor says:

"Is it reasonable to believe, as we have believed, that popular fancy, whims, climate, the state of politics, any or all of a hundred lawless elements, are able to ruin a man's business while he stands by and doesn't know enough even to make an intelligent protest?"

Government, civilization, and even "climate" are demonstrated to be unreal, but the reality and importance of "business" is never questioned, and that each and every Christian Scientist should get on in the world remains a matter of indubitable moment, even to Mrs. Eddy herself.

Mrs. Eddy's Views on Marriage

Among the many incidental ideas which Mrs. Eddy has added to Quimbyism are her theory that the Godhead is more feminine than masculine, and her qualified disapproval of matrimony. Quimby himself had a large family and saw nothing unspiritual in marriage. In defining the real purpose of marriage Mrs. Eddy says nothing about children; "to happify existence by constant intercourse with those adapted to elevate it, is the true purpose of marriage." In her chapter on marriage she says: "The scientific *morale* of marriage is spiritual unity. . . . Proportionately as human generation ceases, the unbroken links of eternal harmonious being will be spiritually discerned."

In her chapter called "Wedlock" in Miscellaneous Writings (1897) Mrs. Eddy, after a vague and evasive discussion of the subject, squarely puts the question: "Is marriage nearer right than celibacy? Human knowledge inculcates that it is, while Science indicates that it *is not*." In the same chapter she further says: "Human nature has bestowed on a wife the right to become a mother; but if the wife esteems not this privilege, by mutual consent, exalted and increased affections, she may win a higher."

Mrs. Eddy apparently believes that Jesus Christ taught us to ignore family relations: "Jesus acknowledged no ties of the flesh. He said: 'Call no man your father upon the earth; for one is your father which is in heaven.' Again he asked: 'Who is my mother, and who are my brethren but they who will do the will of my father?' We have no record of his calling any man by the name of father."

Future of Christian Science

Whoever has watched the amazing growth of the Christian Science sect must feel some curiosity as to its future. Mrs. Eddy's followers are by no means the only people who are trying to meet, by suggestive treatment, nervous diseases and the many functional disorders which result from overwork, worry, and discouragement. The foremost neurologists of all countries are employing more and more this suggestive method which is the essential reality in Christian Science healing. The followers of the "New Thought" school apply this principle in their own way, and the hundreds of unaffiliated "mind curists" and "mental healers" are each applying it in ways more or less honest and legitimate.

In October, 1906, Dr. Elwood Worcester and Dr. Samuel McComb, the rector and the associate rector of the Emmanuel (Episcopal) Church of Boston, organized the Emmanuel Church Health Class, for the treatment of nervous disorders. Believing that, as Professor William James has said, "the sovereign cure for worry is religious faith," the workers at Emmanuel Church have been endeavoring to cure nervous disorders by putting the patient at peace with himself. Every patient is examined by a physician, and if the root of his disorder proves to be nervous (hysteria, alcoholism, a drug habit, insomnia, or any one of the many forms of neurasthenia) he is admitted into the Health Class for psycho-therapeutical treatment. Here he is encouraged to unburden himself of the distress or perplexity which haunts him, and is given the kind of suggestive treatment which seems best adapted to his disorder. Dr. Worcester studied psychology under Wundt, in Germany, and taught it for six years at Lehigh University. Dr. McComb studied psychology at Oxford. The records of the Emmanuel Health Class show that of the 178 cases treated between March, 1907, and November, 1907, the condition of seventy-five patients has been improved, forty-eight have not been helped at all, while in fifty-five cases the result is unknown.*

Mrs. Eddy's Opposition to the Mind Cure Movement

Mrs. Eddy and her followers have given a demonstration too great to be overlooked, of the fact that many ills which the sufferer believes entirely physical can be reached and eradicated by "ministering to a mind diseased," by persuading the sick man continually to suggest to himself ideas of health and hope

* For an exposition of the theory upon which this work at Emmanuel Church is conducted, the reader is referred to a pamphlet, "The Healing Ministry of the Church," by the Reverend Samuel McComb, issued by the Emmanuel Church, Boston. For a detailed account of the method of healing practised there and its results, see an article, "New Phases in the Relation of the Church to Health," by Dr. Richard Cabot, in the *Outlook*, February 29, 1908. The reader who is interested in the principle and possibilities of psycho-therapeutics or "mental healing" is again referred to Paul Dubois' remarkable book, "Psychical Treatment of Nervous Disorders."

and happiness and usefulness, instead of brooding upon the emptiness and unanswered needs of his life or upon his failing physical powers. Mrs. Eddy's sect, more than any other one of the cults which believe in and practise this method of bettering the patient's physical condition through his mind, has forced the most hide-bound medical practitioners to take account of this old but newly applied force in therapeutics.

But what is Mrs. Eddy's own attitude toward the general awakening to the value of psychotherapeutics in the treatment of human diseases? She declares that every kind of mind cure and suggestive treatment except her own is dangerous and harmful. As one of Mrs. Eddy's students wrote in the *Christian Science Journal*, September, 1901, "The loyal Christian Scientist knows that neither he nor his patient should read or study the books of any other author than those of our beloved Leader in order to learn the Science of the Christ truth, which she is teaching and demonstrating to this age."

Mrs. Eddy's own editorials in the *Journal* are never so bitter as when she is attacking the mental healers who do not practise her own copyrighted variety of mind cure. Recently the *Christian Science Sentinel* of January 18, 1908, stated that Mrs. Eddy cannot countenance the work done at the Emmanuel Church. Mr. Archibald McClellan, the editor of that publication, published an article entitled "No Christian Psychology." He says: "Christian Psychology is equivalent to Christian phrenology, physiology and mythology, whereas Jesus predicted and demonstrated Christian healing on the basis of Spirit, God. He never complicated Spirit with matter, etc. . . . Her teachings (Mrs. Eddy's) show further that she cannot consistently endorse as Christianity the two distinctly contradictory statements and points of view contained in the term 'Christian psychology' — otherwise Christian materialism."

Mrs. Eddy holds that any system of healing which at all takes account of, or admits physical structure, is not Christian.

Mrs. Eddy's endeavor has been to convert a universal principle into a personal property. And she has gone a wonderfully long way toward doing it. Thousands of people believe that they owe their health and happiness to a healing principle which was revealed by God to Mrs. Eddy and by Mrs. Eddy to mankind; that since the ministry of Jesus Christ upon earth no one of the human race has understood this principle except Mrs. Eddy, and that she is the only human being now alive who fully understands it; that when she dies her works alone will stand between the world and darkness.

But all the while that Mrs. Eddy was energetically copyrighting, and pruning, and expelling, and disciplining, that other stream which came from Quimby, through Dr. Evans and through Julius Dresser and his wife, was slowly and quietly doing its work.* Mind Cure and New Thought grew up side by side with Christian Science. As organizations they were not nearly so effective, and their ranks, like Mrs. Eddy's, were often darkened by the adventuress and the battered soldier of fortune. But the Mental healers and the New Thought healers treated the sick on exactly the same principle which Mrs. Eddy's successful healers employed.

As to the future of Mrs. Eddy's church, her own attitude toward every attempt to investigate and to apply liberally the principle of mental healing, seems to determine that. It has been possible for her, during her own lifetime, absolutely to prohibit preaching, thinking, independent writing,— investigation or inquiry of any sort — in her churches. But after her death, when that compelling hand is withdrawn, either the church must renew itself from among the ignorant and superstitious, as Mormonism has done, or it must permit its members to use their minds. Those who use their minds will discover that Christian Science is only one method of applying a general truth, and that it is a method which is hampered by a great deal that is illogical and absurd; that if Christian Science, as Mrs. Eddy has promulgated it, were universally believed and practised, it would be the revolt of a species against its own physical structure; against its relation to its natural physical environment, against the needs of its own physical organism, against the perpetuation of its kind. The moment a Christian Scientist realizes that the helpful and hopeful principle of his religion can operate quite independently of all the inconsequential theories which Mrs. Eddy has attached to it, that moment he is, of course, lost to Mrs. Eddy. Mrs. Eddy's church organization stands as a sort of dyke between the general principle of mind cure

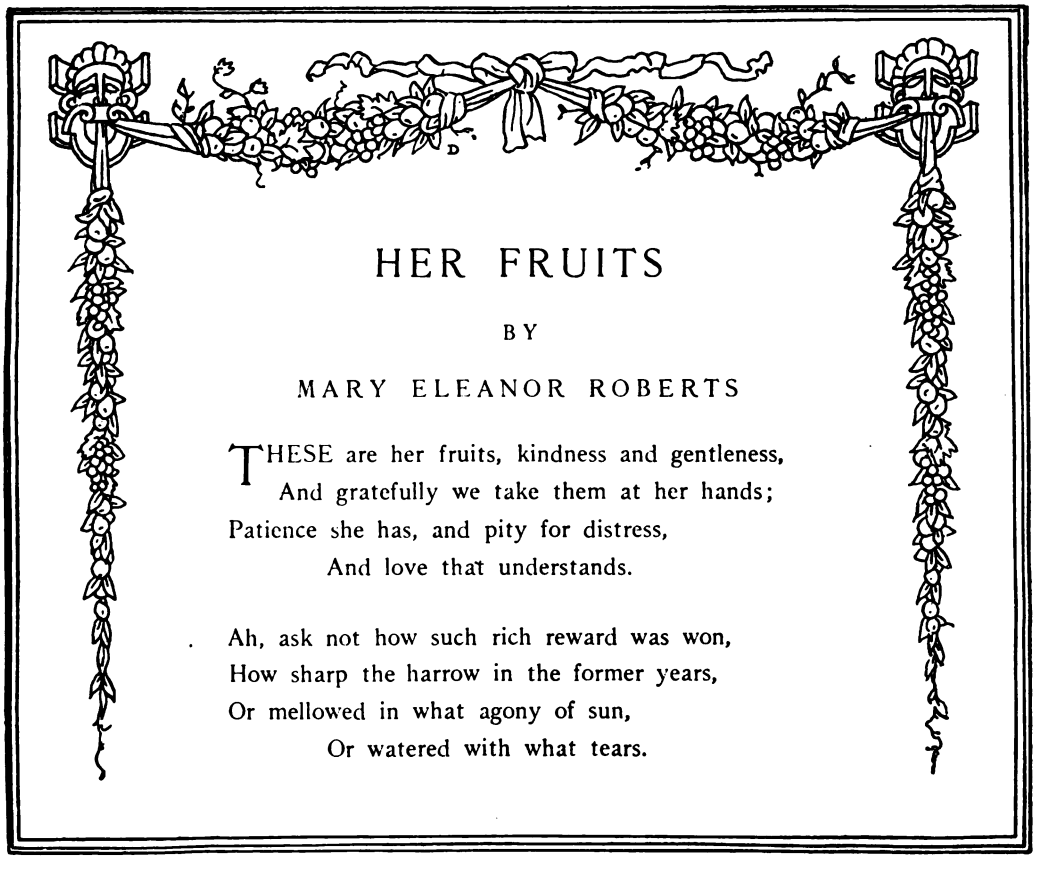
* The reader who is interested in Quimby's teaching and healing is referred to "The True History of Mental Science," by Julius A. Dresser, published by George H. Ellis, 272 Congress Street, Boston.

Dr. Warren F. Evans, in his book, "Mental Medicine," published three years before the first edition of "Science and Health," said: "Disease being in its root a *wrong belief*, change that belief and we cure the disease. By faith we are thus made whole. There is a law here which the world will sometime understand and use in the cure of the diseases that afflict mankind. The late Dr. Quimby, of Portland, one of the most successful healers of this or any age, embraced this view of the nature of disease, and by a long succession of the most remarkable cures, effected by psychopathic remedies, at the same time proved the truth of the theory and the efficiency of that mode of treatment. Had he lived in a remote age or country, the wonderful facts which occurred in his practise would now have been deemed either mythical or miraculous. He seemed to reproduce the wonders of Gospel history. But all this was only an exhibition of the force of suggestion, or the action of the law of faith, over a patient in the impressible condition."

and Mrs. Eddy's very empirical, violent, and temperamental interpretation of that principle. It is the future of psycho-therapeutics that will determine the future of Christian Science. If "Mind Cure," "Christian Psychology," and regular physicians offer the benefits of suggestive treatment in a more rational and direct way than does Christian Science, Mrs. Eddy's church will find in them very formidable competition. On the other hand, if Christian Scientists throw down their barriers and join the general mind-cure movement, and the two branches of Quimbyism meet, then half of Mrs. Eddy's life-work is lost. The labor of her days has been to keep these two streams apart; to prove one the true and the other the false. Her efforts to stem the progress of all other schools of mental healing have been secondary only to her efforts to advance her own. Yet, unconsciously and against her own wish, she has been the most effective instrument in promoting the interest of the whole movement.

On the theoretical side, Mrs. Eddy's contribution to mental healing has been, in the main, fallacious, pseudodoxal, and absurd, but upon the practical side she has been wonderfully efficient. New movements are usually launched and old ideas are revivified, not through the efforts of a group of people, but through one person. These dynamic personalities have not always conformed to our highest ideals; their effectiveness has not always been associated with a large intelligence or with nobility of character. Not infrequently it has been true of them — as it seems to be true of Mrs. Eddy — that their power was generated in the ferment of an inharmonious and violent nature. But, for practical purposes, it is only fair to measure them by their actual accomplishment and by the machinery they have set in motion.

THE END



HER FRUITS

BY

MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS

THESE are her fruits, kindness and gentleness,
And gratefully we take them at her hands;
Patience she has, and pity for distress,
And love that understands.

Ah, ask not how such rich reward was won,
How sharp the harrow in the former years,
Or mellowed in what agony of sun,
Or watered with what tears.

THE KEY TO THE DOOR

BY FIELDING BALL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER JACK DUNCAN

"There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see.
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was — and then no more of Thee and Me."

THE postmaster was lounging in an open window, cleaning his finger-nails with his pocket-knife, as Allison went into the post-office. He rose with some show of animation at sight of the tall, boyish figure in the doorway.

"I got a hired girl for you all right, Mr. Allison," he said, advancing to meet him. "Used to work down to Webb City, in a restaurant, but got tired of it — hours too hard. She's a good cook, and she knows how to get things on the table so they look real nice — I knew that would mean considerable to you folks."

He went on to dwell at length upon the girl's good points, becoming more nervously demonstrative in his praise as he found that Allison's face reflected none of his enthusiasm, but remained unexpectedly impassive and non-committal.

Allison interrupted at the first opportunity.

"You have been very kind, Mr. Barbour," he said, with impersonal civility. "Would you be so good as to get me my mail?"

He took the letters which the man handed him and walked out without giving him another glance.

Just outside of the door he met Jim Brown, man-of-all-work at the station. Allison himself was station agent. Allison looked at Jim as he passed with such a cold, unswerving gaze that in spite of himself the other dropped his eyes. Jim had been present at the interview between Billings and Allison that morning; Allison knew that he was coming now to tell the postmaster about it. The young man set his lips hard at the thought of some of the things he had done during the last two weeks, when he had been full of glad confidence in himself and in this invention of his — this brake which Billings had told him an hour ago was not worth the stuff of which it was made. The recountal of his performance would doubtless afford much entertainment to the pair in the post-office. Just yesterday he had asked the postmaster to find for him, if possible, a capable maid-servant, and had said, without thinking anything in particular about it, that he would pay a satisfactory girl five dollars a week. Five dollars a week — it had not seemed much to him; he had been amused by Barbour's evident astonishment. To-day he saw more reason in it. . . . Then there was that perfume for Gertrude — he should have to countermand his order for that. He had no choice in the matter, he told himself, with bitter resentment that a paltry nine dollars should mean so much to him. In spite of the fact that he had come to this decision before he reached the drug store, he did not go in, but walked past with his head in the air, looking neither to right nor to left. He felt as though every one must already know of the morning's experience; and he was fearful of meeting eyes alight with cynical understanding.

The postmaster and Jim watched the young man from the post-office door as he made his way up the one hilly street of the little town. The soldierly precision of his carriage and gait, together with a certain air of distinction about his clothes, made him seem singularly out of keeping with all about him — the narrow, stony road, the straggling white houses on each side of it, the unkempt yards, the neglected trees, the dilapidated sidewalks half hidden by an amazing growth of dog-fennel.

"You'd know somep'n had gone wrong by the way he had his head reared back, wouldn't you?" Jim asked with a smile on his dark face.

He had just finished telling Barbour of what had happened that morning. Several days be-

fore, Allison had got word from the railroad company that some time this week they would send a man to tell him what offer they were prepared to make for the brake on which he had been working for so many weeks, and had finally finished; and this morning Billings had put in his appearance. The brake was practically good for nothing, he assured Allison — certainly not worth a cent to the company; and he told him the reasons why this was so.

He went on to say, however, that he felt sorry for Allison, — sorry for that nice little wife of his, — Jim smiled grimly as he repeated the condescending phrase, — that he knew they were having a mighty hard time of it. Sixty dollars a month was not enough for a single man to live on decently, much less a married one; and the way in which Allison had been brought up made it harder. He didn't mean to criticize Allison's father — he didn't believe in criticizing the dead — but he certainly should not bring up *his* son in such a way that he couldn't make a living for himself if necessary. You never could tell what was going to happen in this world; Allison wasn't the first gay young fellow who had grown up not expecting ever to have to do a day's work, and then all of a sudden had found himself glad to get almost any sort of a job. Well, as he said, he was sorry for Allison, and ready to help him out a little. He meant to see to it that Allison got something out of this brake of his — a couple of hundred dollars, perhaps; of course, two hundred dollars wasn't a great deal; it wouldn't mean much to him — Billings — but it would probably mean considerable to Allison.

"What did Mr. Allison say?" the postmaster asked.

"Never changed face. Set there starin' at Billings with those darned cool eyes o' his that look's if they'd never blink 'f a cannon went off under his very nose — waited till Billings got good and done, 'n' then said with that high 'n' mighty air of his, f'r all the world's if he was speakin' to some poor, half-witted Swede: 'Two hundred dollars doesn't mean as much to me as you think, Mr. Billings.' Then he stopped a minute, 'n' went on in a little diff'rent tone, 'You needn't concern yourself any further about me and my troubles' — 'n' that had very much the sound of 'I'll make kindling-wood of you if you do!' Then he looks at his watch. 'I've given you all the time I can spare,' says he; and with that he swings around 'n' begins looking over some papers on his desk. Billings reddened up a little — coughed 'n' wriggled around in his chair, 'n' tried to get up courage to say somethin' more — but he simply didn't *darst*. He went off finally lookin' sort o' cheap. Mist' Allison never give him another glance, no more'n 's if he was that dog o' yours."

The postmaster was silent for a minute or two. Then he turned to Jim. "I'm not particularly sorry to see Billings get left," he said. "Still, it might be just as well for Mr. Allison if he'd have kept on the right side of Billings from the start. There's no use talking, he's got an awfully uppish way with him, that boy."

Jim nodded an emphatic assent. Along with other smaller grievances there still rankled in his mind the memory of how, when Allison had first come as station agent to the little town, a year ago now, he had one day asked Jim if he did not suppose that the nice-looking girl who had passed their house with Jim the Sunday before could be induced to come and work for them. Allison had asked the question in all innocence, not dreaming that this unshaven young man in blue seersucker shirt and greasy trousers considered himself in every way Allison's equal, and was as much affronted by this suggestion as Allison would have been by one of the same sort. Jim could not forgive him for it — any admiration he felt for Allison was invariably tempered by resentful remembrance.

"It's about time he woke up to the fact that he doesn't have a father worth two millions behind him these days," Barbour went on. "Extravagant! Lord, he never stops to ask what a thing costs before getting it, as long as he has money in his pockets. Went into the book-store the other afternoon to get some magazines — carried off about everything Henry had in the place. Three dollars and fifteen cents his bill was. Never thinks, when he's buying anything in the way of shirts or ties, of getting less than half a dozen at a time — s'pose he hasn't found out you can buy them any other way. And his laundry bills —guess he about runs the laundry. And just yesterday he was telling me in the most off-hand way that he would pay five dollars a week to a hired girl. Five dollars a week! I could hardly believe my ears. But I guess he's gone back on that." The postmaster smiled sourly.

The young man of whom they were talking was almost at the top of the hill by this time. So far he had met few people; and those whom he had met had not forced any formal recognition from him. But as he passed Mrs. Jennings, she called out a greeting that could not be ignored. Gertrude had stopped once to talk to her and to admire her collection of shells; and since then every noon and night he found her waiting here by her gate to speak to him; and she invariably asked the same question about his wife, always in the same tone, always with the same inflection. The meeting with

her had become one of the frightfully unvarying things of his day. As he walked on now, he saw stretching before him an interminable vista of days, weeks, years — one deadly sameness of hard work, long hours, scanty pay, poor living, growing debts — and inextricably mixed up with it all, this dreary, gaunt black figure, waiting always for him at the top of the hill. . . . He had not realized what it meant to him, the success of his invention — how much he was depending on it. He felt now as he might if, moving blindly through a dark passage, hoping any minute to see a glimmer of light ahead, an outlet into the open air, he had run full into a locked door — a door to which he had no key.

The thought of going home to his wife brought no comfort with it. They had long ago ceased to be honest with each other, Gertrude and he; their attempts to make the best of a sorry situation had in the end become a barrier which held them apart. Gertrude would not admit that she was ever tired, or lonesome, or discouraged; would find no fault with their poor little house, their scanty means, her unaccustomed duties. She never spoke of the past any more, nor of the future, lest in that there might be an implied criticism of the present; she was resolutely, unvaryingly, aggressively contented. But this contentment was too constant, too uniform, like false color on a woman's cheek. He sometimes wished she would throw pretense to the winds — would put her head on his shoulder, and sob and cry, and confess that she wished she were dead — or that she would upbraid him, reproach him, call him some of the hard names he called himself. But she was insistently cheerful; and there was nothing for him to do, in the face of this, but play an awkward second to her, ignore his aching back, his sore hands, his throbbing head, and keep a resolute silence as to all that happened to vex and humiliate and perplex and hurt him. It was not always easy; to-day he was conscious that he was walking more and more slowly as he drew near the house.

How poor and forlorn it looked in this glare of light! During these last weeks his thoughts had turned often to that stately house where he had lived for nineteen years — its green, close-clipped lawn glistening under a perpetual play of water, its great beds of white and green and cardinal foliage plants, its shut-in porches, its awnings, its flowering shrubs, its vines, its heavy iron fence. He looked with bitter attentiveness at the dingy frame cottage he was approaching, noticing each homely detail — the dish-towels spread on the bushes in the back yard, the mop hanging by the door, the kerosene can under the step, the lean hen scuttling away under the currant bushes, the vegetable garden lying parched and dry along the fence. There was a small artificial mound of stones at one side of the house, with a somewhat scanty growth of portulaca springing from its top. The last occupant of the house was responsible for that adornment. Allison wondered how they had happened to leave it there so long. That mound of stones — all his hopes might have been buried under it and he could not have hated it more. It stood, somehow, for all that chafed and irritated him here — the moral, mental, and physical stuntedness of the people — their petty ambitions, petty jealousies, petty quarrels, petty virtues.

Allison was seized with a sudden vague fear as he saw on the kitchen window-sill, just where he had left it at seven this morning, the package which Gertrude had promised to take to Mr. Fulton as soon as she had finished the breakfast dishes. He noticed almost at the same instant that the kitchen door was open; countless flies were sailing in and out; and there on the cellar door, in the blazing sunlight, was the morning's milk, thick and sour by this time. He quickened his steps — made his way hurriedly through the kitchen and dining-room, noticing, as he went, various signs of disorder. The kitchen fire was out — the floor unswept; the coffee he had knocked over when he had built the fire this morning lay where it had fallen: the room was full of its pungent odor. On the dining-room table were the remnants of breakfast, the oatmeal dry and stiff, the butter melted down to a thin oil. In the front room he found Gertrude, bending a flushed face over something she was writing. She gave a start of fright as he came in — then got very red.

"I sat down to write a little of that play I was telling you about last night"—she was picking up her papers with frantic haste as she spoke—"and I had no idea it was getting so late." She cast an appalled glance around the room, and hurried out to begin clearing off the table, making a great clatter with the dishes in her excitement and haste.

Allison stood for a minute looking after her wearily. Her manner hurt him. More than once, in days gone by, he had told her fondly that when she married him she should do nothing but what she liked to do — if she chose, she might work on her little dialogues and fairy stories from morning till night. The air of frightened apology which she wore — this servile haste — pained and irritated him. He threw himself into a chair and began mechanically to look over the mail which the postmaster had handed him. A week ago he had written to an Eastern firm asking for a catalogue of the

"THIS DREARY, GAUNT BLACK FIGURE, WAITING ALWAYS FOR HIM AT THE TOP OF THE HILL"

refrigerators they made. Here it was — bulky, imposing, abounding in alluring pictures of tile-lined refrigerators filled with game, fish, fruit, wine. He found he could buy their smallest and most inexpensive refrigerator, "built especially to supply a demand for low-priced goods," — so the advertisement ran — for forty-five dollars. He dropped the book, and turned to his other letter. It was from a great retail dry-goods house, and was in answer to a request he had made for samples of dotted swiss — he had thought he would like to get Gertrude a dress such as she had worn when he first knew her. The samples were sent, and along with them a letter expressing pleasure at being able to serve him, and a desire further to accommodate him whenever possible; its extreme deference and respect was like a calculated sarcasm. He pushed it away from him and leaned back in his chair, looking about the room with a curious stare, as a convict, who has just heard that his sentence is for life, might gaze at the walls of his cell. It was a low-ceiled room, with an uneven floor, cheap woodwork, painted in an unsuccessful imitation of natural wood, and walls hung with faded paper of an indeterminate pattern and even more indeterminate color. To-day it was in greater confusion than usual, with white dust thick on table and chair, a window-shade askew, the music-rack disarranged, and a plate of grape-skins which Allison had left last night on the piano still standing there. But it was not the disorder which irritated Allison most, nor the signs of poverty, but the fact that the poverty was so *genteel*, so self-respecting, so determined to make the best of things and present a brave front to the world. The kerosene lamp had a shade of red, crinkled tissue-paper — the cheap net curtains were arranged with the utmost elaboration — a rug was artfully laid down in such a way as almost to cover the square of zinc on which the stove stood in the winter time, and all of Gertrude's photographs were placed with a view to concealing various defects and deficiencies. His loathing for all this was intensified by a memory of vast rooms stretching out one after the other, hushed and cool, with gracious shadows lending their mystery and romance to everything. With sudden restlessness he rose, and walked over to the window; but the smell of dust and dry, dead vegetation smothered him. Gertrude had raked the long, sparse brown grass all in one direction; it had a grotesque look of having been combed.

He seized his hat, and went to get Mr. Fulton's package from the window-sill. He had barely turned toward the gate, however, when his wife hurried out, remonstrating, apologizing, with an urgent hand on his arm. "It is important that Mr. Fulton should get these papers to-day," he said stiffly. It did not really matter whether Mr. Fulton got the roll of agricultural papers to-day, to-morrow, or next week; but Allison felt the necessity for doing something, it did not much matter what, to crush down his growing despair; and this was the only thing which suggested itself. Gertrude was persistent, however, in her entreaties that he come back; it was frightfully hot, and he already looked tired; she would take the papers to Mr. Fulton right after luncheon. He yielded at last, from sheer languidness, and came silently into the house. Gertrude's moist face, her loud, anxious voice, her warm, clinging hand, were exceedingly disagreeable to him — so much so that finally the desire to escape them became more importunate than any other.

He was again standing by the window, gazing out, when his wife came into the dining-room to set the table. He did not turn — gave no sign of seeing her.

"What are you thinking about, Philip?" she asked presently, with an effort to make her question sound casual.

"I am not thinking — at least I am trying not to," Allison answered, in a somewhat strained, unnatural voice. Why would she not leave him alone? Could she not see that he did not wish to talk?

"What was the last thing that you were thinking about before you stopped?" Gertrude spoke with painstaking gaiety.

Would she always keep up this dissimulation? Allison asked himself. For his part, he was done with it!

"I was thinking that this place was fit for a dog-kennel — and for nothing else!" he said. All the bitterness that was eating out his heart was in the low words.

"It does look pretty bad to-day," Gertrude acquiesced, after an appreciable interval of time.

"*To-day!*" Allison gave a hard, contemptuous little laugh. "As though it ever looked any other way!"

Gertrude did not reply. . . . When Allison noticed her silence, and turned to look at her, he saw that there was a peculiar light in her eyes, a red flush over all her face; after a moment's dazed wonder, he realized that she had misunderstood him — had misunderstood him utterly. His thoughts had been on the sagging floors, the cheap furniture, the marred wall-paper, the miserable ugliness and poverty of the house, and everything in it; but she had seen in his remark only scorn for her housekeeping, irritation at the room's untidiness. She

"HE HEARD HER MOVING ABOUT, GETTING HIS LUNCHEON"

was very angry. As Allison realized this, a sudden fierce satisfaction possessed him. Now at last she would speak out, without pretence, without reserve! He should hear the truth at last.

But the wrathful look died out of her eyes. She began arranging the knives and forks, looking suddenly old, and steady, and sober.

"I'm not much of a housekeeper," she said, quietly.

"No, you're not." Allison made his tone as ugly as possible — and waited. Surely she would turn upon him now, overwhelm him with bitter words!

She made no answer of any kind, however, but turned and hurried into the kitchen, striking her arm clumsily against one side of the door as she passed through, as though she had not seen very well. He heard her moving rapidly about, getting his luncheon. She brought it in with her head in the air and her lips compressed. The coffee was muddy, the steak burned, the creamed potatoes scorched — she had been having bad luck. Allison ate every scrap of what she brought him. He did not dare look at her — did not dare ask her to forgive him. What right had he to do that? He lingered on the steps some time before starting for the station, fussing with his cuff, pulling his hat into shape, breaking off from the tree at the corner of the house the branch Gertrude had complained was in her way. His wife usually followed him to the door to tell him good-by; but to-day she was sweeping the dining-room vigorously, singing the while a very gay and cheerful tune. It was one to which they had often danced together in the old days; at the same moment at which he realized it, the song stopped, as though Gertrude had been silenced by the same memory that had come to him. He whistled tentatively; but she did not answer, though she was near enough to hear, as he knew from the sound of her broom.

Allison went about his work that afternoon with a droop to his head, and a dullness about his dark eyes, which Jim noticed with vague discomfort, and which made him wish heartily that he had not confided to the postmaster the story of Billings and the brake. He had quarreled with Gertrude — everything else seemed insignificant to Allison beside that. He had quarreled with Gertrude — Gertrude, who had been so brave, so uncomplaining, so patient, so forbearing — had gone away from her with the shadow of a misunderstanding between them. He kept repeating to himself everything he had said and everything she had said, recalling every tone and gesture. He wondered how he could have felt such a shrinking dislike as she stood with her hand — her poor little scarred hand! — on his arm, begging him to come back, to let her take the papers to Mr. Fulton. How sweet she had been — how sweet! And he!

He started for home a little earlier than usual — Jim urged him to go, with a certain rough friendliness, saying that he could look out for things at the station. On his way home Allison went to the post-office, hoping to get a letter for Gertrude from her mother or sister, and he told the postmaster very humbly and simply why he had not felt like talking this noon, and of the fact that he could not really afford to pay five dollars a week for a maid. It was very strange, but after he had begun, it was not at all hard to go on. He wondered vaguely how he could have thought the postmaster a meddlesome, malicious, vulgar young man; he seemed very sensible and friendly and respectful to-night.

Mrs. Jennings stood at the top of the hill, gaunt and black as usual; somehow Allison did not feel the usual resentment. He stopped to speak to her with unwonted warmth; and when, encouraged by his manner, she began to talk about Gertrude, and what a pretty girl, and what a smart girl, and what a sweet girl she was, he felt a sudden kindness for the old lady, and accepted almost demonstratively the bunch of magenta and orange vinnias she gave him to take to his wife.

As Allison went into the house, he noticed signs of a vigorous cleaning. The back steps had been scrubbed — were still wet; the kitchen floor was as white as the rough, dark boards could be made; the dining-room table was set with their finest table-cloth and prettiest dishes, and was gay with yellow flowers; fresh white curtains, breathing out sweetness, hung at the windows. A note was pinned to the corner of the table.

"If you should get home before I do," it ran, "this is to tell you that I have gone to Mr. Fulton's with those papers I promised to take right after luncheon — I forgot all about them till just now. I'll be back in three-quarters of an hour sure; it's half-past five now. Supper's all ready now but making the coffee. Be sure and wait."

He smoothed the hurried scrawl out tenderly, feeling as if something hard and cold in his left side had melted with a sudden gush of warmth. Back in three-quarters of an hour! He laughed aloud at the sanguineness of it. Why, it took *him* forty minutes to go to Mr. Fulton's and back! And the idea of telling him to be sure and wait! The little goose! Did she think he would take himself off in a temper at not finding her, as he had once months ago? He went out

to the kitchen to put his flowers in water, and to finish slicing an egg over the top of the bowl of salad there — Gertrude had evidently just begun to do it when the package outside the window caught her eye. He put on some water for the coffee, and brought in an armful of wood; then he strolled to the gate to wait for his wife. The neighbor's two-year-old baby came staggering down the walk in front of the house. Allison caught up the child in his arms, and lifted it to the top of the gate-post, beside him. This was the little girl for whom Gertrude had been making a dress the other day; she had looked very shocked — Gertrude — when he had asked her if she proposed to make clothes for all the dirty little brats in the neighborhood, and had told him with some dignity that Dolly was a very pretty baby, and was kept as clean as could be expected. Dolly *was* a pretty baby. He tightened the arm that was about her a little, and began to talk clumsy baby-talk to her; her mother looked on with a pleased smile from her front door. The sun was setting, and a strange bright peace was on everything.

Suddenly Allison's eyes were caught by an unaccustomed sight — a crowd of people, men, women, and children, advancing down the road, slowly, steadily, and silently — very silently. He surveyed them curiously, ignorantly. Suddenly a man spoke to the one next him — Allison saw the dip of his head — and almost at the same instant a child — a twelve-year-old girl — put up her hands to shade her eyes, staring intently at Allison, and then with a loud shriek ran wildly, blindly, in the other direction. And then Allison knew that this silent company meant disaster to him.

They dragged him away before he caught more than a glimpse of what they had in their midst — the limp, white-faced thing in the silly pink dress he had liked. She had started home by the short way, they told him — the short way over the old bridge — the bridge that every one knew was not safe. And how it happened no one could say — perhaps she had stumbled and caught hold of the rotten railing, and it had given under her hand; at any rate they had found her in the dry river-bottom, thirty feet below. He looked at them very calmly as they finished. "She is dead," he said quietly, "there is no need to tell me that." And then, suddenly, without a cry or any warning, he toppled over against the man nearest him.

But she was not dead. He came out of his delirium and fever three weeks later to find her limping around the room, looking a little pale and tired, but very pretty in some sort of ruffled white dress, with her hair done up in the puffs and rolls he had always liked. People had been very good, she told him when he was strong enough to listen and understand. The doctor had said that he could eat eggs before he could eat anything else — so everybody had been sending fresh eggs. Mary said she was going to buy an incubator and start to raising chickens — they couldn't eat half the eggs that were sent in, even if they ate nothing but custard. Mary was the pretty girl that they had seen walking with Mr. Brown one Sunday, and had thought would be a nice person to have around. She was going to stay with them all winter; Gertrude was going to teach her German and music, and she was going to teach Gertrude how to cook. She was doing all the work just now, she and the neighbors. Mrs. Ferry came in every morning to scrub the kitchen and black the stove. They said Gertrude must keep her hands nice — Philip had seemed more worried about her hands than about anything else, all the time he was sick. Did he see how soft and white they were? had been washing them in buttermilk — doctor's wife had suggested that — and p some sort of cream on them that Mr. G young man who clerked in the drug sto sent up by Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown hao so kind — it had been he who had sat Philip when his fever was at its worst — had chopped all the ice that they had a from first to last. He was out in the back yard now, fixing — but there, that was to be a surprise.

Allison lay very still, smoothing his wife's hand, and looking out through the open door at the dry grass of the yard, browner, dustier than ever, and at the portulaca waving on top of the pyramid of stones. He could hear Jim's whistle as he moved about the yard; some one at the back door was talking to Mary in a hushed, eager undertone; over on her porch Dolly was singing happily, sinking her voice to a mere murmur now and then at a low remonstrance from within the house. It all made a sort of accompaniment to Gertrude's happy talk.

Suddenly she stopped, and leaned her cheek against his, with a little sigh. "Isn't it a nice world, dear?" she whispered.

He turned so that he could look into her eyes, and said, with a little tremble in his voice·

"It's a beautiful world!"

"HE CAME TOWARD HER WITH THE PITCHER"

THE WAYFARERS

BY

MARY STEWART CUTTING

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE STORIES OF COURTSHIP," "LITTLE STORIES OF MARRIED LIFE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

XIX

"SLIPPED through your fingers like that! Like a —" Leverich's words were not fit for print. He had been away for a couple of days, and now sat tilted back in his office chair, a heavy, leather-covered thing not meant for tilting, his face puffed with anger, his mouth snarling — a wild beast balked of his prey. His eyes, ferociously insolent, dwelt on Justin, who, fine and keen and smiling a little, sat opposite him. Brute anger never had any effect on Justin but to give him a contemptuous, chill self-possession.

"You're sure the agreement's made?"

"Cater's been sending new consignments as fast as they could go for the past three days; he's loaded up with machines."

Leverich swore again. "Confounded fools, not to have made terms with Hardanger first! If we'd only known! If there was only some way to put a spoke in the wheel, even yet!"

"Oh, I've got the spoke, easily enough," said Justin indifferently. "The only trouble is, I can't use it."

"Got a spoke! Why in heaven didn't you say that before?" Leverich came down on the front legs of his chair with a force that sent it rolling ahead on its casters. "What are you sitting here for? What do you mean by telling me that you can't use it?"

"Just what I say. But it's not worth talking about."

"See here, Alexander, could you get our machine in now instead of his?"

"I suppose I might."

"And you're not going to do it?"

"I can't, I tell you, Leverich. The information came to me in such a way that I can't touch it."

"'The information —' It's something damaging to do with the machine?"

Justin drummed with his fingers on the desk without answering.

"You have proof?"

"What's the sense of talking, Leverich? Proof or no, I tell you, I can't use it. This isn't any funny business; you can see that. Don't you suppose, if I could use it, that I would? But there are some things a man can't do. At any rate, *I* can't. And that settles it."

Heaven knows he had gone over the insistently enough in the last few da the combination had l ı unwillingly into his hands, but s th the fo conclusion. T vıı, a do t tively try to t to evil: ne pıy fuses us, so that ı l : f reason. But this t ıa tion. To use secret ınforı ı st Ca that could never have b naa but for Cater's kindness to him in helping him to those bars in time of need, was first, last, and every time impossible to Justin Alexander. It was vain for argument to suggest that this very deed of kindness had worked his disaster — the fact remained the same. He might do other things; he might do worse things: this thing he could not do — not though the refusal worked his own ruin, not though Cater's ruin with Hardanger was insured anyway, but too late for the typometer to profit by it. Even if the typometer could by some means keep afloat until that day arrived, it would take a couple of years for such a timing-machine to regain its prestige in a foreign country.

Justin had no excess of sentiment; no quixotic impulse urged him to go and tell Cater what he had learned. It was Cater's business to look after his end of the game. If the price of material or labor was too cheap, he must know that there was something wrong with it. The stream of Justin's mind ran clear in spite of that feeling of sharp practice toward himself — nay, because of it; it was impossible to use the

weapon that a former kindness had placed in his hand. He looked at Leverich now with an expression which the latter quieted himself to meet. This was a situation, not for bluster and rage, but to be competently grappled with.

"How about your obligations? Do you call this fair dealing to us, Alexander? There's Lewiston's note; once this deal was settled, we would have paid that, as you know. But it's out of the question as things stand. We'll have to get our money out the best way we can. If this is your sense of honor — to sacrifice your friends! See here, Alexander, let's talk this out. When it comes to talking of ruin, no man can afford to stand on terms. We didn't put you into the typometer business on any kindergarten principles — it isn't to form your character. What we did, we did for profit; and if the profit isn't there, we get out. We've no objection to doing a kindness for any one, if we can do it and make a profit; but it stands to reason that we're not in the business for philanthropy any more than for kindergartening. We liked you, and we were willing to give you a place in the game if you could run it to suit us. But we don't consider any scheme that doesn't make money. What doesn't make money has to go. Profit, profit, profit — that's what every sane man puts first, and there's no justice in losing a chance to make it. What you lose, another man takes. If you make another man's wife and children better off, you stint your own. You've got to consider a question on all sides. No woman respects a man who can't make money; it's his everlasting business to make money, and she knows it. Your wife won't think much of your fine scruples if she's to go without for 'em. And, by the Lord, she's right! When you go into business, you've got to make up your mind to one of two things: you've either got to step hard on the necks of those below you, or you've got to lie down and let them wipe their feet on you."

Leverich had stopped at intervals for comment from Justin. Since none was offered, he went on, with the large and easy manner of one who feels the justice of his convictions: "No man ever accused me of being close. I'm free-handed, if I say it that shouldn't. I like to give, and I *do* give. If there's money wanted for charity, the committees know very well where to come. And my wife likes to give,

"I DON'T GIVE QUARTER, AND I DON'T EXPECT ANY . . . IF I'M SQUEEZED, I SAY

"EVEN REDGE . . . HAD BEEN ALLOWED TO HOLD HIM"

too; her name's on the books of twenty charitable organizations. But we give out of money I've made by *not* being free-handed — by getting every last cent that belonged to me. You see, I don't leave my wife out of my calculations — any man's a fool that does. She's got the right to have as good as I can give her. I wouldn't talk like this to most men, Alexander, but between you and me it's different. It pays to keep your wife in a good humor, when you've got to go home after a hard day's work; you take a dissatisfied woman, and she'll make your home a hell. I know men — Great Scott! I don't know how they live!" He paused again. Justin did not answer. He sat with his head on his hand, looking, not at Leverich, but to one side of him.

"When I say I've made the money," continued Leverich, "I mean that I actually *have* made most of it — made it out of nothing! like the first chapter of Genesis. If a man has money to start with, he can add to it as easily as you can roll up a snowball. It's no credit to him. But I've had only my brains. I've seen money where other men couldn't, and nothing has stood in my way of getting to it. That's the whole secret of success. And my attitude's fair — you couldn't find a fairer. When one of your clerks falls sick, you pay him his full salary for three or four months till he's around again. *I* know! Well, I don't do any such stunts. When I was a clerk myself, I was on the sick-list once for three months, and nobody paid me. After the first month I was bounced, and I didn't expect anything else. I didn't expect any philanthropical business, and I don't give it. That's fair, isn't it? I don't give quarter, and I don't expect any. If I'm squeezed, I pay. I don't stand still in the middle of a deal and snivel about what I can do and what I can't do. I don't snivel about what you call moral obligations. I only recognize money obligations. Why, see here, Alexander," he broke off, "if you use the influence you spoke of, you don't have to tell me what it is — you don't have to tell anybody but Hardanger. Cater himself needn't know that you had anything to do with it."

"But I'd know," said Justin quietly.

Leverich lost his easy manner; his jaw protruded.

"Very well, then; it comes down to this: If you fail us now, out of any of your fool scruples toward that poor devil across the street, — who's bound to get the blood sucked out of him anyway, — you ruin your own prospects, and

you try and cheat us out of the money we put up on you. By ——, if you see any honor in that, I don't."

"Mr. Leverich," said Justin, raising his head simply, with a steely gleam in his eyes that matched the other's, "when I try to cheat you or Lewiston or any man out of what has been put up on me, I'll give you leave to say what you please. At present I'll say good morning."

Leverich shrugged his shoulders and turned his back as he bent over his desk. Justin picked up his hat and went out, brushing, as he did so, against a dark, pleasant-faced man who had been sitting in the next room. Something in his face instantly conveyed to Justin the knowledge that the conversation he had just been engaged in had grown louder than the partition warranted. The next instant he recognized the man as a Mr. Warren, of Rondell & Co. Both men turned to look back at each other, and both bowed. The action had a certain definiteness in it, unwarranted by the slightness

"AFTER THIS HE ONLY APPEARED IN THE VILLAGE STREET GUARDED ON EITHER SIDE BY A FEMALE SNOW"

"TO PUT HER YOUNG ARMS AROUND LOIS AND HOLD HER CLOSE WITH ACHING PITY"

of the meeting. The next moment Justin was in the street.

The active clash of steel always roused the blood in him; he felt actively stronger for combat. He was competently apportioning toward Lewiston's note the different sums coming in this month. There were large bills to be paid to the typometer's credit by several firms, one of them Coneways'. Coneways represented the largest counted-in asset for the entire year — it was the backbone of the establishment. If it went to Lewiston, what would be left for the business? That could come next. Lewiston was first. Leverich and Martin would exact every penny of their principal after these intervening six months of the year were over. Well, let them! Lewiston's note was what he had to think of now.

All business undertakings, no matter how wild, how precarious, to the sense of the beholder, are started with confidence in their ultimate success; it is the one trite, universal reason for starting — that faith is the capital that all possess in common. Some of these doubtful ventures, while never really succeeding, do not really fail at once. They are always hard up, but they keep on, though gradually sinking lower all the time. Others seem to exist by the continuance of that first faith alone — a sheer optimism that keeps the courage alive and keen enough to seize hold of the slightest driftwood of opportunity, binding this flotsam into a raft that takes them triumphantly out on the high tide. For all the long drag, the anxiety, the physical strain, the harassment, failure in itself seemed as inherently impossible to Justin as that he should be stricken blind or lose the use of his limbs. He must think harder to find a way of accomplishment; that was all.

His step had its own peculiar ring in it as he left Leverich's, but it lost somewhat of its alertness as he turned down the street that led to the factory, unaltered, since his first coming to it, save for the transformation of the neglected house he had noticed then, with its gruesome interior, which had been turned into a freshly painted shop long ago. The effect of association is inexorable. There was not a corner, not a building, along that too familiar way, that was not hung with some thought of care. There were moments of such strong repulsion that he felt as if he couldn't turn down that street again — moments lately when to enter the factory with its red-brick-arched yawning mouth of a doorway occasioned a physical nausea — a foolish, womanish state which irritated him.

The mail brought him the usual miscellaneous assortment of orders and bills, and letters on minor points, and questions as to the typometer. The mail was rather apt to be encouraging in its suggestions of a large trade. Two letters this morning were full of enthusiastic encomium on the use of the machine. In spite

"'YOU'RE VERY GOOD TO BE SO SORRY FOR ME,' SHE WHISPERED"

of an enormous and long-outstanding bill for office stationery, insistently clamorous for payment—one of those bills looked upon as trifles until they suddenly become staggering—there was, after the mail, a general feeling of wielding the destiny of a large part of the world, where the typometer was a power.

A little woman whose husband, now dead, had been in his employ came in to get help in collecting his insurance; she was timid before Justin, deeply grateful for his kind and effective assistance. Two men came in, at different times, for advice and introductions to important people. A friend brought in a possible customer from the Sandwich Islands. There was all that aura of prosperity that has nothing to do with the payment of one's bills.

Justin took both the friend and the customer out to lunch, his agreeable sense of hospitality only dimmed by the disagreeable fact of its taking every cent of the five dollars he had expected to last for the week. He was "strapped." The luncheon took longer, also, than he had counted on its doing. The morning, begun well, seemed to lead up only to sordid and anxious details — a sense of non-accomplishment, induced also by small requisitions from different people, requiring cash from a cash-drawer that was usually empty.

It was a welcome relief to figure, with Harker's assistance, on the large sums coming in at the end of the month from Coneways. There were a hundred ways for them to go, but they were to go to Lewiston. Perhaps, after all, as Harker astutely suggested, Lewiston would be satisfied with a partial payment and extend the rest of the note. While they were still consulting, word was brought in that Mr. Lewiston was there.

Mr. Lewiston was a young man, small-featured, black-haired, smooth-shaven, and with an air of nattiness and fashion, set at odds at present by a very pale and anxious face and eager, dilated black eyes. He cut short Justin's greeting with the words:

"I've just come over to speak about that note, Alexander."

"Well, I was just wanting to speak to you about it myself," said Justin easily. "Have a cigar?"

"Thank you," said Lewiston mechanically, and as mechanically holding out his hand for the cigar, evidently forgetting it the next moment. "The fact is, I don't want to seem importunate, but if you could pay off that note fifteen days before date, — a week from to-day, that is, — we'd discount it to satisfy you, if you can collect now. I didn't want to bother you

about it, and I tried outside first, but nobody will take up the paper just now, except at a ruinous rate. If you could make it convenient, Alexander." Young Lewiston sat with his small, eager face bent forward over his knees, his lips twitching slightly. "You know, that money wasn't loaned on strictly business principles, Alexander, but for friendship; I got father to consent to it. And if you could let us have it now, it would save us a world of trouble. It's really not much — only ten thousand."

Justin shook his head, his keen blue eyes fixed on the other. "I can't let you have it, Lewiston; I wish I could! But I'm waiting payments myself. Can't you pull out without it?"

Lewiston drew in his breath. "Oh, yes, of course we'll have to; but it means — Well, I know you would if you could, Alexander; I told father so — father in a way holds me responsible. He was in London when I renewed the note the last time. There isn't anything to interfere with the payment when it's due?"

"On my honor, no," said Justin. "You shall have it then without fail."

"For if that should slip up —" continued young Lewiston, wrapped in somber contemplation of his own affairs alone; he threw his arms outward with a gesture suddenly tragic in its intensity, paused an instant, then wrung Justin's hand silently and departed.

"Are you busy, Alexander? They said I could come in."

"Why, Girard!"

Justin wheeled a chair around with an instantly brightened face. "Sit down. I'm mighty glad to see you." He looked smilingly at his visitor, whose presence, long-limbed, straight, clean, and clear-eyed, always elicited a peculiar admiration from other men. "I heard that you had a room at the Snows' now, while Billy is away, but I haven't laid eyes on you for a month."

"I've been coming in on a later train every morning and going out again on a very much later one at night. I'm back in town on the paper for a while."

"Why don't you settle down to something worth while?" asked Justin, with the reserved disapproval of the business man for any mode of life but his own.

"Settle down to this kind of thing?" said

"MRS. SNOW WAS FUMBLING WITH A PAPER"

Girard thoughtfully. "Well, I did think of it last year, when I undertook those commissions for you. But what's the use — yet awhile, at any rate? You see, I can always make enough money for what I want and to spare, and there's nobody else to care. I like my liberty! The love of trade doesn't take hold of me, somehow — and you have to have such a tremendous amount of capital to keep your place. By the way, have you sold the island yet?" The island was a small one up near Nova Scotia, taken once for a debt.

"Not yet."

Girard gave him a quick glance. "How are things going with you?"

"Fine," said Justin in a conventionally prosperous tone, with a sudden sight of a bottomless pit yawning below him. "I've a few things on my mind lately — but they're all right now. By the way, how do you like it at the Snows'?"

"Oh, all right." Girard's gray eyes smiled in an irrepressible smile. "I score high at present. They all approve of me, and I am told that I am the only man who has never run into the Boston fern or got tangled in the Wandering Jew. Miss Bertha and I have long talks together — she's great. As for Mrs. Snow — she heard Sutton speak of her the other night to Ada as 'the old lady.' I assure you that since —" He shook his head, and both men laughed.

"Come to see us. Miss Linden is back with us again," said Justin hospitably.

"Thank you," said Girard, an indefinable stiffening change instantly coming over him. "By the way, I mustn't forget what I came for, before I hurry off."

He took some bills out of his long, flat leather wallet as he rose. "Do you remember lending that sixty dollars to my friend Keston last year? He turned up yesterday, and asked me to see that you got this."

"I'd forgotten all about it," averred Justin. He had not realized until he took the bills that he had been keeping up all day by main strength, with that caved-in sensation of there being nothing back of it — nothing back of it. There are times when the touch of money is as the elixir of life. Justin, holding on by the skin of his teeth for ten thousand dollars, and needing imperatively at least as much more, felt that with this paltry sixty dollars it was suddenly possible to draw a free breath, felt a sheer lightness of spirit that showed how terrible was the persistent weight under which he was living. The very feeling of those separate bills in his pocket made him calmly sanguine.

He got ready to go home a little earlier than usual, saying lightly to Harker, who had come in for his signature to some papers:

"Those payments will begin to straggle in next week. Coneways' isn't due until the 31st — the very last minute! But he's always prompt, thank Heaven — what are you doing?"

"Knocking on wood," said Harker, with a grim smile.

"Oh, knock on wood all you want to," returned Justin.

He even thought of Lois on his way, and stopped to buy her some flowers. It was the first time he had thought of her unconsciously for a week. While he was waiting for a car to pass before he crossed the street, his eye caught the headline on a paper a newsboy was holding out to him:

GREAT CRASH
CONEWAYS & CO. FAIL
IN BOSTON

XX

"I don't think Justin looks very well," said Dosia that afternoon. She was sitting on the edge of the bed, with her arms spread out half-protectingly over Lois. The latter was only resting; she had been up and around the house now for three or four weeks, and, although she looked unusually fragile, seemed well, if not very strong.

The baby, wrapped in a blue embroidered blanket, with only a round forehead and a small pink nose visible, was of that satisfactory variety entirely given to sleep. Zaidee and even Redge, adoring little sister and brother, had been allowed to hold him in their arms, so securely unstirring was their little burden. Lois, who had passionately rebelled against the prospect of additional motherhood, exhibited a not unusual phase of it now in as passionately adoring this second boy. He seemed peculiarly, intensely her own, not only a baby, but a spiritual possession that communicated a new strength to her. Lois was changed. She had always been beautiful, as a matter of fact, but there was something withheld, mysterious, in her expression, as if she were taking counsel of some half-slumberous force within, as of one listening at a shell for the murmur of the ocean.

Not only Lois, but everything else, seemed changed to Dosia, at the same time being also flatly, unchangeably natural. She had longed — oh, how she had longed! — to be back here. Even while loving and working in her so-called home, she had felt that this was her real home, although here her cruelest blows had fallen on her; even while bleeding with the wrench of

parting from her own flesh and blood, she had felt that this was the real home, for here she had really lived; and it was the home of the nicer, more delicate instincts. After the crude housekeeping, the lack of comforts that made the simplest nursing a grinding struggle with circumstance, it was a blessed relief to get back to a sphere where minor details were all in order as a matter of course. The Alexanders, with their three children, kept only one maid now; but even that restriction did not prevent the unlimited flow of hot and cold water!

Yet she had also dreaded this returning, — how she had dreaded it! — with that old sickening shame which came over her inevitably as she thought of certain people and places and days. The mere thought of seeing Mrs. Leverich or George Sutton and that chorus of onlookers was like passing through fire. One braces one's self to withstand the pain of scenes of joy or sorrow revisited, to find that, after all, when the moment comes, there is little of that dreaded pain. It has been lived through and the climax passed in that prevísioning which imagination made more intense, more harrowingly real, than the reality.

Mrs. Leverich stopped her carriage one day to greet Dosia, and to ask her, with a tentative semblance of her old effusion, to come and make her a visit — an effusion which immediately died down into complete non-interest, on Dosia's polite refusal; and the incident was not especially heart-racking at the time, though afterward it set her unaccountably trembling. Mrs. Leverich had in the carriage with her a small, thin, long-nosed man with a pale-reddish mustache and hair, who, gossip said, passed most of his time at the Leverichs' — he was seen out driving alone with Myra nearly every day. He was "an old friend from home." It had been gossip at first, but it was growing to be scandal now, with audible wonder as to how much Mr. Leverich knew about it.

Her avoidance of George Sutton was as nothing to his desire of avoiding her. He dived with surreptitious haste down side streets when he saw her coming, or disappeared within shop doorways. Once, when Dosia confronted him inadvertently on the platform of a car, and he had perforce to take off his hat and murmur, "Good morning," he turned pale and was evidently scared to death. After this he only appeared in the village street guarded on either side by a female Snow — usually Ada and her mother, though occasionally Bertha served as escort instead of the latter. The elder Snows, in spite of this apparent security, were in a state of constant nervous tension over Mr. Sutton's attention to Ada. He had not "spoken" yet, but it had begun to be felt severely of late that he ought to speak. Whenever Ada came into the house, her face was eagerly scanned by both mother and sister to see from its look if it bore any trace of the fateful words having been uttered. Every one knew, though how no one could tell, that that bold thing, Dosia Linden, had tried to get him once, and failed.

The thing that had unaccountably stirred her most since her arrival was an unexpected meeting with Bailey Girard. Dosia, with Zaidee and Redge held by either hand and pressing close to her as they walked merrily along, suddenly came upon a gray-clad figure emerging from the post-office. He seemed to make an instinctive movement as if to draw back, that sent the swift color to her cheeks and then turned them white. Were all the men in the place trying to avoid her? Dosia thought, with bitter humor; but, if it were so, he instantly recovered himself, and came forward, hat in hand, with a quick access of bright courtesy, a punctilious warmth of manner. He walked along with her a few paces as he talked, lifting Zaidee over a flooded crossing, before going once more on his way. He was nothing to her, the stranger who had killed her ideal; yet all day it was as if his image were photographed in the colors of life upon the retina of her eye. She could not push it away, try as she might.

Of Lawson Dosia had heard only such vague rumors as had sifted through the letters written by Lois. He had been reported as going on in his old way in the mining-camps, drifting from one to another. She heard nothing more now. He was the only one who had really loved her up here, except Lois, who loved her now. Dosia had slipped into her new position of sister and helper as if she had always filled it. She was not an outsider any more; she *belonged*.

As she sat bending over Lois now, her attitude was instinct with something high-mindedly lovely. The Dosia who had only wanted to be loved now felt — after a year of trial and conflict with death — that she only wanted, and with the same youthful intensity, to be very good, even though it seemed sometimes to that same youthfulness a strange and tragic thing that it should be all she wanted. The mysterious, fathomless depression of youth, as of something akin to unknown primal depths of loneliness, sometimes laid its chill hand on her heart; but when Dosia "said her prayers," she got, child-fashion, very near to a Some One who brought her an intimate tender comfort of resurrection and of life.

"I don't think Justin seems well," she repeated, Lois, looking up at her with calmly ex-

pressionless eyes from her pillow, having taken no notice of the remark. "He has changed, I think, even in the ten days since I came."

"He has something on his mind," assented Lois, with a note of languor in her voice. "I suppose it's the business. I made up my mind to ask him about it to-night. He has been out every evening lately, and I hardly see him at all before he goes off in the morning, now that I don't get down to breakfast."

"Oh, he gave me a message for you this morning," cried Dosia, with compunction at having so far forgotten it. "He said that Mr. Larue had come in to inquire about you yesterday. He is going to send you a basket of strawberries and roses from his place at Collingswood to-morrow."

"Eugene Larue!" Lois' lips relaxed into a pleased curve; a slight color touched her cheek. "That was very nice of him. He knew I'd like to look forward to getting them. Strawberries and roses!"

"I met Mr. Girard in the street to-day; he asked after you," continued Dosia, with the feeling that if she spoke of him she might get that tiresome, insistent image of him from before her eyes.

"Bailey Girard? Yes; he has a room at the Snows'. Billy's out West."

"So I've heard," said Dosia.

It was one of the strange and melancholy ironies of life that the man of all others whom she had desired to meet should be thrown daily in her pathway now, after that desire was gone!

"You'd better not talk any more now, Lois; you look tired. It's time for you to take a little rest. I'll see to the children. I hope baby will stay asleep. Let me pull this coverlet over you. Shall I pull down the shades?"

"No, I'd rather have the light. Please hand me that book over there on the stand," said Lois, holding out her hand for the big, old-fashioned brown volume that Dosia brought to her.

"You oughtn't to read; you ought to go to sleep," said Dosia, with tender severity.

"I'm not going to read," returned Lois pacifically. Her hand closed over the book, she smiled, and Dosia closed the door. Lois turned to the sleeping child with a peculiar delight in being quite alone with him — alone with him, to think.

The book was a novel of some forty years ago, called, as the title-page proclaimed, "A Woman's Kingdom," and written by Dinah Maria Mulock. A neighbor had brought it in to Lois during the first month of her convalescence. In all the time she had had it, she had never read any further than that title-page.

There is often more in the birth of a child than the coming of another son or daughter into the world. Between those forces of life and death a woman may also get her chance to be born anew, made over again, spiritually as well as physically. In those long, restful hours afterward, when suspense is over and pain is over, and there is a freedom from household cares, and one is looked upon with renewed tenderness, the thoughts may flow over long, long ways. To face danger bravely in itself gives strength for the clearer vision; and a peculiarly loved child unlocks with its tiny hands springs unknown before.

Lois, though she had been a mother twice before, had never felt toward either of the other children at all as she did now toward this little boy. She could not bear to be parted from him. Somehow that terrible corrosive selfishness had been blessedly taken away from her — for a little while only? She only felt at first that she must not think of those horrible depths, for fear of slipping back into the pit again; even to think of the slimy powers of darkness gave them a fresh hold on one. She put off her return to that soul-embracing egotism. It was sweet to lie there and meet the tender gentleness of her husband's gaze when he came home, and to talk to him about the baby as a child might talk about a new toy, though she could not but begin to perceive that she was as far, far out of his real life as if she had indeed been a child.

One evening he came in to sit by her, — her convalescence had been a long and dragging one, — and she had paused in the midst of telling him something to await an answer. None came. She spoke again, and raised herself to look. Then she saw that even within that brief space he had fallen asleep, as a man may who is thoroughly exhausted. Thoroughly exhausted! Everything proclaimed it — his attitude, grimly grotesque in the dim light, one leg stretched out half in front of the other, as he had dropped into the seat, his relaxed arms hanging down, his head resting sidewise against the back of the chair, with the face sharply upturned. The shadows lay in the hollows under his cheek-bones and in those lines that marked his temples. Divested of color and the transforming play of expression, he looked strangely old, terribly lifeless. He slept without moving, — almost, it seemed, without breathing, — while Lois, with a new dread, watched him with frightened, dilated, fascinated eyes. How had he grown like this? What unnoticed change had been at work? She called him again, but he did not hear; she stretched out her arm, but he was just beyond reach. Suddenly it seemed to her that he was dead, and that she could

never reach him again; an icy hand seemed to have been laid on her heart. What if never, never, never ——

Just then he opened his eyes and sat up, saying naturally, "Did you speak?"

"Oh, you frightened me so! Don't go to sleep like that again," said Lois, with a shaking voice. "Come here."

He came and knelt down by her, and she pressed his cheek close to hers with a rush of painful emotion. "Why, you mustn't get worked up over a little thing like that," he objected lightly, going out of the room afterward with a reassuring smile at her, while she gazed after him with strangely awakened eyes. For the first time in months, she thought of him without any thought of benefit to herself.

The next day the neighbor sent her over the book; the title arrested her attention oddly — "The Woman's Kingdom." Another phrase correlated with it in her memory — "Queen of the Home." That was supposed to be woman's domain, where she was the sovereign power; there she was helper, sustainer, director, the dear dispenser of favors. The woman's kingdom, queen of the home. Gradually the words led her down long lanes of retrospect, led by the rose-leaf touch of the baby's fingers; *they* kept her strong. What kingdom had she ever made her own? She, poor, bedraggled, complaining suppliant, a beggar where she should have been a queen! Home and the heart of her husband — there lay her woman's kingdom, her realm, her God-given province. She had had the ordering of it, none other: she had married a good man. Glad or sorry, that kingdom was as her rule made it; she must be judged by her government — as she was queen enough to hold it. She fell asleep that day thinking of the words.

Day by day, other thoughts came to her more or less disconnectedly, — set in motion by those magic words, — when she lay at rest in the afternoons, with the book in her fingers and the dear little baby form close beside her. Lois was one of those women of intense feeling who can never perceive from imagination, but only from experience — who cannot even adequately sympathize with sorrows and conditions which they have not personally experienced. No advice touches them, for the words that embody it are in a language not yet understood. The mistakes of the past seem to have been necessary, when they look back. Given the same circumstances, they could not have acted differently; but they seldom look back — the present, that is always climbing on into the future, occupies them exclusively.

Lois with "The Woman's Kingdom" in her hand, felt that some source of power and happiness which she had not realized had slipped from her grasp, yet might still be hers. So many disconnected, half-childish thoughts came with the words — historic names of women whom men had loved devotedly, who had kept them as their friends and lovers even when they themselves had grown old, women who had never lost their charm. There were those women of the French salons, who could interest even other generations; queens indeed! She couldn't really interest *one* man! She thought over the married couples of her acquaintance, in search of those who should reveal some secret, some guiding light. One woman across the street had no other object in life than purveying to the household comfort of her husband, and seemed, good soul, to expect nothing from him in return; if William liked his fish, she was repaid. A couple farther down appeared to be held together by the fact of marriage, nothing more; they were bored to death by each other's society. Another couple were happily absorbed in their children, to whom they were both sacrificially subordinate. With none of these conditions could Lois be satisfied. Then, there were the women who always spoke as if a man were an animal and a woman were not a woman, but a spirit; but Lois was very much a woman! She settled at last, after penetrative thought, on one husband and wife, the latter a plain little person no longer young. Every man liked to go to her charming, comfortable house; every man admired her; and that her husband, a very handsome man himself, admired her most of all was unobtrusively evident. Every look, every gesture, betrayed the charming, vivifying unity between those two. How was it accomplished?

How could one interest a man like that? There was Eugene Larue — she could interest him! The thought of him always gave her a sense of conscious power; he paid her homage. She did not know what his relations were with other women, but of his with her she was sure: she felt her woman's kingdom. If you could talk to the soul of a man like that as if he had the soul of an angel, and learn from him what you wanted to know — get his guidance — But Lois was before all things inviolably a wife, with the instinctive dignity of one. The sympathy between her and Eugene Larue was so deep that she feared sometimes that in some brief moment she might reveal in words, to be forever regretted afterward, conditions which he knew without her telling. To be loved as Eugene Larue would love a woman! But his wife had not cared to be loved that way. She took deep, thoughtful counsel of her heart. If they two, she and Eugene, had met while both were free?

The answer was what she had known it would be, else she had not dared to make the test. The man who was her husband was the only man who could ever have been her husband. Justin!

With "The Woman's Kingdom" in her hand now, her lips touching the cheek of the soft little darling thing beside her, she felt that some new knowledge had been gradually revealed to her, of which she was now really aware only for the first time. Justin was not looking well — that was what Dosia had said. Oh, he was *not* looking well! But she would make him forget his cares, his anxieties, with this new-found power of hers; she would bewitch him, take him off his feet, so that he would be able to think of nothing, of no one, but her — he had not always thought of her. *She would not pity herself.* She would learn to laugh, even if it took heroic effort; men liked you to laugh. She had always taken everything too seriously. The vision of his sleeping, *dead* face of a month ago frightened her for a moment, painfully; but he had seemed better since, though, as Dosia said, he didn't look well. Oh, when he came home to-night ——!

She dressed herself with a new care, putting on a soft yellowish gown with a yoke of creamy lace, unworn for months. The color was more brilliant than ever in her cheeks, her lips redder, her eyes more deeply blue. The children exclaimed over their "pretty mama." She looked younger, more beautiful, than Dosia had ever seen her. She could not help saying:

"How lovely you are, Lois! And you're all dressed up, too; do you expect any one?"

"Only Justin," said Lois.

"Only Justin"! The words brought an exquisite joy with them — only Justin, the one man in all the world for her. There was but a half-hour now until dinner-time. It had passed, and he had not come; but he was often late — Still he did not come; that happened too, sometimes. The two women sat down to dinner alone, at last. The baby woke up afterward, an unusual thing, and wailed, and would not stop. Lois, divested of her rich apparel and once more swathed in a loose, shabby gown, rocked and soothed the infant interminably, while Dosia, her efforts to help unavailing, crouched over a book down-stairs, trying to read. After an interval of quiet she went up-stairs, to find Lois at last lying down.

"It's eleven o'clock, Lois; I think I'll go to bed. Shall I leave the gas burning down-stairs?"

"Yes, please do; he can't get anything now but the last train out."

"And you don't want me to stay here with you?"

"No — oh, no."

As once before, Lois waited for that train — yet how differently! If that injured feeling rose, for an instant, at his not having sent her word, she crushed it back as one would crush the head of a viper that showed itself between the crevices of the hearthstone. She would not pity herself — she would not pity herself! She knew now that madness lay that way.

The night was clear and warm, the stars were shining, as she got up and sat by the window, looking out from behind the curtain, her beautiful braided hair over one shoulder. The last train came in; the people from it, in twos and threes, straggled down the street, but not Justin. He must have missed that last train out. Of course he must have missed it!

We are apt to fancy causeless disaster to those we love; the amount of "worry" more or less willingly indulged in by uncontrolled minds seems at times enough to swamp the understanding: yet there is a foreboding, unsought, unwelcomed, combated, which, once felt, can never be counterfeited; it carries with it some chill, unfathomed quality of truth.

Lois knew now that she had had this foreboding all day.

XXI

"And you haven't heard *anything* of him yet?"

"Not yet, Mrs. Alexander. I'm sorry — oh, so sorry — to have nothing more to tell you. But I'm sure we'll hear something before morning."

Bailey Girard spoke with confidence, his eyes bent controllingly on Lois, who trembled as she stood in the little hallway, looking up at him, with Dosia behind her. This was the third night since that one when Justin had failed to appear, and there had been no word from him in the interim. Owing to that curious way that women have of waiting for events to happen that will end suspense, rather than seeking to end it by any unaccustomed action of their own, no inquiry had been made at the Typometer Company until late in the afternoon of the next day, which had been passed in the hourly expectation of hearing from Justin or seeing him walk in. However, nobody at the company knew anything of Justin's movements, except that he had left the office rather early the afternoon before, and had been seen to take a car going up-town. It was presumable that he had been called suddenly out of town, and had sent some word to Mrs. Alexander that had miscarried.

That evening, however, Lois sent for Leverich, who was evidently bothered; though

bluffly and rather irritatingly making light of her fears, he seemed to be both a little reluctant and a little contemptuous.

"My dear Mrs. Alexander, you can't expect a fellow to be always tied to his wife's apron-strings! He doesn't tell you everything. We like to have a free foot once in a while. Why, my wife's glad when I get off for a day or two — coaxes me to go away herself! And as for anything happening to Alexander — well, an able-bodied man can look out for himself every time; there's nothing in the world to be anxious about. He's meant to wire to you and forgotten to do it, that's all. I did that myself last year, when I was called away suddenly; but Myra didn't turn a hair. She knew I was all right. And if I were you, Mrs. Alexander, — this is just a tip, — I wouldn't go around telling *every* one that he's gone off and you don't know where he is. It's the kind of thing folks get talking about in all kinds of ways; his affairs aren't in any too good shape, as he may have told you."

"Isn't the business all right?" queried Lois, with a puzzled fear.

"Oh, yes, of course — all right; but — I wouldn't go around wondering about his being away; he's got his own reasons. You haven't a telephone, have you? I'll send around word to have one put in to-day. I'll tell you what: I'll ask Bailey Girard to come around and see you on the quiet — he's got lots of wires he can pull. You won't need me any more."

Leverich's meeting with Dosia had been characterized by a sort of brusque uninterest. He seemed to her indefinably lowered and coarsened in some way; his cheeks sagged; in his eyes was an unpleasant admission that he must bluster to avoid the detection of some weakness. And Dosia had lived in his house, eaten at his table, received benefits from him, caressed him prettily! He had been really kind to her. She ought not to let that fact be defaced. But everything connected with that time seemed now to lower her in retrospect, to fill her with a sort of horror. All his loud rebuttal of anxiety now could not cover an undercurrent of uneasiness that made the anxiety of the two women tenfold greater when he was gone.

Mr. Girard had come twice the next morning. Dosia, as well as Lois, had seen him both times. He had greeted her with matter-of-fact courtesy, and appealed to her with earnest painstaking, whenever necessary, for details or confirmation, in their mutual office of helpers to Mrs. Alexander; but the retrieving warmth and intimacy of his manner the day he had avoided her in the street was lacking. There was certainly nothing in Dosia's quietly impersonal attitude to call it forth. Her face no longer swiftly mirrored each fleeting emotion at all times, for any one to see. Poor Dosia had learned in a bitter school her woman's lesson of concealment.

But, if Girard were only sensibly consulting with her, toward Lois his sympathy was instinct with strength and helpfulness. He seemed to have affiliations with reporters, with telegraph operators, with a hundred lower runways of life unknown to other people. He gave the tortured wife the feeling so dear, so sustaining to one in sorrow, of his being entirely one with her in its absorption — of there being no other interest, no other issue in life, but this one of Justin's return. When Girard came, bright and alert and confident, all fears seemed to be set at rest; during the few minutes that he stayed all difficulties were swept away, everything was on the right train, word would arrive from Justin at once; and when he left, all was black and terrible again.

The children had clung to Dosia in the hours of these strange days when mama never seemed to hear their questions. Dosia read to them, made merry for them, and saw to her household, which was dependent on the services of a new and untrained maid, going back in the interval to put her young arms around Lois and hold her close with aching pity.

The suspense of these days had changed Lois terribly. Her cheeks were hollow, her mouth was drawn, her eyes looked twice their natural size, with the black circles below them. Only the knowledge that her baby's welfare — perhaps his life — depended on her, kept her from giving way entirely. Redge, always a complicating child, had an attack of croup, which necessitated a visit from the doctor and further anxiety. Toward afternoon of this third day a man came to put in the telephone, which set them in touch with the unseen world. Girard's voice over it later had been mistakenly understood to promise an immediate ending of the mystery.

Everything was excitement: delicacies were bought, in case Justin might like them; Redge and Zaidee were hurriedly dressed in their best "to see dear papa," and, even though they had to go to bed without the desired result, Redge in a fresh spasm of coughing, it was with the repeated promise that the father should come upstairs to kiss them as soon as he got in.

Expectation had been unwarrantedly raised so high in the suddenly sanguine heart of Lois that now, to-night, at Girard's word that nothing more had been heard, as she was still looking up at him everything turned black before her. She found herself half lying on the little spindle-legged sofa, without knowing how she

got there, her head pillowed on a green silken cushion, with Dosia fanning her, while Girard leaned against the little mirrored mantelpiece with set face and contracted brows. Presently Lois pushed away the fan, made a motion as if to rise, only to relapse again on the cushion, looked up at Girard, and tried to smile with piteous, brimming eyes.

"Ah, don't!" he said, with a quick gesture. His voice had an odd sound, as if drawing breath hurt him, yet with it mingled also a compassionate tenderness so great that it seemed to inform not only his face but his whole attitude as he bent over her.

"You're very good to be so sorry for me," she whispered.

He made a swift gesture of protest. "There's one thing I *can't* stand — to see a woman suffer."

She waited a moment, as if to take in his words, and then motioned him to the seat beside her. When she spoke again, it was slowly, as if she were trying to concentrate her mind:

"You have known sorrow?"

"Yes."

"Tell me."

He saw that she wished to forget her own trouble for a moment in that of another, yet the effort to obey evidently cost him much. They had both spoken as if they two were alone in the room. Dosia, who had withdrawn to the ottoman some paces away, out of the radius of the lamp, sat there in her white cotton frock, leaning a little forward, her hands clasped loosely in her lap, her face upraised and her eyes looking somewhere beyond. So still was she, so gentle, so fair, that she might have been a spirit outside the stormy circle in which these two communed. (In such moments as these she prayed for Lawson.)

"I"— it was Girard who spoke at last — "my mother — Cater said once that he'd told you something about me."

"Yes, I remember."

"I was so little when we drifted off. I didn't know how to help, how to save anything. Yet it has always seemed to me since that I ought to have known — I ought to have known!" His hands clenched; his voice had subsided to a groan.

"You were her comfort when you least thought it," said Lois.

"Perhaps. I've always hoped so, in my saner moments. We stumbled along from day to day, and slept out at night, always trying to keep away from people, when — she thought we were going home, and that they would prevent me." He stopped for a moment, and then went on, driven by that Ancient Mariner spirit which makes people, once they have touched on a forbidden subject, probe it to its haunting depths. "Did Cater tell you how she died? She died in a barn. My *mother!* She used to hold me in her arms at night, and make me rest my head against her bosom when I was tired; and I didn't even have a pillow for her when she was dying! It's one of those things you can never make up for — that you can never change, no matter how you live, no matter what you do. It comes back to you when you least expect it."

Both were silent for a while before Lois murmured: "But the pain ended in happiness and peace for her. It would hurt her more than anything to know that you grieved."

"Yes, I believe that," he acquiesced simply. "I'm glad you said it now. I couldn't rest until I got money enough to take her out of her pauper grave and lay her by the side of her own people at home."

"And you have had a pretty hard time."

"Oh, that's nothing!" He squared his shoulders with unconscious rebuttal of sympathy. "When I was a kid, perhaps — but I get a lot of pleasure out of life."

"But you must be lonely without any one belonging to you," said Lois, trying to grope her way into the labyrinth. "Wouldn't you be happier if you were married?"

He laughed involuntarily and shook his head, with a slight flush that seemed to come from the embarrassment of some secret thought. The action, and the change of expression, made him singularly charming. "Possibly; but the chance of that is small. Women — that is, unmarried women — don't care for my society."

"Oh, oh!" protested Lois, with quick knowledge, as she looked at him, of how much the reverse the truth must be. "But if you found the right woman you might make her care for you."

He shook his head, with a sudden gleam in his gray eyes. "No; there you're wrong. I'd never make any woman care for me, because I'd never want to. If she couldn't care for me without my *making* her —! I'd have to know, when I first looked at her, that she was ***mine***. And if she were not, if she did not care for me herself, I'd never want to make her — never!"

"Oh, oh!" protested Lois again, with interested amusement, shattered the next instant as a fragile glass may be shattered by the blow of a hammer.

The telephone-bell had rung, and Girard ran to it, closing the intervening door behind him. The curtain of anxiety, lifted for breathing-space for a moment, hung over them again somberly, like a pall. Where was Justin?

The two women clinging together hung breathlessly on Girard's movements; his low, murmuring voice told nothing. When he returned to where they stood, his face was impassive.

"Nothing new; I'm just going to town for a couple of hours, that's all."

"Oh, must you leave us?"

"I'm coming back, if you'll let me." He bent over Lois with that earnest look which seemed somehow to insure protection. "I want you to let me stay down-stairs here all night, if you will. I'm going to make arrangements to get a special message through, no matter what time it comes, and I'll sit here in the parlor and wait for it, so that you two ladies can sleep."

"Oh, I'd be so glad to have you here! Redge has that croupy cough again. But you can't sit up," said Lois.

"Why not? It's luxury to stay awake in a comfortable chair with a lot of books around. I'll be back in a couple of hours without fail."

A couple of hours! If he had said a couple of years, the words could have brought, it seemed, no deeper sense of desolation. Hardly had he gone, however, when the door-bell rang, and word was brought to Lois, who with Dosia had gone up-stairs, that it was Mr. Harker from the typometer office. The visitor, a tall, colorless, darkly sack-coated man, with a jaded necktie, had entered the little drawing-room with a decorously self-effacing step, and sat now on the edge of his chair, his body bent forward and his hat still held in one hand, with an effect of being entirely isolated from social relations and existing here solely at the behest of business. He rose as Lois came into the room, and handed her a small packet, in response to her greeting, before reseating himself.

"Thank you very much," said Lois. "This is the money, I suppose. I'm sorry you went to the trouble of bringing it out yourself. I thought you might send me out a check."

Mr. Harker shook his head with a grim semblance of a smile. "That's the trouble, Mrs. Alexander. We can't send any checks. Mr. Alexander is the one who does that. Everything is in Mr. Alexander's name. I went to Mr. Leverich to-day to see how we were going to straighten out things; but he doesn't seem inclined to take hold at all, though he could help us out easily enough if he wanted to. I — there's no use keeping it back, Mrs. Alexander. This is a pretty bad time for Mr. Alexander to stay away. He ought to be home."

"Why, yes," said Lois.

"Exactly. His absence places us all in a very strange, very unpleasant position." Mr. Harker spoke with a sort of somber monotony, with his gaze on the ground. "The business requires the most particular management at the moment — the most particular. I —" He raised his eyes with such tragic earnestness that Lois realized for the first time that this manner of his might not be his usual manner, but was called forth by the stress of anxiety. For the first time also, the force of the daily tie of business companionship was borne in upon her. She looked at Mr. Harker. This man spent more waking hours with Justin than she did — knew him, perhaps, in a sense, better.

He went on now, with a tremor in his voice: "Mrs. Alexander, your husband and I have worked together for a year and a half now, with never a word between us. I'm ready to swear by him any moment, if I've got him to swear by. I'll back him up in anything, no matter what, if it's his say-so. We've pulled through a good many tight places. But I can't do it alone; it's madness to try. If he doesn't show up, I'd better close the place down at once."

"Why do you say this to me?" asked Lois, shrinking a little.

"Why? Because, Mrs. Alexander, this is no time to mince words. If you know where your husband is, for God's sake, get word to him to come back — every minute is precious. He may be ill, — Heaven knows he had enough to make him so; my wife knows the strain I've been through; she says she wonders I'm alive, — but he can't look after his health now. If he's on top of ground, he's got to *come*. I've put every cent I own into this business. I haven't drawn my whole salary, even, for months. I don't know what reasons he has for staying away, but his nerve mustn't give out now."

"Mr. Harker!" cried Lois. She turned blankly to Dosia, who had come forward. "What does he mean?"

"She doesn't know where her husband is," said the girl convincingly. Her eyes and Mr. Harker's met. The somber eagerness faded out of his; he sighed and rose.

"Anything I can do for you, Mrs. Alexander? I think I'll hurry to catch the next train; I haven't been home to my dinner yet."

"Won't you have something here before you go?" asked Lois. "It's so late."

"Oh, that's nothing. I'm used to it," returned Mr. Harker, with a pale smile and the passive, self-effacing business manner as he departed, while Lois went up-stairs once more. The baby cried, and she soothed him, holding the warm little form close, closer to her — something tangible before she put him down again

to step back into this strange void where Justin was not.

For the first time, in this meeting with Mr. Harker, Lois realized the existence of a world beyond her ken — a world that had been Justin's. New as the visitor's words had been, they seemed to open to her a vision of herculean struggle: the way this man had looked — *his* wife had "wondered that he was still alive." And Justin — where was he now? *She* had not noticed, she had not wondered — until lately.

Slight as seemed her recognition, her sympathy, her help, it was the one thing now that kept her reason firm. She knew that she had not been all unfaithful; sometimes he had been rested, sometimes cheered, when she was near. She had suffered, too; *she* had longed for *his* help and sympathy. No, she would not think of that; she would not. When two are separated, one must love enough to bridge the gulf — what matter which one? It seemed now as if there were so much that she might have given, if all this torrent of love that nearly broke her heart might have been poured out and poured out at his feet — lavished on him, without regard to need or fitness or expense, as Mary lavished her precious box of spikenard on One she loved. Now that he was gone, there could be nothing too hard to have done for him, no words too sweet for her to have said to him.

Redge woke up and cried for her, and she told him hoarsely to be still; and then, suddenly conscience-stricken and fearful at the slighting of this other demand of love, — what awful reprisal might it not exact from her? — she went to kiss the child, to infold him in her arms, the boy that Justin loved, before she bade him go to sleep, for mother would stay by her darling. And, left to herself again, the grinding and destroying wheel of thought had her bound to it once more.

He could not have left her of his own will! If he did not come, it would be because he was dead — and then he could never know, never, never know. There would be nothing left to her but the place where he had been. She looked at the walls and the homely furnishings as one seeing them for the first time bare forever of the beloved presence, and fell on her knees, and went on them around the room, dragging herself from chair to sofa, from sofa to bed, — these were the Stations of the Cross that she was making, — with sobs and cries, low and inarticulate, yet carrying with them the awful anguish of a heart laid bare before the Almighty. Here his dear hand had rested, while he thought of her; on this table — here — and here; and here his head had lain. Her tears ceased; she buried her face in the pillow. She must go after him, wherever he was, in this world or another. For he was her husband. Where he was she must be, either in body or in spirit.

The telephone-bell rang, and Dosia answered it, the voice at the other end inquiring for Mr. Girard, cautiously, it seemed, withholding information from any other. The doctor rang up, in response to an earlier call, with directions for Redge. Hardly had the receiver been laid down when the door-bell clanged. This was to be a night of the ringing of bells!

XXII

This time, of course, the visitor was Mrs. Snow. In any exigency, any mind- and body-absorbing event of life, the inopportune presence of Mrs. Snow was inexorably to be counted on, though it came always as one of those exasperating recurrences which bring with them a ridiculously fresh irritation each time. It seemed to be the one extra thing you couldn't stand. In either trouble or joy, she affected one like a clinging, ankle-flapping mackintosh on a rainy day. She bowed now to Dosia with a patronizing dignity, pointed by the plaintive warmth of the greeting to Lois, who had come hurrying down-stairs out of those passion-depths of darkness, so that Mrs. Snow wouldn't suspect anything. She had an uncanny faculty of divining just what you didn't want her to.

Once before Lois had suspended tragedy for Mrs. Snow. The same things happen to us over and over again daily in our crowded yet restricted lives — it is we who change in our meeting with them. We have our great passions, our great joys, our heartbreaks, no matter how small our environment.

"How do you do, my dear? Mr. Girard has just told me that he was going to stay here tonight, in Mr. Alexander's absence. He said little Redge was threatened with the croup. Now, if I had only known that Mr. Alexander was away, *I* could have come and stayed with you!"

"Oh, that wasn't at all necessary," said Lois hastily. "Thank you very much. Do sit down, won't you, Mrs. Snow?"

"Only for a minute, then; I must go back to Bertha," said Mrs. Snow, seating herself and fumbling for something under her cloak. "I just came over to read you a letter. It's in my bag — I can't seem to find it. Well, perhaps I'd better rest for a minute." Mrs. Snow's face looked unusually lined and set; in spite of her plaintiveness, her eyes had a harassed glitter.

"Isn't it rather late for you to be out alone?" asked Lois.

"Yes; Ada would have come around here with me, but she was expecting Mr. Sutton. She was expecting him last night, but he didn't come. If *I* were a young lady, I'd let a gentleman wait for *me* the next time; it used to be thought more attractive, in my day: but Ada's so afraid of not seeming cordial; gentlemen seem to be so sensitive nowadays! I said to her, 'Ada, when a man is enough at home in a house to kick the cat, and ask for cake whenever he feels like it, I do *not* see that it is necessary to stand on ceremony with him.' But Ada thinks differently."

"It is difficult to make rules," said Lois vaguely.

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Snow. "As I was saying to Bertha, you don't find a young man like Mr. Girard, so considerate of every one — not that he's so *very* young, either; I'm sure he often appears much older than he is. It's his manner — he has a manner like my dear father. He and Bertha have long chats together; really, he is what *I* would call quite attentive, though she won't hear of such a thing — but sometimes young men *do* take a great fancy for older girls. I had a friend who married a gentleman twenty-seven years younger — he died soon afterward. But many people think nothing of a little difference of twelve or fifteen years. I said to Bertha this morning, 'Bertha, if you'd dress yourself a little younger — if you'd only wear a blue bow in your hair.' But no; I can't say anything nowadays to my own children without being flown at!" Mrs. Snow's voice trembled. "If my darling William were here!"

"Have you heard from William lately?" asked Lois, with supreme effort.

"My dear, he's in Chicago. I came over to read you a letter from him that I got to-night. That new postman left it at the Scovels', by mistake, and they never sent it over until a little while ago. There was a sentence in it," Mrs. Snow was fumbling with a paper, "that I thought you'd like to hear. Where is it? Let me see. 'Next month I hope to be able to send you more'— no, no, that's not it. 'When my socks get holes in them I throw them'— that's not it, either. Oh! he says, 'I caught a glimpse of Mr. Alexander last night, getting on a West Side car'— this was written yesterday morning. 'I called to him, but too late. I'm sorry, for I'd like to have seen him.' That's all; but Mr. Girard seemed so pleased with the letter, I promised that I would bring it around to you that very minute, — he had to run for the train, — but I was detained. He thought you'd like to hear that William had seen Mr. Alexander."

Like to hear! The relief for the moment turned Lois faint. Yet, after Mrs. Snow went, the torturing questions began to repeat themselves again. Justin was alive — Justin was alive on Tuesday night. Was he alive now? And why had he gone to Chicago at all? Why had he sent her no word? The wall between them seemed only the more opaque. Every fear that imagination could devise seemed to center around this new fact.

She and Dosia went around, straightening up the little drawing-room, making it ready for Girard's occupancy — pulling out a big chair for his use, and putting fresh books on the table. The maid had long ago gone to bed, and there was coffee to be made for him — he might get hungry in the night. When he came in at last, he brought all the brightness and courage of hope with him. He had wired to William; he had phoned to a dozen different places in Chicago.

"Oh, what should we do without you?" breathed Lois, her foot on the stairway.

"It doesn't seem to me I've helped you very much so far. Our one clue has been from Mrs. Snow. I want you to go to bed now, and to sleep, Mrs. Alexander; take all the rest you can. I'm here to do the watching. If there's anything really to tell, I'll call you. I promise faithfully. What is it, Miss Linden? Did you want to speak to me?"

"There was a message for you while you were gone," said Dosia in a low tone.

His eyes assented. "Yes, I know. I went there — to the place that they — but it wasn't Alexander, I'm glad to say, though I was afraid when I went in ——"

"I know," said Dosia.

Another strange night had begun, with the master of the house away. Lois went to her room to lie down clothed, jumping up to come to the head of the stairs whenever the telephone-bell rang, and then going back again when she found that those who were consulting were asking for information instead of giving it; but by and by the messages ceased.

Suppose Justin never came back! She began to feel that he had been gone for years, and tried confusedly to plan out the future. There were the children — how should she support them? She must support them. It was hard to get work when you had a baby. If she hadn't the baby — no one should take the baby from her! She clasped him to her for a moment in terror, as if she were being hunted, before she grew calm and began planning again. There was only a little money left. To-morrow they must still eat. She must make the money last.

Dosia, on the bed by Redge's crib, went softly after a while into the other room, and saw that

Lois at last slept, though she herself could not. Each time that she saw Girard he seemed more and more a stranger, so far removed was he from her dream of him. Through all his softness, his gentleness, she felt the streak of hardness, if nobody else did (though Mr. Cater, she remembered now, had spoken of it too), that the fires of adversity had molded. Perhaps no man could have worked up from the cruel circumstances of his early days without that hardening streak to uphold him. She divined, with some surprising new power of divination, that, for all his strong, capable dealing with actualities, his magnetic drawing of men, for the inner conduct of his own life he was shyly dependent on odd, deeply held theory — theory that he had solitarily woven for himself. She felt impersonally sorry for him, as for a boy who must be disappointed, though he was nothing to her.

Yet, as Dosia lay there in the dumb stretches of the night, her tired eyes wide open, close to Redge's crib, with his little hot hand clinging to hers, the mere fact of Girard's bodily presence in the house, down-stairs, seemed something overpoweringly insistent; she couldn't get away from it. It gave her, apparently, neither pleasure nor pain; it called forth no conscious excitement as had been the case with Lawson — unless this strange, rarefied sense was a higher excitement. This consciousness of his presence was, tiresomely enough, something not to be escaped from; it pulsed in every vein, keeping her awake. She tried to lose it in the thought of Lois' great trouble, of this weighting, pitiful mystery of Justin's absence — of what it meant to him and to the household. She tried to lose it in the thought of Lawson, with the prayer that always instinctively came at his name. Nothing availed; through everything was that wearing, persistent consciousness of Girard's bodily presence down-stairs. If it would only fade out, so that she might sleep, she was *so* tired! The clock struck two. A voice spoke from the other room, sending her to her feet instantly:

"Dosia?"

"Yes, Lois, dearest, I'm here."

"Has any word come from Justin?"

"No."

Lois shivered. "I think, when Redge wakes up next, you'd better give him a drink of water; he sounds so hoarse. I've used all I brought up. Do you mind going down to get some more? I would go myself, but I can't slip my arm from under baby; he wakes when I move. Here is the pitcher."

"Yes," said Dosia, stopping for a moment to pull the coverlet tenderly over Lois, before stepping out into the lighted hall.

It seemed very silent; there was no sound from below. Dosia went down the low, wide stairs with that indescribable air of the watcher in the night. Her white cotton gown, the same that she had worn throughout the afternoon, had lost its freshness, and clung to her figure in twisted folds; the waist was slightly open at the throat, and the long white necktie hung half untied. One cheek was warm where it had pressed the pillow; the other was pale, and her hair, half loosened, hung against it. Her eyes, very blue, showed a rayed starriness, the pupils contracted from the sudden light — her expression, tired and half bewildered, had in it somewhat of the little lost look of a child, up in the unwonted middle of the night, who might go naturally and comfortably into any kind arms held out to her. The turn of the stairs brought her fronting the little drawing-room and the figure of Girard, who sat leaning forward, smoking, in the Morris chair, with his elbow resting on the arm of it and his head on his hand. The books and bric-à-brac on the table beside him had been pushed back to make room for the tray containing the coffee-pot, a cup and saucer, and a plate with some biscuits. A newspaper lay on the floor at his feet. Notwithstanding the light in the hallway and the room, there was that odd atmospheric effect which belongs only to the late and solitary hours of the night, when the very furniture itself seems to share in a chill detachment from the life of the day. Yet, in the midst of this night silence, this withdrawing of the ordinary vital forces, the figure of Bailey Girard seemed to be extraordinarily instinct with vitality, even in that second before he moved; his attitude, his eyes, his expression, were informed with such intense and eager thoughts that it was as startling, as instantly arresting, as the blast of a trumpet.

At the sound of Dosia's light oncoming step opposite the door, he rose at once — however, laying the cigar on the table — and with a quick stride stood beside her. He seemed tall and unexpectedly dazzling as he confronted her; his deep-set gray eyes were very brilliant.

"What is the matter? Is Mrs. Alexander ill?"

"No — oh, no; the children have been restless, that is all," said Dosia, recovering, with annoyed self-possession, from a momentary shock, and feeling disagreeably conscious of looking tumbled and forlorn. "I came down to get a pitcher of water."

"Can't I get it in the dining-room for you?" he asked, with formal politeness.

"Thank you. The water isn't running in the butler's pantry; I have to go in the kitchen for it. If you would light the gas there for me ——"

"Yes, certainly," he responded promptly, pushing the portières aside to make a passage for her, as he went ahead to scratch a match and light the long, one-armed flickering kitchen burner. The bare, deeply shadowed floor, the kitchen table, the blank windows, and the blackened range, in which the fire was out, came desolately into view. There was a sense as of deep darkness of the night outside around everything.

A large white cat lying on a red-striped cushion on a chair by the chilly hearth stretched itself and blinked its yellow eyes toward the two intruders.

"Let me fill this," said Girard, taking the pitcher from her — a rather large, clumsy majolica article with a twisted vine for a handle — and carrying it over to the faucet. The intimacy of the hour and the scene emphasized the more the punctilious aloofness of this enforced companionship.

Dosia leaned back against the table, while he let the water run, that it might grow cold. It sounded in the silence as if it were falling on a drumhead. The moment — it was hardly more — seemed interminable to Dosia. The white cat, jumping up on the table, put its paws on her shoulders, and she leaned back very absently, and curved her throat sideways, that her cheek might touch him in recognition. Some inner thought claimed her, to the exclusion of the present; her eyes, looking dreamily before her, took on that expression that was indescribably gentle, intolerably sweet.

Dosia has been ill described if it has not been made evident that to caress, to *touch* her, seemed the involuntarily natural expression of any feeling toward her. Something in the bright, tendril-curling hair, the curve of her young cheek, the curve of her red lips, her light, yet round form, with its confiding, unconscious movements, made as inevitable an allure as the soft rosiness of a darling child, with always the suggestion of that illusive spirit that dared, and retreated, ever giving, ere it veiled itself, the promise of some lovelier glimpse to come.

The water had stopped running, and Dosia straightened herself. She raised her head, to meet his eyes upon her. What was in them? The color flamed in her face and left her white, although in a second there was nothing more to see in his but a deep and guarded gentleness as he came toward her with the pitcher.

"I'll take it now, please," she said hurriedly.

"Won't you let me carry it up for you?"

"Thank you, it isn't necessary. I'll go along, if you'll wait and turn out the light."

"Very well. You're sure it's not too heavy for you?" he asked anxiously, as her wrists bent a little with the weight.

"Oh, no, indeed," said Dosia quickly, turning to go. At that moment the white cat, jumping down from the table in front of her, rubbed itself against her skirts, and she stumbled slightly.

"Take care!" cried Girard, grasping the shaking pitcher over her slight hold of it.

Their hands touched — for the first time since the night of disaster, the night of her trust and his protection. The next instant there was a crash; the fragments of the jug lay upon the kitchen floor, the water streaming over it in rivulets.

"Dosia!" called the frightened voice of Lois from above.

"Yes, I'm coming," Dosia called back. "There's nothing the matter!" She had run from the room without looking up at that figure beside her, snatching a glass of water automatically from the dining-table as she passed by it. Fast as her feet might carry her, they could not keep pace with her beating heart.

When the telephone-bell rang a moment after, it was to confirm the tidings given before. Justin was in Chicago.

TO BE CONCLUDED

THE PROBLEMS OF SUICIDE

BY GEORGE KENNAN

FEW branches of sociological investigation have more practical importance, or present a greater number of problems, difficulties, and interesting speculative questions, than the branch that deals with the complex, varied, and often inexplicable phenomena of suicide. When we consider the fact that more than ten thousand persons take their own lives in the United States every year, that more than seventy thousand die annually by their own hands in Europe, and that the suicide rate is constantly and rapidly increasing throughout the greater part of the civilized world, we are forced to admit that, from the view-point of vital economy at least, the subject is one of the utmost gravity. In 1881 the annual suicide rate of the United States was only 12 per million of the population, and our total number of suicides was only 605; last year our suicide rate had risen to 126 per million, and our suicides numbered 10,782. If the present rate of increase be maintained, we shall lose by suicide, in the next five years, nearly as many lives as were lost by the Union armies in battle in the five years of the Civil War. We are already losing annually from this cause more men than were killed on the Union side in the three great battles of Gettysburg, Spottsylvania, and the Wilderness taken together.

Statisticians have estimated that, in the world as a whole, there is a suicide every three minutes, and we know, with an approximation to certainty, that there is a suicide every six minutes and a half in Europe and the United States alone. Suicide has cost France 274,000 lives since 1871, Germany 158,000 since 1893, and the United States 120,000 since 1890. I need hardly point out the practical importance of the questions that present themselves in connection with this abnormal and apparently unnecessary waste of human life. Among such questions are: Upon what general and world-wide conditions does suicide depend? Are any of its causes removable? What are the reasons for the steady and progressive increase of self-destruction in civilized countries? Is suicide controlled or affected by any natural laws, and, if so, by what laws? These are all questions of practical importance, because upon the answers to them depends the possibility of economizing human life and increasing the sum total of human happiness. But the subject is one of deep interest, entirely apart from its practical importance.

Psychological Problems of Suicide

In some of its aspects, suicide raises psychological questions which bristle with difficulties, but which, nevertheless, pique the curiosity and demand explanatory answers. Why, for example, is the rate of suicide strictly dependent everywhere upon season and weather? Why is the tendency to self-destruction lessened by war? What is the explanation of suicide in the face of impending death, when there is still a fair chance of escape, or when the natural death that is threatened would involve less suffering than the act of self-destruction? What is the mental state of the hundreds of persons who kill themselves every year upon what would seem to be absurdly inadequate provocation — of the man, for example, who commits suicide because his wife declines to get out his clean underclothes, or the woman who takes poison because she has received a comic valentine? In its religious aspect, why is the tendency to suicide greatest among Protestant Christians and least among Mohammedans and Jews? In its racial aspect, why is the suicide rate of Japan eight times that of Portugal, and the rate of American whites eight or ten times that of full-blooded American blacks? Why do the Slavs of Bohemia kill themselves at the rate of 158 per million, while the Slavs of Russia commit suicide at the rate of only 31 per million? Why do emigrants, going to a new country, carry their national suicide rates with them, and maintain such rates, with little or no alteration, long after their environment has completely changed? These questions may not have great practical importance, but, from the view-point of the psychologist and the sociologist, they are full of speculative interest.

When we study the phenomena of suicide as

they appear in the light of statistics, we are struck by the fact that among the general and world-wide conditions that limit or control the suicidal impulse are weather and war. Other factors, such as education, religion, or economic status, may seem to be more influential, if observation be limited to a single nation or a single continent; but if a comprehensive survey be made of the whole world, weather and war will be seen to take a prominent place among the few agencies that affect uniformly the suicidal tendency.

As soon as accurate and trustworthy statistics of self-destruction became available in Europe, sociologists began to study the question whether suicide is controlled or regulated in any way by natural laws, and, if so, whether cosmical causes, such as climate, temperature, season, and weather, have any perceptible influence upon the suicide rate. It was soon discovered that the tendency to self-destruction is greatest in the zone lying between the fiftieth and fifty-fifth parallels of north latitude. South of forty-three degrees the annual suicide rate is only 21 per million, and north of fifty-five degrees it is only 88 per million; but between the parallels of forty-three and fifty it rises to 93 per million, and between fifty and fifty-five it reaches its maximum of 172 per million. The suicide belt, therefore, lies in the north temperate zone, where the climate is most favorable to human development and happiness. This fact, however, does not prove that a moderate and equable climate predisposes to suicide. Things may coexist without being in any way related to each other, and the frequency of suicide in the north temperate zone may be due wholly to the fact that the zone in question is the home of the most cultivated races and the seat of the highest and most complicated civilization. In this zone the struggle for life is fiercest, the interference with natural laws is most extensive, and the physical and emotional wear and tear of the economic contest is most acutely felt. It is more than probable, therefore, that the high rate of suicide in the north temperate zone is due to the civilization, rather than to the climate, of that region. This phase of the subject need not be discussed at length, because all competent authorities agree that climate, in its relation to suicide, is not a controlling or determining factor.

A very different state of affairs appears, however, when we bring the suicide rate into correlation with season and weather. Long ago, before accurate statistics made a scientific investigation of the subject possible, there was a widely prevalent popular belief that dark and dismal months of the year, and gloomy, rainy, or uncomfortable weather, predisposed mankind to self-destruction, and that the suicide rate was highest in November or December, and lowest in spring or early summer.

Spring and Summer the Suicide Seasons

The French philosopher Montesquieu went so far as to explain the supposed frequency of suicide in London by connecting it with English rains and fogs. It was only natural, he argued, that unhappy people should kill themselves in a country where the autumnal and winter months were so dark, and where there was so much gloomy, depressing weather. When, however, investigators began to study the subject in the light of accurate statistics, when they grouped suicides by months and compared one month with another, they were surprised to find that the tendency to suicide was greatest, not in the gloomy and depressing months of November and December, but in the bright and cheerful month of June. In 1898 Dr. Oscar Geck, of Strasburg, published statistics of about 100,000 suicides that took place in Prussia in the twenty-year period between 1876 and 1896. They showed that, so far at least as Prussia was concerned, suicides invariably attained their maximum in June and their minimum in December. There was a constant rise in the suicide curve from January to the end of June, and a constant decline from June to the end of the first winter month.

Durkheim, of Paris, and Dr. Gubski, of St. Petersburg, who are among the most recent investigators of the subject, assert that, so far as the seasonal distribution of suicides is concerned, the figures for Prussia hold good throughout Europe. June is everywhere the suicide month, and December is everywhere the month in which self-destruction is least frequent. Durkheim gives tabulated statistics for seven of the principal countries of Europe, which show conclusively that, in point of predisposing tendency to suicide, the four seasons stand in the following order: summer first, spring second, autumn third, and winter last.* Even in Russia, which differs most from the rest of Europe in ethnology and economic status, the seasonal distribution of suicides

* Distribution of every 1000 suicides by season:

Country	*Summer*	*Spring*	*Fall*	*Winter*	*Total*
Denmark	312	284	227	177	1,000
Belgium	301	275	229	195	1,000
France	306	283	210	201	1,000
Saxony	307	281	217	195	1,000
Bavaria	308	282	218	192	1,000
Austria	315	281	219	185	1,000
Prussia	290	284	227	199	1,000

Durkheim, "Le Suicide," (Paris, 1897), p. 88.

is the same. Dr. Gubski's statistics show that of every thousand Russian suicides, 328 take place in summer, 272 in spring, 215 in autumn, and 185 in winter. If we divide the year into halves, and group the suicides in semi-annual periods, we find that 600 occur in the pleasant spring and summer months and only 400 in the gloomy months of winter and fall.

A study of American statistics brings us to almost exactly the same result. In September, 1895, Dr. Forbes Winslow, of New York, read a paper before the medico-legal congress which was then in session in that city upon the subject of "Suicide as a Mental Epidemic." The statistics which he submitted showed that in the United States, as in Europe, suicide reaches its maximum in June and falls to its minimum in December. The average annual number of American suicides in June is 336 and in December 217. If we divide the year into halves and compare the figures of the semiannual periods with those of Russia, the correspondence is almost startling.

Notwithstanding the immense difference between the population of Russia and that of the United States, in environment, in education, in religion, in inherited character, in temperament, and in civilization generally, the mysterious law that controls the seasonal distribution of suicides operates in America exactly as it operates in the great empire of the Slavs. In Russia, out of every thousand suicides, the number who kill themselves in the fall-and-winter half of the year is precisely 400; in America it is 386. In Russia, the proportion per thousand in the spring-and-summer half of the year is 600; in America it is 614. There is a slightly greater tendency to spring-and-summer suicide in the United States than in Russia, but the variation is only a little more than one per cent., and taking into consideration the great difference between the oppressed and ignorant peasants of Russia, and the free, well-educated citizens of our own country, the practical identity of their seasonal suicide rates seems to me a most extraordinary social and psychological fact.

This, however, is by no means a complete statement of the problem involved in the seasonal distribution of suicides. Spring and summer are the suicide seasons, not only among the closely related nationalities of Europe and the United States, but among the ethnologically alien peoples of the Far East. The reports of the Statistical Bureau of Japan show that between 1899 and 1903 the average annual number of suicides was 8,840. They were distributed through the year as follows: winter 1,711, spring 2,475, summer 2,703, fall 1,951. If we divide the year into halves, we find that 59 per cent. of the Japanese suicides occur in the spring and summer months and only 41 per cent. in the months of fall and winter. This corresponds almost exactly with the annual distribution of suicides in the United States, in Russia, and in Europe as a whole. The seasonal percentages may be shown in tabular form as follows:*

	United States per cent.	Russia per cent.	Europe per cent.	Japan per cent.
Spring and summer	61	60	59	59
Fall and winter	39	40	41	41

It thus appears that the tendency of mankind to commit suicide in spring and summer, rather than in fall and winter, is quite as strongly marked in Japan as it is in Europe and America. Despite all differences of character and environment, the suicidal impulses of Yankee, muzhik, and coolie are governed by the same law.

Suicide Weather

The evidence above set forth, and much more for which I cannot here find space, seems conclusively to establish the fact that, throughout the civilized world, the pleasantest seasons of the year are most conducive to suicide. The question then arises, Does this rule hold good if applied to the pleasantest days of the pleasantest seasons? In other words, is the tendency to suicide greater on clear, dry, and sunny days in June than on dark, cloudy, and rainy days in June? Professor Edwin G. Dexter, of the University of Illinois, published in the *Popular Science Monthly*, in April, 1901, a long and interesting paper entitled "Suicide and the Weather," in which he gave the result of a comparison between the police records of 1,962 cases of suicide in the city of New York and the records of the New York Weather Bureau for all the days on which these suicides occurred. His comparisons and computations, which seem to have been made with great thoroughness and care, show not only that the tendency to suicide is greatest in the spring and summer months, but that it is most marked on the clearest, sunniest, and pleasantest days of those months. To state his conclusions in his own words: "The clear, dry days show the greatest number of suicides, and the wet, partly cloudy days the least; and with differences too great to be attributed to accident or chance. In fact,

* The figures are those of Dr. Forbes Winslow for the United States, those of Dr. M. Gubski for Russia, those of Dr. Rehfisch (in *Der Selbsmord*) for Europe, and those of the Government Statistical Bureau for Japan.

there are thirty-one per cent. more suicides on dry than on wet days, and twenty-one per cent. more on clear days than on days that are partly cloudy."

It thus appears that, as a rule, the tendency to suicide, throughout the civilized world, is greatest in the pleasantest seasons of the year; that it is everywhere greatest in the pleasantest month of the pleasantest season; and that in New York City it is greatest on the clearest and sunniest days of the pleasantest month. From the point of view of science, therefore, it is perfectly reasonable and absolutely accurate to say on a beautiful, sunny day in early June, "This is regular suicide weather."

Now, what is the explanation of this world-wide tendency to self-destruction in the seasons, months, and days when life would seem to be best worth living? The cause, whatever it be, can have no connection with race, religion, history, political status, or geographical location, because it acts uniformly among peoples as widely different, in all these respects, as the Russians, the Italians, the Americans, and the Japanese. It is evidently a cosmic cause, but what is its nature?

Some investigators have suggested that the suicidal tendency is dependent on heat; but June is not the hottest month, nor is December the coldest. Durkheim has tested this conjecture by comparing temperatures with suicides in France, Italy, and Prussia. He finds that, in all three of these countries, suicides reach their maximum in June and their minimum in December, while the temperature does not rise to its maximum until July and does not fall to its minimum until January.* Moreover, if heat were a predisposing cause of suicide, we should find the suicide rate of Europeans much higher in the tropics than it is in the north temperate zone; but such is not the case. Heat, therefore, as a possible cause, must be eliminated. Other writers, including Dr. Gubski, have called attention to the very close relation between suicide and light. It is true that daylight, if measured by hours, has its minimum in December and its maximum in June, in precise correspondence with the seasonal rates of suicide; but what about the equinoctial periods of March and September?

If light be the efficient cause, the tendency to suicide should be as great at the time of the fall equinox as it is at the time of the spring equinox; but this is not the case. Two hundred and seventy-two suicides out of every thousand occur in the vernal equinoctial period and only two hundred and fifteen in the autumnal equinoctial period, and this proportion holds good throughout the whole northern hemisphere. Light, therefore, must also be eliminated.

Morselli suggests that suicide is influenced by the first heat of early spring and summer, which "seizes upon the organism not yet acclimated and still under the influence of the cold season." But is there any such thing as winter debility, and, if so, why should it last until June? Many physicians, on the other hand, assert that during the period of early summer the organism, instead of being debilitated, is working at a high tension, that every function of mind and body is then more active than at any other period of the year, and, that, consequently, there is then greater liability to sudden mental and physical collapse. But there is no evidence to show that suicides, generally, are caused by seasonal overtension and subsequent collapse.

Goldwin Smith thinks that with the revival of vitality in the spring and early summer "all feelings and impressions become more lively," those that impel to suicide among the rest. But if all the feelings "become more lively," why do not the stimulated sensations of joy and pleasure on a beautiful day in June overcome, or at least evenly balance, the stimulated sensations of suffering and unhappiness?

Influence of Environment on Self-Destruction

None of these explanations is at all satisfactory, and it seems to me that the solution of the problem is to be found, not in the mere physical action of light, heat, or weather on the human body, but in the influence of the whole environment on the human mind. Sir Arthur Helps was the first, so far as I know, to suggest that the increased tendency to suicide in spring and summer is due to a psychological rather than a physical cause. Speaking, in "Realmah," of the fact that suicides are more frequent on pleasant days than on unpleasant ones, he says: "Perhaps it is because, on these beautiful days, the higher powers seem to be more beneficent; and the wretch overladen with misery thinks that he can trust more to their mercy."

This explanation is little more satisfactory than the others; but it does, nevertheless, recognize and take into account the influence of the environment on a preëxisting emotional state. It errs only in interpretation. The smiling, happy, joyous aspect of Nature in June does not inspire the unhappy man with confidence in the beneficence and mercy of the higher powers. On the contrary,

* Durkheim, "Le Suicide" (Paris, 1897), p. 93.

it shows him that the higher powers pay no attention at all to his feelings and have no sympathy whatever with his grief. The blue skies, sunshine, leafy trees, and singing birds, which make up the environment of June, add to the happiness of the man who is happy already, but they intensify, by contrast, the misery of the man who is already miserable. In November and December, when all is dark, bare, and cheerless, Nature seems to be in sympathy with the unhappy man's mood, and from that voiceless, pitying sympathy of the great World-Mother he derives a certain sustaining comfort and consolation. In June his mood is the same, but the mood of Nature has changed. The great World-Mother no longer sympathizes with his grief, but laughs him to scorn with her sunshine, her blossoming flowers, her leafy trees, and her jubilation of mating birds. He looks about him and thinks: "Everybody is happy, everything is rejoicing. I am the solitary exception; I am the only living thing that is out of place." And then there comes upon him a heartbreaking sense of loneliness, a feeling of complete isolation, as if the great, happy world had cast him off and gone on its way singing. He has thought of suicide before — he has thought of it often; and now, when the world, in its triumphant gladness, ignores his very existence, when there is no longer sympathy, nor pity, nor any further hope of a share in the happiness that he sees about him, it seems to him that the time for self-destruction has come. Whether he be a Russian, an American, or a Japanese, he can observe and he can feel: and when he sees that the whole world is jubilant, while he himself is wretched, he becomes more acutely conscious than ever before of his loneliness and misery, and resolves to give up the struggle and get out of the way of the world's laughing, singing, summer-carnival procession. He ends his life; and in some Russian, American, or Japanese table of statistics his death adds one more to the suicides in June.*

The close relation that exists between suicide and war was first brought to my attention by the sudden and remarkable decrease of suicide in the United States in 1898, the year of the war with Spain. Instead of increasing that year, as it had every previous year for more than a decade, the number of suicides decreased suddenly from 6,600 to 5,920, a falling off of 680 cases. Then, when the war in the Philippines followed the war in Cuba, the number was again reduced by 580 cases. When, however, in 1900, we began to lose interest in the Philippines and to think of our own home troubles and trials, the number of suicides rose suddenly from 5,340 to 7,245, an increase of 1,905 cases in two years. The decrease in the suicide rate during the war was nearly 16 per cent., and the increase after the war about 23 per cent.

War As a Deterrent to Suicide

This struck me as a phenomenon interesting enough to warrant investigation, and I began study of it by looking up the statistics of suicide in the national capital. It seemed to me that if the decrease in 1898 was due to a general economic cause, it would not be particularly noticeable in the city of Washington, for the reason that Washington is not a manufacturing or business center. If, on the other hand, the fall in the suicide rate was really due to the war as a specific cause, it would be most marked at the nation's capital, where the war attracted most attention and created most excitement. I went to the District Health Office and made an examination of the suicide records for a term of six years, beginning with 1895 and ending with 1900. I found not only that the depression in the Washington suicide curve was precisely synchronous with that of the national suicide curve, but that it was much deeper, amounting, in fact, to a sudden decrease of fifty per cent.

As suicides are tabulated in the Health Office of the District of Columbia by months, I was able to ascertain, furthermore, that the decrease began, not in the first month of the year, but in the spring months, when the war excitement became epidemic. Normally, the suicide rate should have risen, from January to June, in accordance with the seasonal law; but, instead of so doing, it fell rapidly at the very time when it should have been approaching its maximum. The colored population of the city, taken separately, was affected in the same way and to an even greater degree, the number of suicides among the blacks falling off fifty-six per cent., as compared with fifty per cent. among the whites. The number of suicides in both races remained low throughout the year 1899, and then rose suddenly in 1900, an almost precise correspondence with the suicide curve of the nation as a whole.

During our Civil War the suicidal tendency was affected in the same way, but to a much

* Five or six years ago, in a paper that I read before the Literary Society of Washington, D. C., I suggested this explanation of the high suicide rate in June. At the conclusion of the reading, a young Italian student, who happened to be present as a guest, came to me and said: "If I did not know it to be impossible, I should think that your explanation of June suicides had been suggested by, if not copied from, a letter left by a dear friend of mine who killed himself in Genoa, two years ago, on a beautiful evening in June. You have expressed his thoughts almost in the words that he used."

greater extent. I have not been able to find mortality statistics of the whole country for the period in question, but in New York City the average rate of suicide in the five years of the Civil War was forty-two per cent. lower than the average for the five preceding years, and forty-three per cent. lower than the average for the five subsequent years. In the State of Massachusetts, where accurate statistics were kept, the number of suicides decreased seventeen per cent. in the five-year period from 1861 to 1865, as compared with the five-year period from 1856 to 1860.

In Europe the restraining influence of war upon the suicidal impulse is equally marked. The war between Austria and Italy in 1866 decreased the suicide rate of each country about fourteen per cent. The Franco-German war of 1870-71 lowered the suicide rate of Saxony 8.0 per cent., that of Prussia 11.4 per cent., and that of France 18.7 per cent. The reduction was greatest in France, because the German invasion of that country made the war excitement there much more general and intense than it was in Saxony or Prussia.

An explanation of the decrease of suicide in time of war may be found, perhaps, in the power that any strong excitement has to change the current of thought and substitute one emotion for another. Suicide, among civilized peoples, is largely due to morbid introspection and long brooding over real or imaginary trouble; and anything that takes a man's mind away from his own unhappiness, and gives him a keen interest in things or events about him, weakens his suicidal impulse. An unhappy man might resolve to end his life, and might load a revolver with the intention of shooting himself; but if he should happen to see a couple of his neighbors fighting in his front door-yard, he would probably lay the revolver aside, for a time, and watch the combat. The cause of his unhappiness would still remain, but the current of his thought would suddenly be diverted into a new channel and his despondency would give way to the excitement of a fresh and vivid interest. War acts upon men in the same way, but with greater force.

Then, too, war restrains suicide by strengthening the bonds of social sympathy and drawing large masses of people more closely together. The unhappy man always thinks of himself as lonely, isolated, and out of harmony with his environment; but when, as a result of the victories or defeats of war, he finds himself participating in the triumph or sharing the grief of thousands of other persons, the mere consciousness of sympathetic association with his fellow-men becomes a source of comfort and consolation to him and makes his life more endurable. But war is not the only agency that exerts a restraining influence upon self-destruction. Any great calamity which causes intense public excitement, and which at the same time draws people together in friendly sympathy and coöperation, lowers the suicide rate. The calamity may greatly intensify suffering, and may make life, for a time, almost intolerable; but it does not increase the number of persons who try to escape from life; on the contrary, it reduces it.

San Francisco Earthquake Decreased Suicides

A striking illustration of this fact was furnished by San Francisco in 1906. Before the earthquake and fire of April 18 the suicides in that city averaged twelve a week. After the earthquake, when the whole population was homeless, destitute, and exposed to hardships and privations of every kind, there were only three suicides in two months. The decrease, therefore, in the suicide rate was more than 97 per cent. This surprising result of a disheartening and depressing calamity was due partly to the excitement of life under new and extraordinary conditions, and partly to the feeling, which every man had, that he was enduring and working with a host of sympathetic comrades, and not suffering and striving alone. If life were always vividly interesting, as it was in San Francisco after the earthquake, and if all men worked and suffered together as the San Franciscans did for a few weeks, suicide would not end ten thousand American lives every year, as it does now.

The dependence of suicide upon such conditions as age, sex, occupation, and religion does not offer any problem as difficult and baffling as that involved in the relation of suicide to weather, nor any as curious and suggestive as that which connects suicide with war; but there is hardly a phase of the subject that does not present some more or less interesting question. The researches of Durkheim and Gubski show that, after the period of childhood, the tendency to suicide increases steadily with advancing age. In France, for example, if the population be segregated in groups comprising all persons ten to twenty years of age, all persons twenty to thirty years of age, all persons thirty to forty years of age, and so on, by decades, the annual number of suicides per million rises as follows: first group 56, second group 130, third 155, fourth 204, fifth 217, sixth 274, seventh 317, and the rate finally reaches its maximum in the group that comprises persons more than eighty years of a

In the United States, the rate increases from 128 per million, in the age group comprising persons under forty-five, to 300 per million in the age group comprising persons over sixty-five. The figures vary in different countries, according to the hereditary national suicide tendencies; but the steady increase with advancing age is common to all. These statistics would seem to support the pessimistic philosophy of Schopenhauer, and to prove that the longer one lives the less one wants to live; but it must not be forgotten that the suicide rate is a measure of exceptional unhappiness, not of the general welfare.

In the suicidal tendencies of the sexes there is, as might be expected, a very great difference. In all countries and in all parts of the world, suicides among women are far less frequent than among men. The ratio varies from one to two to two to five. This difference is generally attributed to the supposed fact that women are sheltered and protected by men, as well as by their domestic environment, and that, consequently, they suffer less from the wear and tear of life; but I doubt very much the adequacy of this explanation. The life of women, in the world at large, is quite as hard as that of men, and often harder. In the higher and wealthier classes of society women may be, and doubtless are, sheltered and protected; but in the poorer classes they take their full share of the suffering, even if they do not bear the brunt of the struggle.

The hundreds of Russian women who between 1877 and 1885 were exiled to eastern Siberia for political offenses had no shelter or protection whatever, and must necessarily have suffered more than the exiled men from the hardships and privations of banishment; and yet, I am quite sure that I understate the fact when I say that the number of suicides among the men was at least five times greater than it was among the women. The exiled men themselves admitted to me that when it came to the endurance of suffering against which no fight could be made and from which there was no escape, the women were greatly their superiors. The infrequency of self-destruction among women, as compared with that among men, seems to me to be due, not to their comparative immunity from suffering, but to three other causes, namely, first, a greater power of patient, passive endurance, when there is no fight to be made; second, a mind and heart that are more influenced by feelings and beliefs that may be called religious; and, third, a peculiar capacity for self-restraint and self-preservation, based on the maternal instinct, that is, on closer and more intimate relations with, stronger love for, and greater devotion to young children.

A study of the relation that suicide bears to occupation discloses some interesting and noteworthy facts. The first is that soldiers, both in Europe and in the United States, must be put in a class by themselves, for the reason that the suicide rate of army officers and men is so much higher than that of the populations to which they belong that they can hardly be included in the same category. In Prussia, for example, the proportion of military suicides to civilian suicides is 1½ to 1; in England 2½ to 1; in Italy 5 to 1; in Austria 10 to 1; and in Russia nearly 11 to 1. Even in the United States, the tendency of soldiers to kill themselves is 8½ times that of adult men in civil life.

This disproportionately high suicide rate in armies is not easy of explanation. In countries where military service is compulsory, and where inexperienced young men, torn suddenly from their families, are subjected to rigorous discipline in a strange and uncongenial environment, the suicidal impulse may be intensified by homesickness, loneliness, humiliation, and the monotony of camp or barrack life; but in our own country, where the army is filled by voluntary enlistment, and where the relations between officers and men are fairly sympathetic and cordial, there would seem to be fewer reasons for unhappiness and suffering than in the military service of Italy, Austria, or Russia. The American soldier is generally well taken care of and well treated; and while his life, in time of peace, is not exciting, it is easier and less monotonous than that of a factory operative, and it is hard to understand why he should be abnormally disposed to self-destruction. His suicidal tendency, however, is reduced by war, just as that of the civil population is, and for the same reasons.

Professional Classes Furnish Most Suicides

Statistics of self-destruction are not yet accurate and detailed enough to enable us to determine the relation that suicide bears to business employment; but it may be said, in a general way, that the occupations in which the suicide rate is lowest are those that involve rough manual labor out of doors and employ men of comparatively little educational culture, such as miners, quarrymen, shipwrights, fishermen, gardeners, bricklayers, and masons. Next come farmers, shopkeepers, and town artisans. And at the head of the list, with the highest suicide rate of all, are physicians,

journalists, teachers, and lawyers. The tendency of these professional classes to commit suicide is from one and a half to three times as great as that of the population generally.

Clergymen, however, who also constitute an educated professional class, have a suicide rate which is only half that of the population as a whole, and this is undoubtedly due to the restraining influence of religion, which is much stronger in clergymen than in laymen. The relation of suicide to religion raises a number of curious and interesting questions, but, unfortunately, the religious factor is so involved with other factors in the complicated problem of self-destruction that it is almost impossible to isolate it so as to study it alone. For example, the suicide rate of Protestant Christians in the northern part of Ireland is twice that of Roman Catholics in the southern part; but here education comes in as a complication: the Protestants are generally better educated than the Catholics, and their higher suicide rate may be due to their education and not to the form of their religion. In Europe generally, the tendency to suicide is much greater among both Protestants and Catholics than among Jews; but here education, race, and economic condition all come in as complicating factors, so that it is impossible to credit the Jewish faith alone with the lower rate. In view, however, of the fact that the suicide rate of the Protestant cantons in Switzerland is nearly four times that of the Catholic cantons, it seems probable that Catholicism, as a form of religious belief, does restrain the suicidal impulse. The efficient cause may be the Catholic practice of confessing to priests, which probably gives much encouragement and consolation to unhappy but devout believers, and thus induces many of them to struggle on in spite of misfortune and depression.

The Salvation Army, in attempting to lessen self-destruction by opening "anti-suicide bureaus" in large cities, and by inviting persons who are contemplating suicide to visit these bureaus and talk over their troubles, is virtually introducing a system of confession which, so far as this particular evil is concerned, resembles that of the Catholic Church.

In view, however, of the conflicting nature of the evidence, and the extreme difficulty of disentangling religious factors from other important factors, I doubt the possibility of drawing any trustworthy conclusions with regard to the dependence of suicide upon religious belief. It may be said, as a matter of record, that the tendency to self-destruction is greatest among Protestant Christians, next largest among Roman Catholics and Orthodox Greeks, and lowest among Mohammedans and Jews; but the differences are not certainly due to religion.

The dependence of suicide upon nationality and race presents a number of problems of great interest, but of extraordinary difficulty and complexity. I can state a few of these problems, but I cannot solve any of them.

Among the highest suicide rates in Europe are those of Saxony and Denmark, and among the lowest those of Italy, Portugal, and Spain. You may perhaps conclude, from this, that the tendency to self-destruction is much greater among the Slavs and Scandinavians of the north than it is among the Latin peoples of the south, and that the differences are due to latitude or race; but your specious generalization is shattered when you discover that the suicide rates of Norway and Russia, both northern countries inhabited by Scandinavians and Slavs, are almost as low as those of Italy, Portugal, and Spain, all southern countries inhabited by Latins.

From an ethnological point of view, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway are nearly homogeneous Scandinavian states, and we should therefore expect their suicide rates to be nearly if not quite identical; but the rate of Denmark is twice that of Sweden and three times that of Norway.

The Slavs of Bohemia do not differ ethnologically from the Slavs of Dalmatia, but the suicide rate of the one group is 158 per million, while that of the other is only 14 per million. Saxony is not far away, geographically, from Belgium; but the suicide rate of the former is 324 per million, while that of the latter is only 128 per million.

I am unable to offer even a conjectural solution of the problems involved in the differences thus shown to exist between populations that are ethnologically identical, or that stand at nearly the same level of educational culture and economic well being.

Germany's High Suicide Rates

The extremely high suicide rate of the Germanic peoples long ago attracted the attention of European sociologists, but, so far as I know, it has never been satisfactorily explained. If it were limited to adults it might possibly be attributed to economic causes, particularly to the rapid development of manufacturing industry, which seems everywhere to increase the suicidal tendency; but self-destruction in Germany is almost as common among children as among grown people. Between 1883 and 1903 there were 1,125 suicides among the

pupils of the public schools in Prussia alone, and most of them were of boys and girls under fifteen years of age. An investigation made by the ministry of public instruction showed that this prevalence of suicide among children was not due to the conditions of modern life in cities, inasmuch as the proportion of cases was fully as large in places of the smallest size as in crowded centers of population. It seemed to be due, rather, to an inherent suicidal tendency in the race.

Racial characteristics, however, do not by any means account for the extraordinary differences in suicide rates that we find among the European peoples, as shown in the following table:*

EUROPEAN PEOPLES GROUPED RACIALLY

NUMBER OF SUICIDES PER MILLION INHABITANTS

I. Slavs	
In Dalmatia (about 1896)	14
European Russia (1900)	31
Bulgaria (about 1900)	118
II. Scandinavians	
In Norway (1901–'05)	65
Sweden (1900–'04)	142
Denmark (1901–'05)	227
III. Latins	
In Spain (1893)	21
Portugal (1906)	23
Italy (1901–'05)	64
France (1900–'04)	227
IV. Germans	
In Austria (1902)	173
Prussia (1902–'06)	201
Saxony (1902–'06)	324
Bavaria (1902–'06)	141
V. English	
In Ireland (1906)	34
Scotland (1905)	65
England and Wales (1906)	100
Australasia (1903)	121
United States (1907)	126
VI. Asiatics	
In Japan (1905)	209

It is difficult to assign definite or satisfactory reasons for the wide differences shown in the above table. Skelton has suggested that the low suicide rates of certain countries are due to emigration, "which provides an outlet for a great deal of misery and constitutes a hopeful alternative to suicide"; but this conjecture, although ingenious, is hardly supported by the facts. It might perhaps explain the low suicide rates of Italy and Ireland, but it does not account for the equally low suicide rate of the Russian peasants, who emigrate hardly at all, nor for the extremely high suicide rate of the Germans, who emigrate in large numbers. Neither does it throw any light upon the persistence of national suicide rates long after emigration. The generalization that seems to harmonize and explain the greatest number of facts is that suicide is most prevalent in countries where education goes hand in hand with highly developed manufacturing industry. In Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Russia the people have little education, manufacturing industries are feebly developed, and the suicide rate is low. In Saxony the percentage of illiteracy is very small, more than half of the population work in factories, and the suicide rate is the highest in Europe. I do not dare to assert that even this rude generalization is warranted by the facts; but, if it were sustained, it would seem to show that suicide is a by-product of the great, complicated machine that we call modern civilization.

Whatever may be the reasons for differences in national suicide rates, and whatever may be the causes that have produced them, there is little doubt, I think, that the rates themselves are true manifestations of national character, and that they are as permanent as the character of which they are an outcome. When, therefore, a people migrates from one place to another, it takes both its character and its suicide rate to the new location. This is clearly apparent in the vital statistics of immigrants who come from various parts of Europe to the United States. Such immigrants, as a rule, prosper here and become happier here, but the increased prosperity and happiness do not greatly affect the suicidal tendencies that they had when they were poor and wretched in their original homes. Even their descendants, born in America, keep substantially unchanged the suicide rates that they have inherited, with their character, from their European ancestors. The Germans who came here forty or fifty years ago brought a high suicide rate with them, and their descendants maintain it. The Irish, on the contrary, brought a low suicide race to this country, and their children have it still. In the following table will be found the suicide rates of a few nationalities in Europe and of their descendants in the United States.*

* For the suicide statistics embodied in this table I am largely indebted to the coöperation and assistance of Mr. M. L. Jacobson, of the Bureau of Statistics in Washington. In the literature of the subject there are no figures more recent than 1893 for most of the European countries. In this table they are nearly all later than 1900.

* The figures for Europe are from the latest reports of government statistical bureaus, and for America from the registration area covered in the twelfth census.

SUICIDES PER MILLION OF POPULATION

Nationalities	In Europe	In the U. S.
Native Americans		68
Hungarians	114	118
Germans	213	193
French	228	220
English	100	104

In an address delivered before the Anthropological Society of Washington, D. C., on October 19, 1880, Mr. M. B. W. Hough said: "As long as the features of the ancestor are repeated in his descendants, so long will the traits of his character reappear. Language may change, customs be left behind, races may migrate from place to place and subsist on whatever the country they occupy affords; but their fundamental characteristics will survive, because they are comparatively uninfluenced by the mere accidents of nutrition." This statement is as true of suicide as it is of other manifestations of national character.

Odd Methods Employed by Suicides

Nothing is more surprising in the records of suicide than the extraordinary variety and novelty of the methods to which man has resorted in his efforts to escape from the sufferings and misfortunes of life. One would naturally suppose that a person who had made up his mind to commit suicide would do so in the easiest, most convenient, and least painful way; but the literature of the subject proves conclusively that hundreds of suicides, every year, take their lives in the most difficult, agonizing, and extraordinary ways; and that there is hardly a possible or conceivable method of self-destruction that has not been tried. When I clipped from a newspaper my first case of self-cremation with kerosene and a match, I regarded it as rather a remarkable and unusual method of taking life; but I soon discovered that self-cremation is comparatively common. When I learned that Mary Reinhardt, of New York, had sung "Rock of Ages" and had then killed herself by inhaling gas in a barrel stuffed with pillows, I thought it a curious and noteworthy case; but when I compared it with suicides that came to my knowledge later, it seemed quite simple and natural. I have well-authenticated cases in which men or women have committed suicide by hanging themselves, or taking poison, in the tops of high trees; by throwing themselves upon swiftly revolving circular saws; by exploding dynamite in their mouths; by thrusting red-hot pokers down their throats; by hugging red-hot stoves; by stripping themselves naked and allowing themselves to freeze to death on winter snow-drifts out of doors, or on piles of ice in refrigerator-cars; by lacerating their throats on barbed-wire fences; by drowning themselves head downward in barrels; by suffocating themselves head downward in chimneys; by diving into white-hot coke-ovens; by throwing themselves into craters of volcanoes; by shooting themselves with ingenious combinations of a rifle with a sewing-machine; by strangling themselves with their hair; by swallowing poisonous spiders; by piercing their hearts with corkscrews and darning-needles; by cutting their throats with hand-saws and sheep-shears; by hanging themselves with grape vines; by swallowing strips of underclothing and buckles of suspenders; by forcing teams of horses to tear their heads off; by drowning themselves in vats of soft soap; by plunging into retorts of molten glass; by jumping into slaughter-house tanks of blood; by decapitation with home-made guillotines; and by self-crucifixion.

Of course, persons who resort to such methods as these are, in most cases, mentally unsound. A man who shoots, hangs, poisons, or drowns himself may be sane; but the man who crucifies himself, buries himself alive, cuts his throat on a barbed-wire fence, or climbs into the top of a tree to take poison, is evidently on the border-line of insanity, even if he be not a recognized lunatic.

The most prevalent methods of suicide in Europe are, first, hanging, second, drowning. In the United States they are, first, poisoning, second, shooting. About three fourths of all the persons who commit suicide in the United States use pistol or poison. The difference between European and American methods is probably due to the fact that on the other side of the Atlantic drugs and fire-arms are not so easily obtainable as they are here, and Europeans therefore resort to water and the rope as the best and surest means accessible. Police restrictions and regulations make it almost impossible for a Russian peasant to get either poison or a pistol; but all the police in the empire cannot prevent him from drowning himself in a pond, or hanging himself in his own barn.

A careful comparison of all the facts accessible seems to show that in Europe, at least, suicide bears a certain definite relation to education and manufactures; and that, as I have already said, it is a by-product of the great, complicated world-machine that we call modern civilization. Its specific causes, so far as they can be ascertained, are, on the educational side, the development of increased nervous and psychic sensibility, which makes men feel more acutely all wants, deprivations,

misfortunes, and sufferings; and, on the manufacturing side, a monotony of employment which wearies and exhausts the body while it gives little exercise to the educated mind and leaves the latter free to brood over its unsatisfied longings and desires, as well as its many trials and disappointments. There are other causes, such as the growing disproportion between wants generally and the means of gratification generally; alcoholism; unhealthful work, especially in manufacturing districts; barrack and tenement-house life; and all the evils incident to poverty, overcrowding, and bad sanitary conditions in cities. So far as I can see, these causes, at present, are not removable. Education must continue to intensify sensibility and increase the number of men's wants, and the great economic machine must grind on, even though it crush thousands of human beings, every year, in the cogs of its innumerable wheels. A high suicide rate is part of the price that we pay for the educational and material achievements upon which we pride ourselves. We have greatly multiplied the means of human happiness, but whether, on the whole, we have increased the sum total of human happiness is perhaps an open question. In any event, the high and rapidly increasing suicide rate shows that we are pushing the weaklings to the wall.

The question of what can be done to lessen the suicide tendency and check this great waste of human power and energy brings me to the only important cause of self-destruction which seems to me removable, and that is newspaper publicity. No argument is needed to prove that man is essentially an imitative animal. In dress, in behavior, in speech, in modes of thought, and in social conventions, we are all prone to do what we see others do; and when unhappy men and women learn, from the newspapers, that scores of other unhappy people are daily escaping from their troubles through the always open door of suicide, when familiarity with the idea of self-destruction deprives the act of all its natural terror, it is not at all surprising that they yield to what seems to be the general current of their social environment. I have, in my own collection of material, a surprisingly large number of cases in which the suicidal act may be traced directly to newspaper publicity and imitation; but I must limit myself to a single striking illustration — the suicidal epidemic in Emporia, Kansas, in the summer of 1901. As a result, apparently, of the publication of the details of two or three suicides of people prominent in that little Kansas town, there broke out an epidemic of self-destruction which culminated in the sunny, flowery month of June, and which carried the annual suicide rate from about 90 per million to 1,665 per million — a rate five times greater than that of Saxony. Mr. Morse, the mayor of the city, consulted the Board of Health, and decided to stop the publication of the details of suicides in the local papers, even if it should require the employment of force. He issued a proclamation, on the 16th of June, in which he said: "I have consulted the Board of Health, and if the Emporia papers do not comply with my request, I shall have a right to stop, and I will stop summarily, the publication of these suicide details, under the law providing for the suppression of epidemics. There is clearly an epidemic in this city, and although it is mental, it is none the less deadly. Its contagion may be clearly shown to come from what is known in medicine as the psychic suggestion, found in the publication of the details of suicides. If the paper on which the local journals are printed had been kept in a place infected with smallpox, I could demand that the journals stop using that paper, or stop publication. If they spread another contagion — the contagious suggestion of suicide — I believe the liberty of the press is not to be considered before the public welfare, and that the courts would sustain me in using force to prevent the publication of newspapers containing matter clearly deleterious to the public health."

I believe that the reasoning of Mayor Morse is perfectly sound, and that the position taken by him is absolutely impregnable. The prevention of the publication of suicides in the newspapers of a State would require a special legislative act, but it would probably do more to lessen the suicidal tendency than any other single measure that could be taken. In the winter of 1902, Representative Jenkins introduced in the National House of Representatives a bill making periodicals containing details of suicides unmailable; but I think it was never reported from committee.

The Emotional Temperament as a Cause

There is one other way in which the suicide rate may possibly be lowered, or at least held in check, and that is through the cultivation of what may be called the heroic spirit. We are becoming too emotional and sentimental, and too much inclined to regard weakness with sympathy, instead of with the contempt that it generally deserves. In the language of the prize ring, the pugilist who lies down while he can yet stand and see is called a "quitter." It would be harsh and unjust to apply to all

suicides this opprobrious name; but there can be little doubt, I think, that the majority of them are weaklings who give up and lie down while they still have a fighting chance.

Readers of shipping news may still remember the wreck of a German kerosene steamer on the wildest, most precipitous part of the coast of Newfoundland, in February, 1901. The steamer took fire during a heavy winter gale, and the captain ran her ashore, at the nearest point of land, with the hope of saving the lives of the crew. She struck on a submerged reef in a little cove, about an eighth of a mile from a coast which was three or four hundred feet high and as precipitous as a wall. When she was first seen by a few fishermen at daylight, her boats were gone, and all of her crew had apparently perished except three men. Two were standing on the bridge, and one was lashed aloft in the fore-rigging. About ten o'clock in the forenoon a tremendous sea carried away the bridge and the two men on it, and they were seen no more. At three o'clock in the afternoon the solitary survivor, — the man in the fore-rigging, — who was evidently suffering intensely from hunger and cold, unlashed himself, threshed his arms against his body for five minutes to restore the circulation in them, and then took off his coat, waved his hand to the fishermen on top of the cliff, climbed down the shrouds, and plunged into the sea — but not to commit suicide. He swam to the shore, made three attempts in different places to get a footing among the rocks at the base of the cliff, but was swept away every time by the surf, and finally abandoned the attempt as hopeless. At that crisis in the struggle ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have given up and allowed themselves to drown; but this man was not a "quitter." He turned his face again seaward, struck out for the half-submerged ship, and after a long and desperate struggle succeeded in reaching her and getting on board. He climbed the fore-shrouds, waved his hand to the pitying but powerless fishermen on the edge of the cliff, and lashed himself again in the rigging. At intervals, until dark, he made signals to the fishermen to show that he was yet alive. At daybreak on the following morning he could still be seen in the fore-rigging, but his head had fallen on his breast and he was motionless. He had frozen to death in the night. That man died, as a man in adverse circumstances ought to die, fighting to the last. You may call it foolish, and say that he might better have ended his sufferings by allowing himself to drown when he found that he could not make a landing at the base of the cliff; but deep down in your hearts you pay secret homage to his courage, his endurance, and his indomitable will. He was defeated at last, but, so long as he had consciousness, neither fire nor cold nor tempest could break down his manhood.

The Caucasian mountaineers have a proverb which says: "Heroism is endurance for one moment more." That proverb recognizes the fact that in this world the human spirit, with its dominating force, the will, may be and ought to be superior to all bodily sensations and all accidents of environment. We should not only feel, but we should teach, by our conversation and by our literature, that, in the struggle of life, it is essentially a noble thing and a heroic thing to die fighting. In a recent psychological story called "My Friend Will," Charles F. Lummis pays a striking tribute to the power of the human mind over the accidents of life and chance when he makes his "friend Will" say: "I am bigger than anything that can happen to me. All these things — sorrow, misfortune, and suffering — are outside my door. I'm in the house and I've got the key!"

PRAIRIE DAWN

BY WILLA SIBERT CATHER

A crimson fire that vanquishes the stars;
A pungent odor from the dusty sage;
A sudden stirring of the huddled herds;
A breaking of the distant table-lands
Through purple mists ascending, and the flare
Of water ditches silver in the light;
A swift, bright lance hurled low across the world;
A sudden sickness for the hills of home.

—From April Twilights.

THE DOINGS OF THE DEVIL

BY HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

MRS. CREGAN wept, and her tears were ludicrous. She was as fat as a Falstaff. Her features were as ill-suited for the expression of grief as a circus clown's. She had not even a channel in her plump cheeks to drain the tears from the corners of her eyes; and the slow drops, large and unctuous, trickled down her round jowl and soaked into her bonnet-strings, leaving her cheeks as fresh and as ruddy in the sunlight as if they had been merely wet with perspiration. Her eyes stared, unpuckered, apparently unconscious that they wept. Her mouth was tight in an expression of resentful determination. Only her little round chin trembled — like a child's.

And yet Mrs. Cregan was as nearly heart-broken as she had ever been in her life. She was leaving her husband; what was more grievous to her, she was leaving her home; she was on the streets of New York, with her small savings in her greasy purse — clasped tightly in her two hands under her "Sunday cape," that was trimmed with fringe and tassels in a way to remind you of a lambrequin. She did not know where to go. There was no one to whom she could turn for aid, and she would not go to any one for pity. Behind her was the wreck of a breakfast table — the visible symbol of her ruined home — with a cursing Irishman, whom nobody could live with any longer, shouting, "*Your* house, is it? I'll show yeh whose house it is! I'll show yeh! I'll break ev'ry danged thing in the place!" Before her were the crooked byways of what had once been "Greenwich village," as quiet as a desert, and as indifferent, in the early morning radiance, with shuttered windows and closed doors.

The domestic peace of those old streets made her own homelessness the more pitiful to her. She felt as she had felt once before — years before — in her childhood, when she had set sail with her parents for America. It had been a cold day; and the mists had steamed up horridly from the water, with a desolate, wet sea-odor; and the memory of the sunlight on green fields and the warm perfume of the land had been like a longing for health and daylight to the darkness of a death-bed. The future had threatened her with the terrors of an unknown world. The past — despite its poverty and starvation — had been as dear as life. She had suffered all those pangs of dissolution that assail the home-loving Irish when they have to leave what association has made dear to them; for, with the Irish, familiarity does not breed contempt but affection.

She suffered these same miseries now. She saw her home through tears of regret, though unhappiness had driven her from it. And her lips were set in a determination never to return to Cregan, though her chin trembled with pity of herself in the determination.

Some distance behind her came a smaller woman, as shrunken, as withered, and as yellow as an old leaf. Even her shoes seemed to have dried and shriveled, curling up at the toes. And she fluttered along in the light morning breeze, holding back against it, on her heels, with an odd effect of being carried forward faster than she wished to go.

She was Mrs. Byrne, from the floor below Mrs. Cregan's flat, and she had been starting out on a secret errand of her own when she heard the quarrel overhead and stopped to hear the end of it. There was something guilty in her manner, and she was evidently struggling between her desire to reach the next street unseen by Mrs. Cregan and her desire to know what had happened in the Cregan flat. Her curiosity proved the stronger.

She let the wind blow her alongside her friend's portly despair. She said, in the hoarse whisper that was all she had left of her voice: "Is it yerself, Missus Cregan? Yuh're off to choorch early this mornin'."

Mrs. Cregan looked around, blinking to clear her eyes. "Choorch?" she said, on the plaintiveness of a high note that broke in her throat.

"Yuh're cryin', woman!" Her look of craftiness had changed at once to one of

startled distress. "Come back out o' this with yuh." She caught Mrs. Cregan's arm. "It's no thing to be doin' on the street! Come back, now. Where're yuh goin'?"

Mrs. Cregan marched stolidly ahead and carried her neighbor with her. "I've quit 'm."

"Quit who?"

"Himsilf. . . . Dinny."

Mrs. Byrne expressed her emotion and showed her tact by silently compressing her lips.

"I've quit 'im, fer good an' all." She stroked a tear down her cheek with a thick forefinger. "I'll niver go back. Niver!"

"Come away with yuh, Mary Cregan," Mrs. Byrne cried, in her breathy huskiness. "At *your* age! Faith, yuh're as flighty as one o' them girls with the pink silk petticoats. He's yer husban', ain't he? D'yuh think yuh were married over the broomstick? Come an' behave yerself like a decent woman. What'd Father Dumphy say to *this*, think yuh?"

"He's a man. I know what he'd say. He'd tell me to go back to Cregan. I'll niver go back. Niver!"

"Yuh won't! What'll yuh do, then? Where'll yuh go to?"

"I'll niver go back. Niver! He's broke me best chiny — an' kicked the leg off the chair — an' overtoorned the table — an' ordered me out o' the little bit o' home I been all these years puttin' together. The teapot th' ol' man brought from Ireland — the very teapot — smashed to smithereens! An' the little white dishes with the gilt trimmin's I had to me weddin' day, Mrs. Byrne! There was the poor things all broke to bits!" She stopped to point at the sidewalk, as if the wreckage lay there before her. "All me little bit o' chiny. All of it. All of it, Mrs. Byrne. Ev'ry bit! Boorsted!"

Her tears choked her. She could not express the piercing irreparability of the injury. It would not have been so bad if he had beaten her; a hurt will heal. But the innocent, wee cups — and the fat old brown teapot — and the sweet little chair with its pretty legs, carved and turned so daintily! She had washed them and wiped them, and dusted and polished them, and been so careful of them and felt so proud of them, for twenty years past. And, now, there they were lying, all in bits — past mending — gone forever. And they so pretty and so harmless.

The crash as they fell on the floor had sounded in her ears like the scream of a child murdered.

She started forward again, determinedly. "I'll niver go back to 'm. He can have his house to himsilf. . . . What do I care for Father Dumphy? He wants nothin' but the dime I leaves at the choorch doore, an' the dime I drops on the plate! Whin me poorse's impty, he'll not bother his head about me!"

"Shame *on* yuh!" Mrs. Byrne wheezed, with her eye on the house she was passing. "Yuh talk no better than a Prod'stunt."

"An' if I *was* a Prod'stint," she cried, "I'd not have to pay money iv'ry time I wanted to hear mass. I'd not be out on the street here, not knowin' where I'm goin' to, ner how I'm to live. It's *thim* that knows how to take care o' their own — givin' the women worrk, an' takin' the childer off to the farrms, an' all the like o' that. You Dogans——"

Mrs. Byrne glanced about her fearfully. "Stop yer talk, now. Stop yer talk. Stop it before someone hears yuh makin' a big fool o' yerself."

"I'll not stop it. What do I care who hears me? I'm goin' off from here fer good an' all. 'Twill know me no more. 'Twill not. I'm done with it all. I'm done with it." She held out her purse. "I've got me bit o' money. I'll hire me a little room uptown. I'm done with *him* an' Father Dumphy an' the whole dang lot o' yuz. Slavin' an' savin' fer nothin' at all. I'll worrk fer mesilf now, an' none other. Neither Cregan ner the choorch ner no one ilse 'll get a penny's good o' me no more. I got no one in the wide worrld but mesilf to look to, an' I'll go it alone."

Mrs. Byrne was a little woman of a somewhat sinister aspect, her dull eyes very deep in their wrinkles, her nose pushed aside out of the perpendicular, her long lips stretched tightly over protruding teeth. She was as curious as an old monkey; but it was not only her curiosity that made her the busiest gossip and the most charitable "good soul" in the street; she had her share of human kindness, and if she was as crafty as a hypocrite, it was because she enjoyed handling men and women, like a politician.

Seeing that Mrs. Cregan was beyond the reach of shame or the appeal of the priest, she said: "Well, I don't blame yuh, woman. Cregan's a fool — like all the rest o' the men. An' yerself such a good manager. Well, well! Yer rooms was that purty 't 'ud make yuh wistful. Where will yuh be goin'?"

"I dunno."

"Have yuh had yer breakfast?"

Mrs. Cregan shook her head.

"Come back, then, an' have a bite with me."

"Niver! I'll niver go back."

Mrs. Byrne hitched up her shawl. "Come along then to the da-ary restr'unt. There's no

one home to miss me. I'll take a bit o' holiday, this mornin', meself. I've been wantin' to taste one o' those batter cakes they make in the restr'unt windahs, this long enough."

"Yuh've ate yer breakfast."

"I have not" Mrs. Byrne replied. "I was off to the grocer to buy some sugar when yuh stopped me."

It was a lie. She had, in fact, started out, secretly, on a guilty errand which she should not acknowledge.

"It's a lonely meal I'd 've been havin'," she said, "with Byrne down at the boiler house an' the boy off on his run."

Mrs. Cregan did not reply, and they came to Sixth Avenue without more words. They paused before a dairy restaurant that advertised its "Surpassing Coffee" in white-enamel letters on its shop-front windows. Mrs. Cregan's hunger drew her in, but slowly; and Mrs. Byrne followed, coughing to conceal her embarrassment.

II

It was the first time that Mrs. Byrne had ever sat down in any public restaurant, except the eating-halls at Coney Island (where she went with "basket parties") or the ice-cream "parlors" at Fort George. And she glanced about her at tiled walls and mosaic floors with a furtiveness that was none the less critical for being so sly. "It's eatin' in a bathroom we are," she whispered. "An' will yuh look at the cup yonder. The sides of it are that thick there's scarce room fer the coffee in it! Well, well! It do beat the Dutch! They're drawin' the drink out of a boiler big enough fer wash day." The approach of a waitress silenced her. When she saw that Mrs. Cregan was not going to speak, she looked up at the girl with a bargain-counter keenness. "Have y' any pancakes fit t' eat? How much are they? Ten cents! Fer how many? Fer three pancakes? Fer three! D'yuh hear that?" she appealed to Mrs. Cregan. "Come home with me, that's a good woman. It's a sin to pay it. Three cents fer a pancake! Aw, come along out o' this. Ten cents! We c'u'd get two loaves o' bread fer the money an' live on it fer a week!"

But Mrs. Cregan was beyond the reach of practicalities, and she ordered her buckwheat cakes and coffee with an air that was mournfully distrait. Mrs. Byrne made a vain attempt to get her own cakes from the waitress for five cents, and then resigned herself to the senseless extravagance. "Yuh'll not make yer own

"'YOUR HOUSE, IS IT? I'LL SHOW THE WHOSE HOUSE IT IS!'"

livin' an' eat the likes o' this," she grumbled asthmatically. "Yuh'd better be savin' yer money."

Mrs. Cregan was looking at the thick china with a sort of aggrieved despondence. (It was almost the expression of a bereaved mother looking at one of her neighbor's children and thinking it a healthy, ugly brat whom nobody would have missed!) She stared at the bare walls and the bare tables of the restaurant, and found the place, by comparison with her own cozy flat, as unhomelike as the waiting-room of a railroad station — the waiting-room of a railroad station when you have said good-bye to your past and the train has not yet arrived to carry you to your future.

MRS. BYRNE

As her pancakes were served to her, she bent over the plate to hide a tear that trickled down her nose. It splashed on the piece of food that she raised to her mouth. She ate it — tear and all.

"An' them no bigger than the top of a tomato can!" Mrs. Byrne was muttering.

Mrs. Cregan ate, and the food helped to stop her tears. It was the strong coffee, at last, that brought her back her voice. "If it'd b'en *him*, he'd 'a' gone an' got drunk," she said, wiping her cheeks with her napkin. "The men have the best of it. Us women have to take it all starin' sober."

"They're no more than children," Mrs. Byrne replied, "an' they're to be treated as such. Sure, Cregan couldn't live without yuh. He'd have no buttons to his pants in a week."

"An' him!" Mrs. Cregan cried. "Iver since the Raypublicuns got licked, there's be'n no gettin' on with him at all. Thim Sunday papers 've toorned his head. He's all blather about his rights an' his wrongs. Th' other moornin' didn't I try to get on his bus from the wrong side o' the crossin', an' he bawls at me: 'Th' other side! Th' other side! Yuh're no better than any one ilse!' An' I had to chase through the mud after him! The little wizened runt! He's talkin' like an arnachist! An' that's why he smashed me dish. He'll have no one say 'No' to 'im. . . . Ah, Mrs. Byrne, niver marry a man older than yersilf."

"Thank yuh," Mrs. Byrne replied with hoarse sarcasm. "I'm not likely to, at my age." She added, consolingly: "Cregan's young fer his years. Drivin' a Fift' Avenah bus is fine, preservin', outdoor work."

"It is *that!*" And Mrs. Cregan's tone remarked that the fact was the more to be deplored. "He'll be crankier an' crabbeder the older he grows." She dipped to her coffee and swallowed hard.

Mrs. Byrne had screwed up her eyes to squint at an idea that could not well be looked in the face. When she spoke it was to say slyly: "God forbid! But they do go off sometimes in a puff. He looks as if he'd live fer long enough, thank Heaven. But yuh never can tell."

Mrs. Cregan blinked, held her hand for a moment, and then began hastily to fill her mouth with food. The silence that ensued was long enough to take on an appearance of guilt.

It was long enough, too, for Mrs. Byrne to "contrive a procedure."

"Yuh never can tell," she began, "unless yuh have doin's with the devil — like them gipsies that see what's comin' by lookin' in the flat o' yer hand. There's one o' them aroun' the corner, an' they say she told Minnie Doyle the name o' the man she was to marry. An' he married her, at that!" Mrs. Cregan looked blank. Mrs. Byrne leaned forward to her. "I never whispered it to a livin' soul but yerself — but it was her told Mrs. Gunn that her last was to be a boy. A good month ahead! An' when she saw it was true she had no peace o' mind till she heard the priest say the words over the poor child an' saw that the sprinkle o' holy water didn't bubble off him like yuh'd sprinkled it on a hot stove." Mrs. Cregan's vacant regard had slowly gathered a gleam of startled intelligence. "An' if I was yerself, Mrs. Cregan — not know-

in' where I was to go to, ner how I was to live — I'd go an' have a talk with her before I went further, d'yuh see?"

"God forbid! 'Tis a mortal sin."

"'Tis not. When I told Father Dumphy what I'd done, he called me an ol' fool an' gave me an extry litany fer penance. What's a litany!"

"I'd be scared o' me life!"

"Yuh w'd not. Come along with me. I was goin'. I got troubles o' me own. Never mind that. There's nothin' to be scared of. Nothin' at all. No one'll see us. I been there meself; many's the time, an' no one knows it."

III

Mrs. Byrne entered the "reception rooms" of Madame Wampa, "clairvoyant, palmist, and card-reader," with the propitiatory smile of the woman who knows she is doing wrong but is prepared to argue that there is "no great harm into it." She was followed by Mrs. Cregan, as guiltily reverential as if she were an altar boy who had been persuaded to join in some mischievous trespass on the "sanctuary." Madame Wampa received them, professionally insolent in her indifference. Mrs. Byrne explained that she wanted only a "small card reading" for twenty-five cents. Madame Wampa said curtly: "Sit down!"

They sat down.

She had been a music-hall singer when her husband was a sleight-of-hand artist, "The Great Malino, the Wizard of Milan." Her voice had long since left her; she had nothing of her beauty but its yellow ruins; and her life was made up of the consideration of two great grievances: first, that her husband was always idle, and second, that her landlord overcharged her for her rooms on account of the nature of her "business."

She saw nothing in Mrs. Byrne and Mrs. Cregan but their inability to help her pay her rent. She said: "I give a full trance readin' with names, dates, and all questions answered, for a dollar, or a full card readin' for fifty cents. It's impossible to tell much for a quarter."

MADAME WAMPA

Mrs. Byrne shook her head.

Madame Wampa said "Very well," in a tone of haughty resignation. She turned to a booth that had been made of turkey-red chintz in one corner of the room. She lit a small red lamp and sat down before a little bamboo table. A toy angel from a Christmas tree hung above her. A stuffed alligator sat up, on its hind legs, beside her — a porcelain bell hung on a red ribbon about its neck — to grin with a cheerful uncanniness on the rigmaroles of magic.

She said: "Come!"

Mrs. Byrne entered the gipsy tent, and Mrs. Cregan was left alone in the atmosphere of a bespangled past reduced to its lowest terms of imposture. There were strings of Indian corn hanging from the ceiling, Chinese coins and rabbits' feet on the walls, a horseshoe wrapped in tinfoil over the door, and a collection of absurdly grotesque bric-à-brac on shelves and tables. There were necklaces of lucky beads for sale, and love charms in the shape of small glass hearts enclosing imitation shamrocks, and dream books and manuals of palmistry and gipsy cards for fortune-telling, and photographs of Madame Wampa in a gorgeous evening dress trimmed with feathers. Over all was a smoky odor of kerosene from an oil heater.

Mrs. Cregan looked from side to side with a vaguely worried feeling that it must take a power of dusting and wiping to keep such a clutter of things clean; and this feeling gradually rose into her consciousness above the dull stupefaction of her grief.

Madame Wampa, in the chintz tent, recited without expression: "Though you travel east or west, may your luck be the best." She dropped her voice to a toneless mutter about a "journey," and some papers that were to be signed, and a "false" dark woman who pretended to be Mrs. Byrne's friend, but would do her an injury.

Mrs. Cregan sat as if she were waiting for her turn to enter a confessional, her hands folded, her head dropped. She heard Mrs. Byrne whispering hoarsely, but she did not listen.

Madame Wampa said, at last, wearily: "Very well. Send her in."

She shuffled her cards and sighed. She was professionally acquainted with many griefs, and she took her toll of them. They meant no more to her than sickness does to a quack. She looked up at Mrs. Cregan's entrance almost absent-mindedly.

But there was, at once, something so helplessly stricken about the woman's plump despair, so infantile, so touchingly ridiculous, that Madame Wampa even smiled faintly and moved the bamboo table to let Mrs. Cregan squeeze into the chair that waited her. She sat down and held out her money in her palm. Madame Wampa took her hand. "I will tell you," she said. "I will see it in your hand."

She crossed the palm three times with the coin, and began in the monotonous voice and with the expressionless face of the fakir: "You are married. Many years. I see many years. You have not been happy. Monday is your unlucky day. Do not begin anything on Monday. You are thinkin' of takin' a journey — somethin' — some change. It will not end well. You had better remain without the change — whatever it is. There is a man — a man who has horses — who drives horses, perhaps. I see horses. He will meet with an accident — I think, a runaway — a collision, perhaps. He will be hurt. He will be — hurt. Yes He is an old man. It will be bad. He may die. Perhaps. He is a relative — related to you. You must beware of animals. One will do you an injury. You will never be rich — but comfortable. The best of your life is comin'. You will have your wish."

She had finished, but Mrs. Cregan did not move. She had drawn back in her chair. Her mouth had loosened; her hand lay limp on the table; all her intelligence seemed to have concentrated in her eyes in an expression of guilty and horrified surprise. She said faintly: "Is 't Cregan?"

Madame Wampa shrugged one shoulder in her red kimono. "The lines do not say." She blew out the lamp and rose from the table. "That is all. It is impossible to tell much for a quarter. I give a full trance readin', with names, dates, and all questions answered ——"

Mrs. Cregan "blessed" herself,— with the sign of the cross,— gasped, "God forgi' me!" and blundered out into the room. Mrs. Byrne cried: "What's wrong?" Mrs. Cregan did not hear. She stampeded to the door in the ponderous fright of a panic-stricken elephant. Her one thought was to find a place where she might get on her knees. . . . Cregan! It was himself! It was Dinny! Killed, maybe! She had blasphemed against the Church and Father Dumphy, and she must pray. She must pray for herself and for Cregan. She would "take back" everything she had said. She would never leave him. She would be good.

Mrs. Byrne tugged at her cape. "Whist! Whist! What's come over yuh, woman? What is it?"

"It's Dinny!"

That was all that could be had out of her. Even when she reached her home again, and Mrs. Byrne followed her in, afraid of leaving the frightened woman alone lest she should "blab" the whole secret to the first person she met,— even then Mrs. Cregan could not speak until she had gathered up the broken dishes and propped the broken chair against the wall, as frantically as if she were trying to conceal the evidence of a crime. Then she sank down on a sofa and burst into tears. "The poor creature!" she wept. "The poor ol' man. Poor Dinny!"

Mrs. Byrne folded her arms. "Mary Cregan," she said, in hoarse disgust, "when yuh've done makin' a fool o' yerself, I'll trouble yuh to listen to *me. Now!* If y' ever breathe a word o' this to Cregan, he'll laugh himself blind! Mind yuh that! He'll not believe yuh. No one'll believe yuh. No one! An' if yuh don't want somethin' turrible to happen, yuh'll say nothin', but yuh'll behave yerself like a decent married woman an' go to church an' say yer prayers against trouble. That woman with the cards says whatever th' old Nick puts into her head to say."

Mrs. Cregan cried: "She saw it in me hand!"

Mrs. Byrne drew herself up like a prophetess. "Dip yer hand in holy water, an' yuh'll hear no more of it. Now, then. Behave yerself."

"I was wishin' it!" she wailed. "I was wishin' somethin' 'd happen to him to leave me free here in m' own home!"

"An' that," Mrs. Byrne said, "is the judgment o' heaven on yuh fer carin' more fer yer dishes than yuh did fer yer husband. Yuh're a good manager, Mrs. Cregan, but yuh've been a dang poor wife. Think of yer man first an' yer house after, an' yuh'll be a happier woman, I tell yuh."

"I will that. I will," Mrs. Cregan wept, "if he's spared to me."

"Never fear," Mrs. Byrne said drily. "He'll be spared to yuh."

And he *has* been spared to her. At first he was suspicious of her subdued manner and remorse-

MRS. CREGAN SAT AS IF SHE WERE WAITING FOR HER TURN TO ENTER A CONFESSIONAL

ful gentleness; and for a long time he watched her, very warily, with an eye for treachery. Then he understood that she had succumbed to his masterful handling of her, and he was masculinely proud of his conquest.

Mrs. Cregan is beginning to hope that she has warded off the predicted bad fortune by her devoutness, but she still has her fears. "'Twas the doin's o' the divil," she says to Mrs. Byrne.

"He had a hand in it, no doubt," Mrs. Byrne agrees. "An' how's Cregan?" she says. "Well, I'm glad o' that. . . . An' the new dishes? . . . Good luck to them. Yuh're off early to church again."

YOUNG HENRY AND THE OLD MAN

BY JOHN M. OSKISON

THE ranchman and I were discussing courage. I had that day seen young Henry Thomas mount and ride a horse which had bucked in a way to impress the imagination. I spoke of it.

"Was it the gray?" queried Brunner, and when I said it was, he scoffed. "That horse is trained to buck just the way young Henry wants him, and he hobbles the stirrups."

Brunner's scepticism was disappointing. I ventured to speak of another instance that seemed to illustrate the nerve of Henry Thomas:

"Didn't he help capture the 'Kep' Queen bunch of outlaws a few years ago? I've heard he showed nerve then."

"I reckon you have." Brunner glanced across at me, then stooped to dig a live coal out of the ashes. He held it for half a minute before packing it into the bowl of his pipe, shifting it imperceptibly in his toughened hand as he studied the backlog. When his tobacco was burning steadily, he spoke:

"I can tell you the truth about young Henry — and the old man, too." I thought his tone changed. "Twenty-four years ago I came to this Indian country. For twelve years I rode with the posses as a deputy marshal and for twelve years now I've been running cattle here on Cabin Creek. I've been all over the Territory. I know every man in the Cherokee Nation that ever handled a hot iron. And I know young Henry Thomas, too.

"It was in 1882 that Queen 'went bad,' and began to hold up trains on the 'Katy' and 'Frisco roads. All of that fall and winter we were after him and his gang, but we never got a sight of them. They were 'goers' all right, and when we came up to a two-weeks-old camp-fire they'd built, we thought we were lucky.

"For six months after the first of the year they did nothing. We heard that Queen was in California. Then, in June, 1883, while I was at Muscogee, I got a telegram from 'Cap' White asking me to report at once to him at Red Oak. Paden Tolbert and I caught the eleven o'clock train up, dropping off at Red Oak at one in the morning. 'Cap' met us, told us he had two men ready, and that the five of us would start for Pryor Creek at once.

"It was a fifteen-mile ride. We planned to pick up four men from the ranches on the way down, and get to 'Kep' Queen's camp at daylight. We had been told that there were five men in the camp, that they had been in the Pryor Creek woods for two days, and that it was their plan to hold up the flyer from the north next evening. 'Cap' White was sure of his information, and he had decided upon the men he wanted from the ranches. The two Thomases — old man Henry and young Henry — were picked out, for there was no one else in the family except a younger brother of eighteen, who has since died. 'Bud' Ryder and Jim Kelso were the other two — both good on horses and handy with a gun.

"'Cap' was proud of his posse when he finally got us together. The Thomases came out and joined us like bees a-swarming. The young fellow was all up in the air with excitement, like a boy going to a circus. He was so brash that at first we couldn't keep him from riding on ahead of the rest of us; you'd think he wanted to bring in the bunch all by himself.

"That was all right; brash, eager young fellows ain't always so brave when trouble begins, but they steady into good fighters. It's hard enough to get 'em that want to go after a man like 'Cap' Queen at all."

Brunner told me then of the fight in the woods at daybreak. It was his summary of young Henry Thomas that interested me.

One of the men whom White took from Red Oak led the posse to the camp on Pryor Creek. It was on a ledge on a hillside. The fires had been built under a jutting rock. Only a bush wren could have hidden its nest more completely — Bruce had been lucky in spying it out. He told White that there was but one unprotected approach — a long unused trail that led down from the cliff-top and ended in a briar tangle fifty feet above the ledge. That trail, it was evident, 'Kep' Queen did not know existed.

Young Thomas had ridden with Brunner, seeking him out, as the novice always seeks out the veteran, to practise his valorous speeches

upon. For four hours young Thomas talked about bravery, with illustrations. From one incident to another he skipped, for the history of outlawry west of St. Louis, in the last generation, was more familiar to him than many another topic he had gathered from books. Brunner could have set him right on the facts many times, but what was the use?

After a time the youngster's monologue became a sort of soothing hum; for which the other was grateful. "I was cross and sleepy and chilly and nervous," Brunner explained, "and the boy's gabble rested me."

I gathered that the young man was more excited than he cared to confess, even to himself. He talked, as others whistle, to "keep up his courage." Yet the implication that he needed distraction or stimulation would have angered him. Youth and courage are twins, or should be, and a man of twenty-two takes it for granted. At forty, a man may confess to turning tail and yet save his self-respect. I had heard Brunner tell of "back downs" that would have shamed a young village constable, and it had never occurred to me to question his courage.

It was only in the last mile of their ride that the chatter of young Thomas really became audible to Brunner.

"I woke up," he said, "and actually listened to him. I don't remember exactly what he was saying, but this was the idea: 'All of you fellows that chase outlaws make too much fuss about it.' Well, some of us do, though the newspapers and the wind-bags that follow us around make ten times the fuss we do. He went on to say that the only way to nab a horse-thief or an express robber was to go right up to him, don't you know, like the little boy went up to the sign-post that he thought was a ghost.

"It's a good theory and generally works. I told him so, and then apologized for doing any other way. The way I thought about this business of a deputy marshal's was the way an old soldier thinks about war. I was hired to get the criminals, and not to be caught by the criminals, to shoot the bad man, if I had to, but not to be shot by the bad man if there was any way to help it. One way to help it is to run and hide. It's a good way, too, for I've tried it."

The young man roused Brunner's curiosity. It was possible that he might be of the exceptional breed that puts a fine theory to the test of action.

"I decided to watch him," the ranchman told me, "and see if he would play up to his big talk. When we left our ponies, half a mile from the camp, I pretended to argue with 'Cap' White, told him he ought to leave young Thomas with the horses and not get such a boy as that all shot up. 'Cap' caught my point and begged him to stay, but, of course, he wouldn't hear of it. 'I'll stick to Brunner,' says he.

"'All right,' says I, 'come on.'

"When we started afoot, we trailed out single file, and I noticed that old man Thomas waited for the boy and me to pass him, dropping in right behind his son. 'Cap' was in front, then Bruce, then Paden Tolbert, then Ryder and Kelso, and then I and the Thomases. The old man was at the tail of the procession.

"Old man Thomas was the kind that you never think about one way or the other. You said to yourself that he would do his share, whatever it amounted to, and you wouldn't have to bother about him. That's your notion of him, ain't it?"

It *was* my notion of the older Thomas. I don't think a more commonplace looking man ever lived. Brunner told me that he had not changed in fourteen years.

"'Young Henry swells around and talks big; the old man he says nothing and chaws tobacco.' That's the way people size 'em up around here." Brunner thus confirmed my own impression of the pair.

"What a man can see out of the back of his head," Brunner went on, "is a lot different from what comes in front of his eyes. He feels a lot that don't make a sound and that ain't visible. I did see, out of the corner of my eye, that young Henry Thomas was dropping behind me little by little, but I didn't see why it was he moved up again. I know why, though. The old man had ordered him up — not in words, you understand, for I could have heard a whisper in the still dawn, the way we were snaking it over the trail. From that time on, every foot of the way, the old man drove the boy. You ask me how, and I can't tell you. There wasn't a word, not a motion that I could see, but all the time it was one man driving the other as plain as could be. And it wasn't easy. I felt that young Henry was worse than balky, that he would have broke through the bushes and run off screaming if that old man had taken his eyes off of him for ten seconds.

"A quarter of a mile it was, and we went slow — twenty feet forward picking our way, then the eight of us would stop to listen. If you ever get a chance, ask young Henry how long that trail was. If he don't stop to think, he'll tell you we crawled through the bushes for five miles, but if he remembers his part as the hero of the fight, he'll say, 'Oh, we sneaked a hundred yards or so before lighting into Queen's bunch.'"

The trail from above ended in a briar tangle

fifty feet up the hill from the ledge on which four of the five outlaws slept. The fifth man, posted as a sentry, was on the lower trail, somewhere out of sight of the party led by "Cap" White. When the deputies came up to the briars, therefore, they could see no one. As soon as the four sleepers came out of shelter, however, White's men could cover them with their guns.

What had to be done, obviously, was to rouse the four outlaws without revealing the presence of the deputies above. It could be done by some one in the woods below the ledge. But the outpost was down there to reckon with. They could not all be trapped merely by waiting, for they would come out, after waking, one by one; and White wanted the whole bunch.

It was decided that three men should be sent, by a round-about trail, down to the creek; that they should follow it up until they got opposite to the ledge; and that they should then rouse the sleeping men. They were also to find the sentry and capture him. The risk was that the sentry might discover the three first and spoil the chance to take him. The detail might be dangerous, though with luck it should prove easy.

Brunner was assigned to lead the three. Young Thomas and Kelso were named by White as the other two, but Brunner, who had been aware of that duel on the trail, said he preferred the old man to Jim Kelso.

They beat back for a short distance, then, separating, dropped down the steep hillside to the creek. In open order, they went forward quietly, slowly; they might come upon 'Kep' Queen's outpost at any turn. Now and then they came in sight of one another. Each time Brunner saw that the old man was edging closer to his son. Still there was no word spoken — only a grim old man's gray eyes were fixed upon a young man's shifting, over-bright eyes, and the young man moved on, cautiously.

Brunner held close to the creek bank; the old man was twenty yards away and moving farther out as he approached his son. So they advanced, abreast, until they came out upon the trail leading up to the ledge. Then Brunner saw old man Thomas run, with short, noiseless steps, to young Henry's side and point up the trail. Hidden from both and out of sight of what had attracted the old man's attention, Brunner yet knew what was happening. Farther up the trail was the sentry, half asleep in the chill dawn.

Brunner saw, as he himself came up cautiously, that the old man was whispering to young Henry. He grasped the boy's arm, half-shoving him forward and pointing with his rifle. The youngster moved a step, then turned with a look of utter panic on his face. His father's eyes glared; a sort of savage anger blazed on his face. From his grip on young Henry's arm, the old man's hand sprang to the boy's throat. There was one fierce, terrible shake, a sort of gurgling scream that expressed terror, and protest, too, but which was scarcely audible to Brunner, twenty feet away. In the tone of a man enraged to the point of madness, old man Thomas snapped out:

"Go on, you confounded whelp!"

Young Henry shook himself free, his terror replaced by a sudden, resentful anger. Fifty yards away the sentry nodded, his back against a tree and his gun across his lap. Brunner saw the man now, and stepped aside to cover him as young Henry approached. But there was no need of that. The boy was swift and noiseless; before the outlaw could wake or move, his gun was in Henry's hand, and he heard the command, "hands up!"

The sentry was quick-witted. He couldn't shoot, but he could yell. Brunner, however was ready for that. He began to bawl a reveler's song, popular with cowboys on a spree, and old man Thomas joined him. From above, it sounded as if a drunken riot had broken out, in which the outpost's warning shout became only a meaningless discord. The babel brought the four sleeping men out of their blankets. They listened a moment, then stepped out in view of the posse in the briars.

As Brunner came up, old man Thomas turned to face him. On his seamed face the sweat had almost dried, but when he shoved his hat up with his forearm, his sleeve came away from his forehead damp. The compelling glitter in the gray eyes turned to a challenging stare. Brunner met it, then glanced up the trail towards young Thomas and his captive.

"He got him all right," said Brunner.

"Yes," the old man triumphed, "my boy got him. He captured 'Kep' Queen himself."

"I reckon you've heard young Henry's story of how he got 'Kep' Queen," Brunner finished. "If you've ever talked with him when he was out of sight of the old man, I know you have. What I've told you to-night is what old man Henry could tell if he wanted to. But he never will. As I said awhile ago, 'young Henry swells around and talks big; the old man he says nothing and chaws tobacco.'"

EDITORIAL

THE TRUTH OF ORCHARD'S STORY

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE printed during last summer and fall the Autobiography of Harry Orchard, with its confessions of wholesale assassinations during the labor war in the mining districts of the West. There was, at that time, repeated and angry denial of the truth of his story; and, since the acquittal of W. D. Haywood, secretary and treasurer of the Western Federation of Miners, and of George A. Pettibone, whom Orchard charged with being the instigators of his crimes, their adherents have, of course, maintained that Orchard's story has been entirely disproved.

Logically, this does not follow. The acquittal of these two men means nothing more than that they were not proved guilty to the satisfaction of the juries trying them. Before a final judgment as to the truth or falsity of Orchard's statement is made, the last development in this matter must be thoroughly considered. On March 18, Orchard, persisting in his story to the last, pleaded guilty to the murder of Governor Frank Steunenberg, at Caldwell, Idaho, and was sentenced to be hanged — with the recommendation by the presiding judge that his sentence be commuted to life imprisonment by the Prison Board of the State. In pronouncing sentence upon Orchard, Judge Fremont Wood, who presided over the trials of both Haywood and Pettibone, expressed his belief in Orchard's story in a most convincing way. The parts of the Judge's statement dealing with Orchard's testimony, which follow, are of peculiar value to those desiring to arrive at a final conclusion regarding the responsibility for the campaign of murders which took place during the labor wars of the Western Federation of Miners; they are the summing up of the entire matter by a mind whose judicial fairness has been recognized by both parties in this great controversy.

"I am more than satisfied," said Judge Wood, "that the defendant now at the bar of this court awaiting final sentence has not only acted in good faith in making the disclosures that he did, but that he also testified fully and fairly to the whole truth, withholding nothing that was material and declaring nothing that had not actually taken place.

"During the two trials the testimony of the defendant covered a long series of transactions involving personal relations between himself and many others. In the first trial he was subjected to the most critical cross-examination by very able counsel for at least six days, and I do not now recall that at any point he contradicted himself in any material manner, but on the other hand disclosed his connection with many crimes that were probably not known to the attorneys for the State, at least not brought out by them on the direct examination of the witness.

"Upon the second trial the same testimony underwent a most thorough and critical examination and in no particular was there any discrepancy in a material matter between the testimony given upon the latter trial as compared with the testimony given by the same witness at the former trial. I am of the opinion that no man living could conceive the stories of crime told by the witness and maintain himself under the merciless fire of the leading cross-examining attorneys of the country unless upon the theory that he was testifying to facts and to circumstances which had an actual existence within his own experience.

"A child can testify truly and maintain itself on cross-examination. A man may be able to frame his testimony and testify falsely to a brief statement of facts involving a short and single transaction and maintain himself on cross-examination.

"But I cannot conceive of a case where even the greatest intellect can conceive a story of crime covering years of duration, with constantly shifting scenes and changing characters, and maintain that story with circumstantial detail as to times, places, persons, and particular circumstances and under as merciless a cross-examination as was ever given a witness in an American court unless the witness thus testifying was speaking truthfully and without any attempt either to misrepresent or conceal. . . . It is my opinion, after a careful examination of this case in all its details, that this defendant and the crimes which he committed were only the natural product and outcome of the system which he represented and the doctrines taught by its leaders, some of which were boldly proclaimed and maintained, even upon the trial of the defendant Haywood.

"This defendant had evidently become imbued with the idea inculcated by those around him that the organized miners were engaged in an industrial warfare upon one side of which his own organization was alone represented, while on the other hand they were confronted with the powers of organized capital, supported by executive authority, and which counter organization included, or at least controlled, the courts, which were the final arbiters upon all legal questions involved.

"With the promulgation of such doctrines it is not a difficult matter for some people to justify murder, arson, and other outrages, and I am satisfied that it was that condition of mind that sustained, bore up and nerved on this defendant and his associates in the commission of the various crimes with which he was connected."

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wakes up with a stone in its hand to throw at the health officer. Considering what we, as a people, do and fail to do, we get, on the whole, better public health service than we deserve, and worse than we can afford.

Our Health Boards and Their Powers

As a nation, we have no comprehensive health organization. The crying need for one I shall point out in a future article. Our only Federal guardianship is vested in the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, which, by some mystery of governmental construction, got itself placed in the Treasury Department, where it certainly does not belong. It is, with the exception of a few ancient political appointees now relegated to unimportant posts, a highly trained and efficient body of hygienists and medical men, the best of whom have also qualified as diplomats in trying crises. Any germ-beleaguered city may call upon this Service for aid. It is a sort of flying squadron of sanitative defence. When yellow fever broke out in New Orleans, it was the M. H. S. men who, working quietly and inconspicuously with the local volunteers, mapped out the campaign which rid the city of the scourge. In the San Francisco panic eight years ago, when bubonic plague beset the city, it was the Marine Hospital Service which restored confidence; and a Service man has been there ever since as the city's chief adviser. The Federal "surgeons," as they are called, may be in St. Louis helping to check smallpox, or in Seattle, blocking the spread of a plague epidemic, or in Mobile, Alabama, fighting to prevent the establishment of an unnecessary and injurious quarantine against the city by outsiders, because of a few cases of yellow jack; and all the while the Service is studying and planning a mighty "Kriegspiel" against the endemic diseases in their respective strongholds — malaria, typhoid, tuberculosis, and the other needless destroyers of life which we have always with us. In the Marine Hospital Service is the germ of a mighty force for national betterment.

DR. CHARLES HARRINGTON

SECRETARY OF THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE BOARD OF HEALTH, WHICH, BY THE DISTRIBUTION OF VACCINE AND ANTITOXIN ALONE, HAS SAVED THE STATE $210,000

Of the State boards, perhaps a fourth may be regarded as actively efficient. The rest are honorary and ornamental. Undoubtedly a majority would be ready and willing to perform the services for which they are not (as a rule) paid anything; but they lack any appropriation upon which to work. South Carolina, for example, has an excellent State board. Its president, Dr. Robert Wilson, is an able and public-spirited physician of the highest standing; an earnest student of conditions, and eager for the sanitary betterment of his State. But when he and his board undertook to get one thousand dollars from the legislature to demonstrate the feasibility of enforcing the pure food law and of turning away the decayed meat for which the State is a dumping-ground, they were blandly informed that there was no money available for that purpose. It was in South Car-

olina, by the way, that a medical politician who served on the public health committee of the legislature addressed this question to a body of physicians who had come there to appeal for certain sanitary reforms: "What do you want of laws to prevent folks being sick? Ain't that the way you make your livin'?" Which is, I fear, typical of the kind of physicians that go into politics and get into our legislatures, where, unhappily, they are usually assigned to the public health committees.

DR. THOMAS DARLINGTON

COMMISSIONER OF HEALTH FOR NEW YORK CITY, WHICH HAS THE MOST THOROUGHLY ORGANIZED CITY HEALTH DEPARTMENT IN THE UNITED STATES

Under the State boards, in the well-organized States, are the county boards and officers, who report to the State boards and may call upon the latter for advice or help in time of epidemic or danger.

In certain circumstances the State officials may arbitrarily take charge. This is done in Indiana, in Maryland, in Pennsylvania, and in Massachusetts. The last State not only grants extraordinary powers to its health executive, Dr. Charles Harrington, but it appropriated last year for the work the considerable sum of $136,000. By the issuance alone of vaccine and antitoxin, the Board saved to the citizens of the State $210,000, or $74,000 more than the total appropriation for all the varied work of the institution. Some vague idea of the economy in lives which it achieves may be gained from the established fact that death results in only sixteen out of every thousand cases of diphtheria, when the antitoxin is given on or before the second day of the illness; 110, when given on the third day; and 210 when the inoculation is performed later. The old death rate from diphtheria, before antitoxin was discovered, ranged from 35 to 50 per cent. of those stricken.

Finally, there are the city bureaus, with powers vested, as a rule, in a medical man designated as "health officer," "agent," or "superintendent." What Massachusetts is to the State boards, New York City is to the local boards, but with even greater powers. Under the charter it has full power to make a sanitary code. Matters ranging from flat wheels on the Metropolitan Street Railway Company's antiquated cars, to soft coal smoke belched forth from factory chimneys, are subject to control by the New York City Department of Health. The Essex Street resident who keeps a pig in the cellar, and the Riverside Drive householder who pounds his piano at 1 A.M. to the detriment of his neighbor's slumber, are alike amenable to the metropolis' hired doctors.

The province of the city, State, and Federal health organization is broad. "Control over all matters affecting the public health" is a comprehensive term. "All the powers not already given to the school committees," observed a Massachusetts judge, "are now ceded to the Boards of Health." In theory, then, almost unlimited powers are vested in the authorities. But how carefully they must be exercised in order not to excite public jealousy and

DR. CHARLES V. CHAPIN

SUPERINTENDENT OF HEALTH IN PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, ONE OF THE CITIES WHICH HAS BEEN FOREMOST IN PROSECUTING PHYSICIANS FOR FAILURE TO GIVE NOTICE OF INFECTIOUS DISEASE

suspicion, every city health official well knows. More serious than interference and opposition, however, is the lack of any general equipment. At the very outset the loosely allied army of the public health finds itself lacking in the primal weapon of the campaign; comprehensive vital statistics.

Our Absurd Vital Statistics

Vital statistics in this country are an infant science. Yet they are the very basis and fundament of any attempt to better the general health. Knowledge of what is killing us before our time is the first step toward saving our lives. The Census Bureau does its best to acquire this essential information. For years Director North has been persistently hammering away at this point. But progress is slow. Only fifteen States, representing 48 per cent. of our population, are comprised in the "registration area"; that is, record all deaths, and forbid burial without a legal permit giving the cause of death and other details. Outside of this little group of States, the decedent may be tucked away informally underground and no one be the wiser for it. This is convenient for the enterprising murderers, and saves trouble for the undertakers. Indeed, so interested are the latter class, that in Iowa they secured the practical repeal of a law which would have brought that State within the area; and in Virginia this year they snowed under a similar bill in the legislature, by a flood of telegrams. Ohio, the third largest State in the Union, keeps no accurate count of the ravages of disease. Probably not more than 60 per cent. of its deaths are reported. Why? Inertia, apparently, on the part of the officials who should take the matter in charge. Governor Harris in his January message made a strong plea for registration, but without result. As for births, there is no such thing as general registration of them. So this matter is neglected, upon which depend such vital factors as school attendance, factory employment, marriage, military duty, and the very franchise which is the basis of citizenship. It is curious to note that Uruguay, in its official tables of comparative statistics, regrets its inability to draw satisfactory conclusions regarding the United States of America, because that nation has not yet attained to any scientific method of treating the subject. Patriotism may wince; but let us not haughtily demand any explanation from our sneering little

DR. JOHN N. HURTY

SECRETARY OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH IN INDIANA, WHICH HAS RECENTLY PASSED A LAW FORBIDDING THE MARRIAGE OF IMBECILES, EPILEPTICS, AND PERSONS SUFFERING FROM CONTAGIOUS DISEASE

DR. GEORGE W. GOLER

HEALTH OFFICER OF ROCHESTER, NEW YORK, WHO REFUSES CHILDREN CERTIFICATES TO WORK IN FACTORIES, UNLESS THE APPLICANTS ARE IN SOUND PHYSICAL CONDITION

neighbor. Explanations might be embarrassing. For the taunt is well founded.

Is it strange that, having no basis in national statistics, our local health figures "speak a varied language"? We have no standards even of death on which to base comparisons. But a dead man is a dead man, isn't he, whether in Maine or California? Not necessarily and unqualifiedly. In some Southern cities he may be a "dead colored man," hence thrown out of the figures on the "white death rate" which we are asked to regard as the true indication of health conditions. In New Orleans, until recently, he might be a "death in county hospital," and as such not counted — this to help produce a low death rate. In Salt Lake City he's a "dead stranger," and unpopular on account of raising the total figures for the city. They reckon their total rate there as 16.38, but their home rate or "real" rate as 10.88. That is to say, less than 11 out of every 1,000 *residents* die in a year. If this be true, the Salt Lake citizens must send their moribund into hasty exile, or give them rough on rats, so that they may not "die in the house." As for the "strangers within our gates" who raise the rate over 50 per cent. by their pernicious activity in perishing, the implication is clear: either Salt Lake City is one of the deadliest places in the world to a stranger, or else the newcomers simply commit suicide in large batches out of a malevolent desire to vitiate the mortality figures. The whole thing is an absurdity; as absurd as the illiterate and fallacious three-page leaflet which constitutes this community's total attempt at an annual health report.

St. Joseph, Missouri, claimed, one year, a rate of 6.5 deaths out of every 1,000 inhabitants. Were this figure authentic, the thriving Missouri city, by the law of probability, should be full of centenarians. It isn't. I essayed to study the local reports, hoping to discover some explanation of the phenomenon, but was politely and regretfully informed that St. Joseph's health authorities issued no annual reports. The natural explanation of the impossibly low rate is that the city is juggling its returns. In the first place, that favorite method of securing a low per capita death rate — estimating a population greatly in advance of its actual numbers — is indicated; since the community has fewer lines of sewers and a smaller area of parks than other cities of the size it claims—two elements which, by the way, would in themselves tend to militate against a low mortality. Perhaps, too, the city has that ingenious way of eliminating one disturbing feature, the deaths under one

DR. J. MERCIER GREEN

HEALTH OFFICER OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, WHO STAMPED OUT A SMALLPOX EPIDEMIC AND REFORMED THE CITY'S WATER SUPPLY

week or ten days, by regarding them as "still-births." Chicago used to have this habit; also the trick of counting out non-residents, who were so thoughtless as to die in the city. At present, it is counting honestly, I believe. Buffalo used to pad for publication purposes. One year it vaunted itself as the healthiest large city in the country. The boast was made on the original assumption of a population nearly 25,000 in excess of the United States Census figures, to which 20,000 more was added arbitrarily, the given reason being a "general belief" that the city had grown to that extent.

Perhaps as complete returns as any are obtained in Maryland, where the health official, Dr. Price, culls the death notices from 60 papers, checks up the returns from the official registrars, and if any are missing, demands an explanation by mail. It behooves the registrar to present a good excuse. Otherwise he is haled to court and fined. The Board has thus far never failed to secure a conviction.

Now, if the most concrete and easily ascertainable fact in public health statistics, the total of deaths, is often qualified or perverted, it follows that dependent data, such as the assigned causes of death, as required by law, are still more unreliable; so I shall keep as far away from statistics as possible except where some specific condition can be shown by approved figures or by figures so inherently self-disproved that they carry their own refutation.

The Criminal Negligence of Physicians

This unreliability may be set down to the account of the medical profession. Realizing though they do the danger of concealment from the proper authorities, and in the face of the law which, as it gives them special privileges, requires of them a certain return, a considerable percentage of physicians falsify the returns to protect the sensibilities of their patrons. That they owe protection rather to the lives of the public, they never stop to think. Tuberculosis is the disease most misreported. In many communities it is regarded as a disgrace to die of consumption. So it is. But the stigma rests upon the community which permits the ravage of this preventable disease; not upon the victims of it, except as they contribute to the general lethargy. In order to save the feelings of the family, a death from consumption is reported as bronchitis or pneumonia. The man is buried quietly. The premises are not disinfected, as they should be, and perhaps some unknowing victim moves into that germ-reeking atmosphere, as into a pitfall. Let me give an instance. A clergyman in a New York city told me of a death from consumption in his parish. The family had moved away, and the following week a young married couple with a six-months-old baby moved in.

"What can I do about it?" asked the clergyman. "Mr. Blank's death was said to be from pneumonia; but that was only the final cause. He had been consumptive for a year."

"Warn the new tenants," I suggested, "and have them ask the Health Board to disinfect."

More than a year later I met the clergyman on a train and recalled the case to him. "Yes," he said, "those people thought it was too much trouble to disinfect, particularly since the reports did not give tuberculosis as the cause of death. Now their child is dying of tuberculosis of the intestines."

In this case, had the death been properly reported by the dead man's physician, as the law required, the City Board would have compelled disinfection of the house before the new tenants were allowed to move in. The physician who obligingly falsified that report is morally guilty of homicide through criminal negligence.

In Salt Lake City, in 1907, 43 deaths were ascribed to tuberculosis — undoubtedly a broad understatement. And in the face of the ordinance requiring registration of all cases of consumption, only five persons were reported as ill of the disease. By all the recognized rules of proportion, 43 deaths in a year meant at least 500 cases, which, unreported, and hence in many instances unattended by any measures for prevention of the spread of infection, constituted so many separate radiating centers of peril to the whole community.

Why is such negligence on the part of physicians not punished? Because health officials dread to offend the medical profession. In this respect, however, a vast improvement is coming about. Pennsylvania, Maryland, Indiana, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and other States are not afraid to prosecute and fine delinquents; nor are a growing number of cities, among them Boston, New York, Rochester, Providence, and New Orleans. The great majority of such prosecutions, however, are for failure to notify the authorities of actively contagious diseases, such as scarlet fever, diphtheria, and smallpox.

"Business Interests" and Yellow Fever

Epidemics are, nevertheless, in the early stages, often misreported. If they were not — if early knowledge of threatening conditions were made public — the epidemics would seldom reach formidable proportions. But — and here is the national hygienic failing — the first instinct is to conceal smallpox, typhoid, or any other disease that assumes epidemic form. Re-

THE SCAVENGERS OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

peated observations of this tendency have deprived me of that knock-kneed reverence for Business Interests which is the glorious heritage of every true American. As a matter of fact, Business Interests when involved with hygienic affairs are always a malign influence, and usually an incredibly stupid one. It was so in New Orleans, where the leading commercial forces of the city, in secret meeting, called the health officer before them and brow-beat him into concealing the presence of yellow fever, lest other cities quarantine against their commerce. And "concealed" it was, until it had secured so firm a foothold that suppression was no longer practicable, and the city only averted a tremendously disastrous epidemic by the best-fought and most narrowly won battle ever waged in this country against an invading disease.

It is interesting to note, by the way, that this epidemic, with its millions of dollars of loss to the city of New Orleans, might have been averted at a comparatively small cost, had the city fathers possessed the intelligence and foresight to adopt a plan devised by Dr. Quitman Kohnke, the city health officer. New Orleans gets its drinking water from private cisterns. Each of these is a breeding place for the yellow-fever-bearing mosquito. Dr. Kohnke introduced a bill a year before the epidemic, providing for the screening of all the cisterns, so that the mosquitos might not spread abroad; and also for the destruction by oil of the insects in the open pools. The total cost would hardly have exceeded $200,000. But there was no yellow fever in the city then; the public had recovered from its latest scare; and the bill was voted down with derision. I suppose the saving of that $200,000 cost New Orleans some forty or fifty million dollars in all.

Seldom does a Southern State discover yellow fever within its own borders. It is always Mississippi that finds the infection in New Orleans, and Louisiana that finds it in Galveston. This apparently curious condition of affairs is explicable readily enough, on the ground that no State wishes to discover the germ in its own veins, but is quite willing, for commercial rea-

sons, to point out the bacillus in the system of its neighbor. In 1897 Texas was infected pretty widely with yellow fever; but pressure on the boards of health kept them from reporting it for what it was. In light cases they called it dengue or breakbone fever. Now, dengue has this short-coming: that people do not die of it. Disobliging sufferers from the alleged "dengue" began to fill up the cemeteries, thereby embarrassing the local authorities, until one of the health officers had a brilliant idea. "When they die," he said, "we'll call it malarial fever." And as such it went upon the records. Two recalcitrant members of the Galveston Health Board reported certain extremely definite cases as yellow fever. They were forced to resign, and the remainder of the Board passed resolutions declaring that there was no yellow fever, there never had been any yellow fever, and there never would be any yellow fever as long as they held their jobs — or words to that effect. San Antonio also had the epidemic; so much of it that the mail service was suspended; but nothing worse than dengue was permitted to go on the records. Later a Marine Hospital Service surgeon was sent by the government to investigate and report on the Texas situation. He told the truth as he found it and became exceedingly unpopular. Lynching was one of the mildest things they were going to do to him in Texas. And all this time, while Texas was strenuously claiming freedom from the yellow plague, her emissaries were discovering cases in New Orleans that the local authorities there had somehow carelessly overlooked. The game of quarantine, as played by the health authorities of the far Southern States, and played for money stakes, if you please, is not an edifying spectacle in twentieth century civilization.

Newspapers, Politicians, and the Bubonic Plague

But if it is bad in the South, it is worse in the West. To-day California is paying for her sins of eight years ago in suppressing honest reports of bubonic plague, when she should have been suppressing the plague itself. That the dreaded Asiatic pest maintains its foothold there is due to the cowardice and dishonesty of the clique then in power, which constituted a scandal unparalleled in our history, a scandal that, with the present growing enlightenment, can never be repeated.

Early in 1900 the first case of the present bubonic plague onset appeared in San Francisco's Chinatown. I say "present" because I believe it has never wholly died out in the last eight years. A conference of the managing editors of the newspapers, known as the "midnight meeting," was held, at which it was decided that no news should be printed admitting the plague. The *Chronicle* started by announcing under big head-lines: "Plague Fake Part of Plot to Plunder." "There Is No Bubonic Plague in San Francisco." This was "in the interest of business." Meantime the Chinese, aided by local politicians, were hiding their sick. Out of the first 100 cases, I believe only three were discovered otherwise than by the finding of the dead bodies. Sick Chinamen were shipped away; venal doctors diagnosed the pest as "chicken cholera," "septemia hemorrhagica," "diphtheria" and other known and unknown ailments.

In May, 1900, came the blow that all San Francisco had dreaded: Texas and New Orleans quarantined against the city, and business languished. At this time two men were in control of the plague situation: Dr. Williamson of the City Board of Health and Dr. J. J. Kinyoun of the Marine Hospital Service. Dr. Williamson and Dr. Kinyoun both declared plague to be present in the city. The business interests represented in the Merchants' Association appealed to Kinyoun to suppress his reports to Washington. In return he invited them to read the law which compelled him to make reports. They then tackled Dr. Williamson, who replied that he'd tell the truth as he found it, and if it was distasteful to them, they needn't listen. They went to Mayor Phelan demanding Williamson's head on a salver. Mayor Phelan stuck by his man. Governor Gage they found more amenable. He issued a proclamation declaring that there was no plague. Governor Gage is not a physician or a man of scientific attainment. There is nothing in his record or career to show that he could distinguish between a plague bacillus and a potato-bug. Nevertheless he spent considerable of the State's money wiring positive and unauthorized statements to Washington. His State Board of Health refused to stand by him and he cut off their appropriation; whereupon they resigned, and he secured another and more servile board, remolded nearer to the heart's desire. Meantime the newspapers were strenuously denying all the real facts of the epidemic, their policy culminating in the complete suppression of plague news. Before this, however, they so inflamed public opinion against Dr. Kinyoun and Dr. Williamson that these two gentlemen became pariahs. Here are a few of the amenities of journalism in the golden West, culled from the display heads of the papers:

"Kinyoun, Enemy of the City."

"Has Kinyoun Gone Mad?"

"Desperate, Kinyoun Commits Another Outrage on San Francisco."

"Board of Health for Graft and Plunder."

"Our Bubonic Board."

One gentle patriot in the State Senate suggested in a thoughtful and logical speech that Dr. Kinyoun should be hanged. This practical spirit so appealed to the Chinese organizations (it was Chinatown that suffered chiefly from the quarantine rigors) that those bodies put a price of $10,000 on Kinyoun's head—not his political head, understand, but the head which was very firmly set on a pair of broad shoulders. Some of the officer's friends went to the Chinese Consul-General and explained unofficially that they would hold him responsible for any accident to Dr. Kinyoun. That personage, supposing that they were suggesting the slow accounting of diplomacy, smiled blandly and said:

"Gentlemen, I sympathize with you; but what can I do?" "Do?" said the spokesman, "Why, you can climb a lamp-post at the end of a rope within one hour of the time that Kinyoun is killed. That's what you can and will do."

The bland smile disappeared from the Oriental's face. He summoned a conference of the secret societies, and the reward for Kinyoun's death was abrogated. Next, the white politicians of Chinatown tried their hand and organized a lynching bee, but the intrepid doctor fortified his quarters, armed his men, and was so obviously prepared for trouble that the mob did nothing more than gather. Arrested twice on trumped-up charges, threatened for contempt of court, he continued to fulfill his duties. Governor Gage and the Republican State Committee now inaugurated a campaign of influence upon President McKinley, which resulted in a Federal Commission, consisting of Drs. Flexner, Barker, and Novy, all eminent scientists, being sent to the troubled city; where, instead of being received with honors, they were abused by the newspapers; insulted by the Governor; and had the humiliation of seeing the doors of the University of California slammed in their faces after they had been invited there. Of course, the Commission found bubonic plague, because it was there for any one to find.

Thus far the United States Marine Hospital authorities had stood back of their men. Now they began to weaken. The findings of the Federal Commission were kept out of the weekly service reports, and data of the epidemic were edited out of the public health bulletins, in disregard of the law. Even this subserviency did not satisfy the California delegation; they wanted Kinyoun out.

And, on April 6, 1901, after a year's brave fight in the face of public contumely and constant physical danger, Dr. Kinyoun was kicked upstairs into a soft berth at Detroit. He resigned. So the M. H. S. lost a brave, faithful, and able public servant and for once blackened its own fine record.

There isn't space to give the rest of the plague history; how it cropped out in other parts of California; how it was shipped to Matanza, Mexico, and all but ruined that town; how the hated local Health Board, in the face of the Governor of the State, and the Federal authorities, stuck to their guns and won the fight, for San Francisco finally admitted the presence of the plague, and asked for governmental aid. Rupert Blue, one of the best surgeons in the Marine Hospital Service, was assigned to the terrified city, and though he has not been able to wipe out the pestilence, the fact that the smoldering danger has not broken into devastating flame is due largely to his unremitting watchfulness and his unhampered authority. "Business Interests" have had their trial in San Francisco. And San Francisco has had enough of "suppression." To-day the truth is being told about bubonic plague in the public health reports, and, I believe, in the newspapers.

Rochester, New York, one of the most progressive cities in the country in hygienic matters, has established an excellent system of school inspection and free treatment. But the children who most need attention lack it through the carelessness or negligence of their parents. Now, it is this very "submerged tenth" who are set to work early in life. Under the law, the health officer cannot say, "Unless you are sound, you shall not attend school." But there is an ordinance providing that, without a certificate of good physical condition, no child shall be permitted to work in a store or factory. So Dr. Goler refuses these certificates, not only in cases of low vitality and under-nutrition, but for any defect in the applicant's teeth, sense-apparatus, or tonsils, a fertile source of future debility. What is the result? There is a rush of these neglected youngsters to the clinics, and the Rochester schools graduate every year into the world of labor a class of young citizens in splendid physical condition, unhandicapped by the taints which make, not for death alone, but for vice and crime. For the great moral lesson of modern hygiene is that debility and immorality run in a vicious parallel.

As I have said, the most thoroughly organized city department is that of New York City, and this is so because public opinion in New York, taught by long experience that its trust will not be betrayed, is, in so far as it turns upon sanitary matters at all, solidly behind its health de-

partment. Hence its guardians work with a free hand.

Fighting Prejudice and the Death Rate in Charleston

But what is the guardian to do when the guarded refuse to bear their share of the burden; refuse, indeed, to manifest any calculable interest, except in the way of occasional opposition? Such is the case in Charleston, South Carolina, where every man aspires to do just as his remotest recognizable ancestor did, and the best citizens would all live in trees and eat nuts if they were fully convinced of the truth of the Darwinian theory. Charleston, lovely, romantic, peaceful Charleston, swept by ocean breezes and the highest death rate of any considerable American city; breathing serenely the perfume of its flowers and the bacilli of its in-bred tuberculosis; Charleston, so delightful to the eye, so surprising to the nose!

By accident Charleston got an efficient health officer not long ago. A deserved epidemic of smallpox had descended upon the unvaccinated negroes and scared the tranquil city. Dr. J. Mercier Green was called from private practice to tackle the situation. For weeks he waded in the gore of lacerated arms, and his path through darkest Charleston could be followed by rising and falling waves of Afro-American ululations; but he checked the epidemic, and when three months later the city physician died, he got the place. Now, had Dr. Green been wise in his generation, he would have been content to keep his municipal patient reasonably free from smallpox and live a quiet life. But he straightway manifested an exasperating interest in other ailments. He stirred up the matter of the water supply, regardless of the fact that all Charleston's great-great-grandfather had drunk water from polluted cisterns and died of typhoid as a gentleman should. He pitched into doctors nearly old enough to be his own great-great-grandfather because they failed to report diseases properly. He answered back, in the public prints, the unanswerable Good-Old-Way argument. He opined, quite openly, that there was too much tuberculosis, too high an infant mortality, too prevalent a habit of contagious disease, and he more than hinted that the city itself was at fault.

In the matter of the cisterns, for instance. Charleston now has a good city water supply, fairly free from contamination where it starts, and safely filtered before it reaches the city. But a great many of "our best citizens" prefer their own cisterns, on the grandfather principle. These are underground, for the most part, and are regularly supplied from the roof-drainage. Also, they are intermittently supplied by leakage from adjacent privy-vaults, Charleston having a very rudimentary and fractional sewerage-system. Therefore typhoid is not only logical but inevitable. I have no such revolutionary contempt for private rights as to deny the privilege of any gentleman to drink such form of sewage as best pleases him; but when it comes to supplying the public schools with this poison, the affair is somewhat different. Yet, as far as the Charleston Board of School Commissioners has felt constrained to go, up to date, is this: they have written to the City Physician asking that "occasional inspection" of the cisterns be made, and decorating their absurd request with ornamental platitudes.

With sewage it is the same situation. There is, indeed, a primitive sewer system in part of the city. But any attempt to extend it meets with a determined and time-rooted opposition. The Charlestonians are afraid of sewer-gas, but apparently have no fear of the filth which generates sewer-gas; said filth accumulating in Charleston's streets, subject only to the attention of the dissipated-looking buzzards, which are one of the conservative and local features of the place. I have seen these winged scavengers at work. It is not an appetizing sight. But with one exception they afford the only example of unofficial effort toward the betterment of sanitary conditions, that I witnessed in Charleston. The other came from a policeman, patiently poking with his club at the vent of one of the antediluvian sewers, which had — as usual — become blocked. Yet, despite public indifference and opposition, Dr. Green, without any special training or brilliant ability as a sanitarian, is, by dogged, fighting persistency lowering the death-rate of his city.

There is also a non-medical legislator to whom Charleston owes a debt of unacknowledged gratitude. Mr. James Cosgrove succeeded in getting the Charleston Neck marshes, wherein breeds the malaria-mosquito, drained. Since then the death rate from malaria, which was nothing less than scandalous, has dwindled to proportions that are almost respectable — if, indeed, it were respectable to permit any deaths from an easily destructible nuisance like the mosquito. Nearly all our cities, by the way, are curiously indifferent to the depredations of this man-eater. Suppose, for an example, that Trenton, New Jersey, were suddenly beset by a brood of copperhead snakes, which killed, let us say, two or three people a week and dangerously poisoned ten times that number. What an anti-snake campaign there would be in that aroused and terrified community! Well, that much more dangerous wild creature, the Anopheles

mosquito, in a recent year slew more than 100 people in Savannah, Georgia, without arousing any public resentment. And Jacksonville's home brood in 1901 slaughtered 90 of its 30,000 citizens and dangerously poisoned probably 1000 more. New Orleans, by the way, having executed a triumphant massacre of the yellow fever mosquito (stegomyia) is now undertaking to rid itself of all the other varieties. And Baltimore's health bureau has succeeded in obtaining a grant of $10,000 for the purpose of demonstrating the feasibility of mosquito-extermination.

Killing Off the City Negro

Throughout the South, figures and conditions alike are complicated by the negro problem. Southern cities keep a separate roster of mortalities; one for the whites, one for the blacks. In so far as they expect to be judged by the white rate alone, this is a manifestly unfair procedure, since, allowing for a certain racial excess of liability to disease, the negro in the South corresponds, in vital statistics, to the tenement-dweller in the great cities. If New Orleans is to set aside its negro mortality, that is, the death rate among those living in the least favorable environment, New York should set apart the deaths in the teeming rookeries east of the Bowery, the most crowded district in the world, and ask to be judged on the basis of what remains after that exclusion. New York, however, would be glad to diminish the mortality in its tenements. New Orleans, Atlanta, Charleston, or Savannah would be loath to diminish their negro mortality. That is the frank statement of what may seem a brutal fact. The negro is extremely fertile. He breeds rapidly. In those cities where he gathers, unless he also died rapidly, he would soon overwhelm the whites by sheer force of numbers. But, as it is, he dies about as rapidly as he breeds. Recent statistics in Savannah, for instance, showed this curious situation:

Excess of births over deaths among the whites, 245.

Excess of births over deaths among the blacks, 10.

Health Officer Brunner has stated the case, in a manner which, I fancy, required no little courage in an official of a Southern community:

> We face the following issues: First: one set of people, the Caucasian, with a normal death-rate of less than 16 per thousand per annum, and right alongside of them is the Negro race with a death-rate of 25 to 30 per thousand. Second: the first named race furnishing a normal amount of criminals and paupers and the second race of people furnishing an abnormal percentage of lawbreakers and paupers.
>
> Is the Negro receiving a square deal? Let this commission investigate the houses he lives in; why, in his race, tuberculosis is increasing; why he furnishes his enormous quota to the chain-gang and the penitentiary. Observe the house he must live in, the food that he must eat, and learn of all his environments. The negro is with you for all time. He is what you will make him and it is "up" to the white people to prevent him from becoming a criminal and to guard him against tuberculosis, syphilis, etc. *If he is tainted with disease you will suffer; if he develops criminal tendencies you will be affected.*

Will not the white South, eventually, in order to save itself from disease, be forced to save its negroes from disease? It would seem an inevitable conclusion.

Private Interests in Public Murder

Always and everywhere present are the private influences which work against the public health. Individuals and corporations owning foul tenements or lodging-houses resent, by all the evasions inherent in our legal system, every endeavor to eliminate the perilous conditions from which they take their profit. For the precious right to dump refuse into streams and lakes, sundry factories, foundries, slaughter-houses, glue works, and other necessary but unsavory industries send delegations to the legislature and oppose the creation of any body having authority to abate the nuisances.

Purveyors of bad milk decline to clean up their dairies until the outbreak of some disease which they have been distributing by the can brings down the authorities upon them. Could the general public but know how often minor accesses of scarlet fever, diphtheria, and typhoid follow the lines of a specific milk route, there would be a tremendous and universal impetus to the needed work of milk inspection. In this respect the country is the enemy of the city: the country, which, with its own overwhelming natural advantages, distributes and radiates what disease it does foster among its urban neighbors, by sheer ignorance or sheer obstinate resistance to the "new-fangled notions of science." Such men as the late Colonel Waring of New York, Dr. Fulton of Baltimore, and Dr. Wende of Buffalo have repeatedly pointed out the debt of death and suffering which the city, often well organized against infections, owes to the unorganized and uncaring rural districts. Reciprocity in health matters can be represented, numerically, by the figure zero. It occasionally happens that the conflict between private and public interests assumes an obviously amusing phase. The present admirable Food and Drug Department of the Indiana board was not established without considerable opposition. One of the chief objectors was a member of the legislature, who made loud lamentation regarding the expense. Up rose another legislator, all

primed for the fight, and asked if the objector would answer a few questions. The objector consented.

'Do you know the W—— baking-powder?"

"Yes."

"Do you know that it would naturally come to the food laboratory for analysis, were such a laboratory established?"

"I suppose it might."

"Do you know that the W—— baking-powder is 20 per cent. clay?"

"No."

"Would it surprise you to learn that it contained a high percentage of clay?"

No answer.

"Are you counsel for the W—— Baking Powder Co.?"

"Yes."

"That's all."

It was enough. The bill passed.

Everybody's health is nobody's business. There, as I see it, is the bane of the whole situation at present. To be sure, epidemics occasionally wake us up. And, really, an epidemic is a fine thing for a city to have. It is the only scourge that drives us busy Americans to progress. It took an epidemic of typhoid, a shameful and dreadful one, to teach Ithaca that it must not drink filth. Only after Scranton faced a thousand cases of the fever did it assert itself and demand protection for its water supply. New Orleans would probably be having (and concealing) yellow fever yet, but for the paralysis of fright which the onset of three years ago caused. Boston's fine system of medical inspection in the schools is the outcome of a diphtheria scare. Smallpox is a splendid stimulator of vaccination; so much so that some of the country's leading sanitarians now advocate the abolition of pest-houses for this avoidable ailment, and dependence upon the vaccine virus alone.

But epidemics are only the guerrilla attacks of the general enemy. It is in the diseases always with us that the peril lies. Tuberculosis, carrying off ten per cent. of the entire nation, and making its worst ravages upon those in the prime of life, is a more terrible foe than was ever smallpox, or cholera, or yellow fever, or any of the grisly sounding bugaboos. Why, not so long ago, three highly civilized States went into quite a little frenzy over a poor dying wretch of a leper who had got loose; whereas every man that spits on the floor of a building wherein people live or work is more of an actual peril, in that one foul act, than the leper in his whole stricken life. The twin shames of venereal disease, blinked by every health board in the country (Detroit possibly deserves a partial exception) are, in their effect upon the race, in blindness, deafness, idiocy, and death so dreadful a menace to-day, that consumption alone can march beside them in the leadership of the destroyers. Typhoid, so easily conquerable, claims its annual thousands of sacrificed victims. And the slaughter of the innocents goes endlessly on, recorded only in the dire figures of infant mortality. To-day, as I write, the whole nation is thrilled with horror at the tragedy of 150 young lives snuffed out in a needless school panic in Cleveland. Had my pen the power, perhaps I could thrill the nation with horror over the more dreadful fact that some 1100 children under five years of age die yearly in Fall River, the vast majority of them sacrificed to bad food and living conditions that might better be called dying conditions One half of the total mortality of that busy, profit-yielding city is among children under five years of age, two-fifths among children under one year. Does no baneful light shine from those figures?

Yet, over and above the minor discouragements, failures, and set-backs, looms the tremendous fact of a universal and gathering movement. It is still, in any general sense, inchoate, and, except in certain specific relations, invertebrate. But one cannot follow the work of the public health guardians without feeling the cumulative force of progress. As I have said, the newspapers have been a vital element in awaking the public. Associations are being formed the country over for the prevention of disease. There is a steady increase in the power and authority of those officially charged with hygienic control. Makers of deleterious or poisonous foods, and the vultures who prey on the sick through fraudulent patent medicines are being curbed by pure food and drug laws. Milk inspection is saving the lives of more children every year, as meat inspection is prolonging the lives of the poor. Definite instances of progress are almost startling: the fact that Massachusetts has so purified its public waters that for a year there has been no typhoid epidemic ascribable to any public supply; the passage of a radical law in Indiana which forbids the marriage of imbeciles, epileptics, and persons suffering from a contagious or venereal disease; the saving of babies' lives at $10 a life in Rochester by pure milk protected and guaranteed by the municipality; the halving of the diphtheria death rate by the free distribution of anti-toxin; the slow but sure and universal yearly decrease in the Great White Plague — all these and more are the first, slow, powerful evidences of national progress.

A LITTLE VICTORY FOR THE GENERAL

BY JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

CAROLINE, Miss Honey, and the General were taking the morning air. Caroline walked ahead, her chin well up, her nose sniffing pleasurably the unaccustomed asphalt, the fresh damp of the river, and the watered bridle path. The starched ties at the back of her white pinafore fairly took the breeze, as she swung along to the thrilling clangor of the monster hurdy-gurdy. Miss Honey, urban and blasé, balanced herself with dignity upon her long, boat-shaped roller-skates, and watched with patronizing interest the mysterious jumping through complicated diagrams chalked on the pavement by young persons with whom she was unacquainted.

The General sucked a clothespin meditatively: his eyes were fixed on something beyond his immediate surroundings. Occasionally a ravishing smile swept up from the dimples at his mouth to the yellow rings beneath his cap frill; he flapped his hands, emitting soft, vague sounds. At such times a wake of admiration bubbled behind him. Delia, who propelled his carriage, pursed her lips consciously and affected not to hear the enraptured comments of the women who passed them.

To the left the trees, set in a smooth green carpet, threw out tiny, polished, early May leaves; graceful, white-coated children dotted the long park. Beyond them the broad blue river twinkled in the sun, the tugs and barges glided down, the yachts strained their white sails against the purple bluffs of the Palisades. To the right towered the long, unbroken rows of brick and stone: story on story of shining windows, draped and muffled in silk and lace; flight after flight of clean granite steps, polite, impersonal, hostile as the monuments in a graveyard.

Immobile ladies glided by on the great pleasure drive, like large tinted statues, dressed altogether as the colored pictures in fashion books, holding white curly dogs in their curved arms; the coachmen in front of them seemed carved in plum-colored broadcloth; only by watching the grooms' eyelids could one ascertain that they were flesh and blood. Young girls, two, three, and four, cantered by; their linen habits rose and fell decorously, their hair was smooth. Mounted policemen, glorious in buttons, breathing out authority, curvetted past, and everywhere and always the chug-chug-chug of the gleaming, fierce-eyed motor cars filled one's ears. They darted past, flaming scarlet, somber olive, and livid white; a crouching, masked figure intent at the wheel, veiled, shapeless women behind, a whir of dust to show where they had been a breath before.

And everywhere, as far as the eye could reach, a thin stream of white and pink and blue, a tumbling river of curls and caps and bare legs, were the children. A babble of shrill cries, of chattering laughter, of fretful screams, an undercurrent of remonstrance, of soothing patience, of angry threatening, marked their slow progress up and down the walk.

To Caroline, fresh from untrammeled sporting through neighborly suburban yards, this disciplined procession, under the escort of Delia and the General, was fascinating to a degree. Far from resenting the authority she would have scorned at home, she derived an intense satisfaction from it, and pranced ostentatiously beside the perambulator, mimicking Miss Honey's unconscious reference to a higher power in the matter of suitable crossings and preferred playfellows with the absorbed gravity of the artist.

"See! General, see the wobblybubble," Delia murmured affectionately. "(Will you see that child turn his head just like a grown person? Did you ever see anything as smart as that?) Did he like the red one best? So does Delia. We'll come over here, and then you won't get the sun in your precious eyes. Do you want me to push you frontwards, so you can see me? Just wait till we get across, and I will. Look out, Miss Honey! Take hold of your cousin's hand and run across together, now, like good girls."

Miss Honey made an obedient snatch at Caroline's apron strings, and darted forward with a long roll of her skates. The road was clear for a block. Delia, with a quick glance to left and

right, lowered the perambulator to the road level and forged ahead. Caroline, nose in air, studied the nearest policeman curiously.

"Look out, there! *Look out!*"

A man's voice like a pistol shot crashed behind them. Caroline heard quick steps and a woman's scream, and looked up at a huge, blood-red bulk that swooped around the corner and dashed forward. But Miss Honey's hand was clutching her apron string, and Miss Honey's weight as she fell, tangled in the skates, dragged her down. Caroline, toppling, caught in one dizzy backward glance a vision of a face staring down on her, white as chalk under a black mustache and staring goggles, and another face, Delia's, white too, with eyes more strained and terrible than the goggles themselves. One second that look swept her and Miss Honey, and then, shifting, fell upon the General strapped securely into his carriage. Even as Caroline caught her breath, he flew by her like an arrow, his blue eyes round with surprise under a whirl of white parasol, the wicker body of the perambulator swaying and lurching. With that breath still in her nostrils, she was pushed violently against Miss Honey, who was dragged over her from the other side by a large hairy hand. A sharp blow from her boot heel struck Caroline's cheek, and she screamed with the pain; but her cry was lost in the louder one that echoed around her as the dust from the red monster blew in her eyes and shut out Delia's figure, flat on the ground, one arm over her face as the car rushed over.

"My God! She's down!" That was the man.

"Take his number!" a shrill voice pierced the growing confusion.

Caroline, crying with pain, was forced to her feet and stumbled along, one apron string twisted fast in Miss Honey's hand.

"Here, get out o' this — don't let the children see anything! Let's get home."

"No, wait a minute. Let's see if she's alive. Have they got the ambulance?"

"Look out, there, Miss Dorothy, you just stop by me, or you'll be run over, too!"

"See! She's moving her head! Maybe she's not ——"

Sobbing with excitement, Caroline wrenched herself free from the tangle of nurses and carriages, and pushed her way through the crowd. Against the curb, puffing and grinding, stood the great red engine; on the front seat a tall policeman sat; one woman in the back leaned over another, limp against the high cushions, and fanned her with the stiff vizor of her leather cap.

"It's all right, dear, it's all right," she repeated monotonously, with set lips, "the doctor's coming. It's all right."

Caroline wriggled between two policemen, and made for a striped blue and white skirt that lay motionless on the ground. Across the white apron ran a broad, dirty smudge.

Caroline ran forward.

"Delia! Delia!" she gulped. "Is she — is she dead?"

A little man with eye-glasses looked up from where he knelt beside the blue and white skirt.

"I don't believe so, my dear," he said briskly. "Is this your nurse? See, she's opening her eyes now — speak to her gently."

As he shifted a leather-covered flask from one hand to the other, Caroline saw a strange face with drawn, purplish lids where she had always known two merry gray eyes, and tight thin lips she could not believe Delia's. A nervous fear seized her, and she turned to run away; but she remembered suddenly how kind Delia had been to her; how that very morning — it seemed so long ago, now — Delia had helped her with her stubby braids of hair, and chided Miss Honey for laughing at her ignorance of the customs of the park. She gathered her courage together and crouched down by the silent, terrifying figure.

"Hel — hello, Delia!" she began jerkily, wincing as the eyes opened and stared stupidly at the ring of anxious faces. "How do you feel, Delia?"

"Lean down," said the little man softly, "she wants to say something."

Caroline leaned lower.

"General," Delia muttered, "where's General?"

The little man frowned.

"Do you know what she means?" he asked.

Caroline patted her bruised cheek.

"Of course I do," she said shortly. "That's the baby. Oh," as she remembered, "where *is* the General?"

"Here — here's the baby," called some one. "Push over that carriage," and a woman crowded through the ring with the General, pink and placid under his parasol.

"Lift him out," said the little man, and as the woman fumbled at the strap, he picked the baby out neatly and held him down by the girl on the ground.

"Here's your baby, Delia," he said, with a kind roughness in his voice. "Safe and sound — not a scratch! Can you sit up and take him?"

And then, while the standing crowd craned their necks, and even the steady procession, moving in the way the police kept clear for them, paused a moment to stare, while the little doctor held his breath and the ambulance came clanging up the street, Delia sat up as straight as

"CAROLINE WALKED AHEAD, HER CHIN WELL UP, HER NOSE SNIFFING PLEASURABLY THE UNACCUSTOMED ASPHALT"

the mounted policeman beside her and held out her arms.

"General, oh, General!" she cried, and buried her face in his fat warm neck.

The men coughed, the women's faces twisted, but the little doctor watched her intently.

"Move your leg," he said sharply. "Now the other. Hurt you? Not at all?"

He turned to the young man in a white jacket, who had jumped from the back of the ambulance.

"I thought so," he said. "Though it didn't seem possible. I saw the thing go over her. Right over her apron — never touched her. Half an inch more ——"

"Please, is Miss — the other little girl — is she ——"

This was Delia's old voice, and Caroline smiled happily at her.

"She's all right, Delia — here she is!"

Miss Honey limped across on one roller skate, pale, but conscious of her dramatic value, and the crowd drew a long breath of relief.

"You are a very brave girl," said the doctor, helping Delia to her feet and tucking the General, who alternately growled and cooed at his clothespin, into the perambulator. "You have undoubtedly saved the lives of all three of these children, and their parents will appreciate it, you may be sure. The way you sent that baby wagon flying across the street — well, any time you're out of a job, just come to me, that's all. Dr. Gibbs, West Forty-ninth. Can you walk now? How far do you have to go?"

The crowd had melted like smoke. Only the most curious and the idlest lingered and watched the hysteria of the woman in the automobile, who clutched her companion, weeping and laughing. The chauffeur sat stolid, but Caroline's keen round eyes saw that he shook from the waist down like a man in a chill.

"Yes, sir, I'm all right. It's not so very far." But Delia leaned on the handle she pushed, and the chug-chug of the great car sent the blood out of her cheeks. The little doctor frowned.

"Look here," he said, "I'll tell you what you'll do. You come down these steps with me, there aren't but three of them, you see, and we'll just step in here a moment. I don't know what house it is, but I guess it'll be all right."

Before Delia could protest, he had pressed the button, and a man in livery was opening the door.

"We've just escaped a nasty accident out here," said the little doctor easily. "You were probably looking out of the window? Yes. Well, this young woman is a sort of a patient of mine — Dr. Gibbs, West Forty-ninth Street — and though she's very plucky and perfectly uninjured, I want her to rest a moment in the hall here and have a drink of water, if your mistress doesn't object. Just take this card up and explain the circumstances and" — his hand went

into his pocket a moment — "that's about all. Sit down, my dear."

The man took in at a glance the neat uniform of the nurse, the General's smart, if diminutive, apparel, and the unmistakable though somewhat ruffled exterior of Miss Honey.

"Very well, sir," he said, politely, taking the card. "It will be all right, sir, I'm sure. Thank you, sir. Sit down, please. It will be all right. I will tell Madame Nicola."

"Well, well, so this is Madame Nicola's!" The little doctor looked around him appreciatively, as the servant ran up the stairs.

"I wish I could stay with you, chickens, but I'm late for an appointment as it is. I must rush along. Now, mind you, stay here half an hour, Delia, and sit down. You're no trouble at all, and Madame Nicola knows who I am — if she remembers. I sprayed her throat once, if I'm not mistaken — she was on a tour, at Pittsburg. She'll take care of you." He opened the door. "You're a good girl, you biggest one," he added, nodding at Caroline. "You do as you're told. Good-bye."

The door shut, and Caroline, Miss Honey, and Delia looked at each other in a daze. Tears filled Delia's eyes, but she controlled her voice and only said huskily, "Come here, Miss Honey, and let me brush you off — you look dreadful. Did it — were you — are you hurt, dear?"

"No, but you pushed me awful hard, Delia, and a nasty big man grabbed me and tore my guimpe — see! I wish you'd told me what you were going to do," began Miss Honey irritably.

"And you gave me a big kick — it was *me* he grabbed — look at my cheek!" Caroline's lips began to twitch; she felt hideously tired, suddenly.

"Children, children, don't quarrel. General, darling, *won't* you sit still, please? You hurt Delia's knees, and you feel so heavy. Oh, I wish we were all home!"

The man in uniform came down the stairs. "Will you all step up, madame says, and she has something for you up there. I'll take the baby," as Delia's eyes measured the climb. "Lord, I won't drop her — I've got two o' my own. 'Bout a year, isn't she?"

"He's a boy," panted Delia, as she rested her weight on the rail, "and he's only eight months last week," with a proud smile at the General's massive proportions.

"Well, he *is* a buster, isn't he? Here is the nurse, madame, and the children. The doctor has gone."

Caroline stretched her eyes wide and abandoned herself to a frank inspection of her surroundings. For this she must be pardoned, for every square inch of the dark, deep-colored room and been taken bodily from Italian palaces of the most unimpeachable Renaissance variety. With quick intuition, she immediately recognized a background for many a tale of courts and kings hitherto unpictured to herself, and smiled with pleasure at the Princess who advanced, most royally clad in long, pink, lace-clouded draperies, to meet them.

"You are the brave nurse my maid told me

"YOUNG GIRLS . . . CANTERED BY; THEIR LINEN HABITS ROSE AND FELL DECOROUSLY, THEIR HAIR WAS SMOOTH"

"THE STANDING CROWD CRANED THEIR NECKS, AS DELIA SAT UP STRAIGHT AND HELD OUT HER ARMS"

about," said the Princess; "she saw it all. You ought to be very proud of your quick wit. I have some sherry for you, and you must lie down a little, and then I will send you home."

Delia blushed and sank into a high carved chair, the General staring curiously about him. "It wasn't anything at all," she said awkwardly; "if I could have a drink——"

Caroline checked the Princess as she moved toward a wonderful colored decanter with wee sparkling tumblers like curved bits of rainbow grouped about it.

"Delia means a drink of water," she explained politely. "She only drinks water — sometimes a little tea, but most usu'lly water."

"The sherry will do her more good, I think," the Princess returned, noticing Caroline for the first time, apparently, her hand on the decanter.

At this point Miss Honey descended from a throne of faded wine-colored velvet, and addressed the Princess with her most impressive and explanatory manner.

"It won't do you any good at all to pour that out," she began, with her curious little air of delivering a set address, prepared in private some time before, "and I'll tell you why. Delia knew a nurse once that drank some beer, and the baby got burned, and she never would drink anything if you gave her a million dollars. Besides, it makes her sick."

The Princess looked amused and turned to a maid who appeared at that moment, with apron strings rivaling Caroline's.

"Get me a glass of water, please," she said, "and what may I give you — milk, perhaps? I don't know very well what children drink."

"Thank you, we'd like some water, too," Miss Honey returned primly; "we had some soda-water, strawberry, once to-day."

Caroline cocked her head to one side and tried to remember what the lady's voice made her think of. Suddenly it came to her. It was not like a person talking at all, it was like a person singing. Up and down her voice traveled, loud and soft; it was quite pleasant to hear it.

"Do you feel better now? I am very glad. Bring in that reclining chair, Ellis, from my room; these great seats are rather stiff," said the Princess, and Delia, protesting, was made comfortable in a large curved lounging basket, with the General, contentedly putting his clothespin through its paces, in her arm.

"How old is it?" the Princess inquired after an interval of silence.

"He's eight months, madame, last week — eight months and ten days, really."

"That's not very old, now, is it?" pursued the lady. "I suppose they don't know very much, do they, so young?"

"Indeed he does, though," Delia protested. "You'll be surprised. Just watch him, now. Look at Delia, darlin'; where's Delia?"

The General withdrew his lingering gaze from

the clothespin, and turned his blue eyes wonderingly up to her. The corners of his mouth trembled, widened, his eyelids crinkled, and then he smiled delightfully, straight into the eyes of the nurse, stretched up a wavering pink hand, and patted her cheek. A soft, gurgling monosyllable, difficult of classification but easy to interpret, escaped him.

The Princess smiled appreciatively, and moved with a stately, long step toward them.

"That was very pretty," she said, but Delia did not hear her.

"My baby, my own baby!" she murmured with a shiver, and hiding her face in the General's neck she sobbed aloud.

Miss Honey, shocked and embarrassed, twisted her feet nervously and looked at the inlaid floor. Caroline shared these feelings, but though she turned red, she spoke sturdily.

"I guess Delia feels bad," she suggested shyly, "when she thinks about — about what happened, you know. She don't cry usu'lly."

"'I'VE GOT TWO O' MY OWN'"

The Princess smiled again, this time directly at Caroline, who fairly blinked in the radiance. With her long brown eyes still holding Caroline's round ones, she patted Delia's shoulder kindly, and both children saw her chin tremble.

The General, smothered in that sudden hug, whimpered a little and kicked out wildly with his fat, white-stockinged legs. Seen from the rear he had the appearance of a neat, if excited, package, unaccountably frilled about with embroidered flannel. Delia straightened herself, dabbed apologetically at her eyes, and coughed.

"It's bottle time," she announced in horror-stricken tones, consulting a large nickel watch hanging from her belt, under the apron. "It's down in the carriage. Could I have a little boiling water to heat it, if you please?"

"Assuredly," said the Princess. "Ellis, will you get the — the bottle from the baby's carriage and some boiling water, please. Do you mix it here?"

"Mix — the food is all prepared, madam." Delia spoke with repressed scorn. "I only want to heat it for him."

"Oh, in that case, Ellis, take it down and have it heated, or," as the nurse half rose, "perhaps you would feel better about it if you attended to it yourself?"

"Yes, I think I will go down if you don't mind — when persons aren't used to 'em they're apt to be a little careless, and I wouldn't have it break and him losing his three o'clock bottle, for the world. You know how it is."

The Princess shook her head whimsically. "But surely you will leave the baby," and she moved toward them again. "I will hold it," with a half grimace at her own condescension. "It seems so very good and cheerful — I thought they cried. Will it come to me?"

Delia loosened her arms, but tightened them again as the little creature leaned forward to catch at the swinging lace on the lady's gown.

"I — I think I'll take baby with me. Thank you just the same, and he'll go to any one — yes, indeed – but I feel sort of nervous, I think I'd better take him. If anything should happen . . . Wave your hand good-bye, now, General!"

The General flapped his arms violently, and bestowed a toothless but affectionate grin upon the wearer of the fascinating, swaying lace, before he disappeared with the delighted Ellis in the van.

"And can you buy all that devotion for twenty, thirty, or is it forty dollars a month, I wonder?" mused the Princess. "Dear me," she added, petulantly. "It really makes one actually *want* to hold it! It seems a jolly little rat — they're not all like that, are they? They howl, I'm sure."

Again Miss Honey took the floor.

"When babies are sick or you don't treat them right," she announced didactically, "they cry, but not a well baby, Delia says. I" — with conscious pride — "screamed night and day for two weeks!"

"Really!" observed the Princess. "That must have been — er — trying for your family!"

"Worried to death!" Miss Honey rejoined airily, with such an adult intonation that the Princess started.

"The General, he just laughs all the time," Caroline volunteered, "unless you tease him," she added guiltily, "and then he squawks."

"Yes, indeed," Miss Honey bore witness, jealous of the lady's flashing smile to Caroline, "my mother says I'm twice the trouble he is!"

The Princess laughed aloud. "You're all trouble enough, I can well believe," she said carelessly, "though you particular three are certainly amusing little duds — for an afternoon. But for a steady diet — I'm afraid I'd get a bit tired of you, eh?"

She tapped their cheeks lightly with a cool, sweet-smelling finger. Miss Honey smiled uncertainly, but Caroline edged away. There was something about this beautiful tall lady she could not understand, something that alternately attracted and repelled. She was grown up, certainly; her skirts, her size, and her coiled hair proved that conclusively, and the servants obeyed her without question. But what was it? She was not like other grown-up people one knew. One moment she sparkled at you and the next moment she forgot you. It was perfectly obvious that she wanted the General only because Delia had not wanted to relinquish him, which was not like grown people; it was like — yes, that was it: she was like a little girl, herself, even though she was so tall and had such large red and blue rings on her fingers.

Vaguely this rushed through Caroline's mind, and it was with an unconscious air of patronage that she said, as one making allowances for inexperience, "When you get married, then you'll *have* to get tired of them, you know."

"But you'll be glad you've got 'em, when they're once in bed," Miss Honey added encouragingly. "My mother says I'm a real treasure to her, after half-past seven!"

The Princess flushed; her straight dark eyebrows quivered and met for an instant.

"But I *am* married," she said.

There was an utter silence.

"I was married five years ago yesterday, as it happens," she went on, "but it's not necessary to set up a day nursery, you know, under those circumstances."

Still silence. Miss Honey studied the floor, and Caroline, after an astonished stare at the Princess, directed her eyes from one tapestry to another.

"I suppose you understand that, don't you?" demanded the Princess sharply. She appeared unnecessarily irritated, and as a matter of fact embarrassed her guests to such an extent that they were utterly unable to relieve the stillness that oppressed them quite as much as herself.

The Princess uttered an angry exclamation and paced rapidly up and down the room, looking more regal and more unlike other people than ever.

"For heaven's sake, say something, you little sillies!" she cried. "I suppose you want me to lose my temper?"

Caroline gulped and Miss Honey examined her shoe-ties mutely.

Suddenly a well-known voice floated toward them.

"Was his nice bottle all ready? Wait a minute, only a minute now, General, and Delia'll give it to you!"

The procession filed into the room, Delia and the General, Ellis deferentially holding a tiny white coat, the man in livery bearing a small copper saucepan in which he balanced a white bottle with some difficulty. His face was full of anxious interest.

Delia thanked them both gravely, seated herself on the foot of the basket-chair, arranged the General flat across her knees, and, amid the excited silence of her audience, shook the bottle once or twice with the air of an alchemist on the brink of an epoch-making discovery.

"Want it? Does Delia's baby want it?" she asked enticingly. The General waved his arms and legs wildly; wreathed in smiles, he opened and shut his mouth in quick alternation, chirping and clucking, as she held it up before him; an ecstatic wriggling pervaded him, and he chuckled unctuously. A moment later only his deep-drawn, nozzling breaths could be heard in the room.

"He takes it beautiful," said Delia, in low tones, looking confidentially at the Princess. "I didn't know but being in a strange place might make a difference with him, but he's the best baby!——"

She wiped his mouth when he had finished, and lifting him, still horizontal, approached her hostess.

"You can hold him now," she said superbly, "but keep him flat for twenty minutes, please. I'll go and take the bottle down, and get his carriage ready. He'll be good. He'll take a little nap, most likely."

She laid him across the rose-colored lap of the Princess, who looked curiously down on him,

and offered him her finger tentatively. "I never held one before," she explained. "I — I don't know." . . . The General smiled lazily and patted the finger, picking at the great sapphire.

"How soft its hands are," said the Princess. "They slip off, they are so smooth! And how good — does it never cry?" This she said half to herself, and Caroline and Miss Honey, knowing there was no need to answer her, came and leaned against her knee unconsciously, and twinkled their fingers at the baby.

"Hello, General! Hello!" they cried softly, and the General smiled impartially at them and caressed the lady's finger.

The Princess stroked his cheek. "What a perfectly exquisite skin!" she said, and bending over him, kissed him delicately.

"How good it smells — how — how different!" she murmured. "I thought they — I thought they didn't."

Miss Honey had taken the lady's other hand, and was examining the square ruby with a diamond on either side.

"My mother says that's the principal reason to have a baby," she remarked, absorbed in the glittering thing. "You sprinkle 'em all over with violet powder — just like doughnuts with sugar — and kiss 'em. Some people think they get germs that way, but my mother says if she couldn't kiss 'em she wouldn't have 'em!"

The Princess bent over the baby again.

"It's going to sleep here!" she said, half fearfully, with an inquiring glance at the two. "Oughtn't one to rock it?"

Miss Honey shook her head severely. "Not General," she answered, "he won't stand it. My mother tried again and again — could I take that blue ring a minute? I'd be awful careful — but he wouldn't. He sits up and he lies down, but he won't rock."

"I might sing to him," suggested the Princess, brushing a damp lock from the General's warm forehead and slipping her ringless finger into his curved fist carefully. "Would he like it?"

"No, he wouldn't," said Miss Honey bluntly, twisting the ring around her finger. "He only likes two people to sing — Delia and my mother. Was that ruby ring a 'ngagement ring?"

Caroline interfered diplomatically. "General would be very much obliged," she explained politely, "except that my Aunt Deedee is a very good singer indeed, and Uncle Joe says General's taste is ruined for just common singing."

"'WHO — WHO — WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?' HE WHISPERED HOARSELY"

The Princess stared at her blankly.

"Oh, indeed!" she remarked. Then she smiled, again in that whimsical, expressive way. "You don't think I could sing well enough for him — as well as your mother?"

Miss Honey laughed carelessly. "My mother is a singer," she said, "a real one. She used to sing in concerts — real ones. In theaters. Real theaters, I mean," as the lady appeared to be still amused.

"If you know where the Waldorf Hotel is," Caroline interrupted, "she has sung in that, and it was five dollars to get in. It was to send the poor children to a Fresh Air Fund. It — it's not the same as you would sing — or me," she added politely.

The lady arose suddenly and deposited the General, like a doll, with one swift motion, in the basket-chair. Striding across the room she turned, flushed and tall, and confronted the wondering children.

"I will sing for you," she said haughtily, "and you can judge better!"

With a great sweep of her half bare arm, she brushed aside a portiére and disappeared. A crashing chord rolled out from a piano behind the curtains and ceased abruptly.

"What does your mother sing?" she demanded, not raising her voice, it seemed, and yet they heard her as plainly as when they had leaned against her knee.

"She sings, 'My Heart's Own Heart,'" Miss Honey called back defiantly.

"And it's printed on the song, 'To Madame Edith Holt'!" shrilled Caroline.

The familiar prelude was played with a firm, elastic touch, the opening chords struck, and a great, shining voice, masterful, like a golden trumpet, filled the room. Caroline sat dumb; Miss Honey, instinctively humming the prelude, got up from her foot-stool and followed the music, unconscious that she walked. She had been privileged to hear more good singing in her eight years than most people in twenty-four, had Miss Honey, and she knew that this was no ordinary occasion. She did not know she was listening to one of the greatest voices her country had ever produced — perhaps in time to be known for the head of them all — but her sensitive little soul swelled in her, and her childish jealousy was drowned deep in that river of wonderful sound.

Higher and sweeter and higher yet climbed the melody; one last triumphant leap, and it was over.

"*My heart — my heart — my heart's own heart!*"

The Princess stood before them in the echoes of her glory, her breath quick, her eyes brilliant.

"Well?" she said, looking straight at Miss Honey, "do I sing as well as your mother?"

Miss Honey clenched her fists and caught her breath. Her heart was breaking, but she could not lie.

"You — you" — she motioned blindly to Caroline, and turned away.

"You sing better," Caroline began sullenly, but the lady pointed to Miss Honey.

"No, you tell me," she insisted remorselessly.

Miss Honey faced her.

"You — you sing better than my m-mother," she gulped, "but I *love* her better, and she's nicer than you, and I don't love you at *all!*"

She buried her face in the red velvet throne, and sobbed aloud with excitement and fatigue. Caroline ran to her: how could she have loved that cruel woman? She cast an ugly look at the Princess as she went to comfort Miss Honey, but the Princess was at the throne before her.

"Oh, I am abominable!" she cried. "I am too horrid to live! It wasn't kind of me, *chérie*, and I love you for standing up for your mother. There's no one to do as much for me, when *I'm* down and out — no one!" Sorrow swept over her flexible face like a veil, and seizing Miss Honey in her strong, nervous arms, she wept on her shoulder.

Caroline, worn with the strain of the day, wept too, and even the General, abandoned in the great chair, burst into a tiny warning wail.

Quick as thought the Princess was upon him, and had raised him against her cheek.

"Hush, hush, don't cry — don't cry, little thing," she whispered, and sank into one of the high carved chairs with him.

"No, no, I'll hold him," she protested, as Delia entered, her arms out. "I'm going to sing to him. May I? He's sleepy."

Delia nodded indulgently. "For half an hour," she said, as one allowing a great privilege, "and then we must go."

"What do you sing to him?" the Princess questioned humbly.

"I generally sing 'Flow Gently Sweet Afton,'" the nurse answered. "Do you know it?"

"I think so," and the Princess began a sort of glorified humming, like a great drowsy bee, all resonant and tremulous.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise.

Soft the great voice was, soft and widely flowing: to Caroline, who had retreated to the further end of the music-room, so that Delia should not see her tears, it seemed as if Delia herself, a wonderful new Delia, were singing her, a baby again, to sleep. She felt soothed, cradled, protected by that lapping sea of melody that drifted her off her moorings, out of the room. . .

Vaguely she saw Miss Honey, relaxed on the red throne, smile in her sleep, one arm falling over the broad seat. Was it in her dream that some one in a blue and white apron — not Delia, for Delia was singing — leaned back slowly in the long basket-chair and closed her tired eyes? Who was it that held the General close in her arms, and smiled as he patted her cheek at the familiar song, and mumbled her fingers with happy, cooing noises?

My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream!

The General's head was growing heavy, but he smiled confidingly into the dark eyes above him and stretched himself out in full-fed, drowsy content. One hand slipped through the lace under his cheek and rested on the singer's soft breast. She started like a frightened woman, and her voice broke.

Down in the hall the butler and the maid sat on the lower stair.

"Ain't it grand?" she whispered, and Haddock nodded dreamily.

"Mother used to sing us that in the old country," he said. "There was Tom and 'Enry an' me — Lord, Lord!"

The General was asleep. Sometimes a tiny frown drew his eyebrows together. Sometimes he clenched and uncurled his warm hands. Sometimes he sucked softly at nothing with moist, reminiscent lips. But on and on, over and over, rose and fell the quaint old song.

My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream!

It flooded the hushed house, it spread a net of dreams about the listening people there and coaxed them back to childhood and a child's protected sleep. It seemed a song that could not stop, that must return on its simple refrain so long as there were arms to encircle and breasts to lean upon.

Two men came softly up a smaller stair than the grand entrance flight, and paused in amazement at sight of Caroline stretched full length across the threshold. The older and smaller of the men had in fact stepped on her, and confused and half awake, she listened to his apologies.

"Sh! sh!" he whispered excitedly, "not a vordt! not a vordt! Mein Gott! but it is marvelous! My friend, vot is this?"

He peeped behind the drawn curtains and withdrew a face of wonder.

"It is nodding but children — and they sleep!" he hissed. "Oh, but listen, listen! And I offered her fifteen hundert dollars for two hours only of that!"

The other man peeped behind the curtains in his turn, and seizing Caroline by the arm tiptoed with her to a farther room.

"What — who — what is the meaning of this?" he whispered hoarsely. "That child — where ——"

Caroline rubbed her eyes. The golden voice rose and fell around her.

"General — Delia," she muttered, and stumbled against him. He lifted her limp little body and laid it gently on a leather sofa.

"Another time," he said softly to the other man, "I — we cannot talk with you now. Will you excuse us?"

The man looked longingly at the curtains.

"She will never do more well than that. Never!" he hissed. "Oh, my friend, hear it grow soft! Yes, yes, I am going."

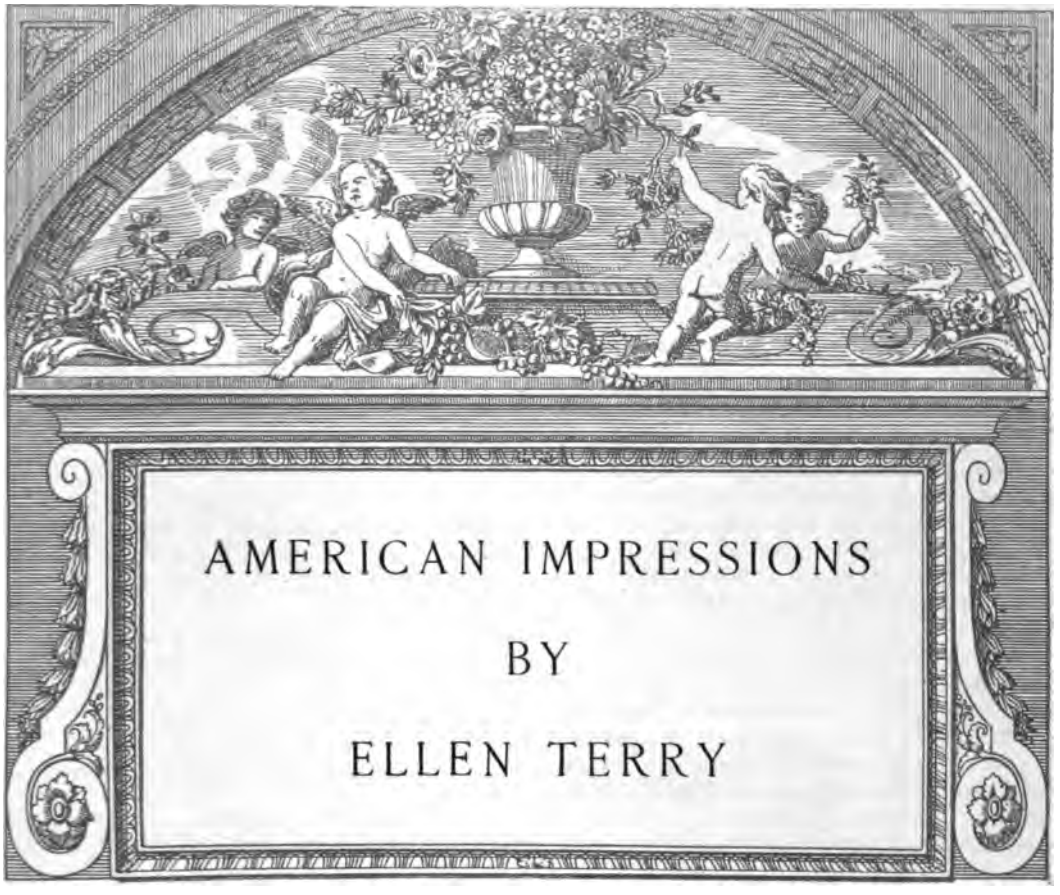
It seemed to Caroline that in a dream some one with a red face and glasses askew shook her by the shoulder and said to her sternly, "Sh! sh! Listen to me. To-day you hear a great artist — hey? Vill you forget it? I must go because they do not vant me, but you vill stay and listen. There is here no such voice. Velvet! Honey! Sh! sh!" and he went the way of dreams.

The man who stayed looked long through the curtains.

As a swing droops slow and slower, as the ripples fade from a stone thrown in the stream, the song of the Princess softened and crooned and hushed. Now it was a rich breath, a resonant thread.

Flow gently, sweet Afton——

The man stepped across the room and sank below the General at her feet. With her finger on her lips she turned her eyes to his and looked deep into them. He caught his breath with a sob, and wrapping his arm about her as he knelt, hid his face on her lap, against the General. She laid her hand on his head, across the warm little body, and patted it tenderly. Around them lay the sleepers; the General's soft breath was in their ears. The man lifted his head and looked adoringly at the Princess; her hand caressed his cheek, but her eyes looked beyond him into the future.



AMERICAN IMPRESSIONS

BY

ELLEN TERRY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND WITH A DRAWING BY ERIC PAPE

IT is only human to make comparisons between American and English institutions, although they are likely to turn out as odious as the proverb says! The first institution in America that distressed me was the steam heat. It is far more manageable now than it was, both in hotels and theatres, because there are more individual heaters. But how I suffered from it at first I cannot describe. I used to feel dreadfully ill, and when we could not turn the heat off at the theatre, the play always went badly. My voice was affected, too. At Toledo, once, it nearly went altogether. Then the next night, after a good fight, we got the theatre cool, and the difference to the play was extraordinary. I was in my best form, feeling well and jolly!

If I did not like steam heat, I loved the ice which is such a feature at American meals. Everything is served on ice. I took kindly to their dishes — their cookery, at its best, is better than the French — and I sadly missed planked shad, terrapin, and the oyster — at its best and at its cheapest in America — when I returned to England.

Travelling in America

The American hotels seemed luxurious even in 1883; but it only takes ten years there for an hotel to be quite done, to become old-fashioned and useless as a rusty nail. Hotel life in America is now the perfection of comfort. Hotels as good as the Savoy, the Ritz, the Carlton, and Claridge's can be counted by the dozen in New York, and are to be found in all the principal cities.

I liked the travelling, but then we travelled in a very princely fashion. The Lyceum Company and baggage occupied eight cars, and Henry's private parlour-car was lovely. The only thing that we found was better understood in England, so far as railway travelling is concerned, was *privacy*. You may have a *private* car, but all the conductors on the train, and there is one to each car, can walk through it.

Copyright, 1908, by Ellen Terry (Mrs. Carew)

So can any official, baggage-man, or newsboy who has the mind!

There were, of course, people ready to say that the Americans did not like Henry Irving as an actor, and that they only accepted him as a manager — that he triumphed in New York, as he had done in London, through his lavish spectacular effects. This is all moonshine. Henry made his first appearance in "The Bells," his second in "Charles I," his third in "Louis XI." By that time he had conquered, and without the aid of anything at all notable in the mounting of the plays. It was not until we did "The Merchant of Venice" that he gave the Americans anything of a "production."

My first appearance in America in Shakespeare was as Portia, and I could not help feeling pleased by my success. A few weeks later I played Ophelia at Philadelphia. It is in Shakespeare that I have been best liked in America, and I consider that Beatrice was the part about which they were most enthusiastic.

During our first tour we visited in succession New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Brooklyn, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Detroit, and Toronto. To most of these places we paid return visits. I think it was in Chicago that a reporter approached Henry Irving with the question: "To what do you attribute your success, Mr. Irving?"

"To my acting," was the simple reply.

We never had poor houses except in Baltimore and St. Louis. Our journey to Baltimore was made in a blizzard. They were clearing the snow before us all the way from New Jersey, and we took forty-two hours to reach Baltimore. The bells of trains before us and behind us sounded very alarming. We opened in Baltimore on Christmas Day. The audience was wretchedly small, but the poor things who were there had left their warm firesides to drive or tramp through the slush of melting snow, and each one was worth a hundred on an ordinary night.

At the hotel I put up holly and mistletoe, and produced from my trunks a real Christmas pudding that my mother had made. We had it for supper, and it was very good.

Burned Hare Soup and Camphor Pudding in Pittsburg

It never does to repeat an experiment. Next year at Pittsburg my little son Teddy brought me out another pudding from England. For once we were in an uncomfortable hotel, and the Christmas dinner was deplorable. It began with ***burned hare soup.***

"It seems to me," said Henry, "that we aren't going to get anything to eat, but we'll make up for it by drinking!"

He had brought his own wine out with him from England, and the company took him at his word and *did* make up for it.

"Never mind!" I said, as the soup was followed by worse and worse. "There's my pudding!"

It came on blazing and looked superb. Henry tasted a mouthful.

"Very odd," he said, "but I think this is a camphor pudding."

He said it so politely — as if he might easily be mistaken. My maid in England had packed the pudding with my furs! It simply reeked of camphor.

So we had to dine on Henry's wine and L. F. Austin's wit. This dear, brilliant man, now dead, acted for many years as Henry's secretary, and one of his gifts was the happy knack of hitting off people's peculiarities in rhyme. This dreadful Christmas dinner at Pittsburg was enlivened by a collection of such rhymes, which Austin called a "Lyceum Christmas Play."

Everyone roared with laughter until it came to the verse of which he was the victim, when suddenly he found the fun rather laboured.

The first verse was spoken by Loveday, who announces that the "Governor" has a new play which is "*wonderful*" — a great word of Loveday's.

George Alexander replies:

But I say, Loveday, have I got a part in it,
That I can wear a cloak in and look smart in it?
Not that I care a fig for gaudy show, dear boy—
But juveniles must *look* well, don't you know, dear boy;
And shall I lordly hall and tuns of claret own?
And may I murmur love in dulcet baritone?
Tell me, at least, this simple fact of it—
Can I beat Terriss hollow in one act of it? *

Norman Forbes:

Pooh for Wenman's† bass! Why should he make a boast of it?
If he has a voice, I have got the ghost of it!
When I pitch it low, you may say how weak it is,
When I pitch it high, heavens! what a squeak it is!
But I never mind; for what does it signify?
See my graceful hands, they're the things that dignify:
All the rest is froth, and egotism's dizziness—
Have I not played with Phelps?
(*To Wenman*) I'll teach you all the business!

* Alexander had just succeeded Terriss as our leading young man.

† Wenman had a rolling bass voice of which he was very proud. He was a valuable actor, yet somehow never interesting. Young Norman Forbes-Robertson played Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek with us on our second American tour.

ELLEN TERRY

FROM A PAINTING, NEVER BEFORE REPRODUCED, BY GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS

T. Mead (of whom much has already been written in these pages):

What's this about a voice? Surely you forget it, or
Wilfully conceal that *I* have no competitor!
I do not know the play, or even what the title is,
But safe to make success a charnel house recital is!
So please to bear in mind, if I am not to fail in it
That Hamlet's father's ghost must rob the Lyons Mail in it!
No! that's not correct! But you may spare your charity—
A good sepulchral groan's the thing for popularity!

H. Howe (the "agricultural" actor, as Henry called him):

Boys take my advice, the stage is not the question
But whether at three score you'll all have my digestion,
Why yearn for plays, to pose as Brutuses or Catos in,
When you may get a garden to grow the best potatoes in?
You see that at my age by Nature's shocks unharmed I am!
Tho' if I sneeze but thrice, good heavens, how alarmed I am!
But act your parts like men and tho' you all great sinners are,
You're sure to act like men wherever Irving's dinners are!

J. H. Allen (our prompter):

Whatever be the play, *I* must have a hand in it,
For won't I teach the supers how to stalk and stand in it?
Tho' that blessed Shakespeare never gives a ray to them,
I explain the text, and then it's clear as day to them!

Plain as A, B, C is a plot historical,
When *I* overhaul allusions allegorical!
Shakespeare's not so bad; he'd have more pounds and pence in him,
If actors stood aside, and let me show the sense in him!*

Louis Austin's little "Lyceum Play" was presented to me with a silver water-jug, a souvenir from the company, and ended up with the following pretty lines spoken by Katie Brown, a clever little girl who played all the small pages' parts at this time:

Although I'm but a little page,
Who waits for Portia's kind behest,
Mine is the part upon this stage
To tell the plot you have not guessed.

Dear lady, oft in Belmont's hall
Whose mistress is so sweet and fair,
Your humble slaves would gladly fall
Upon their knees, and praise you there.

To offer you this little gift,
Dear Portia, now we crave your leave.
And let it have the grace to lift
Our hearts to yours this Christmas eve.

And so we pray that you may live
Thro' many, many, happy years,
And feel what you so often give,
The joy that is akin to tears!

How nice of Louis Austin! It quite made up for my mortification over the camphor pudding!

* Once when Allen was rehearsing the supers in the Church Scene in "Much Ado about Nothing," we overheard him "show the sense" in Shakespeare like this:

"This 'Ero, let me tell you, is a perfect lady, a nice, innercent young thing, and when the feller she's engaged to calls 'er an 'approved wanton,' you naturally claps yer 'ands to yer swords. A wanton is a kind of — well, you know — she ain't what she ought to be!"

Allen would then proceed to read the part of Claudio: "... not to knit my soul to an approved wanton."

Seven or eight times the supers clapped their "'ands to their swords" without giving Allen satisfaction.

"No, no, no, that's not a bit like it, not a bit! If any of your sisters was 'ere and you 'eard me call 'er —— ——, would yer stand gapin' at me as if this was a bloomin' tea party?"

ELLEN TERRY

WITH HER FOX-TERRIERS, DUMMY AND FUSSIE; FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1889

MISS ROSA CORDER

FROM THE PAINTING BY JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER

Reproduced from an approved print in the possession of the Lenox Library

The Best Ophelia of My Life

When I played Ophelia for the first time in Chicago, I played the part better than I had ever played it before, and I don't believe I ever played it so well again. *Why*, it is almost impossible to say. I had heard a good deal of the crime of Chicago, that the people were a rough, murderous, sandbagging crew. I ran on to the stage in the mad scene, and never have I felt such sympathy. This frail wraith, this poor demented thing could hold them in the hollow of her hand! The audience seemed to me like wine that I could drink, or spill upon the ground. . . . It was splendid! "How long can I hold them?" I thought. "For ever!" Then I laughed. That was the best Ophelia laugh of my life — my life that is such a perfect kaleidoscope, with the people and the places turning round and round.

SIR HENRY IRVING

FROM A SNAP-SHOT TAKEN IN THE UNITED STATES

At Chicago I made my first speech. The Haverley Theatre, at which we first appeared in 1884, was altered and rechristened the "Columbia" in 1885. I was called upon for a speech after the special performance in honour of the occasion, consisting of scenes from "Charles I.," "Louis XI.," "The Merchant of Venice," and "The Bells," had come to an end. I think it must be the shortest speech on record:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I have been asked to christen your beautiful theatre. 'Hail Columbia'!"

"Lonesome Brooklyn"

When we acted in Brooklyn, we used to stay in New York and drive over that wonderful bridge every night. There were no trolley cars on it then. I shall never forget how it looked in winter, with the snow and ice on it — a gigantic trellis of dazzling white, as incredible as a dream. The old stone bridges were works of art — this bridge, woven of iron and steel for a length of over five hundred yards, and hung high in the air over the water so that great ships can pass beneath it, is the work of science. It is like the work of some impersonal power.

It was during our week at Brooklyn in 1885 that Henry was ill, too ill to act, for four nights. Alexander played Benedick and got through it wonderfully well. Then old Mr. Mead did (*did* is the word) Shylock. There was no intention behind his words or what he did.

I had such a funny batch of letters on my birthday that year: "Dear, sweet Miss Terry, etc., etc. Will you give me a piano?" etc., etc.; another: "Dear Ellen. Come to Jesus. Mary"; another, a lovely letter of thanks from a poor woman in the most ghastly distress; and lastly an offer of a two *years'* engagement in America. There was a simple coming-in for one woman acting at Brooklyn on her birthday!

Brooklyn is as sure a laugh in New York as the mother-in-law in a London music-hall. "All cities begin by being lonesome," a comedian explained, "and Brooklyn has never got over it."

My only complaint against Brooklyn was that they would not take Fussie in at the hotel there. Fussie was still my dog during the early American tours. Later on he became Henry's. He had his affections alienated by a course of chops, tomatoes, strawberries, "ladies' fingers" soaked in champagne, and a beautiful fur rug of his very own presented by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

Fussie

How did I come by Fussie? I went to Newmarket with Rosa Corder, whom Whistler painted. She was one of those plain-beautiful women who are so far more attractive than some of the pretty ones. She had wonderful hair,— like a fair, pale veil,— a white, waxen face, and a very good figure; and she wore very odd clothes. She had a studio in Southampton Row, and another at Newmarket, where she went to paint horses. I went to Cambridge once and drove back with her across the heath to her studio.

"How wonderfully different are the expressions on terriers' faces," I said to her, looking at a painting of hers of a fox-terrier pup. "That's the only sort of dog I should like to have."

MISS ELLEN TERRY

FROM A SNAP-SHOT TAKEN IN THE UNITED STATES

"That one belonged to Fred Archer," Rosa Corder said. "I daresay he could get you one like it."

We went out to find Archer. Curiously enough, I had known the famous jockey at Harpenden, when he was a little boy, and I believe used to come round with vegetables.

"I'll send you a dog, Miss Terry, that won't be any trouble. He's got a very good head, a first-rate tail, stuck in splendidly, but his legs are too long. He'd follow you if you went to America."

Prophetic words! On one of our departures for America, Fussie was left behind by mistake at Southampton. He found his way back from there to his own theatre in the Strand, London.

Fred Archer sent him originally to the stage door at the Lyceum. The man who brought him out to my house in Earl's Court said:

"I'm afraid he gives tongue, Miss, he don't like music anyway. There was a band at the bottom of your road, and he started hollering."

Fussie and "Charles I."

We were at luncheon when Fussie made his début into the family circle, and I very quickly saw that his *stomach* was his fault. He had a great dislike to "Charles I.," we could never make out why. Perhaps it was because Henry wore armour in one act — and Fussie may have barked his shins against it. Perhaps it was the firing off of big guns. But more probably it was because the play once got him into trouble. As a rule, Fussie had the most wonderful sense of the stage, and at rehearsal would skirt the edge of it, but never cross it. But at Brooklyn one night when we were playing "Charles I.," the last act, and that most pathetic part of it where Charles is taking a last farewell of his wife and children, Fussie, perhaps excited by his run over the bridge from New York, suddenly bounded on to the stage! The good children who were playing Princess Mary and Prince Henry didn't even smile; the audience remained solemn; but Henry and I nearly went into hysterics. Fussie knew directly that he had done wrong. He lay down on his stomach, then rolled over on his back, a whimpering apology, while carpenters kept on whistling and calling to him from the wings. The children took him up to the window at the back of the scene, and he stayed there cowering between them until the end of the play.

America seems to have been always fatal to Fussie. Another time when Henry and I were playing in some charity performance in which John Drew and Maude Adams were also acting, he disgraced himself again. Henry having

From the collection of Robert Coster

AUGUSTIN DALY AND HIS COMPANY OF PLAYERS

ADA REHAN, MRS. GILBERT, AND JOHN DREW FORM THE GROUP DIRECTLY FACING DALY

"done his bit" and put on hat and coat to leave the theatre, Fussie thought the end of the performance must have come; the stage had no further sanctity for him, and he ran across it to the stage door barking! John Drew and Maude Adams were playing "A Pair of Lunatics." Maude Adams, sitting looking into the fire, did not see Fussie, but was amazed to hear John Drew departing madly from the text:

> "Is this a dog I see before me,
> His tail towards my hand?
> Come, let me clutch thee."

She began to think he had really gone mad!

When Fussie first came, Charlie was still alive, and I have often gone into Henry's dressing-room and seen the two dogs curled up in both the available chairs, Henry *standing* while he made up, rather than disturb them!

When Charlie died, Fussie had Henry's idolatry all to himself. I have caught them often sitting quietly opposite each other at Grafton Street, just adoring each other. Occasionally Fussie would thump his tail on the ground to express his pleasure.

Irving's Strategy

Wherever we went in America, the hotel people wanted to get rid of the dog. In the paper they had it that Miss Terry asserted that Fussie was a little terrier, while the hotel people regarded him as a pointer; and funny caricatures were drawn of a very big me with a very tiny dog, and a very tiny me with a dog the size of an elephant. Henry often walked straight out of an hotel where an objection was made to Fussie. If he wanted to stay, he went in for strategy. At Detroit the manager of the hotel said that dogs were against the rules. Being very tired, Henry let Fussie go to the stables for the night, and sent Walter to look after him. The next morning he sent for the manager.

"Yours is a very old-fashioned hotel, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, very old and ancient."

"Got a good chef? I didn't think much of the supper last night — but still — the beds are comfortable enough — I am afraid you don't like animals?"

"Yes, sir, in their proper place."

"It's a pity," said Henry meditatively, "because you happen to be overrun by rats!"

"Sir, you must have made a mistake. Such a thing couldn't ——"

"Well, I couldn't pass another night here without my dog," Henry interrupted. "But there are, I suppose, other hotels?"

"If it would be any comfort to you to have your dog with you, sir, do, by all

means, but I assure you that he'll catch no rat here."

"I'll be on the safe side," said Henry calmly.

And so it was settled. That very night Fussie supped off, not rats, but terrapin and other delicacies in Henry's private sitting-room.

It was the 1888 tour, the great blizzard year, that Fussie was left behind by mistake at Southampton. He jumped out at the station, just outside where they stopped to collect tickets. After this long separation, Henry naturally thought that the dog would go nearly mad with joy when he saw him again. He described to me the meeting in a letter:

"My dear Fussie gave me a terrible shock on Sunday night. When we got in, J——, H——, and I dined at the Câfé Royale. I told Walter to bring Fussie there. He did, and Fussie burst into the room while the waiter was cutting some mutton, when, what d'ye think — one bound at me — another instantaneous bound at the mutton, and from the mutton nothing would get him until he'd got his plateful.

"Oh what a surprise it was indeed! He never now will leave my side, my legs, or my presence, but I cannot but think, alas, of that seductive piece of mutton!"

The Death of Fussie

Poor Fussie! He met his death through the same weakness. It was at Manchester, I think.

Photograph by Sarony

AUGUSTIN DALY

A carpenter had thrown down his coat with a ham sandwich in the pocket, over an open trap on the stage. Fussie, nosing and nudging after the sandwich, fell through and was killed instantly. When they brought up the dog after the performance, every man took his hat off. Henry was not told until the end of the play. He took it so very quietly that I was frightened, and said to his son Laurence, who was on that tour:

"Do let's go to his hotel and see how he is."

We drove there and found him sitting, eating his supper, with the poor dead Fussie, who would never eat supper any more, curled up in his rug on the sofa. Henry was talking to the dog exactly as if it were alive. The next day he took Fussie back in the train with him to London, covered with a coat. He is buried in the dog's cemetery, Hyde Park.

His death made an enormous difference to Henry. Fussie was his constant companion. When he died, Henry was really alone. He never spoke of what he felt about it, but it was easy to know.

We used to get hints how to get this and that from watching Fussie. His look, his way of walking! He *sang*, whispered eloquently and low — then barked suddenly, and whispered again. Such a lesson in the law of contrasts!

The first time that Henry went to the Lyceum after Fussie's death, every one was anxious and distressed, knowing how he would miss the dog in his dressing-room. Then an odd thing happened. The wardrobe cat, who had never been near the room in Fussie's life-time, came down and sat on Fussie's cushion! No one knew how the "Governor" would take it. But when Walter was sent out to buy some meat for it, we saw that Henry was not going to resent it! From that night onwards the cat always sat, night after night, in the same place, and Henry liked its companionship. In 1902, when he left the theatre for good, he wrote to me:

"The place is now given up to the rats — all light cut off, and only Barry (the stage doorkeeper) and a foreman left. Everything of mine I've moved away, including the Cat!"

Photograph by Sarony

JOHN DREW

AS PETRUCHIO IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"

The Old Daly Company

The Daly players were a revelation to me of the pitch of excellence which American acting had reached. My first night at Daly's was a night of enchantment. I wrote to Mr. Daly and said: "You've got a girl in your company who is the most lovely, humorous darling I have ever seen on the stage." It was Ada Rehan! Now, of course I didn't "discover" her or any rubbish of that kind; the audience were already mad about her; but I did know her for what she was,

even in that brilliant "all-star" company and before she had played in the classics and got enduring fame. The audacious, superb, quaint Irish creature! Never have I seen such splendid high comedy. Then the charm of her voice, — a little like Ethel Barrymore's when Miss Ethel is speaking very nicely,— her smiles, and dimples, and provocative, inviting *coquetterie!* Her Rosalind, her Country Wife, her Helena, her Railroad of Love, and above all, her Katharine in "The Taming of the Shrew!" I can only ejaculate. Directly she came on I knew how she was going to do the part. She had such shy, demure fun — she understood, like all great comedians, that you must not pretend to be serious so sincerely that no one in the audience sees through it.

As a woman off the stage Ada Rehan was even more wonderful than as a shrew on. She had a touch of dignity, of nobility, of beauty, rather like Eleonora Duse's. The mouth and the formation of the eye were lovely. Her guiltlessness of make-up off the stage was so attractive! She used to come in to a supper with a lovely shining face which scorned a powder-puff. The only thing one missed was the red hair which seemed such a part of her on the stage.

Here is a dear letter from the dear, written in 1890:

Photograph by Sarony

ADA REHAN

AS KATHARINE IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"

"My dear Miss Terry:

"Of course, the first thing I was to do when I reached Paris was to write and thank you for your lovely red feathers. One week is gone. To-day it rains and I am compelled to stay at home, and at last I write. I thought you had forgotten me and my feathers long ago. So imagine my delight when they came at the very end. I liked it so. It seemed as if I lived all the time in your mind; and they came as a good-bye.

"I saw but little of you, but in that little I found no change. That was gratifying to me, for I am over-sensitive, and would never trouble you if you had forgotten me. How I shall prize those feathers — Henry Irving's presented by Ellen Terry to me for my Rosalind Cap. I shall wear them once and then put them by as treasures. Thank you so much for the pretty words you wrote me about 'As You Like It.' I was hardly fit on that matinée. The great excitement I went through during the London season almost killed me. I am going to try and rest, but I fear my nerves and heart won't-let me.

"You must try and read between the lines all I feel. I am sure you can if anyone ever did; but I cannot put into words my admiration for you — and that comes from deep down in my

From the collection of F. H. Meserve

HELENA MODJESKA

heart. Good-bye, with all good wishes for your health and success.

"I remain,

"Yours most affectionately,

"Ada Rehan"

I wish I could just once have played with Ada Rehan. When Mr. Tree could not persuade Mrs. Kendal to come and play in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" a second time, I hoped that Ada Rehan would come and rollick with me as Mrs. Ford,— but it was not to be.

Mr. Daly himself interested me greatly. He was an excellent manager, a man in a million. But he had no artistic sense. The productions of Shakespeare at Daly's were really bad from the pictorial point of view. But what pace and "ensemble" he got from his company!

May Irwin was the low comedian who played the servants' parts in Daly's comedies from the German. I might describe her — except that she was far more genial — as a kind of female Rutland Barrington. On and off the stage her geniality distinguished her like a halo. It is a rare quality on the stage, yet without it the comedian has up-hill work. Generous May Irwin! Lucky those who have her warm friendship and jolly, kind companionship!

The John Drew Family

John Drew, the famous son of a famous mother, was another Daly player whom I loved. With what loyalty he supported Ada Rehan! He never played for his own hand, but for the good of the piece. His mother, Mrs. John Drew, had the same quiet methods as Mrs. Alfred Wigan. Everything that she did told. I saw Mrs. Drew play Mrs. Malaprop, and it was a lesson to people who overact. Her daughter, Georgie Drew, Ethel Barrymore's mother, was also a charming actress. Maurice Barrymore was a brilliantly clever actor. Little Ethel, as I still call her, though she is a big "star," is carrying on the family traditions. She ought to play Lady Teazle. She may take it from me that she would make a success in it.

Modjeska, who, though she is a Polish actress, is associated with the American stage, made a great impression on me. She was exquisite in many parts, but in none finer than in "Adrienne Lecouvreur." Her last act electrified me. I have never seen it better acted, although I have seen all the great ones do it since. Her Marie Stuart, too, was a beautiful and distinguished performance Her Juliet had lovely moments, but I did not so much care for that, and her broken English interfered with the verse of Shakespeare. Some years ago I

From the collection of Robert Coster

MARY ANDERSON

From the collection of F. H. Meserve

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS RIP VAN WINKLE

met Modjeska and she greeted me so warmly and sweetly, although she was very ill.

During my more recent tours in America, Maude Adams is the actress of whom I have seen most, and "to see her is to love her!" In "The Little Minister" and in "Quality Street" I think she is at her best, but above all parts she herself is most adorable. She is just worshipped in America, and has an extraordinary effect — an *educational* effect — upon all American girlhood.

Mary Anderson

I never saw Mary Anderson act. That seems a strange admission, but during her wonderful reign at the Lyceum Theatre, which she rented from Henry Irving, I was in America, and another time when I might have seen her act, I was very ill and ordered abroad. I have, however, had the great pleasure of meeting her and she has done me many little kindnesses. Hearing her praises sung on all sides, and her beauties spoken of everywhere, I was particularly struck by her modest evasion of publicity *off* the stage. I personally only knew her as a most beautiful woman — as kind as beautiful — constantly working for her religion — *always* kind, a good daughter, a good wife, a good woman.

She cheered me before I sailed for America by saying that her people would like me.

"Since seeing you in Portia and Letitia," she wrote, "I am convinced you will take America by storm." Certainly *she* took *England* by storm! But she abandoned her triumphs almost as soon as they were gained. They never made her happy, she once told me, and I could understand her better than most, since I

had had success too, and knew that it did not mean happiness.

Henry and I were so fortunate as to gain the friendship and approval of Dr. Horace Howard Furness, perhaps the finest Shakespearean scholar in America, and editor of the Variorum Shakespeare, which Henry considered the best of all editions — "the one which counts." It was in Boston, I think, that I disgraced myself at one of Dr. Furness' lectures. He was discussing "As You Like It" and Rosalind, and proving with much elaboration that English in Shakespeare's time was pronounced like a broad country dialect, and that Rosalind spoke Warwickshire! A little girl who was sitting in the front of me had lent me her copy of the play a moment before, and now, absorbed in Dr. Furness' argument, I forgot the book wasn't mine and began scrawling controversial notes in it with my very thick and blotty fountain pen.

"Give me back my book! Give me my book!" cried the little girl. "How dare you write in my book!" she cried with rage.

Her mother tried to hush her up: "It's Miss Ellen Terry."

"I don't care! She's spoilt my nice book!"

I am glad to say that when the little girl understood, she forgave me. Still, it was dreadful of me and I did feel ashamed at the time.

Joseph Jefferson

In November, 1901, I wrote in my diary: "Philadelphia. Supper at Henry's. Jefferson there, sweeter and more interesting than ever — and younger."

Dear Joe Jefferson — actor, painter, courteous gentleman, *profound* student of Shakespeare! When the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy was raging in America (it really *did* rage there!) Jefferson wrote the most delicious doggerel about it. He ridiculed, and his ridicule killed the Bacon enthusiasts all the more dead because it was barbed with erudition.

He said that when I first came into the box to see him as "Rip," he thought I did not like him, because I fidgetted and rustled and moved my place, as is my wicked way. "But I'll get her, and I'll hold her," he said to himself. I was held indeed — enthralled!

The Night of the Great Blizzard

Our first American tours were in 1883–1884; the third was in 1887–88, the year of the great blizzard. We were playing in New York when the storm began, and Henry came to fetch us at half-past ten in the morning. His hotel was near the theatre where we were to play at night. He said the weather was stormy, and we had better make for his hotel while there was time. The German actor, Ludwig Barnay, was to open in New York that night, but the blizzard affected his nerves to such an extent that he did not appear at all and returned to Germany directly the weather improved!

Most of the theatres closed for three days, but we remained open, although there was a famine in the town and the streets were impassable. The cold was intense. Henry sent Walter out to buy some violets for Barnay, and when he brought them in to the dressing-room — he had only carried them a few yards — they were frozen so hard that they could have been chipped with a hammer.

We rang up on "Faust" three-quarters of an hour late. This was not bad, considering all things. Although the house was sold out, there was hardly any audience, and only a harp and two violins in the orchestra. But discipline was so strong in the Lyceum Company that every member of it reached the theatre by eight o'clock, although some of them had had to walk from Brooklyn Bridge. The Mayor of New York and his daughter managed to reach their box somehow. Then we thought it was time to begin. A few members of Daly's company, including John Drew, came in, and a few friends. It was the oddest, sparsest audience! But the enthusiasm was terrific.

Five years went by before we visited America again. Five years in a country of rapid changes is a long time, long enough for friends to forget. But they didn't forget. This time we made new friends, too, in the Far West. We went to San Francisco, among other places. We attended part of a performance at the Chinese theatre. Oh, those rows of impenetrable faces gazing at the stage with their long, shining, inexpressive eyes. What a look of the everlasting the Chinese have! "We have been before you — we shall be after you," they seem to say.

The chief incident of the fifth American tour was our production at Chicago of Laurence Irving's one-act play "Godefroi and Yolande." I regard that little play as an inspiration. By instinct the young author did everything right.

In 1900–1 I was ill and hated the parts I was playing in America. The Lyceum was not what it had been. Everything was changed.

In 1907 — only the other day — I toured in America for the first time on my own account — playing modern plays for the first time. I made new friends and found my old ones still faithful.

But this tour was chiefly momentous to me because at Pittsburg I was married for the third time, and married to an American, Mr. James Usselman of Indiana, who acts under the name of James Carew.

THE HERITAGE OF HAM

BY

LIEUTENANT HUGH M. KELLY, U. S. A.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR S. COVEY

"TO be hanged by the neck until dead." Well, no one was surprised. It was a foregone conclusion. Desertion to the enemy in time of war is one of the crimes military that cuts a man off from any chance for clemency. When he lifts his hands against his former comrades, he is as one already dead; that is, if he is caught. Private Wilson made the fatal mistake of being caught. The result was inevitable.

Though Private Wilson was expecting these very words, the sound of them, cutting the absolute silence, sent a cold contraction to his heart, and his thick lips drew themselves over his white teeth. Doubtless, if it had been possible, he would have turned pale; but since he was as black as the proverbial ace of spades, this was out of the question. Private Wilson belonged to the 19th Cavalry, which, as the initiated know, is a negro regiment.

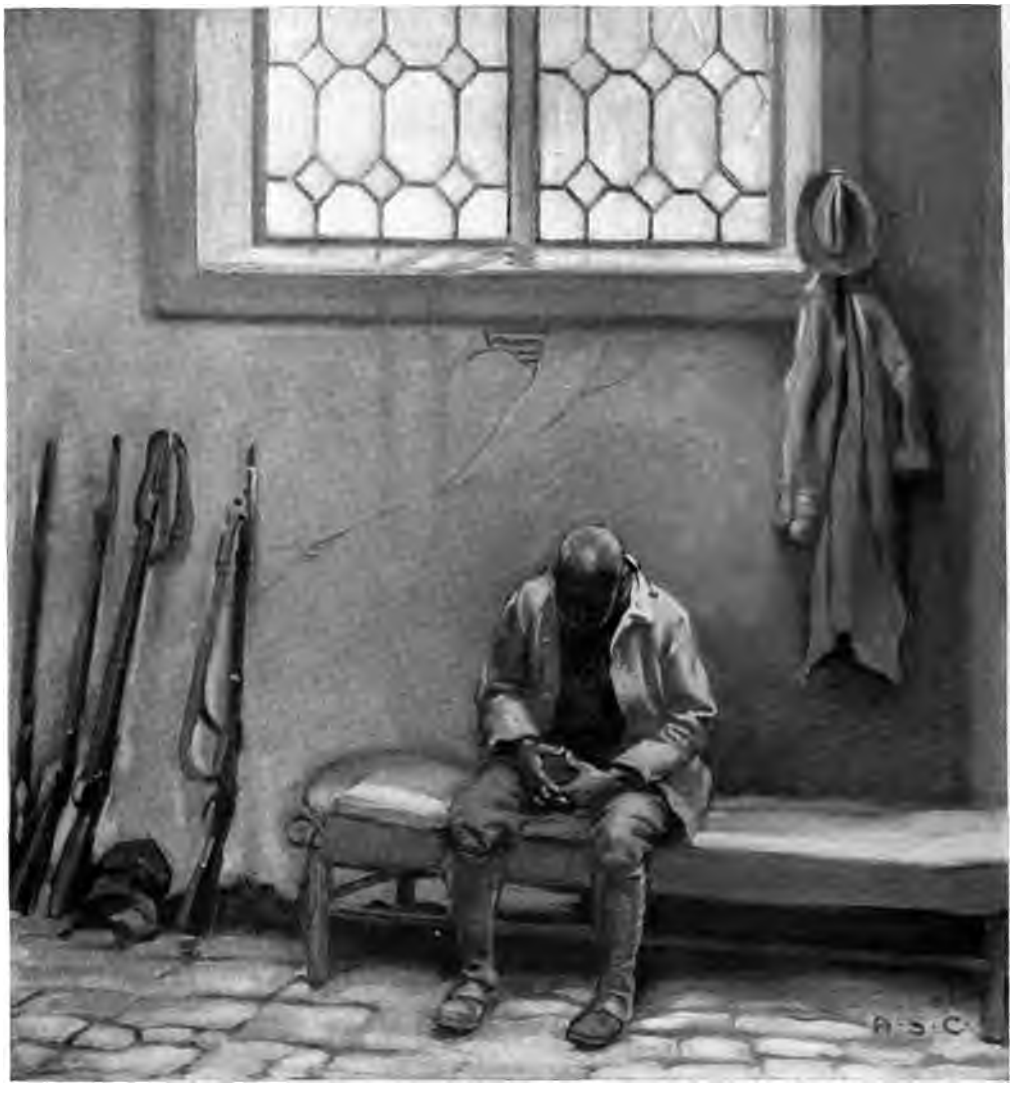
There was no movement in the still line of the squadron when the fatal order was read, except a slight tremor, almost imperceptible, like the first faint rustling of leaves in the dead quiet that precedes a storm. Then from the right of "B" Troop there came a deep, indrawn breath, and the first sergeant's horse sprang sideways, in amazement, against that of the guidon. The animal was accustomed to being treated as tenderly as an infant, and now, for no fault whatever, he had received a rough pressure from his rider's knees, and a sharp dig from the spurs. The first sergeant was old Jeremiah Wilson, and the prisoner, standing to the "front and center" in the gathering dusk, and hearing his fate pronounced, was Jeremiah's son.

Sergeant Wilson was the one man in the squadron who had hoped against hope, and now that hope was dead. It died hard, and its death was recorded in that contraction of the knees and dig of the spurs. The guidon paid no attention. In his heart he believed that the sentence was just; but his pity went out to the old soldier on his right. His eyes, however, were fixed on Private Wilson, as were those of the rest of the squadron. The prisoner had acquired a new status. Here was a human being within two weeks of the solution of the greatest of all mysteries. He was worth looking at. The condemned man saw the interest shown in him, and, upheld by the feeling of self-importance inherent in the negro character, and always brought to the surface by applause or other manifestation of unusual attention, bore himself jauntily.

There was nothing of this to sustain his old father. He had participated in executions before. For him there were no visions of walking to death with a "firm tread," as the papers say, and "dying game" before the admiring eyes of soldiers and natives. With him it was steel-ribbed facts. He could hear the bang of the trap, the snap of the rope, and the quivering creak of the scaffold. And afterward, the lonely, hopeless years. Besides, the dishonor of it. What irony to parade with thirty years of service chevrons on his sleeves, and be pointed out as the father of a man hanged for deserting to the Filipinos!

The officers went to the front and center and the formation was over. Private Wilson departed to his closely guarded prison, and old Jeremiah took the troop to quarters and dismissed it. For the first time in twenty years he forgot to "open chamber and magazine," and publish the details for the next day. He wanted to be alone; away from the pitying eyes of the black men of the troop.

He had honestly believed that there were grounds for hope. He could not see now, in the face of the evidence, how the court could have given "Buff" the extreme penalty. He thought he had explained the circumstances so clearly. Hadn't he told the tribunal of the baleful influence of Mercedes Martinez? how this *mestiza* had lured his boy to his downfall? He thought he had shown positively, by his testimony, that



"ALL DAY LONG OLD SERGEANT WILSON SAT IN THE CORNER OF THE SQUAD ROOM, CLASPING AND UNCLASPING HIS STRAINING HANDS"

this woman had terrible "voodoo" powers and had *conjured* "Buff." Hadn't they apparently listened with wonder while he related the charms that had been brought to bear on his son? the devils that had pursued him; the angels that had beckoned him away to the hills; the divine call he had received to be the George Washington of the Filipinos, and lead them to freedom?

The old soldier's pride in his son's physical perfection had always blinded him to the fact that the private was constantly in trouble, and was known as a "bad egg." If any one had told him that he was an object of pity because of his boy's worthlessness, he would have sputtered with indignation. He never realized that Buff escaped many a "bawling out" because the officers respected the father's long years of faithful service and did not want to humiliate him. He knew that his boy flew high occasionally, but that was because he was "jess nachally sprightly and full o' devilment." No one could deny that Private Wilson was one of the finest animals, physically, that ever wore the uniform; or that he had gained a wide reputation among his comrades and the Filipinos on account of his terrible abilities in a hand-to-hand engagement. It was this very notoriety that had attracted the insurgents' attention to him, and led to his downfall.

"CABLE THE PRESIDENT! WHAT A JOKE!"

The little brown men stood in awe of this black demon, and wanted him on their side. His military training and reputation as a fighter would be of inestimable value. With their usual craft the insurgent officials went about to wean the soldier from his allegiance, and by the aid of the *mestiza* beauty, Mercedes Martinez, succeeded in their purpose. Between retreat and reveille of one July night, Private Wilson, led by visions of love and a brigadier-general's star, took to the hills. He longed to emulate the black renegade, Fagan, but having none of Fagan's "foxiness" or ability, he was soon laid by the heels. Men of his own squadron took him. He demanded at first to be treated as befitted his rank; but none of his self-importance went with his black captors. "We'll brigidiale-gene'al yer, yer black scound'al," they remarked cheerfully, as they stripped off his tinsel stars. "Yer oughter be lynched."

They "Gen'al Wilsoned" him until he was sick of it and begged them to stop. Then, when they got back to the station, they popped him into the "jigger" along with privates charged with sassing the cook and other heinous offenses — a most humiliating experience for a brigadier-general. Now he must die; and it came to him that it was as hard for a general officer to die as ever it was for a private.

"THE CIRCLE CLOSED IN AS THE SEA SURGES UP UPON THE LAND"

When his son had disappeared, old Sergeant Wilson had borne himself proudly, even in the face of rumors and insinuations. His boy would not desert. That he might have gone outside the lines to see some "lady friend" and been captured, yes; but no desertion. Even when tales of his lurid doings out in the province began to come in, old Jeremiah had not faltered in his faith. They were lies, all of them, or it was some other man. Nor when Buff was taken, with his patent-leather boots and tin stars, was the old man shaken; for the explanation that the private gave as to how he had been conjured was easier for Wilson to believe than that his "baby" had been false to his salt. But now the case was different. The disgrace of being parent to a "bobtailed" and condemned criminal was as the bitterness of death.

Up to now, for all his hard sixty years of life, he had carried himself like a lance. The whiteness of age in his woolly hair was not reflected in the iron spirit that upheld his wrinkled body. But the shame of those words spoken on parade had undone that, as suddenly as ashes crumble before the touch.

The days immediately following the publishing of Buff's sentence were nightmares of pain and humiliation. The old negro could hardly bring himself to go to headquarters at first sergeant's call. When he did go, he moved heavily, like a man asleep, and with his eyes fixed on the ground, that he might not meet the curious, pitying glances of his fellow soldiers.

After a week of this, old Jeremiah began to make mistakes at drill and mistakes in his troop papers; a thing hitherto unknown. Finally Lieutenant Perkins, the troop commander, lost his patience at some bull the old sergeant made, and called him down roughly, in the presence of the troop.

"Look here, Sergeant Wilson, I won't have any more of this. I'll bust you higher than a kite. I don't care if you've had fifty years of service. If you are mooning about that worthless boy of yours, you had better get over it. It's a damn good riddance, and you know it as well as I do. You'll have to take a brace or something will drop."

If Perkins had not been born several degrees north of Mason and Dixon's line he would have known better than that; as it was, he did not understand these negroes. He hadn't the faintest conception of how to handle these simple-hearted black men. He was not popular with them at any time, and this unheard-of piece of cruelty cut every tender-hearted trooper as deeply as if it had been aimed at him personally. This was the first break, and, as a consequence, something did drop, in a way that Perkins hardly expected.

The old sergeant made no reply to this reprimand, but simply stood at attention, though his black, weazened face worked and his lips trembled. It was the first time since he was a buck private that he had been spoken to in such a manner. For the first time, the yoke of discipline galled him. The bitterness of his inferiority and servitude was as wormwood within him. The harsh injustice of such treatment in this, his black hour, after years of faithful work, aroused in him a demon of resentment that made him long to strike back.

The occurrence startled him from his lethargy. He suddenly realized that his son's few remaining hours on earth were slipping by, and the boy had not been comforted. When this came to him, his self-reproach cut him sharply, and he resolved to make amends at once. He obtained permission from the officer of the day, and that evening, after retreat, went to see Buff.

He found the general plucked of his plumage. The prospect of death so close to him had narrowed the black boy's perspective. "The worldly hope men set their hearts upon" had turned ashes, and it were hard to find "a man who looked so wistfully on the day" as this doomed soldier. He wanted to live. Every atom of animal strength in his perfect body was charged with a desire to exist. This living, day after day, in close proximity to the grave had tended to a simplification of ideas. He had harked back to childhood, and when his father came, the prisoner, in his clanking irons, turned to him as a pickaninny might have done for protection from some bugaboo.

Old Jeremiah sat on the cot, while Buff occupied a small stool directly in front of him. They talked in low tones, of ordinary subjects, at first; then gradually went back through the years. The white-haired old negro and the young soldier both smiled as they recalled childish escapades of the latter, 'way back in "God's country." They lost themselves in reminiscence, and forgot the present, until the wan moon, coming up, cast the shadows of the bars in the window across them. Then with a shiver they remembered.

Suddenly the private began to talk of his death, and as he spoke the terror of it grew on him. This man, known to have killed more than one American soldier and to be absolutely fearless in battle, quaked with abject fright. He would contend gladly in a contest against hopeless odds; but at the thought of his end creeping on him thus, slowly, inexorably, his soul writhed in terror. He leaned forward and pressed his face on his father's knees.

"Oh, paw, ain't yer gwine ter help me? Won't you do somethin' fer me? Ah doan' wanter die yit. 'Tain't my time ter die. Ah nevah meant no hahm, paw. Ef they'll just give me one moah chanst, ah'll do anything they say. Honest, ah will. Gawd! paw, yer ain't gwine ter let 'em kill me, is yer?"

The soldier raised his head and looked into the sergeant's black face as though the latter were omnipotent, and only had to say the word to make him free. Then, with a shivering sigh, he laid his head on his father's knees again.

"Sh — sh," the old sergeant said softly, "Sh — sh"; and that was all he could do; but his wrinkled hand wandered tenderly over the prisoner's black, kinky hair, and tears rolled down his seamed face.

When Buff's panic wore off a bit, he was made to lie down, and Jeremiah, sitting beside him, crooned softly, as the old black mammies do to the little children. By the time call to quarters sounded, the condemned man's quiet breathing told that his earthly troubles were forgotten, for a time at least.

After this visit, Sergeant Wilson's apparent neglect of his duties became more pronounced than ever. The simplest orders and directions received from his troop's commander, he either forgot to perform or executed in such a bungle-some manner as to drive Lieutenant Perkins' irritable nature to the verge of hysteria. The latter, with his narrow sympathies, could make no allowance for the old negro's state of mind, and his "roasts" became more frequent and rougher with each repetition. The sergeant took it all with apparent resignation; but within him the troubled spirit was surging to and fro. How could he be expected to copy troop returns and muster rolls, with that cry—"Gawd, paw, yer ain't gwine ter let 'em kill me, is yer?" ringing in his ears, hour by hour? It was the unfairness of it that aroused his resentment.

If the "ole Cap'n" were only here, all would be well. It was another cruel stroke that he should be absent on detached service just when Jeremiah needed him most.

Soldiers are a peculiar breed. They are more nearly like children in certain characteristics than any other class of men. They are so accustomed to being taken care of by their officers that they look to the latter for everything. When they find one who they know will stand up for them, and whom they can trust, their faith and confidence in him are absolute. They will follow him through fire and flood, and obey any order that he may give, in the blind belief that he knows what is best for them. This is true of white soldiers, and much more so of the darkies. This is the feeling that old Jeremiah and the men of the troop held for Captain North, whom they all called the "ole Cap'n."

In all the years these two had served together, since the battle of the Rosebud, when Lieutenant John T. North earned a medal of honor for "bringing in Private J. Wilson, 19th Cavalry, who was wounded, under a heavy fire from the Indians, at the imminent risk of his own life," the sergeant had never received a harsh word or a rebuke that he did not know was merited. But the sullen fury that this young prig aroused in him was unbearable. He felt that his inherent subordination to discipline was being torn to shreds.

This went on for three days. The discipline in the troop was growing ragged with startling rapidity, and Perkins felt it. The men, under the constant abuse heaped upon one whom they respected and pitied, were growing sullen and restive. Each of these soft-hearted troopers was gradually acquiring and nursing a personal grudge. They were forgetting their ideas of the fitness of things. They lost sight of everything except a clearly monumental piece of injustice.

Instead of meeting the issue fairly, and acknowledging the error of his position, Perkins became obstinately harsher and harsher. Not only was he unnecessarily abusive to old Jeremiah, but his treatment of the whole troop was stern to a degree. Finally, on this third day, after a violent harangue in presence of the troop, he reduced the old negro from first sergeant to sergeant.

This was the second break, and when Perkins went that morning to inspect the old church that served as quarters, he found the men congregated in little groups in the squad room. There was not the usual loud-voiced chatter and laughter, but a sullen murmur that dropped to quick silence when he entered. This was bad. There was nothing specific, but he instinctively felt that he was losing his hold. He chafed to do something to "smash these niggers," but there was nothing to seize upon; so he swore at a man loudly for not having his clothing arranged properly, and ordered him to the guard-house. When the officer left, the same ominous murmur arose in the quarters.

It was evident, also, that outside influences were beginning to work — the sign of the Katapunan. There was hardly a man in "B" Troop but had his *querida* or sweetheart among the native women. As one of the black soldiers remarked: "Ef de gem'men Filypinos had 'a' been as complacent as de ladies, der nevah would 'a' bin no insurrecshun nohow." In their off hours the men, in their grim anger, confided their troubles to these dusky females, and

the crafty women began to work upon the spirit of rebellion amongst the simple colored soldiers.

Why did they submit themselves to such a wretch as this *Teniente* Perkins? Why didn't they show him that they were men to be feared? Why did they allow that magnificent black comrade, Wilson, to be hanged, without making an effort to save him; when doing so would be the one thing that would make *Teniente* Perkins wild with rage? They were too cunning to urge open mutiny, but the seed they sowed gave growth to thought.

The darkies of "B" Troop were, first of all, soldiers. Subordination to the wills of their superiors was ingrained in their natures. They did not want to "buck," but it seemed as if the troop commander were trying to force them to rebel. They endeavored to forget the words of the Filipino women; but how could they, when all day long old Sergeant Wilson sat in the corner of the squad room, clasping and unclasping his straining hands; while on his sleeves were the marks where his first sergeant's chevrons had been ripped off?

Two more days dragged by, and conditions in the troop grew worse. Perkins had heard some loud-mouthed private baying forth incendiary, not to say uncomplimentary remarks; had placed the troop on the straight ration, and suppressed the pass list. The men wandered about the quarters with a nervous, preoccupied air. They did not look at each other. They felt that if they gave rein to their feelings, something horrible would happen. They did not want it to happen; they wanted to be good soldiers. But this man was forcing them; forcing their hands. There is a limit to everything. What he had done was nothing if they had deserved it. It was the rank injustice that made them furious. They felt that they must have some escape for their feelings or they would burst through the bonds. Consequently, when Sergeant Potter broached his scheme, they hailed it with acclamation. A little conference was held in one end of the quarters, and after it was over Potter went to speak to old Jeremiah.

The ex-first sergeant had taken no part in the proceedings — in fact, he knew nothing of them. He had stayed in his corner, where he had sat for the last three days, with his eyes fixed on the floor, clasping and unclasping his hands. Sergeant Potter sat down on a bunk beside him and touched him on the shoulder. The old man started.

"Look a yere, sarge, yer oughter take a brace. Me and the res' of de boys is mighty sorry fer yer — we showly is. But yer mussent grieve so, cause yer showly gwineter be sick ef yer does."

"I'se obleeged to yer, Potter, you and de boys."

"Yes, suh, me an de boys feels mighty bad cause yer got busted, an'— an' about the other things. Ef yer'll 'scuse me, sarge, fer talkin' about it, we wondered ef dere wahnt somethin' yer could do fur — fur Buff."

Seeing the drawn look come back to the older man's face, Potter continued hurriedly ——

"Thar now, sarge, I'se powerful sorry ef I'se hu't yoh feelin's, but me an' de boys thought ef yer'd telegraph to Division Headquatahs, dey might do somethin'. 'Twon't do no hahm, nohow."

He then went on and talked in such a persuasive strain that, in spite of his commonsense, a gleam of hope began to burn in Jeremiah's eyes. Yes, it would cost something, but the boys had got together a little purse to defray the expenses of the telegram. This could be turned over to the Lieutenant, who would doubtless have no difficulty in getting the necessary permission from the squadron commander. The old man had been inactive and without hope for so long that the idea of any effort embracing a chance of success aroused in him a fierce energy. Once persuaded, he was impatient to be at work. If anything were to be done, it must be done at once. In the next day and the next, Private Wilson's sands would have run out.

It was apparently a good omen that Lieutenant Perkins should walk into the quarters while they were talking. Potter and Jeremiah went to him without loss of time and respectfully broached their request. The rest of the men stood around at attention, trying to look as though they were not listening, but straining their ears to catch every word. The officer heard them through, and then burst out impatiently——

"Well, of all the wild-cat schemes I ever heard of, that is the worst. The idea, Wilson, of a man of your length of service proposing such a thing. Hanging is too good for that son of yours, and you know it. I'll have nothing to do with this, and don't want to hear any more of it. That'll do now."

The silence that followed these words was silence indeed. Every man in the room caught them, and there was not one of the fifty present who did not feel a hot, uncomfortable throbbing at his temples.

In the old sergeant, the last connecting link of discipline was strained nearly to the breaking point. An angry gleam appeared in his eyes, and he said in a low, shaking voice:

"Ve'ly well, Suh, I shall go to de commandin' officah."

"All right, you can do as you please about that; but you will hear from it," and Perkins walked into the orderly room, where he proceeded to make life miserable for the subdued wretch who was acting first sergeant of the troop.

In a few minutes the commanding officer's orderly presented the commanding officer's compliments to Lieutenant Perkins, and informed him that the commanding officer would like to see him at the office.

Major Don Carlos Bliss, who was known throughout the service as a splendid soldier, did not think much of Perkins. He had had his eye on "B" Troop lately, and did not like the looks of things a little bit. He was a man of strong convictions and never hesitated to express them. He had known old Jeremiah Wilson for years, and when he learned of the latter's reduction, his opinion that Perkins was a fool was duly confirmed. He knew that much of the lieutenant's irritability was due to "nerves" acquired by a steady and conscientious course of drinking, with which procedure he had no patience.

Perkins, when he entered, found the sergeant standing at the desk.

"Mr. Perkins," the Major said shortly, "while Sergeant Wilson's request is a little out of the ordinary, I have no objection to his sending a telegram through this office. I can put no recommendation for clemency in it, however, for I consider the sentence a just one. When you get this message drafted the way Sergeant Wilson wants it, bring it to me, and let me see it, and," he concluded, looking Perkins steadily in the eye from under his bushy brows, "I advise you to do it at once."

The telegram went that afternoon. The plea for clemency was based, principally, upon Sergeant Wilson's years of faithful service, and the fact that his son was too young to appreciate the enormity of his crime.

Twenty-four hours passed, and there was no answer to the message. In that time Sergeant Jeremiah Wilson drank deeply of the bitter cup. He had aged suddenly in the last two weeks. Brooding in the hot, sticky, tropical days is not good for a man, especially when that man is no longer young. Shapes and shadows in the brain grow rapidly, and soon assume enormous proportions. Now the fluctuating tides of hope and despair gnawed steadily at the weakened foundation of his reason. The men of the troop were more restless and ill at ease than ever. They had lost sight of the fact that the prisoner's guilt was as black as the mouth of the pit. All they saw was a darky soldier clinging tenaciously to his life, and the agony of that darky's father. Each sympathetic trooper had begotten a personal interest that ruled him completely. Besides, the mad hatred they bore Perkins and the hope of backsetting him led them on. Shapes and shadows were growing in their minds also.

Twenty-seven hours after the appeal was sent to Division Headquarters a signal corps private walked into "B" Troop's barracks and asked for Sergeant Jeremiah Wilson. When the latter was pointed out, the man handed him the familiar yellow envelope, with the crossed signal flags on the cover, and the burning torch. An instant quiet fell in the room, as Jeremiah received the crackling paper. He took it deliberately, and with trembling fingers fumbled for his glasses. Deliberately he put them on, and deliberately abstracted the message from the envelope, while the silent troopers watched him with fascinated gaze. He unfolded the paper and stared at it, then, taking off his glasses, wiped them and stared again; but it was no use, the mist dimmed the lenses.

"Heah, Potter, you read hit," he said finally with unsteady voice. "De light's too bad. Ah can't see."

Sergeant Potter took the telegram and spelled it out slowly:

MANILA, P. I., OCT. 2, 1900.
5.30 P. M.

SERGEANT J. WILSON,
TR. "B," 19TH CAV.
(Thro the Commanding Officer Guinibongbong, P. I.)

The Division Commander will take no action nor grant any delay in case of Private B. Wilson, Ninteenth Cavalry. Has no objection to laying of case before President provided cable is without expense to government. Upon receipt of cable through this office indicating that such action is contemplated order of suspension will be issued.

By order MAJOR GENERAL WHEATLEY,
CASTIN, ADJUTANT GENERAL.

So that was the end of it. The irony, the humor of giving permission to lay the case before the President; by cable, too, with cablegrams only costing fifty cents a word! What magnanimity, what sarcasm, in sending such permission to a negro sergeant drawing twenty-six dollars a month! It would have been better for Jeremiah's peace of mind if that part had been left out. After it was over, and in the years to come, he would never be able to escape the thought that one thing more might have been done to save Buff's life — that once chance was left untried because of the lack of a few paltry dollars. Potter handed back the telegram slowly, and Jeremiah walked out into the darkness to fight his fight alone.

The sergeant stopped on the small stone porch and looked out into the town plaza. The clouds

were low and dark in the late twilight, and as he stood, a few big drops fell, slowly increasing until there was a heavy down-pour. The rains had come, and soon the monotonous roar on the metal roofs, steady as the beating of a giant heart, told that the earth was receiving its semi-annual deluge.

Jeremiah stood in a small niche where he was partially exposed to the rain. When it and the water from a broken gutter, striking a balustrade beside him, splashed him with fine spray, he made no effort to move. Why should he care? He was only a worthless old nigger. A little wetness more or less would make no difference. A carelessness for all things earthly and pertaining to his own worn-out old body grew upon him. Then he suddenly ceased to think of himself. The sound of the rain in his ears seemed to be boring into his brain. Steady, inexorable, unanswerable as fate, it weighed upon him like a giant hand, and it came to him that he was comparing that roar to the death that was approaching his son.

When old Jeremiah left the squad room, there had been general silence for a time, and then events began to move rapidly, as they continued to do until the end of this peculiar episode. Sergeant Potter stood for a moment, with his hands behind his back, gazing at the floor, then he looked up, and cried out to the whole room:

"Look a heah, boys, is yer gwine ter be beat dis a way? Is yer gwine ter tuck yer tails atween yer laigs, and say 'let 'er go!' as long as dere is a chanst? Is yer goin' to 'low dat monkey-faced lootinint to grin at yer sarcastic? Yer know me. I'se as strong fur discipline as any pu'son; but dere's a eend to every man's patience." He jerked a hat off a bunk near him, and threw it down. "Dis is all de dough I got in de worl'," he said, holding up two silver dollars, "but she'll send fo' words to de Presydent of dese United States, so heah she goes," and he tossed them into the hat at his feet. "Come on, boys, dem as wants to be high-tone and pass de time o' day with de Presydent, chip in."

As soon as they grasped the idea, the appeal was effectual. Out came all the cash the black men had. It was mostly Mex. *medio pesos* and *pesetas*, for "pay day, pay day" had not sounded for over a month. The silver jingled merrily into the hat, and the affair became a sort of jollification, each man vying with the others to see how much more he could "dig up." Their volatile natures, guided solely by impulse and an undercurrent of generosity, led them to give all they had without thinking. Man after man, in high good-humor, plunged his hands into some corner of his box locker and raked up little hoards of cash that he had saved for tobacco, soap, and such necessities. However, when the silver was poured on the bed and counted, Sergeant Potter scratched his woolly head.

"Tain't no kinder use, boys. Twenty-fo' dollars an' ten cents. Dat'll sen' fo'ty-eight big words and one little 'un. Dat ain't nowhere near a'nuf. He'd show'ly feel mightly slighted, de Presydent would, ef we did'n sen' 'im no mo' talk dan dat. We gotter 'spress dis thing logical an' ellygant, ur he won't take no notice uf it, none whatever. We nacherally gotter have mo' uf de muzuma."

This was very discouraging, and produced more deep thought and head rubbing, until Private Andy Smith broke out:

"Well, dis ain't no time fer tu back out. Damn de 17th Article uv Wah*! Jess watch my smoke, niggers."

The rest of the men observed him curiously as he shouldered his way out of the circle. He went to his gold medal cot, and jerking off one of the fine, heavy army blankets, spread it on the floor. Then he rummaged amongst the clothing in his locker, and taking out a pair of extra shoes, a flannel shirt, and a white stable suit, rolled them into his blanket. Throwing the bundle thus made over his shoulder, he stalked out into the rain.

The effect of this eminently lawless example was instantaneous. The splendid regulation blankets and flannel shirts were at a premium among the natives, and the market was never dull. They could be coined into *pesos* on sight. There was a grand rush, and soon the blankets and spare articles of clothing went forth into the night, lugged by their respective owners. Shortly the darkies, wet and steaming, began to stamp back into the quarters, and the "dobie dollars" again clinked into the crown of Potter's old campaign hat.

Lieutenant Roger Williams Perkins was what is known as a solitary drinker. They are the worst kind. They drink by themselves, and purely for the effect. Doubtless their mental processes at such times are curious indeed.

The rain was falling steadily outside. There was no chance that any of the other men would come in to-night. Perkins sat alone at his table, as he had sat since six o'clock. It was now eight, and as he reached to take "another one," he heard two persons coming up the steps.

*Art. 17. Any soldier who sells, or through neglect loses or spoils his horse, arms, clothing, or accoutrements, shall be punished as a court martial may adjudge, subject to such humiliations as may be prescribed by the President, by virtue of the power vested in him.

He swore to himself and set the glass down. Turning, he found Sergeants Potter and Wilson at the head of the stairs, their dripping hats in their hands. Their ponchos glistened in the lamp-light, and from them ran little streams of water that gathered in globular pools, like quick-silver, on the oiled floor.

Perkins, of course, had heard of the answer to the telegram, and had thought the matter closed; but now these niggers had come to trouble him again. They came forward, trailing their streams of water behind them. He heard them through. He answered them craftily, smiling behind his hand, with the cunning born of the fog in his brain. Shortly they went away again, leaving on the table a pile of silver. Cable the President! What a joke! and he chuckled aloud. He would teach them to come and worry him with their foolishness.

Still the rain roared on the roof. Still he sat and drank, and drank again, until the lamplight grew sick and wan in the damp gray day.

The first sergeant, with the Morning Report, found Perkins seated in the same place. Perkins signed the book in a sprawling scrawl, and the sergeant went his way. The Chino cook brought the meals, and then came and took them off again. The day dragged through, the gray evening fell; the rain streamed down; and still the officer sat as before.

At eight fifteen he looked up to find Wilson and Potter before him. There were the same glistening ponchos, the same little streams of water, the same pools on the oiled floor. He himself sat in the same place. The soldiers might have been gone ten minutes instead of twenty-four hours, for all the change there was in the scene. Only the pile of silver had disappeared.

No, no answer to the cablegram had been received, and Perkins could hardly conceal his desire to roar with laughter, as the two turned and trailed their streams of water back down the stairs.

At four o'clock he wobbled to the bed and threw himself down with all his clothes on. He awoke at six, and, getting up uncertainly, went to the window and looked out. Still rain and murky grayness everywhere. As he stood, the assembly went; for when a man is to be hanged, a little thing like rain does not interfere. Perkins turned from the window quickly, and plunged his head into a basin of cold water. Then, in spite of the early hour, he took a stiff "bracer," and throwing on his slicker, went out. At the foot of the stairs he found the orderly with the horses, and, mounting with suspicious care, he rode to the stables.

The troop was in ranks and waiting. Before the roll was called, Sergeant Wilson, his face drawn and wrinkled like old parchment, came forward and asked hesitatingly if there were any news from Washington. The officer shook his head. The cords in the old negro's throat worked convulsively, and he requested rather brokenly that he might be excused from this formation, and be allowed to remain in charge of quarters.

"No," the Lieutenant replied thickly; "there is no reason why *you* should be excused any more than any one else. The regular man will remain in charge of quarters." The whole troop heard, as he intended they should. The "bracer" was getting in its work, and Perkins was feeling good again. The wily schemes, the shapes and shadows of the previous night, were growing in his brain once more. He would teach these niggers who was who.

And so they took Private Buff Wilson out into the falling rain and hanged him. In the center of the square, formed by the squadron he had disgraced, he paid the price. The solemn hills, shrouded in mist, looked down, sadly, impassively. They were not more motionless on their everlasting foundations than was Sergeant Jeremiah Wilson, sitting his big bay like a granite statue, the tragedy of the ages and of his race deep in the hollow sockets of his eyes. For is it not written: "*A servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren*"?

The signal was given. The trap fell with a bang; the spray flew from the snapping rope; and Private Wilson was jerked unceremoniously into the presence of his Maker. Justice was satisfied, and the account was balanced.

When a man is hanged, he must be buried. To bury a man it takes a detail in charge of a non-commissioned officer. The non-commissioned officer is designated by name from the sergeant-major's office. He is also chosen by roster in his proper order. It happened to be Sergeant Jeremiah Wilson's turn for duty. Consequently Sergeant Jeremiah Wilson was told off to bury his own son.

There was no detachment, no ceremony, no firing squad—only an escort wagon containing a black Q. M. coffin, upon which were perched four or five wet, disconsolate troopers armed with picks and shovels. Old Jeremiah followed, mounted, a feverish light in his eyes and drops of moisture standing on his grizzled mustache. So he went forth and saw them consign to earth the clod that had been his son — or rather, consign to water, for the grave was half full when they reached it. He did not see it, either; but he heard it.

He heard the splash as the casket was dropped into the half-filled grave. He heard the grating

of the bamboo poles used to hold it down until the earth could be placed upon it. He heard the sucking and bubbling as the water forced its way in and the air forced its way out. He heard the splash of the muddy clay until the heaviness of it seemed to descend upon his own heart. The shapes and shadows struggled to and fro in his aching brain until they triumphed. Sergeant Wilson, to the naked eye as sane as any man, was mad; mad as a hatter.

He went back to the quarters and to his old corner. There, as before, he sat hour after hour, clasping and unclasping his hands. At times he startled all in hearing by throwing back his head and laughing harshly. The men regarded him furtively and with uneasiness.

The dreary night, with its drearier unending rain, had dropped once more. Lieutenant Perkins was seated in his old place. He had been there since the execution in the morning. This was the longest session he had ever indulged in; but the moral fiber degenerates rapidly in the tropics. Besides, the friendly rain had curtained him and kept away the spoil-sports. All day he had sat communing with the shapes and shadows. And it was very pleasant. He had triumphed.

Lately, however, an unpleasant idea had been flitting elusively through his consciousness — a something that marred the full measure of his achievement. Time and again he almost grasped it, only to have it slip from him. What was it? What was it?

Ah, yes; he had it. They were, as yet, ignorant of how he had fooled them! They must know it to make the joy complete. What sport to take their money back to them and tell them to their faces what monkeys he had made of them! Why not do it now? Yes; what a brilliant idea! He would do it at once.

Just before call to quarters Perkins staggered into the main squad room. The men stood to attention and observed him with wonder. He was soaking wet, and the water was streaming down from his uncovered hair. Without speaking, he walked to the end of the big nara-wood table in the center of the room, and began to take silver coins from his bulging pockets. He clawed out handfuls of them and planked them down in a pile; the smaller ones leaking through his fingers and falling to the stone floor, where they rolled away with musical tinklings, or hid themselves in the cracks. Finally, when he had succeeded, with laborious care, in extracting one last dime from the depths of his pocket, he said thickly, waving his arms with an all-embracing oratorical gesture:

"All you men come here." The troopers moved close, and formed on three sides of the table. They stepped quietly, some hint of what was to be having come to them.

"Got somethin' to tell you. You think you are very smart, doncher? You think you—" he rubbed his forehead reflectively and struggled for words. What *was* it he wanted to tell them? Oh, yes; that was it. "You think you're smart, doncher?" and he leaned forward on the table, peering around the circle; "but 'cher all damn fools. Me, I'm a smart man," and he indicated the center button of his blouse with his thumb, drawing himself up haughtily.

"You thought I cabled to the President, din'cher?" he continued, leaning forward again, and returning to his confidential tone. "Not on your life. See, there's the money. What a joke," and he burst into drunken hilarity, reeling from side to side, while the tears ran down his face.

The quiet in the room was absolute, except for the officer's unholy mirth, and the steady fall of the rain. At the sound of that laughter, old Jeremiah, who had sat in his corner unmindful of the officer's presence, got up and came forward to the opposite end of the table. There was a dazed look in his face as though he were just waking from a deep sleep. He glanced around at the other negroes, standing silently with wide eyes, then at the drunken officer, and finally at the pile of silver. Then he knew. As soon as Perkins saw the old soldier, he chuckled with renewed glee.

"Hallo, sergeant, you ole fool. The joke's on you. Yessir, the joke's on you. You thought I cabled to the President; but I did'n'. Nosir, I did'n'." And he went off into renewed peals of laughter.

Suddenly he stopped short. He saw that there was no appreciation of his witticisms; only a blur of blank black faces and white, rolling eyes.

"Why don't you laugh, you damn apes? You damn black idiots, why don't you laugh? You —— you ——"

He ceased quickly, for another voice broke the silence. It was old Sergeant Wilson speaking. No one could tell when he had begun. He stood slightly crouched, with his hands on the edge of the table. His face was absolutely blank and expressionless, while his eyes were fixed on the officer with a tense, glassy stare. His voice was cold and monotonous, without rise or fall, halt or intonation, and seemed to be more the wail of the spirit rising from somewhere deep within him than the voice of the flesh.

"You heah that, boys? You heah what he says? He calls us apes; us that God made as well as him. 'Cause we ahr black he calls us apes. We ahr no better dan de dirt undah his feet. He tooken ouh money an' fooled us, an'

now he is laughin' 'cause he fooled us. He tooken ouh money and lied to us. An' while he wuz a-foolin' us, us apes, dey taken mah boy, mah baby, out an' killed him. Out in de rain. An' ah heered de trap fall, an' de rope snap. An' *he* heered it, an' laughed when he heered it!"

As he spoke, the sergeant never took his eyes from the officer's face, and moved slowly around the table, crouching a little, and creeping stealthily as a beast of prey might move upon an animal that it was attempting to fascinate. And the officer was being fascinated. He stood as though transfixed, his jaw hanging and his straining glance bent on the approaching soldier.

The body of troopers was getting restless. Their eyes, too, had taken on a peculiar shine, and were all focused upon the white face of the officer.

The wail of that dead, monotonous voice was to these negroes as the call of the wild. It touched a chord in them that antedated the deluge. They moved closer, imperceptibly, and moistened their dry lips with their tongues. There is something mortally appalling in that simple action. The dead voice continued: "An' dey sent me out to bury him, my own baby. An' *he* laughed when ah went. Ah seen 'im laugh. An' dey tooken mah boy and put 'im in a deep black grave; an' de col', col' watah wuz on 'im an' raoun' 'im, an' ah heerd it splash when dey put 'im thar. An' he is thar now, in de col' black grave, an' de watah is on 'im, an' ah kin feel de watah; an' de dirt is a-weighin' me down. Heah on my ches'. An' dis man is a-laughin' at us an' says hit is a joke!"

The old sergeant was now within three feet of the officer. The latter was gray as putty, and sober. It did not take the inclosing circle, the heavy breathing, the wild, staring eyes and tight-drawn lips to tell him his danger. He felt the Presence. The air was pregnant with it. He took a step backward and moved his stiff lips as though to speak; but there was no sound. The voice went on:

"He laughed at us; but he won't laugh no moah. God done made 'im to look lak a man; but he ain't no man. He is a snake an' creeps in de grass. God sez in his book dat all snakes mus' be killed an'—" the sergeant took another step; the officer took a step backward, and the crowd surged forward with a quick, hoarse gasp. Then the terror gripped him, and turning, the officer made a dash for the door.

Again the circle closed in as the sea surges up upon the land. There were tossing arms; there was the hissing of breath through clenched teeth, the sickening thud of blows, and a gurgling cry of mortal agony. Then the sea surged out again, and there on the floor lay the thing that had been Lieutenant Roger Williams Perkins.

The ring of negroes stood fast. Their shoulders rose and fell as their convulsive breaths were indrawn and exhaled. They seemed to be wondering what had happened. Several raised their hands and observed them curiously, first one and then the other, as though they were strange objects never seen before. One placed his fingers to his nose and smelt them furtively. Another tried to rub off the thick, dark stain, but with little success. The "moving finger" had written.

When the catastrophe occurred, five or ten of the weak-kneed had rushed from the building, and even as these guilty ones stood there, there was a clatter of arms outside. Some one yelled: "the guahd," and they knew that their deeds had overtaken them.

In the momentary pandemonium that followed, old Sergeant Wilson was heard calling above the din: "Out with dem lights! Pile de bunks agin' de doahs an' winders!" They had learned to obey that voice before, in many a tight place, and now it had its old-time ring. So they went and did. A saber hilt rattled on the portal. "Open the door! This is the officer of the guard."

"To hell wiff de officah of de guahd. Open hit yo'se'f!" was bellowed in reply. The strain was relieved, and the sally was greeted with a wild yapping from the rest, such as might have risen from a den of trapped wolves. Several ran to the windows. There was a sputtering volley of carbine shots, and Troop "B," 19th U. S. Cavalry, was in open mutiny.

Now when a troop of United States cavalry rises against those in authority, incidents begin to occur at once. The times when such a thing has happened can be counted on the fingers of one hand, with some digits to spare. There was, in this case, no room for parley or exchange of flags of truce. The thing with which the ants were already busy there on the floor was an uncontrovertible fact. Consequently, there being no grounds upon which to arbitrate the matter, the mutineers blazed away cheerfully at anything that showed itself on the plaza. They had now nothing to lose.

Then, shortly, there sounded from the guardhouse, through the rain-drenched night, the call that jerks the soldier out of his bunk, all standing, from any sleep but that of death: the "call to arms."

In fifteen minutes "B" Troop's quarters were surrounded on all sides by the other troops of the squadron, the men of which, from safe cover, observed the carbine flashes and wild yells

emanating therefrom with mild surprise, and wondered "what de hell had broke loose."

Major Bliss sat under the smoky lantern at the guard-house, surrounded by the officers of the station. He questioned sharply the men who had escaped from "B" Troop's barracks. At intervals he swore mightily and cursed the day that Roger Williams Perkins was born.

"And to think that old Wilson should be at the head of this! Old Wilson, of all men! Why, he is worth fifty thousand Perkinses, dead or alive. I am only sorry that Perkins didn't get away. I should like to have got hold of him myself, damn him."

There was no hesitation in the makeup of Major Bliss. He intended to suppress this outbreak in a manner that would tend to discourage any such ebullitions in the future. Consequently, he made his dispositions with grimness and determination. His plan was simple, his orders being to "rush 'em and give 'em hell." His greatest regret was that the interests of discipline should make such a step necessary, since he was sure that a majority of the mutineers had acted upon impulse, and were already excessively sorry for themselves.

In the midst of these untoward events, the "Tarlac," coastwise transport blew into the bay through the murk and rain, and Captain North, of "B" Troop, the "Ole Cap'n," returned to the station. Hearing the shots and yells, he concluded that the Major was "shooting up the town," and splashed hurriedly to his quarters for his saber and revolver. There in the darkness he stumbled over his *muchacho*, who had deposited himself at the foot of the steps and was earnestly beseeching his patron saint to have him spared this once; promising an altar cloth and innumerable candles if he should be allowed to exist long enough to secure them, thus putting on that gentleman's intercession a premium that he trusted would be effective. The Captain being naturally impulsive, the accident did not improve his temper to any appreciable extent. Besides this, the matches were wet, and there was no oil in the lamp. Consequently he had to search for his weapons in the dark. After falling over his bunk and numberless chairs, and upsetting his field desk, he found his saber and revolver, only to discover that both, owing to the neglect of that same sanctified *muchacho* on the stairs, were covered with rust; that the cylinder of the revolver would not revolve; and that at least two strong men and a boy would be required to coax the saber from its scabbard!

All this while the shooting and yelling were going on, and by the time he splashed out into the rain once more, the good Captain was what is technically known as "mad as a hornet!" He started on a run to "B" Troop's quarters, to take command of his men, only to be stopped by a sentinel, who informed him that "B" Troop was in no mood to be taken command of, and that he had "bettah go to de guahd-house." Being ordered to the guard-house by a private did not tend to quiet his state of mind any, even when the situation was explained. By the time he burst in on the assembled officers at the post of the guard, Captain North was madder than ever.

"What the devil is going on here, Bliss? What's this I hear about 'B' Troop's busting loose? This is a hell of a state of affairs."

"That is just what I think, North, and very neatly expressed," the Major replied dryly. "Lovely discipline you have in that band of Indians of yours. They've mutinied, no less, and apparently they have got Perkins. A nice——"

"Mutinied, have they? Why, the infernal black scoundrels," almost roared the irate officer, striding up and down the room. "Mutinied, have they? What the devil do they mean by doing a thing like that without saying anything to me about it? I'll mutiny 'em! Don't you interfere with me, Bliss," he continued, halting in his walk, "don't you interfere with me. This is my troop, and I can handle them. Don't you interfere with me."

"My dear North, no one has shown any inclination to interfere with you, has he?"

"That's right," and the Captain continued his march, "that's right. I can attend to these gentlemen. This plan of rushing them, though, is all wrong, all wrong"; and he stopped again. "They'll fight, fight like the devil. I ought to know. I've seen them do it often enough. You'll lose good men. In opposing them with force you recognize the strength in them. What you need is moral force. One man power. Same principle in training lions. Same principle. If a lion-tamer went into a cage of ten lions with ten men, he'd have trouble on his hands from the jump; but he can go alone and bluff 'em. Same principle here. If I could get into the middle of that bunch over there without their seeing me until I *was* there, I'd scare them out of ten years' growth. How to get there, that's the question."

"Why, North, you are crazy. They'd get you, sure. They'd eat you up, man."

"Eat *me* up? Why, they'd as soon think of tackling the late Mr. Peter Jackson. They know me. How to get there, that's the question. Walking across the plaza they couldn't tell *me* from any one else."

"Beg yoah pahdin', sah," and Private Massay of "B" Troop, who was the commanding officer's orderly for the day, spoke up, "Ef de Cap'n could git in through de little doah in

de stoah-room, and go through de kitchen, I speck he could git in widout bein' ketched."

"Right, Massay, the very thing. Somebody give me a lantern. Confound it, one of you men get me a lantern, and be quick about it." A member of the guard gave him the required article, and concealing it carefully under his poncho, he went quickly out. The Major and other officers jumped up and followed. All the way down the dreary, rain-swept street the Major attempted to persuade the Captain to give up his foolhardy enterprise, but without result. Finally, when they reached the cordon of surrounding troops, the senior officer said:

"Well, North, this is absolutely absurd, and out of the question. If you insist, I shall have to give you an order not to go."

"No, you won't do that, Bliss." The Captain's anger had left him now, and he spoke quietly. "We have known each other a long time, and seen a lot of service together. You won't take advantage of your rank to stop me now. I am only doing what you would do in my place. It is my troop. The shame and disgrace are mine. You won't stop me now."

The Major hesitated a moment and then spoke slowly, and with evident feeling:

"Well — well. Have your way; but be careful, John, be careful."

They saw him move quietly along under the shadow of a wall, cross the street, and disappear in a small side door of "B" Troop's quarters. He was not discovered.

For the last half hour the silence and the blackness of the grave had existed in "B" Troop's big squad room. The "shouting and the tumult" had died a lingering death. One cannot yell and hurl challenge indefinitely, and shouting up one's courage begins to lose its efficacy if long continued. One big-lunged mutineer had held out with his firing and bellowing until the nerves of the rest could stand it no longer. They then rudely suppressed him. He sounded so absurdly and pathetically foolish. He was typical of their own status. "One nigger shootin' a bluff at de whole United States Army!" They realized that with fifty it was no less idiotic.

If it had not been for old Wilson passing stealthily to and fro among them, with that wild light in his eyes, and those crazy mumblings, doubtless there would have, already, been breaks in the ranks. But no; there was that other thing, lying over there where it fell. There was no use now; there could be no looking back. Each turned wearily to his door or window and renewed his wide-eyed effort to pierce the web of blackness over the square. And the everlasting rain still fell.

A door swung cautiously somewhere. There was the sound of some one moving with steady, determined step down the center of the room. Then, without warning, their unaccustomed eyes were momentarily blinded by a light taken suddenly from under a poncho; and there in the center of the room stood a lone officer; in one hand a lantern, in the other a big blue revolver.

For an instant there was no movement. Then there was a counter reaction. With the snarl of wild animals, the fifty negroes sprang toward the center of the room. Sergeant Wilson was first. With a cry of: "Kill him! kill him!" he bounded over a bunk, and landed within three feet of the officer, revolver upraised. As he did so, the officer lifted the lantern to a level with his own face. The sergeant stopped. The whole circle halted, as though Circe had transfixed them. They had recognized the "Ole Cap'n."

"Well, Wilson." At the sound of the voice the old negro's countenance changed instantly. It became the face of a man in mortal anguish, as indeed he was. In that moment the scales had fallen from his vision. He saw his position clearly in the light of the sorrowful glance from the "ole Cap'n's" eyes. It was as though the main pillar of the heavens had been pulled out, and the skies were thundering down about his dazed old ears.

"Oh, Gawd, oh, Gawd!" he groaned, putting one hand to his head, and rocking it from side to side, as though the pain there were more than he could stand.

"Oh, Gawd, oh, Gawd." The revolver was lowered slowly from its upraised position, and suddenly, before the officer could stop him, the sergeant turned it against himself. There was a flash, an earsplitting report, and the old soldier sank to the floor. There he stretched himself wearily, as though for a long sleep, and Sergeant Jeremiah Wilson, of the "old Army," was gathered to his fathers.

The Captain turned away abruptly. He knew that old Wilson was a good shot.

"Open the doors," he said to the troopers, as though he had been telling them good morning. Compliance to that voice, raised in command, was to these soldiers a second nature. There was not the slightest hesitation. With eager alacrity they hastened to obey, like children who had been caught misbehaving.

In the first faintness of the dawn the tired-faced troopers cheerfully filed out and formed in front of the quarters, each one, as he passed through the door, depositing his arms at the officer's feet. Oh, but it was good to be on the right side again; and the "ole Cap'n" would take care of his own.

THE SINGER'S HEART

BY

HARRIS MERTON LYON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. B. MASTERS

"I never cared for the singer's fame,
But, oh, for the singer's heart
Once more —
The bleeding, passionate heart!"—"B. V."

THESE are a few films from the human biograph of Harry Barnes, old actor. You know, when you are old, you accept life with more or less of a sigh of quiet acquiescence, and by your cozy fire you sit and nod to an inner voice, a gentle old voice which over and over whispers and murmurs — "Once upon a time, once upon a time." And possibly Barnes would have nodded, too, but he lacked the cozy fire. Life has its dramatic unities, it would seem, and if one thing or another is awry we are apt not to perform as the book says we should. No cozy fire, says the Great Stage Manager; no nodding acquiescence, replies the Mummer in the Play.

Barnes listened, it is true, over and over to the voice which murmured "Once upon a time," but he sat not by a comfortable open grate, amid grandchildren. Instead, he lurked in East Fourteenth Street amid decaying agents' offices, hunting a chance to do a bad monologue in a worse vaudeville show. He had outlasted his time; he could not get work. He lived on those two heartless things, Hope and Memory. And for all I know he is living on them yet.

Now, you will not in your careless youth or your sceptical maturity find beauty in this story, you will not "get under the skin" of it, as the saying is, unless you have stopped sometime in your busy going, to consider, aside and with understanding, the pathos of the old actor. It is a curiously poignant human thing, written about by a few, suffered by many, and ignored by the loud, inordinate world.

The old actor out of employment! A target for jokes, a piece of battered, ancient "property" cluttering up a new and very busy stage. You smile at his curious figure, unconscious of the broken misery that aches beneath, where life has died and living goes paradoxically on;

and only sometimes late at night do you get a part of that hidden ache when you hear old legs drag weary feet up the boarding-house stairs, past your door and on up into the skylight room on the roof, despondently to bed; and you know that the old man has had another unsuccessful day among the agents and the managers. You can sometimes interpret the querulous little laugh over the thin oatmeal at breakfast, sometimes you can guess the water in the rapidly winking eyes; but of course you do not proclaim your deductions. Civilization is a process of making less noise about things.

This is a segment of the life-film of Harry Barnes, old actor, as he traveled the stones of Fourteenth Street. Not the Rialto, where fat men adorned with fat diamonds smoke fat cigars in order to narcotize fat consciences; but Fourteenth Street, grimy with old, sparsely-tenanted buildings, where theatrical offices three flights up bargain for the driblets of trade among the low music-halls and the cheapest vaudeville houses, where niggardly, gray-haired agents have for two generations sat among their dusty contracts and their rusty pens, haggling over bread-and-water salaries with the jetsam of a too-volatile profession.

Harry was old and dropsical with drink, a sad hero for a careless story. The only ideal he had ever had, besides one, was to arrive at the fine fame of printer's ink: headlines, bill-boards, critical notices, reproductions of his photograph. But this was long ago. He had longed to be chronicled in his time, preëminent and large; this he had desired with that hungry passion for display which only an actor can feel. But this, remember, was once upon a time. His other ideal — no need to mention it amid Momus and his mimes! — was to sway people with laughter and tears, to burn them with romance, to chasten them with tragedy, to carry them with him in his frenzy, to play upon them with his art.

Art! Do you care for a grotesque, serious evening in its humblest presence? Have you time to listen, over beer glass and cigarette, to a broken-down old actor out of a job?

Barnes was incongruously named when he was given the name of Harry. It is a flippant name. It calls up merriness, youth, bravado, color, song. Barnes was forty-nine, streaked with grey, heart-sick, pallid, shuffling, timorous, sorry, and forlorn. Three decades of grease paint had made his skin flabby; and three decades of what the grease paint stood for had done likewise by his soul. It was thus that he drifted from doorway to doorway in Fourteenth Street, down by the Elevated, where dry little agents told him in dry little voices that there was nothing for him from day to day. It was thus that he dragged his feet up the boarding-house stairs to his skylight room, night after night, carrying the two heartless fardels, Hope and Memory.

HARRY BARNES, OLD ACTOR

It was approaching a certain holiday, a holiday which came on Sunday.

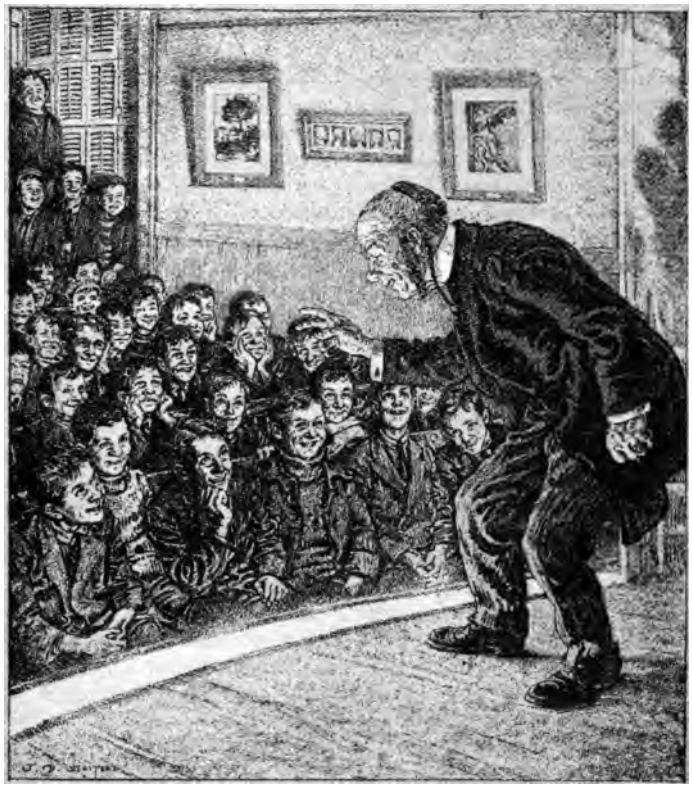
"Harry," said old Tony Sanderson, after he had finished informing the actor that there was no news for him, "why don't you do a little press-agent work for yourself? Get your name in the paper. That might help you get something to do."

The other listened despondently.

"Now here's a chance," went on the agent, in a confidential tone. "No money in it, of course, but, as I said, there's a chance to get into print. Some sort of a newsboys' benefit bunch is going to get together Sunday night and give a little entertainment fer the kids up in Beals' gymnasium on the Bowery. They're callin' for volunteers among the actors. You take your monologue stunt down there and get onto the program. The newspapers always plays up this newsboy dope strong and you'll get a good mention sure. Clip the notices and *then* you've got somethin' to flash. See?"

Barnes stood uneasily by the desk. "I — I don't know, Tony," he answered. "To tell yuh the truth, I'd be a little bit scared to try it. Yuh see, I — well, if you wasn't an old friend of mine, I couldn't say it — but, confidentially, Tony, I — I've kind o' lost my grip. I'm a — a back number, Tony. I'm afraid o' them kids; they're too wise. My old act wouldn't go." He waited, awkwardly; then, as if he hoped he were wrong, he asked: "Would it?"

Sanderson snapped his grim eyes. "What 're yuh tryin' to put it on fer, at all, then — if yuh think it won't take with a gang of



"HE GRINNED AND WINKED AND FRISKED AND CAPERED"

kids at a free doin's?" Then his tone softened. "Look here, Harry. It'll only be ten or twenty minutes. Go ahead. You'll get through all right. You ain't as much of a dead one as you think you are."

Barnes straightened up. It was all right for him to make a slight confession, but Sanderson had wounded his professional vanity. "A dead one!" he exclaimed. "Certainly not. Harry Barnes a dead one! After a thirty years' career in the companies of the best ——"

The agent shoved a card in his hand and cut him off short. "Go around there and tell 'em to put you down for a monologue." And Harry went, with dignity and misgivings.

His misgivings were all the more increased when he saw the list of promised performers: La Belle Marie, the famous little toe dancer in her attractive transformations; the Brothers Zincatello, Risley experts at the Hippodrome; Julian Jokes, "in his inimitable Hebrew monologue"; the Seven Sebastians, the world's most marvelous Herculean acrobatic performers; Mlle. Joujou, the popular singing comedienne, Prima Donna and Star, direct from her unusual and most distinguished triumph at the Palace Theater, London; and a dozen more of the younger and more popular people of the stage, all adorned with adjectives and hyperbole. Down at the bottom of the list with a trembling pencil he wrote: "Harry Barnes, Singing and Talking." Then he shook hands with the secretary of the organization and walked back to his boarding-house in a mild fever of excitement.

In his room he went eagerly about his work. He rehearsed again and again his meager little bag of tricks, his funny Irishman, his Chinaman — no, the Chinaman came first, because he used the queue afterward to wrap around his chin and simulate Irish "galloways" — his Dutch comedian monologue about married life, his old-time songs and dances. He furbished up some old "patter" and injected new anecdotes. And this he kept up morning and evening until the notable Sunday came.

He was so nervous, this old actor of a thousand parts, that he could eat no supper that night. He almost trotted to the gymnasium in his excitement, and, though his pockets bulged with grease paint, mustaches, wigs, and other paraphernalia, he forgot almost half of his material. At the door he had to push his way through a wriggling, impish mass of small boys who blocked the steps and the sidewalk. In-

side the hall, young faces packed the place to the window-sills. To the old man the newsboys seemed as so many antagonistic bits of the younger generation, the generation which evidently would have none of him, which relegated him carelessly to the warehouse for old scenery and old settings.

He stood in dismay behind an extemporized "wing" and peered out at the restless little bodies. He fancied already that he could see grins on their sophisticated faces, ridicule in their eyes; he remembered once hearing a gallery god shout "Twenty-three!" in the middle of an actor's monologue, and what had then seemed humorous precocity now seemed hard, bitter cruelty. He fumbled at his make-up in his pockets, shuffled uneasily, and waited.

It was almost time to begin. Where were the other actors who had promised to come? The boys out front were whistling, kicking their feet upon the floor, clapping their hands, and shouting to one another. A distracted official raced here and there among other officials, asking some sort of exasperated question. Barnes could not hear what it was; but telepathically he felt that there was a hitch in the program.

At last, after waiting a quarter of an hour, the manager stepped forward and said:

"Boys, we had arranged a fine program for you to-night ——"

"Good fer you!" yelled a voice.

The speaker held up his hand. "But it seems that actors are better *promisers* than they are *actors*." He smiled at his own joke, but the audience gave one long "Aw-w-w!"

"However," he continued, "we are all here now and we intend to do the best we can. If we make up our mind to, we can have a bully good time just the same. We have with us at least one kind gentleman who appreciates what a celebration like this means to the boys." . . . Barnes heard and saw things as if through a fog. The arms of the speaker were gyrating and a voice shouted in the ear of the old actor: "What's your name?"

"Harry Barnes," he said, moistening his lips. Nobody had shown up except him, he kept thinking over and over to himself: nobody except him. He had the thankless job of "opening the show."

" . . . Harry Barnes," echoed the speaker at the end of some sort of practical talk concerning the newsboys' organization and its management. "Mister Harry Barnes"—he squinted at the program—"in singing and talking."

He turned and smiled at the old man, and to Barnes the smile seemed diabolical. Somebody clapped him on the back. There was a hurricane of whistles and shouts, and before he knew it he was in the middle of the rostrum.

Mechanically he had made his old comic entrance, tripping his right toe over his left heel, and turning to shake his fist at an imaginary enemy. The boys, determined to be pleased, giggled appreciatively.

"How — how are you, boys?" Barnes asked, seriously.

The audience snickered with delight. He was such a funny-looking old man!

"I hope you'll like my work," he went on, desperately, "or else we might as well go home. I guess I'm the whole show, for a little while, at least, as the feller said when he fell out o' the balloon." The house roared with approval.

"Go wan, Barnesy," shouted a young pair of lungs in the front row.

He straightened up, turned his back for a moment, stuck a queer set of mustaches on his upper lip, faced the crowd again, and began: "I was walkin' down the street the other day when my friend J. Pierpoint Morgan stepped up to me an' says, 'Barney, my boy'" . . . .

The show had begun. Harry Barnes, singing and talking, had opened his carefully rehearsed bag of tricks.

There is some peculiar psychology about humor. If people make up their minds that they are going to laugh and that a performance is bound to be funny, nothing on earth can keep them from enjoying themselves. The most serious remark will be greeted with howls of approval; the most ancient joke takes on a novel and present sprightliness. In the slang of the stage, Barnes' line of patter took.

Four hundred boys simpered, smirked, grinned, giggled, tittered, chuckled, and guffawed. A wine of merriment flushed the crowd and mounted to the old mummer's brain and heart. He skipped and danced and sang; he went through all the drollery and tomfoolery, all the old comic business he could recall.

The children nudged each other, dug their fists into each other, and cheered: "Oh, you Barnesy!" "Kill it, Kid!" "Whatcha know about dat!" "Sand it down, Barnesy!" The old-timer was doing the famous lock-step jig he had done with Pat Rooney in "Patrice" fifteen or twenty years before. It was so old that it was new. Encore followed encore. The perspiration cascaded through his pores; he grinned and winked and frisked and capered. They would not let him stop. At the end of twenty-five minutes be bowed himself off the stage, and still they called him back. When he gave them, for the "call," the Little Johnny Dugan pantomime from "The Rainmakers," the

East Side children, born since the day of such things, were suffocated with delight.

What did Dugan do to him?
—They say he was untrue to him.
Did Dugan owe him money?
—No; he stole McCarthy's wife!
Who? Little Johnny Dugan?

sang Barnes with a quizzical flirt of his head; and lungs that were wont to fill the city streets with news could not even gasp for laughter.

The secretary of the organization followed with a speech about future entertainments; another official read a letter from a prominent financier promising the boys a swimming-pool and a half dozen summer excursions.

"Somebody bang de box!" suggested a voice, after a pause.

Nobody could — except Barnes; and he volunteered. The whole affair was now like one big family circle, each one secure in the amity of the other, and when the old man sat down at the cracked piano, he sang as if he were singing to himself, easily and without restraint. A quiet held the house, and even the children were touched; for Harry Barnes was quavering through the simple lines of "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot." After that he gave them the Lullaby Song from "Erminie," and somehow it did not at all appear incongruous that a careworn mimic of fifty should be singing to careworn workingmen of ten, down on the Bowery, in a gymnasium, a verse about pretty little eyelids and sleeping darlings. The world, fortunately, is not always with us; and the song ended in a silent applause.

For two hours the entertainment went on, speeches and official plans interspersed with the antics of Barnes.

Was there anything he could not do? He mimicked birds and animals; he imitated a wheezy phonograph playing "When We Were a Couple of Kids"; he recited "The Raven" and "Paul Revere's Ride"; he gave a cutting from Dickens and one from Sheridan Knowles; he showed how Joe Jefferson played Rip Van Winkle, how Sol Smith Russell did "A Poor Relation."

And all through his soul and body, as he watched his haphazard audience follow him in his moods and changes, ran the quiet magic of Art Satisfied. It is a noble braggart madness, this glorification of a cheap art by an old actor.

"Barnes, my boy," he said to himself, with a glow of rapid blood, "you have not lost them yet! See them laugh with you! Feel them cry! What does it matter if you eat watery oatmeal and live in a skylight room; are you not an artist, a resonant instrument of poetry and music and mirth, a true actor of the best parts? You are; and these are matters of the undying soul. A boarding-house is a vulgar, temporal thing. You were right to come here to-night, and do this thing without pay, for Art's sake. You uphold the honor of a calling which is founded upon Art. And, oh, most of all, you have not lost your power, you have not outlived your time! Sanderson intimated that you were a dead one — very well, to-morrow you shall triumphantly cut the acquaintance of Sanderson! To have lived until this evening before the youth of this land; to have caught the right intonation, the proper gesture; to have swept through the hearts of your hearers like a vibration of music — this is to have transcended, this is to have justified yourself! And justified yourself to whom? To Sanderson? To the world? No! You have justified Harry Barnes to Harry Barnes! You carry this human throng over the footlights and into your soul with a Chinaman's queue and a putty nose. Your Art is still that fine, secure Art which you have carried in your memory as you traversed dingy stairways on Fourteenth Street. Barnes, you live, you act, you accomplish! Bravo!"

He shook hands abstractedly all around

"'OH, YOU DIVVIL, YOU! YOU OLD, BLATHERSKITING DIVVIL'"

when the affair came to a close. He remembered bundling his make-up and trinkets into a piece of newspaper and tucking it under his arm. A pleased face presented itself at one time before his eyes and a voice said, confidentially, "Mr. Barnes, I congratulate you; and the dramatic critic of the *Star* was here to-night."

"HE SAT STARING INTO THE BLANKNESS OF THE LITTLE ROOM"

He found himself at last out in the cool darkness of the street, and he had to stop a moment to think which way his boarding-house lay. Then he walked home, to save carfare. All the way up the silent streets his brain sang with triumph. His blood jumped in gladness; he could hardly keep from running. He declaimed aloud bits of Shakespeare, tag ends of poems; he snapped his fingers and flung out his arms in sheer excess of enthusiasm. He smiled, threw back his head, even made faces at the passersby. He boomed into a solo from an opera, and kicked his foot at a cigar stub on the sidewalk. And had anybody wished to observe when he reached his house, the spectacle would have presented itself of a caricature, funny-paper barn-stormer tramping merrily up the rattling stairs and humming, "The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la, have nothing to do with the case."

All the next day he did not leave his room, save at meal times; for he wished to be alone and hug his exultation. To the four flat walls he repeated snatches of the things he had done the night before; up and down the rag carpet he smirked and grimaced and laughed and jigged. He sang the songs that had "taken" so well. He went through certain gestures and then deliberately exaggerated them, in a high good-humor. He was as young again as on the day when he had signed his first contract. He puffed out his chest, looked at himself in the glass with mock seriousness, and then, when the pent-up good feeling burst out in his merry eye, he winked it gleefully and said: "Oh, you divvil, you! You old blatherskiting divvil!"

At half-past four he went down to the corner and bought a copy of the *Star*, the late edition which had the dramatic news in it.

There it was! He felt like jumping up in the air and whooping the length of the street. On the editorial page it was. His name was in the headlines! Beneath, in the article itself, almost every other word seemed to be Barnes. It praised him here, it admired him there, it thanked him, it congratulated him, it asserted that he had saved the night for four hundred newsboys. He was so anxious to read it through and to read it fast that he skipped from paragraph to paragraph. There was over a column of it! He hurried back up to the room; and then regretted that he had not stopped to buy more copies of the paper. He locked the door and spread the paper out on the little center-table. His heart and breath almost stopped as he read the good words slowly through. When he had finished, he threw the paper aside and bounded into the middle of the room.

"Press agent, hey?" he laughed. "Press agent! I guess yes! A small matter of a column and a quarter; that's all. *Only* a column and a quarter about Harry Barnes! Wonder what Sanderson will think about that? Wonder if he won't get me something to do? Oh, no; I guess not. A column and a quarter!"

He sat down again and smoothed out the paper before him. This time he began noticing little niceties of the critic's phrasing . . . "entertaining, not to say pathetic rendition," etc., etc. . . . "*Not* to say?" Funny; look at it a moment, and it seems to mean it wasn't pathetic. But here it said: "Infectious and heart-tickling old-time Irish humor" . . . "excellent characterization of Uriah Heep" . . . and so on.

After a few minutes he ceased reading and sat, picking at the edge of the paper, staring into the blankness of the little room. He stayed thus immovable for a long, long time, and then slowly the tears slipped across his cheeks, down on the forgotten "notice," his throat ached with a tender sobbing, and he bowed his head into the newspaper.

He was thinking of the children; he had made them laugh and cry. And this was the thrill, once more, of the singer's heart.

THE REPUDIATION OF JOHNSON'S POLICY

BY

CARL SCHURZ

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN consequence of the threatening situation which the President's reactionary policy had precipitated, the belief grew stronger and stronger in the Northern country that the predominance of the Republican party was — and would be for a few years, at least — necessary for the safety and the honor of the Republic; and steps taken to insure that predominance, even such as would have in less critical times evoked strong criticism, were now looked upon with seductive leniency of judgment. Mr. Stockton of New Jersey was unseated in the Senate upon grounds which would hardly pass muster in ordinary times, to make room for a Republican successor, and even Mr. Fessenden approved the transaction. Advantage was taken in the same body of the sickness or casual absence of some Democratic senator to rush through a vote when a two-thirds majority was required to kill a veto; and other proceedings were resorted to at a pinch which were hardly compatible with the famous "courtesy of the Senate." But there was more thorough and lasting work to be done to prepare for the full restoration of the States lately in rebellion. The Republican majority was by no means of one mind as to the constitutional status of the communities that had been in insurrection against the National Government. I have already spoken of the theory of State-suicide advanced by Mr. Stevens and a comparatively small school of extremists. The theory most popular with most of the Republicans, which was finally formulated by the Joint Committee on Reconstruction, was that the rebel States had not been out of the Union, but had lost their working status inside of the Union, and had to be restored to their regular constitutional relations to the Union by action of Congress, upon such conditions as Congress might deem proper.

To meet the dangers which so far had become visible on the horizon, the Joint Committee on Reconstruction devised the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which was long and laboriously debated in both Houses. In the form in which it was finally adopted it declared (1) that all persons born or naturalized in the United States are citizens of the United States and of the States in which they reside, and that no State shall make or enforce any law abridging the privileges or immunities of citizens, nor deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person the equal protection of the laws; (2) that if in any State the right to vote at any

election for the choice of national or State officers is denied or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion, or other crime, the basis of representation in Congress or the electoral college shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State; (3) that no person who had taken part in the rebellion, having previously, as a national or State officer, military or civil, sworn to support the Constitution of the United States, shall be a Senator or Representative in Congress or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States, or any State, unless relieved of that disability by a two-thirds vote of each house of Congress; (4) that the validity of the public debt of the United States shall not be questioned, nor shall any debt or obligation contracted in aid of rebellion, or any claim for emancipated slaves be paid.

The Fourteenth Amendment

Thus the Fourteenth Amendment stopped short of the extension of the suffrage to negroes — a subject which many Republicans were still afraid to touch directly. But by implication it punished the States denying that extension by reducing the basis of representation; it excluded from office, unless relieved of the disability by a two-thirds vote of Congress, the most influential class of those who had taken an active part in the rebellion; and it safeguarded the public debt. With only one of its provisions serious fault could be found;— not with that which guaranteed to the freedmen the essential civil rights of free men, nor with that which excluded the freedmen from the basis of representation — so long as they were not permitted to vote. Only the advocates of negro suffrage might logically have objected to this clause; inasmuch as it by implication recognized the right of a State to exclude the colored people from the suffrage if the State paid a certain penalty for such exclusion. Neither could the clause safeguarding the public debt and prohibiting the payment of debts incurred in aid of the rebellion be objected to. The really exceptionable provision was that which excluded so large a class of Southern men from public office, and just that class with which a friendly understanding was most desirable. The provision that their disqualification could be removed by a two-thirds vote in each House of Congress mended the mischief thus done a little, but not enough for the public good.

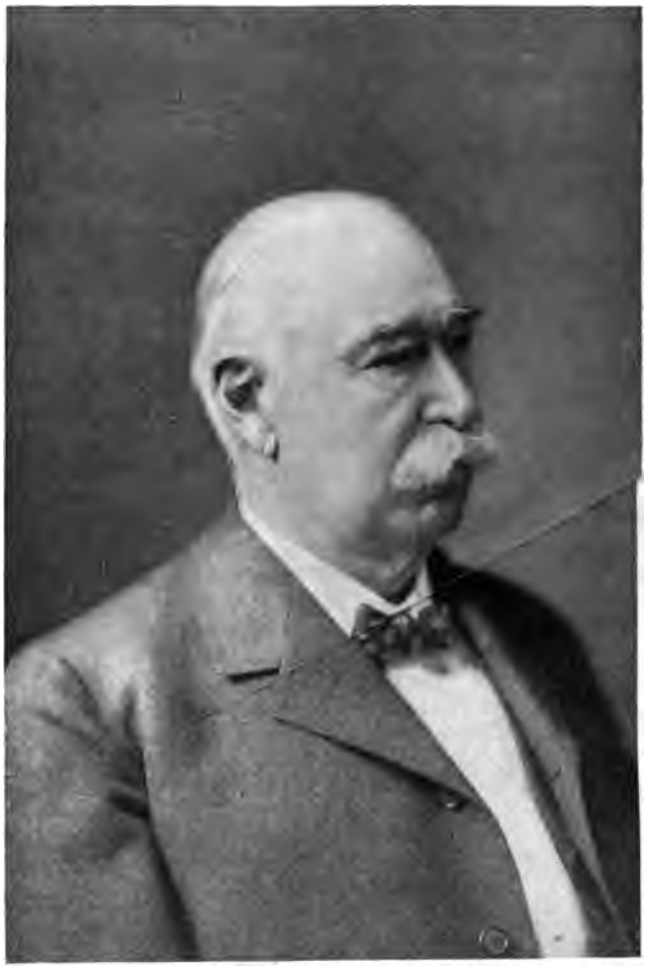
It was not expressly enacted, but it was generally understood, that those of the States lately in rebellion, which ratified the Fourteenth Amendment, would thereby qualify themselves for full restoration in the Union. Tennessee, where a faction of the Union party hostile to President Johnson had gained the ascendency, did so, and was accordingly fully restored by the admission to their seats in Congress of its Senators and Representatives. The full restoration of the other late rebel States would probably have been expedited in the same way, had they followed the example of Tennessee. But President Johnson, as became publicly known in one or two instances, obstinately dissuaded them from doing so, and the fight went on. He also vetoed a second Freedmen's Bureau bill in which some of the provisions he had objected to in his veto of the first were remedied. But things had now come to such a pass between Congress and the President that his veto messages were hardly considered worth listening to, but were promptly overruled almost without debate by two-thirds votes in each House.

A Campaign to Destroy a President

Under such circumstances the Congressional election of 1866 came on. The people were to pronounce judgment between the President and Congress. The great quarrel had created excitement so intense as to affect men's balance of mind. About the time of the assembling of Congress Mr. Preston King of New York (the same rotund gentleman with whom, in the National Convention of 1860, I conducted Mr. Ashmun to the chair), who had been a Senator of the United States and had been appointed Collector of Customs by President Johnson, committed suicide by jumping into the North River from a ferry-boat. He had been a Republican of the radical type, and when he took the office he supposed the President to be of the same mind; but Mr. Johnson's course distressed him so much that he became melancholy; his brain gave way, and he sought relief in death. Another suicide which greatly startled the country a few months later, that of Senator Lane of Kansas, was attributed to a similar cause. "Jim" Lane had been one of the most famous free-State fighters in Kansas Territory. Since then he was ranked among the extreme anti-slavery men and as a Senator he was counted upon as a firm opponent of President Johnson's policy. To the astonishment of everybody he voted against the Civil Rights bill. This somewhat mysterious change of front, which nobody seemed able satisfactorily to explain, cost him his confidential intercourse with his former associates in the Senate, and brought upon him stinging manifestations of disapproval from his constituents. He was reported to have expressed profound re-

pentance of what he had done and finally made away with himself as one lost to hope. He was still in the full vigor of manhood — only fifty-one years old — when he sought the grave.

The campaign of 1866 was remarkable for its heat and bitterness. In canvasses carried on for the purpose of electing a President, I had seen more enthusiasm, but in none so much animosity and bad blood as in this, an incidental object of which was politically to destroy a president. Andrew Johnson had not only manifested a disposition to lean upon the Democratic party in the pursuit of his policy, but he had also begun to dismiss public officers who refused to coöperate with him politically and to put in their places men who adhered to him. This touched partisan spirit in an exceedingly sensitive spot. The so-called "bread-and-butter brigade" was looked down upon with a contempt that could hardly be expressed in words.



JOHN POTTER STOCKTON

THE DEMOCRATIC SENATOR FROM NEW JERSEY WHO WAS UNSEATED IN THE SENATE OF 1866 TO MAKE ROOM FOR A REPUBLICAN SUCCESSOR. HE WAS LATER REËLECTED TO THE SENATE

Killing of Negroes at Memphis and New Orleans

But there were more serious things to inflame the temper of the North. The Southern whites again proved themselves their own worst enemies. Early in May news came from Memphis of riots in which twenty-four negroes were killed and one white man was wounded. The conclusion lay near and was generally accepted that the whites had been the aggressors and the negroes the victims. In the last days of July more portentous tidings arrived from New Orleans. An attempt was made by Union men to revive the constitutional convention of 1864 for the purpose of remodeling the constitution of the State. The attempt was of questionable legality, but, if wrong, it could easily have been foiled by legal and peaceable means. The municipal government of New Orleans was in possession of the ex-Confederates. It resolved that the meeting of the remnant of the convention should not be held. When it did meet, the police, consisting in an overwhelming majority of ex-Confederate soldiers, aided by a white mob, broke into the hall and fired upon those assembled there. The result was thirty-seven negroes killed and one hundred and nineteen wounded, and three of the white Union men killed and seventeen wounded, against one of the assailants killed and ten wounded. General Sheridan, the commander of the Department, telegraphed to General Grant: "It was no riot; it was an absolute massacre by the police which was not excelled in murderous cruelty by that of Fort Pillow. It was a murder which the Mayor and the police of this city perpetrated without the shadow of necessity." A tremor of horror and rage ran over the North. People asked one another: "Does this mean that the rebellion is to begin again?" I heard the question often.

The Administration felt the blow, and to neutralize its effects a national convention of its adherents, North and South, planned by Thurlow Weed and Secretary Seward, was to serve as the principal means. This "National Union Convention" met in Philadelphia on August 14th. It was respectably attended in point of character as well as of numbers. It opened its proceedings with a spectacular performance which under different conditions might have struck the popular imagination favorably. The delegates marched into the Convention Hall in pairs, one from the South arm in arm with one from the North, Massachusetts and South Carolina leading. But with the Memphis riot and the New Orleans "massacre" and Andrew Johnson's sinister figure in the back-ground, the theatrical exhibition of restored fraternal feeling, although calling forth much cheering on the spot, fell flat, and even became the subject of ridicule, since it earned for the meeting the derisive nickname of the "arm-in-arm convention." The proceedings were rather dull, and much was made by the Republicans of the fact that the Chairman, Senator Doolittle from Wisconsin, was careful not to let Southern members say much lest they say *too* much. It was also noticed and made much of that among the members of the convention the number of men supposed to curry favor with the Administration for the purpose of getting office — men belonging to the "bread-and-butter-brigade" — was conspicuously large. Among the resolutions passed by the convention was one declaring slavery abolished and the emancipated negro entitled to equal protection in every right of person and property, and another heartily endorsing President Johnson's reconstruction policy.

No doubt many of the respectable and patriotic men who attended that convention thought they had done very valuable work for the general pacification by getting their Southern friends publicly to affirm that slavery was dead never to be revived, and that the civil rights of the freedmen were entitled to equal protection and would have it. But the effect of such declarations upon the popular mind at the North was not as great as had been expected. Such affirmations by respectable Southern gentlemen, who were perfectly sincere, had been heard before. In fact, almost everybody in the South was ready to declare himself likewise, and with equal sincerity, as to the abolition of the old form of chattel slavery. But the question of far superior importance was, what he would put in the place of the old form of chattel slavery. *There* was the rub, and this had come to be well understood at the North in the light of the reports from the South, which the advocates of President Johnson's policy could not deny nor obscure. The moral effect of the National Union Convention was therefore very feeble.

Johnson "Swings Around the Circle"

If the members of the National Union Convention thought that their conciliatory utterances would pour oil on the angry waves of the campaign, they reckoned without their host. When a committee appointed for that purpose presented to President Johnson a copy of its proceedings, there was rather a note of defiance to his opponents, than of conciliation, in his response. "We have witnessed in one department of the government every endeavor to pre-

From the collection of Joseph Keppler

SENATOR CARL SCHURZ

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ABOUT 1879

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SENATOR PRESTON KING

WHOM PRESIDENT JOHNSON APPOINTED COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK. HIS SUICIDE IN 1865 WAS ATTRIBUTED TO WORRY OVER THE PRESIDENT'S RECONSTRUCTION POLICY

vent the restoration of peace, harmony, and union," he said. "We have seen hanging upon the verge of the government, as it were, a body called, or which assumes to be, the Congress of the United States, while, in fact, it is a Congress of only a part of the United States. We have seen a Congress in a minority assume to exercise power which, allowed to be consummated, would result in despotism or monarchy itself." Here was again the thinly veiled threat that, because certain States were not represented in it, the validity of the acts of Congress might be attacked. But worse was to follow. It is a well-known fact that presidents, under the influence of the Washington atmosphere, are apt to become victims of the delusion that they are idolized by the American people. Even John Tyler is said to have thought so. It may have been under a similar impression that President Johnson, who had great confidence in the power of his influence over the masses when he personally confronted them, accepted an invitation requesting his presence at the unveiling of a Douglas statue in Chicago, and he made this an occasion for a "presidential progress" through some of the States. He started late in August. Several members of his cabinet, Seward among others, accompanied him, and

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SENATOR JAMES LANE

ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS FREE-STATE FIGHTERS IN KANSAS TERRITORY. HIS DEFECTION TO THE SIDE OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON WAS BITTERLY CRITICISED BY HIS CONSTITUENTS, AND WAS THOUGHT TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS SUICIDE IN 1866

so did General Grant and Admiral Farragut, by command, to give additional luster to the appearance of the chief.

His journey, the famous "swinging around the circle,"—a favorite phrase of his to describe his fight against the Southern enemies of the Union, the Secessionists, at one time, and against the Northern disunionists, the radical Republicans, at another — was a series of the most disastrous exhibitions. At Philadelphia he was received with studied coldness. At New York he had an official reception, and he used the occasion to rehearse his often-told story of his wonderful advancement from the position of alderman in his native town to the presidency of the United States, with some insignificant remarks about his policy attached. At Cleveland he appeared before a large audience, according to abundant testimony, in a drunken condition. Indeed, the character of his speech cannot be explained in any other way. He descended to the lowest tone of partizan stump speaking. He bandied epithets with some of his hearers who interrupted him. The whole speech was a mixture of inane drivel and reckless aspersion. His visit at Chicago passed without any particular scandal. But the speech he made at St. Louis fairly

capped the climax. He accused the Republicans in Congress of substantially having planned the New Orleans massacre. He indulged himself in a muddled tirade about Judas, Christ, and Moses. He declared that all his opponents were after was to hold on to the offices; but that he would kick them out; that they wanted to get rid of him, but that he defied them. And so on. At Indianapolis a disorderly crowd hooted him down and would not let him speak at all.

New Congress Overwhelmingly Anti-Johnson

He returned to Washington an utterly discomfited and disgraced man, having gone out to win popular support, and having earned only popular disgust. The humorists, pictorial as well as literary, pounced upon the "swinging around the circle" as a fruitful subject for caricature or satire, turning serious wrath into a bitter laugh. Andrew Johnson became the victim not only of detestation but of ridicule.

The campaign was then — about the middle of September — virtually decided. There was no longer any doubt that the election would not only preserve, but materially increase, the anti-Johnson majority in Congress. But before President Johnson started on his ill-starred journey, arrangements had been made for the other national conventions. One of them was designed to bring Southern loyalists, that is, Southern men who had stood loyally by the National Government, together with Northern Republicans. It met at Philadelphia on the 3rd of September. Senator Zachariah Chandler and myself attended it as delegates sent there by the Republicans of Michigan. It was a large gathering, the roll of which bore many distinguished names from all parts of the country. Southern members having been permitted to say but very little in the Johnson convention a fortnight before, it was a clever stroke of policy on the part of our managers to give the floor to the Southern loyalists altogether. They availed themselves of the opportunity to lay before the people of the country an account of their experiences and sufferings, since the promulgation of the Johnson policy, which could not fail to stir the popular heart. Their recitals of the atrocities committed in the South were indeed horrible. Over a thousand Union citizens had been murdered there since the surrender of Lee and in no case had the assassins been brought to judgment. But after Mr. Johnson's "swing around the circle" no further exertions could have saved his cause, and no further exertion could have very much augmented the majority against him. I am convinced he would have been beaten without his disgraceful escapade. But his self-exhibitions made his defeat overwhelming. The Republicans won in one hundred and forty-three Congressional districts, the Democrats in only forty-nine. President Johnson was more at the mercy of Congress than ever.

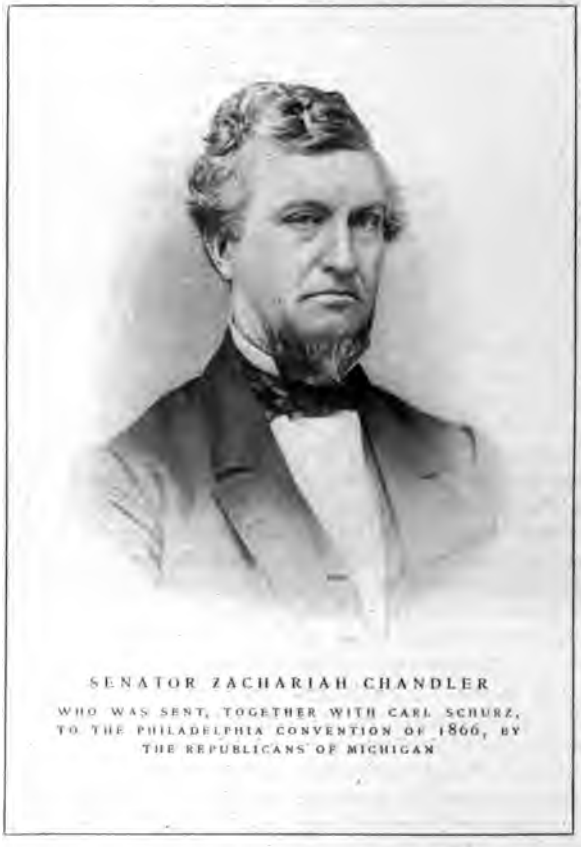
During the canvass I was somewhat in demand as a speaker and addressed large meetings at various places. One of my speeches, delivered at Philadelphia on the 8th of September, was printed in pamphlet form and widely circulated as a campaign document. I have read it again — thirty-nine years after its delivery — and I may say that after the additional light and the experience which this lapse of time has given us, I would now draw the diagnosis of the situation then existing substantially as I did in that speech — barring some, not many — extravagances of oratorical coloring, and the treatment of the disqualification clause of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

The Movement Toward Negro Suffrage

It was in this campaign that the matter of negro suffrage was first discussed on the hustings with a certain frankness. Efforts have since been made, and are now being made, to make the Southern people believe — and, I deeply regret to say, many of them actually do believe — that the introduction of negro suffrage was a device of some particularly malignant and vindictive radicals, to subject the South to the extreme of distress and humiliation. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Admitting that there were people in the North who, before the passions of the War had subsided, wished to see the rebels and their sympathizers and abettors in some way punished for what they had done, negro suffrage never was thought of as a punitive measure. I may say that in all my intercourse with various classes of people — and my opportunities were large — I have never heard it mentioned or suggested, still less advocated, as a punitive measure. It never was in itself popular with the masses — reason enough for the ordinary politicians to be afraid of openly favoring it. There were only two classes of men who at all thought of introducing it generally; those whom, without meaning any disparagement, I would for the sake of convenience call the doctrinaires,— men who, like Mr. Sumner, would insist as a general principle that the negro, being a man, was as a matter of right as much entitled to the suffrage as the white man; and those who, after a faithful and somewhat perplexed wrestle with the complicated problem of reconstruction, finally landed — or, it might almost be said, were stranded — at the

conclusion that to enable the negro to protect his own rights as a free man by the exercise of the ballot was after all the simplest way out of the tangle, and at the same time the most in accordance with our democratic principles of government.

This view of the matter grew rapidly in popular appreciation as the results of reconstruction on the Johnson plan became more and more unsatisfactory. It gained very much in strength when it appeared that the tremendous rebuke administered to the President's policy by the Congressional elections of 1866 had not produced any effect upon Mr. Johnson's mind, but that, as his annual message delivered on December 3rd showed, he was doggedly bent upon following his course. It was still more strengthened when all the Southern legislatures set up under the President's plan, save that of Tennessee, rejected the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution,— some unanimously, or nearly so,— and even with demonstrations of contemptuous defiance. Then the question was asked at the North with great pertinency: Are we to understand that the white people of the States lately in rebellion will not agree that all persons born or naturalized in the United States shall be constitutionally recognized as citizens entitled in their civil rights to the equal protection of the laws? That those States insist, not only that the colored people shall not have the right of suffrage, but that those people so excluded from the franchise shall even serve to increase the basis of representation in favor of the whites — or in other words, that the white people of the South shall come out of the rebellion politically stronger than they were when they went into it? That all those who engaged in the rebellion and fought to destroy the Union shall be entitled to participate on even more favorable terms than ourselves in the government of the same Union which but yesterday they sought to destroy? That they refuse to safeguard the public debt incurred for saving the Union and wish to keep open the possibility of an assumption of the debts incurred by the rebel States for destroying the Union?



SENATOR ZACHARIAH CHANDLER

WHO WAS SENT, TOGETHER WITH CARL SCHURZ, TO THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION OF 1866, BY THE REPUBLICANS OF MICHIGAN

The fact was not overlooked that the great mass of the Southern negroes were grossly ignorant and in other respects ill-fitted for the exercise of political privileges. Many who then favored negro suffrage would have greatly preferred its gradual introduction, first limiting it, as Mr. Lincoln suggested to Governor Hahn of Louisiana, to those who had served as soldiers in the Union army and those who were best fitted for it by intelligence and education. But this would have reduced the negro vote to so small a figure as to render it insufficient to counteract or neutralize the power of the reactionary element. To that end the whole vote was required; and for that reason it was demanded in spite of the imperfections it was known to possess and of the troubles it threatened — which, however, at that period were much underestimated, as is apt to be the case under similar circumstances.

Reconstruction Under Military Control

When the session of Congress opened on the 3rd of December, it was virtually certain that unre-

stricted negro suffrage would come and that President Johnson's reconstruction policy would be swept out of the way. The Republican majority without delay passed a bill extending the suffrage to the negroes in the District of Columbia, which then had a municipal government of its own. The President put his veto on the bill, but the veto was promptly overruled by two-thirds majorities in both Houses. Then followed a series of legislative measures designed substantially to substitute for the reconstruction work done by the President a method of reconstruction based upon universal suffrage including the negro vote, and to strip the President as much as possible of all power to interfere. The first, upon the ground that life and property were not safe under the existing provisional governments, divided the late rebel States into five military divisions, each to be under the command of a general officer who was to have the power to declare martial law and to have offenders tried by military commission, as the condition of public safety and order might seem to them to require. Under their protection conventions were to be elected by universal suffrage including the negro vote and excluding the disqualified "rebel" vote, to frame new State constitutions containing provision for the same sort of universal suffrage, such constitutions to be subject to the approval of the people of the respective States and of Congress. The State officers to be elected under these new constitutions were, of course, to be elected by the same electorate, and the States were to be regarded as entitled to representation in Congress, after having ratified the Fourteenth Amendment to the National Constitution, and after that Amendment had been ratified by a sufficient number of the States generally to make it a valid part of the Constitution. A supplementary reconstruction act gave the military commanders very extensive control over the elections to be held, as to the registration of voters, the mode of holding the elections, the appointment of election officers, the canvassing of results, and the reporting of such results to the President and through him to Congress. In order to strip President Johnson of all power to interfere with the execution of this measure beyond the appointment of the commanders of the various military divisions, a provision was introduced in the Army Appropriation bill which substantially ordained that all military orders and instructions should be issued through the General of the Army (General Grant), who was to have his headquarters at Washington; and that all orders and instructions issued otherwise should be null and void. And when the generals commanding the several divisions had expressed some doubt as to the interpretation of some provisions of the Reconstruction Act, and the President had issued instructions concerning those points which displeased Congress, another act was passed, which, by way of explanation of the meaning of its predecessors, still further enlarged the powers of the military commanders and made them virtually rulers over everything and everybody in those States. In the mean time, to tie the President's hands still farther, the Tenure of Office Act had been passed, which was to curtail or hamper President Johnson's power to dismiss office-holders from their places so as to reduce as much as possible his facilities for punishing the opponents and for rewarding the friends of his policy, and thus, as it would now be called, for building up an office-holders' machine for his use.

The Public Fear of Johnson

President Johnson in every case promptly vetoed the bills objectionable to him or fulminated his protests against what he considered unwarrantable encroachments upon his constitutional prerogatives. Some of his messages, reported to have been written either by Mr. Seward or by Mr. Jeremiah Black, a man of brilliant abilities, were strong in argument as well as eloquent in expression. But they were not listened to — much less considered. Mr. Johnson had personally discredited himself to such a degree that the connection of his personality with anything he advocated fatally discredited his cause. The air, not only in Washington, but throughout the country, was buzzing with rumors of iniquities which Andrew Johnson was meditating and would surely attempt if he were not disarmed. He was surely plotting a *coup d'état;* he had already slyly tried to get General Grant out of the way by sending him on a trumped-up diplomatic errand to Mexico. When, therefore, the news came from Washington that Andrew Johnson was to be impeached, to deprive him of his office, it was not only welcomed by reckless partizanship, but as everybody who has lived through those times will remember, it struck a popular chord. There was a widespread feeling among well-meaning and sober people that the country was really in some sort of peril, and that it would be a good thing to get rid of that dangerous man in the presidential chair.

But for this vague feeling of uneasiness approaching genuine alarm, I doubt whether Congress would ever have ventured upon the tragicomedy of the impeachment.

It explains also the fact that so many lawyers in Congress, as well as in the country, although they must have seen the legal weakness of the

case against Andrew Johnson, still labored so hard to find some point upon which he might be convicted. It was for political, not for legal reasons that they did so — not reasons of political partizanship, but the higher political reason that they thought the public interest made the removal of Andrew Johnson from his place of power eminently desirable. I have to confess that I leaned somewhat to that opinion myself — not that I believed in the sinister revolutionary designs of Mr. Johnson, but because I thought that the presence of Mr. Johnson in the presidential office encouraged among the white people of the South hopes and endeavors which, the longer they were indulged in, the more grievous the harm they would do to both races. It can indeed not be said that President Johnson failed to execute the reconstruction laws enacted by Congress by refusing to perform the duties imposed upon him, such as the appointment of the commanders of military divisions. He even effectively opposed, through his able and accomplished Attorney-General, Mr. Stanbery, the attempts of two Southern governors to stop the enforcement of the Reconstruction Act by the legal process of injunction. But the mere fact that he was believed to favor the reactionary element in the South and would do all in his power to let it have its way was in itself an influence constantly inflaming the passions kindled by mischievous hopes.

The Fatal Bungling of Reconstruction

The condition of things in the South had become deplorable in the extreme. Had the reconstruction measures enacted by Congress, harsh as they were, been imposed upon the Southern people immediately after the War, when the people were stunned by their overwhelming defeat, and when there was still some apprehension of bloody vengeance to be visited upon the leaders of the rebellion — as was the case, for instance, in Hungary in 1849 after the collapse of the great insurrection — those measures would have been accepted as an escape from something worse. Even negro suffrage in a qualified form, as General Lee's testimony before the Reconstruction Committee showed, might then have been accepted as a peace-offering.

But the propitious moment was lost. Instead of gently persuading the Southerners, as Lincoln would have done, that the full restoration of the States lately in rebellion would necessarily depend upon the readiness and good faith with which they accommodated themselves to the legitimate results of the War, and that there were certain things which the victorious Union government was bound to insist upon, not in a spirit of vindictiveness, but as a simple matter of honor and duty — instead of this President Johnson told them that their instant restoration to their old status in the Union, that is, to complete self-government and to participation in the National Government on equal terms with the other States, had become their indefeasible constitutional right as soon as the insurgents laid down their arms and went through the form of taking an oath of allegiance, and that those who refused to recognize the immediate validity of that right were no better than traitors and public enemies. Nothing could have been more natural, under such circumstances, than that the master class in the South should have seen a chance to establish something like semi-slavery, and that, pressed by their economic perplexities, they should have eagerly grasped at that chance. No wonder that what should have been as gentle as possible a transition from one social state into another degenerated into an angry political brawl, which grew more and more furious as it went on. No wonder, finally, that when at last the Congressional reconstruction policy, which at first might have been quietly submitted to as something that might have been worse, and that could not be averted, came at last in the midst of that brawl, it was resented in the South as an act of diabolical malice and tyrannical oppression not to be endured. And the worst outcome of all was, that many white people of the South who had at first cherished a kindly feeling for the negroes on account of their "fidelity" during the War, now fell to hating the negroes as the cause of all their woes; that, on the other hand, the negroes, after all their troubles, raised to a position of power, now were tempted to a reckless use of that power; and that a selfish partizan spirit growing up among the Republican majority, instead of endeavoring to curb that tendency, encouraged, or, at least, tolerated it for party advantage.

I have to confess that I took a more hopeful view of the matter at the time, for I did not foresee the mischievous part which selfish partizan spirit would play in that precarious situation. I trusted that the statesmen of the Republican party would prove clear-sighted enough to perceive in time the danger of excesses which their reconstruction policy would bring to the South, and that they would be strong enough in influence to combat that danger. Nothing could have been farther from my mind than the expectation that before long it would be my lot to take an active part in that combat on the most conspicuous political stage in the country.

THE THIRTEENTH MOVE

BY ALBERTA BANCROFT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. J. SPERO

IKEY stood on the street corner and fingered her veil to keep passersby from seeing her lips tremble. She was sure that she was going to cry right there in the open, and she was furious about it, because she did not approve of weepy females.

"If you dare," she whispered fiercely, "if you dare, I'll — I'll — you shan't have that nickel's worth of peanut candy, or those currant buns, either."

This threat proving effective, she turned, head held high, and entered the bakery.

There was the usual Saturday afternoon crowd, jostling on the shoddy thoroughfare. To-day the jostling was intensified; for the car strike was on in full blast, feeling ran high, and demonstrations were being made against the company. Now and again a car passed slowly up or down the street, drays and express wagons blocking its progress wherever possible, scab conductor and motorman hooted at by San Francisco men and beplumed ladies for their pains.

Ikey looked at the mob in disgust. Then she hurried around the corner and away from the scene of commotion.

"And to think that it has come to this, that I can't ride up and down in those cars all day long — *just to show 'em.*"

The beach was what she really wanted — one of those little sand hummocks with juicy plants sprawling over it, that protect one from the wind and yet reveal beyond ravishing glimpses of cliff and breaker and sapphire shining sea.

But the beach was not to be found in the heart of town. And she was too tired to walk there — not having had any lunch and being very angry besides. And she would lose her "job" — her miserable, wretched, disgusting, good-for-nothing job (Ikey loved adjectives), if she rode. For any and all women connected with any and all union men had been forbidden to use the company's cars. And business houses — who had anything to gain from it — had promised their employees instant dismissal for even one ride. And the firm that employed Ikey would lose three-fourths of its trade if the union boycotted it.

So the sand-dunes would have to wait. But there were some vacant lots, backed by a scraggle of rough, red rock, only half a dozen blocks away. If luck were with her, the loafers might be in temporary abeyance and the refugee tents not unduly prominent.

Luck was with her. And Ikey sat down on the lea of the little cliff, quite alone, spread out her buns,— you got three for ten cents these catastrophe days,— and faced the situation.

The landlady had raised the rent.

Ikey could have screamed with laughter over the situation — if only the matter were not so vital.

"This'll make the thirteenth move for you, Ikey, my love, since the eighteenth of April — and the thirteenth move is bound to be unlucky. But you'll have to go, sure as Fate; for you can't stand another raise. The Wandering Jew gentleman takes the road again."

She pursed her lips as she said it. She had invented the appelation for herself after nine moves in three months. "I don't know what his name really was," she confessed — there was no one else to talk to, no one she cared for, so she talked, sub voice, to herself — "but it must have been Ikey. I'm sure it was Ikey — and that I look just like him." And deriving much comfort from this witticism, she went on her way.

"Ikey, the Wandering Jew, on the move again," she repeated. "But where to move *to*, that is the question. It's funny what a difference money makes" — her eyebrows went up — "or rather, lack of it. I've never considered that until recently."

Then her eyes fell on her shoes.

They had been very swagger little shoes in the beginning — Ikey had made rather a specialty of footgear — but they were her "escape" shoes; and their looks told the tale of their wanderings. Also, she had had no others since.

She wriggled her toes.

"You'll be poking through before long, look-

"'I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING YOU EVER SINCE YOU LEFT YOUR OFFICE,' HE SAID"

ing at the stars," she told them severely. "Imagine your excitement."

And her suit.

Ikey looked away so as not to see the perfect cut of it, the perfect fit of it, the utter shabbiness of it. It was her "escape" suit, too. She had slept on the hills in it to the tune of dynamiting and the flare of the burning city. She would never have another like it — never. For her job ——

Her job.

She leaned back suddenly and closed her eyes. Her job. The rage of this noon was coming back again; rage, and with it a strange, new sensation — fear. She had never known fear before, not even during the earthquake days. "Only at the dentist's," she told herself, giggling half hysterically behind closed lids.

And back of it all — back of the landlady's unconcealed dislike and latest slap, back of the disintegration of a wardrobe that could not be replaced, and the question as to whether her "job" had not become an impossibility since to-day — and that job simply could not become an impossibility: one had to live — back of all this was the dull hurt, smothered and always coming again, that Bixler McFay had not taken the trouble to look her up when his regiment came through on the way to Manila.

"You may as well face that, too, while you're about it," Ikey observed sarcastically. She opened her eyes with a snap and bit into the first bun.

"The regiment was only here three days," a little voice inside of her whispered fearfully.

"Three days!" Ikey's scorn was unbounded. "If he had cared, he could have found you in three hours — and he always said he cared. It's a thing you've got to live with. It's nothing so unusual. It happens every day. Why can't you treat it like a poor relation?"

And her thoughts went back to Fort Leavenworth, and the gowns on gowns she had worn, all burned up at the St. Francis last spring, with the rest of her things, a week after she had reached the city; and Cousin Mary, suave and elegant and impressive as her chaperon; and herself, petted and made much of on all sides, and incidentally pointed out as the richest girl on the field, and an orphan; and Bixler McFay, handsome, brilliant, devoted, always on hand, always protesting ——

A whimsical, sarcastic little smile curved her lips for a moment. The earthquake had certainly made a difference. A vision of Cousin Mary arose — not the suave and elegant chaperon of a wealthy young relative, but a frightened, self-centered, middle-aged woman, who had taken the earthquake as a personal affront put upon her by her young charge and insisted

"'IT'S A DESPICABLE LETTER,' SHE TOLD HERSELF"

on being the first consideration in no matter what environment she found herself.

Then came another vision. She recalled her parting with Bixler McFay in the late winter, when she had left Leavenworth for the Coast, saying it wasn't decent not to know anything about the place where all your income came from, and he had left Leavenworth to rejoin his regiment in Arizona. How his voice had trembled that morning as he bade her good-bye, declaring he should always consider himself engaged to her, even if she did not consider herself engaged to him; begging that she wear his class pin, or at least keep it for him if she would not wear it, because the thought of its being in her possession would comfort him in his loneliness.

It had comforted her in those first dreadful days after the fire to think that he was alive and on his way to her. It never entered her head but what he would come at once: when friends were looking for friends and enemies were succoring one another, how should he fail her?

And then — not one word. Not even an inquiry in the paper; when that was about all the papers were made up of for days after — column after column of addresses and inquiries, along with the death notices.

And afterwards — not one word ——

II

"I won't pretend this is accidental, Miss Stanton."

Ikey looked up startled, began to curl her feet up under her skirt, decided that it was not worth while,— he was only one of the boarders, —and offered buns and candy with indifferent promptness.

"There's a gang of toughs coming down over the hill. Strikers, maybe. I thought they might startle you."

He seated himself unceremoniously on a rock near by.

Ikey settled back with a little comfortable movement against her own rock and raised her eyebrows.

"The proper thing for me to do at this stage is to inquire in a haughty voice how you happened to know I was here."

"I followed you."

There was no hint of apology, and she looked at him more closely. She had sat opposite him at the unesthetic boarding-house dining-table for the past six weeks now. He ate enormously,— but in cultured wise,— never said anything, was something over six feet tall, wore ready-made, dust-colored clothes, and was utterly inconspicuous. "Like a big gray wall." Just now it was the expression of his face, intangibly different — or had she never taken the trouble to notice him before? — that fixed her attention.

He was looking straight at her.

"I've been following you ever since you left your office," he said after a deliberate pause; and Ikey's eyes grew large and frightened as she took in his meaning.

"Then you saw ——"

"I did." There was another pause. "It won't happen again." His tone was quite final. "Why do you lay yourself open to that sort of thing? Don't you know that the burnt district is no place for any woman at all these days — not even one block of it? Why don't you ride?"

His voice was quite cross, and Ikey could have laughed aloud. This, to her, who had the burnt district on her nerves to such an extent that she dreamed of the brick-and-twisted-iron chaos by night — the miles of desolation, punctuated by crumbling chimneys and tottering walls — dreamed of it by night and turned sick at the sight of it by day. Did this stupid hulk of a person think she *liked* the burnt district — and to walk there?

After all, his attitude was less funny than impertinent. She would be angry. It was better. She would respond icily and put him in his place.

At least, such was her intention. But she discovered to her amazement that she was trembling — her encounter of the noon was responsible for that — and her teeth seemed inclined to hit against each other rapidly with a little clicking noise. So it seemed on the whole more expedient to blurt out her remarks without any attempt at frills or amplification.

"Why don't you ride?"

Ikey gathered herself together.

"My dear Mr. Hammond, there is a street car strike on here in San Francisco. No union wagons run out this way — and I lose my position if I use the cars."

He was welcome to that. She looked off into the distance while he assimilated it.

"I had not thought of that," he said at last slowly. "In that case there is but one thing to do. You must stop that work at once."

"And stand in the bread line? Now? Along with — those others?" A little smile twisted her lips. "I should look handsome doing that."

"But surely ——"

His tone was beginning to be puzzled. So was his expression. Ikey ascertained this by allowing a glance to brush past him.

Suddenly he had changed his position. He

"'HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE I FEEL, BEING IN THIS POSITION—TO YOU?'"

was beside her on the ground, facing her, staring her out of countenance.

"We may as well get the clear of this right now ——"

"It is needlessly clear to me, Mr. Hammond."

"But not to me. In the first place ——"

"I will not trouble you ——"

"It is no trouble. In the first place, has that fellow followed you, spoken to you before?"

"Never — never like that."

She wondered whether he had noticed her unsuccessful effort to rise and put an end to the interview.

"Do you know who he is?"

"He is the junior member of the firm I work for."

"*What!* Well, I *am* glad I smashed him." Then he added quickly, "This, of course, puts an end to your going there, at once. You've been at it too long anyway. It's stopped being a joke, and as a pose ——"

"'Pose.'"

The intonation was subtle. A moment's bewilderment, and he burst out, "You're not doing this because you — *have* to?"

"That — or something."

"But — but — Good Lord, child! Where is your money?"

With pomp and ceremony — but languidly withal, for her head was beginning to ache, and she wanted desperately to cry — she laid her purse in his hand. But she did not look at him.

The big hand closed over the flat little thing impatiently.

"I am referring to your bank account."

"And by what right ——"

"We'll settle that later. The banks have opened up again ——"

"That's all I have."

"But what has become — You're not going to faint?"

"No."

"Then what has become ——"

Quite against her will she was beginning to find herself faintly amused. Of all pigheaded, impertinent people, this individual with whom she had hardly had more than five minutes' conversation, except at meal times during the past six weeks, was certainly the worst.

"I really must know, Miss Stanton. what has become ——"

"I gave it away."

"You — gave it — *away!*" Italics could never do justice to his intonation. He was staring at her as though he considered her demented. "To whom?" came his indignant question.

After all, why not tell him? It was none of his business; and he was desperately impertinent; but she was desperately forlorn; and, though it could not better the situation to talk about it, it might better her feelings.

She slipped farther down against her rock; and he bent forward, listening intently.

"I gave it to — a relative. She was living with me at the time of the fire. We had only just come up from Los Angeles — because I wanted to — I had some property here; all my income came from it; and I felt I ought to know more about it — in case anything happened. And after the earthquake she acted as though I had led her up to the — jaws of death — and pushed her in — and later she was so afraid of typhoid — and everything. And so — at last, when the banks opened up again — I gave her all the money I had in the bank — and she went East right away — and I stayed here."

"With nothing?"

"I had fifty dollars. I was doing relief work at the Presidio, waiting for the vaults to cool off — I had a lot of paper money in a box there — and for the insurance companies to pay — and for the man who looked after my affairs to get well: he'd been hurt in the earthquake. But he didn't get well: he had a stroke, instead, and died. And his partner — they were lawyers — went away; all their books and papers and everything had been burnt up, and he didn't seem to think he could ever straighten things out; and when the vaults were opened, the paper money I had in the box was all dust — and the insurance companies haven't paid."

She shrugged her shoulders delicately over the situation, already disgusted with herself at having descended to disclosing her private affairs to a stranger.

Meanwhile, "So that's it," the stranger was saying. "I've wondered a lot."

"You needn't have troubled."

"No trouble," he blandly assured her. "Houghton always was an ass"— (Houghton was the younger lawyer. How had he known? the girl wondered) —"lighting out for Goldfield when he ought to be here, straightening out his clients' business. And so you went to work on some beggarly salary, instead of seeing about having your property put in shape again. Why didn't you lease, or ——"

"I couldn't find out where it was," she retorted, furious. "I'd only been here a week when the fire came; and not for years before that."

——"and not put yourself in a position where you get insulted by some little scrub who isn't fit for you to walk on.—Are you going to faint?"

"No."

"Then what's the matter?" inquired the clod at her side.

"Nothing," she fibbed promptly. How different this creature was from Bixler McFay! Bixler had never pried into her private affairs, or evinced an interest in her possessions, or insisted on answers she did not wish to give, or pursued topics she did not care for. Bixler had none of the bluntness, the pigheadedness, the brutality of this — but then, there was no comparing the two. Only, she had vowed not to think of Bixler any more. He was not worth it.

"Nothing's the matter with me," she said. "Only, when I got back to the boarding-house after — after downtown to-day, the landlady said I'd have to pay sixty a month or leave at once, and — and she hadn't saved any lunch for me, and ——"

"And you've been eating ——"

He looked at the candy-bag and the morsel of bun with horror.

"I thought they'd cheer me up," Ikey murmured meekly, "but they've made me feel — kind of queer."

"That settles it." The big hand came down forcefully upon his knee. "We'll get the thickest steak you ever laid your eyes on in about two minutes. But first — we'll get married."

"What!"

III

What happened after that Ikey could never clearly remember. Bits of the ensuing conversation came back to her, memories of the sickening rage, the stupefying bewilderment that possessed her, and the exhaustion that followed. But order there was none. And she was sure she never got the whole of it.

At one stage in the proceedings she had observed in a haughty voice that she did not care to have his sympathy — or pity — take that form.

"Oh, it's not that," he assured her pleasantly; "but I'm tired of knocking around the world alone. I need an anchor. I think you" — he looked at her impersonally, but politely —"would make a good anchor."

"You mean you want me to reform you!"

He smiled a careful smile.

"No-o. I don't feel the need of reforming. There's nothing the matter with me ——"

"How lovely to have such a high opinion of oneself."

"Yes. Isn't it? But as I was saying ——"

At another stage she tried to take refuge behind the usual platitude: she did not love him.

He considered this — at ease before her, his hands in his pockets.

"Well, when it comes to that, I don't love you, either"— Ikey gasped —"but I don't consider that that makes any difference."

Another break.

Then, "What'll you do, if you don't?" he had asked her in a businesslike manner. "You're just on the verge of a breakdown"— She knew it; and his tone of conviction did not add to her sense of security — "Another scene like to-day's would upset you completely. You say you have no friends or relatives here; and there's no one you want to go to away from here. And besides, I can look after you a great deal better than you can look after yourself."

There must have been much arguing after that. There must have; for she had not the slightest intention of being disposed of in this medieval fashion. But in the midst of some determined though shaky sentence of hers, he had said quite kindly and finally that they need not discuss the matter any further — besides, she had to have a good stiff lunch right off — and had piloted her carefully, but with no overpowering air of devotion, out of the empty lots, around the corner, and into an automobile.

"It was all the fault of that wretched beefsteak," mourned Ikey an hour or two later. "If I'd only had it before, it never would have happened — never. I shall always have a grudge against it. What am I to do now?"

The automobile had conveyed them smoothly, first, to a clergyman's, of all people; next, to a restaurant; then, to the boarding-house, where her few belongings had found their way into a telescope basket; and now it was conveying them through the bedraggled outskirts of the city into the country beyond.

A hatchet-faced chauffeur was manipulating things in front; while the unspeakable man in gray sat unemotionally beside her in the tonneau and looked the other way.

"What am I to do now?" The bewildered girl found no answer to the one question of her mind. "Why don't you faint?" she asked herself severely. "Why don't you faint? If you had an idea of helping me out of this pickle, you'd do it at once, and never come to at all, and then have brain fever. It's the only decent solution. Instead of that, here you are, feeling — actually comfortable."

She stared ahead of her with miserable eyes.

"It was all that miserable beefsteak. The thing must have been six inches thick. Beast; why couldn't he have taken me to the restaurant first? Then I'd never have gone to the clergyman's. And that license. Where did he get it? We never stopped for one — he just pulled it out of his pocket, as though it had been a handkerchief. Ikey, you're married, *married* —

do you quite understand? — to a man who wears ready-made clothes and doesn't love you and lives in an attic boarding-house bed-room. And what is he doing with this automobile? And what is his business? Oh, he's probably a chauffeur; and he's borrowed his employer's bubble; and this other chauffeur in front's his best friend and ashamed of him on account of the beafsteak business. He'd better be. But what shall I say to him? What shall I *say*? — Oh — h"— heaven-sent inspiration — "I'll say nothing at all. I will be — so different."

On and on and on went the machine. The girl closed her eyes upon the dusty, dun-colored landscape.

"Serves me right for turning over my bank account to Cousin Mary and — and ——"

She had fallen asleep, propped up in her corner of the machine — worn out by this climax to the weeks that had gone before.

The man at her side turned and looked at her. His face no longer wore its placidly and conventionally polite expression.

IV

"The thirteenth move. Didn't I *say* it would be unlucky!"

Ikey had fled to the garden, letter in hand, to review the situation. The low clouds threatened rain. But what did that matter? The house stifled her with its large, low, mannish rooms and continued reminder of Arthur Hammond; and she had to think — think — think everything out from the very beginning.

That first evening — when she wakened in the dusk at his side in the automobile and stared bewildered at the dim outline of the low, rambling brown house tucked away among shrubbery under a load of vines — how quick he had been to reassure her, to explain that a friend of his, who had expected to come here with his bride, had had to go to Mexico instead and had asked him to occupy the bungalow until their return. A woman and a Chinaman went with the place; and she would have the run of a large garden. She could get rested there; and he could go to and from town every day.

And the days that followed — how careful he had been; how matter-of-fact and unemotional; never touching her; never making any sudden motion towards her; never referring to that short ten minutes at the clergyman's; never going near the two rooms the respectable English housekeeper had conducted her to that first evening.

"Almost as though he were trying to tame a bird," she had thought half whimsically, after the first days, when the feeling of weariness and fright had worn down and a great relief and great thankfulness had taken its place, that she should never see the boarding-house again with its sneering, insulting landlady, or the office where that man with the eager, shifty, cruel little eyes held rule.

And so she had set herself about it, resolutely, though bewildered, to be an anchor to this big, unemotional young man who had so suddenly come out of the background of her existence and was occupying all possible space immediately behind the footlights.

She did not at all know what an anchor did, or said, or how it acted. But the very perplexity for some reason or other sent her spirits sky-high. And she pottered about the garden with him, and whizzed about the country in the automobile,— it belonged to the same friend who wanted him to look after the place,— and poked about the queer, rambling house, content to see no one else and talk to no one else and amazed at herself that this should be so.

Only once had he made any reference to their situation, when he suggested that it might be as well under the circumstances for her to call him Arthur.

"I shall never call you Arthur. Never," she told him hotly. "I loathe the name. Always have. It sounds so deadly respectable."

"You don't care for respectability?" His tone was *so* affable.

Ikey considered. "It may have advantages, in some cases. But ——"

"Then what am I to be called?"

She might have retorted that she should call him nothing at all: he never addressed her by any name. Instead, she answered, "Boobles."

"Boobles?"

"Boobles," she repeated firmly. And then came laughter. Ikey's rages had a way of breaking up in inconvenient bursts of hilarity these days.

But what difference did that make now? What difference did anything make?

"I don't see," Ikey said to herself desperately, "what makes me so stupid. I'm afflicted with chronic mental nearsightedness. Most distressing. This is really a tragedy I'm mixed up in — a tragedy. And tragedy's a thing I never cared for."

She collapsed miserably on a bench and stared at the letter.

"It's queer how tragedy and going to sea give you the same feeling."

It was not pity — oh, no — that had made him want to marry her. And it was not love. And it was not because he needed an anchor. Not he. He was not that kind. It was simply

because she was his opportunity. Yes; that was the word. And she had never suspected.

Not that afternoon in the vacant lot, when he had inquired so exhaustingly as to her bank account.

Not the next week, when he appeared from town in the middle of the afternoon, all unheralded and paler than ordinary, with papers to sign, and the exhilarating news that the insurance companies had paid up, and a new bankbook with her name and comforting fat figures in it.

How desperately glad she had been over that. For hot shame possessed her at her appearance — shabby clothes and hardly any of them, when his ready-made dust-colored garments had immediately been replaced by the well-fitting blue serge that was her special weakness in masculine attire. She had invested heavily in frills and slowly regained her self-respect.

And not when he had appeared with a list of her property — how had he come by that list? — stating that he had made arrangements to lease certain pieces and rebuild at once on the others, and asking her approval of the final arrangements.

She had not suspected him then, either, idiot that she was. She had been too busy being rested, being thankful, being happy in the big garden, tucked away from the people who had failed her and the ghastly city and the memory of its great disaster.

She turned to the letter again. Bixler McFay had always written a good letter. This time he quite surpassed himself.

Heart-broken, unreconciled; his hopes shipwrecked; his faith destroyed. How could she have treated him so? She had been practically engaged to him; and she had left him a prey to every horrible emotion at a time when one word would have put his mind at rest. No clew as to her whereabouts by which he could trace her.

She passed that over with her little crooked, sarcastic smile. She had telegraphed and written both — and the second letter had been registered. He had probably forgotten that little fact. But it was of little consequence now. The sting lay in what followed.

And then what did he learn? the letter inquired. That a man he supposed to be his friend, a fellow he had met daily in Arizona for a couple of months at a time, had systematically pumped him about her, had taken means of ascertaining her financial status, and, recognizing her as his opportunity (that was where the word came from) had rushed off to San Francisco, married her hand over fist, and launched himself as a capitalist — on her capital. And she had allowed it.

The girl dropped the pages in her lap. Her little fist came down on top of them.

"It's a despicable letter," she told herself hotly. "And what he thinks to gain by it, I don't know. He just wants to make trouble.— And he has," she breathed with a downward sigh.

The question was, what to do now. And pride stood at her elbow and pointed out the only course.

This Arthur Hammond, this big, quiet, self-contained, efficient, indifferent young man — whose opportunity she was — must never know that she knew, or, knowing, cared.

That was the only solution. Pride forbade a scene — on his account; on hers; on Bixler McFay's; on everybody's, when it came to that. No one should know — anything.

"After a while I shall get quite old and pincushiony," she assured herself, "and pricks won't prick; and nothing will matter. I must be quite affable, and quite indifferent, and always polite — for women are only rude to men they care about." Her lips trembled. "It's all happened before, hundreds of times to hundreds of women — and money is very interesting to men — and there's no reason why this shouldn't happen to you, Ikey, dear — and a hundred of years from now it won't make any difference anyway.

"But I'll never tell him anything again ——"

For latterly she had told him many things about herself — young lonesomenesses that nothing could dispel; family hunger for brothers and sisters and all the ramifications of a home; and, half unconsciously, her utter content with the present. She turned hot at the thought of it all.

"But one thing I won't stand." She jumped up and made for the house. "He shan't have my photograph on his dressing-table."

She had seen it there one day on passing his open door, and had wondered, wide-eyed, how he came by it — it was one she had had taken in the East — and had felt unaccountably shy at the thought of asking him about it.

She tore into the house, to get it, to destroy it, to tear it into tiny bits, and trample upon it — at once, without a moment to lose — when, rushing up the porch steps, she collided with the one person of all others she least expected to see.

V

Late afternoon. The house was very still. Outside, the rain was falling, falling, and the shrubs bent under their burden of shining drops. Inside, the fire crackled and whispered and the girl lay in the big armchair and looked around the room.

The fireplace; the big, rich rugs; the dark paneling; the fine, unemotional pictures — no wonder the whole place had reminded her of Arthur Hammond. She ought to have known. She ought to have known.

She heard his step in the hall. His door banged, once; twice; again. Then, his voice, asking Eliza some question, and the murmur of the housekeeper's reply.

Then he came in.

She did not speak or move, and his, "Good-evening" was presently followed by the easy question: "What's the matter?"

Then she turned on him.

"Is it true that this house belongs to you?"

A pause. Then he answered slowly, .

"Yes."

"And the grounds?"

"Yes."

"And the automobile — is yours?"

"Yes."

He stood quietly watching her. She knew it, though she did not look at him. She took a deep breath.

"Those insurance companies have not paid," she said in a stifled voice. "You told me they had. You — you gave me — Where did all that money come from I've been spending?"

"Well, I suppose originally it was mine."

"Then it's true you are a millionaire?"

"Ye-es. Just about, I guess."

"And my property — all those buildings that burnt up were mortgaged and — and I couldn't have rebuilt — and everybody knew it — except me. The money that's putting them up again ——"

"I arranged about that. But what difference does it make?"

"What did you do it for?"

"I thought you'd feel better to have an income again — and on account of other people, too. It made me hot to have you treated as though you were — just anybody at all — simply because your income happened to be short for a time. And — and I thought you'd rather have it that way than take it from me — at the first," he ended lamely.

She jumped up and confronted him, white with rage.

"How dared you do that? How dared you? How do you suppose I feel, being in this position — to you?"

"I hope you don't feel at all. And besides — But how did you find out about this?"

"Cousin Mary has been here," the girl burst out, losing all idea of keeping anything back. "She had all sorts of things to say: how badly she'd been treated — how she was shipped off East, and I never wrote to her. nothing about my affairs, or that I was married, or anything. She couldn't talk enough. She said everybody sympathized with her, because her prospects were ruined, because the companies I'd insured in wouldn't pay and my land was mortgaged so I couldn't rebuild. She knew that — and she'd never told me. And then she spoke a piece about my conduct in getting married and never telling her a word about it beforehand. She said she was mortified to death to have to learn about my marriage from strangers — strangers — just accidentally. But there wasn't anything she didn't know: that you were a millionaire, but very eccentric and not given to going around like a rational being — in society; and that you had places around in different States and always made it a point not to know your neighbors, so you wouldn't have them come dropping in interfering with you; and that you were amusing yourself now with putting my affairs on their legs again; and how lucky it was for me; and how strange it was, when I was making a brilliant marriage, not to make it, at least, in a dignified, even if not in a brilliant manner, with a church wedding and all. There wasn't anything she didn't know. I believe she used detectives to find out. And she ended up by saying that she had a lovely disposition and would forgive me — I could have killed her — I was her only first cousin's only child — and she was coming here to live."

"The deuce she did!"

"But what did you do it for?" She turned on him furiously. "What did you do it for?"

"Yes — but where's this Cousin Mary?"

"We had a scene — at least, part of one: we didn't either of us say half we wanted to — and she's left. She'll probably decide in the end, though, that her disposition's lovely enough to overlook it, and insist on making her home with her eccentric millionaire cousin-in-law — What did you do this for?"

He stood there, frowning in perplexity. Then with a sigh of relief, "Supposing we sit down," he said, as one who has a happy inspiration. "I don't know as I can explain this to your satisfaction — exactly. But I'll try. It seemed to me — Don't you know, I thought — Hang it all, that King Cophetua business — was that the chap's name? — never did appeal to me a little bit. I'm dead sure that Beggar Maid had it in for him from the start for his beastly condescending ways to her. And I was afraid you might think — you see, it seemed to me that when your affairs were back in the position they ought to be, perhaps you'd feel better towards me."

He looked at her with boyish entreaty in his eyes. It was as though she were suddenly in

the room with a new person. The expression of his face left her breathless.

"Then you came to that boarding-house deliberately to ——"

"I did. Deliberately to let you get a bit used to me. It might have upset you to have a perfect stranger come up and marry you offhand."

"But — but"— she gasped.

She was flushed to the eyes. Suddenly he turned and switched on the electric lights. Then he turned back and looked at her — hard. The rose deepened.

"Surely, you're not pretending to tell me," he said slowly, as one thoroughly bedazed, "that you don't know I'm so looney about you my hand shakes whenever you come into the room?"

The girl looked away.

"You said that day — that day — that day, you know ——"

"Well?"

"You said most distinctly that — you didn't love me."

He turned an exasperated face toward her.

"Said that? Of *course* I said it. What did you expect me to say? How apt would you have been to have taken me ——"

"*Taken* you!"

"—— if I'd come up with the confession that your eyes set me crazy and the impudent tilt of your little nose was very much on my nerves? Supposing I'd told you that you bowled me over the moment I saw you — It's God's truth. I saw you at the theater in New York just before you left for Fort Leavenworth. I followed you there, but nothing that wasn't brass buttons seemed to be having an inning; and I didn't care to meet you at all, unless I could win out. So I left and went down to Arizona, where there was some land business I had to look after. Then McFay came down there and talked a good deal with his mouth; and I was sure it was all off and was doubly glad I hadn't met you. Then came the news of the earthquake and the fire; and I kept waiting for the beggar to get leave and go to you — and he didn't go. And then one night he — well, he was drunk, or he wouldn't have done it — but he talked some more with his mouth; and so I knew what to expect from him and — er, removed your photograph from his rooms — he hadn't any business having it around for men to stare at, anyway — and then I came here to find you; and — and that's about all, I guess."

He laughed an embarrassed laugh.

"I was pretty well done for before — it seems to me everybody I met kept talking about you — but the boarding-house business finished me completely. There were you — you'd lost more than all that trash put together, and had been badly treated, and all — but you held your head high and never peeped and made that dining-table a thing to look forward to beyond everything. No wonder the landlady hated you. I could have kneeled down and kissed your little boots — not that you'd have cared about it especially."

He laughed his boyish, embarassed laugh again.

"But to go back a bit — how apt would you have been to have taken me — after your experiences and that cur down at your office, besides — if I'd have trotted up and told you how I felt and asked you please to have me? How apt would you have been? I got the license and kept it dark and bided my time. There was nothing else to do — then."

They were standing again, facing one another, wide-eyed, and both rather breathless.

The girl turned away.

"I won't be humble," she whispered to herself tremulously. "I won't. It's a wretched policy for women, and the effects are dreadful on men."

She trailed away towards the other end of the room.

"I'm not Ikey any more. I'm not the Wandering Jew. The thirteenth move is a glorious move, and I've come home — to a man in a million."

Aloud she observed disdainfully, "The whole performance from beginning to end has been unspeakable — simply unspeakable; and I insist ——"

She had reached the bay-window and pressed her little nose tight against the window-pane.

"I insist you're no gentleman," came her muffled, shaky voice from behind the curtains, "or I wouldn't have to be standing here quite by myself, waiting for you to come over here and — and kiss me."

GIFFORD PINCHOT, FORESTER

BY WILL C. BARNES

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

FOR almost a century the unoccupied government lands of the West have been used as a public commons. The stockmen have used the grass and water; the mining, sawmill, and railroad men the timber; until — simply because no one made it his business to object to the spoliation that was going on — what had been done wholly on the suffrance of the national government had come to be regarded and most lustily defended as an inherent privilege and right.

And so when, a decade ago, the tall, pleasant-voiced young man from the far East, now known throughout the United States as Gifford Pinchot, the national forester, appeared in the West, and suggested to the stockmen that they were ruining the country by overgrazing, they laughed him to scorn.

He told the mining and sawmill men that through reckless and extravagant methods of lumbering they were bringing on a timber famine by great strides; he characterized their whole policy as one of utter disregard for the future of the country; and he demanded forcible and immediate action on the part of the Federal authorities. These pioneers had seen uncounted millions of buffalo melt away because no one took enough interest in the matter to stop the wanton waste. They had seen great billowy prairies, once knee-deep in the most splendid covering of grass and vegetation, grazed down until they were hardly more than dust heaps; and mountains that were clothed with magnificent forests swept bare—first by the woodsman's ax and later by forest fires that burned each year millions and millions of feet of the finest timber a country ever possessed, while no one raised a hand even to quench the fire because "it was only government land."

GIFFORD PINCHOT

The Fight against the "Pinchot Policies"

These hard-headed, adventurous Western pioneers, indignant at the thought of any curtailment of their freedom; resentful of interference in what they were pleased to call their "inalienable right" to do as they pleased with the country they had conquered; utterly regardless of its future, and thinking but of the present and their own selfish interests, arose in their wrath and protested vigorously against what they called the "Pinchot policies" of the government.

That the writer, then a range cattle-raiser in Arizona, was one of the first to feel the effects of the new forest policy gives him all the more right to speak as he does of these things; that he joined with loud tongue and bitter pen in the general denunciation of the "Pinchot policies" makes it all the more a pleasure to him now to defend and explain them in so far as he can.

Although there had been a small start toward forest preservation, it was not until Mr. Pinchot was placed at the head of the movement in 1898 (six years after the first reserve was made), and organized and reconstructed the force of officials, that we really had any national forest policies worth mentioning.

His enemies first attacked his motives. He was a "notoriety seeker," a "political adventurer" looking for personal advancement. To their surprise they found that he showed not the slightest disposition to exploit himself; that, having millions at his command, he could expect to gain nothing financially by his course; and that he was absolutely devoid of any political ambitions.

They then took another point of attack. "He is an Eastern swell who knows nothing of forests, or the West and its needs. By what right does he tell us how to use the public lands?"

And again they found him invulnerable, for, after graduating from Yale in 1889, he had made a systematic and thorough study of forestry. He traveled in Europe, through Russia, on the great steppes of Siberia, in the Philippines, and in every part of the United States where there were forests he investigated conditions and studied the water problem, the grazing of cattle and sheep, and the effect of lumbering and forest fires. There is hardly a corner of our whole Western country from the Missouri to the Pacific where forests are found that he has not visited and inspected. Days, weeks, and months spent on horseback and on foot in the roughest, most inaccessible portions of the Rocky Mountain region from the Canadian to the Mexican line have made him familiar with every problem of forest preservation. He has studied the attendant and equally important question of water-shed protection and utilization of the mountains for conserving the sources of all our great Western streams, by which millions of acres are to be irrigated and millions of homes built up in the West. He was from the first no "tenderfoot" adventurer, no visionary enthusiast, but a practical, hard-headed man far more earnestly and disinterestedly concerned in the Westerners' future than they themselves had ever been.

Born in Simsbury, Connecticut, in 1865, of old New England ancestry, Mr. Pinchot is just in the prime of life. A man of tremendous energy and resourcefulness, tactful, quick to see a point, frank to admit his errors, open and friendly in his intercourse with all men, and in the game of politics the equal of any one in Washington, he is giving the best years of his life to a cause that will bring him no personal advantage save a place in our national history greater than that of great generals and war captains. For while their armies destroy, his little army is saving and preserving; while their forces are ever non-productive, he and his small force are making "two blades of grass grow where one grew before"; are building up and developing to the uttermost the great region lying around and about the national forest areas.

Training an Army of Foresters

Mr. Pinchot rapidly gathered about him a force of expert assistants. The forest schools in the East were just turning out their first crop of young men, trained and educated as scientific foresters, and he brought them into the work. A year or two in the forests, mapping, scaling, estimating, and studying the western timber conditions, made them practical as well as scientific. The old sawmill men, themselves educated in the college of "Hard Knocks," first laughed at these college-bred foresters, but soon learned to respect and trust them. They began to adopt their plans and follow their suggestions, and to-day one of the most serious embarrassments the forester has to meet is the continual hiring away from him of his best men by the Western lumber and sawmill men, who offer salaries far beyond what the government pays.

To handle the stockmen's interests — by far the most difficult and perplexing of all the problems connected with the administration of the national forests — Pinchot went to the Southwest and persuaded one of the most intelligent and level-headed young stockmen in the country to become head of the grazing department. A. F. Potter had been for years a cow-boy and

range cattleman, then for several years a sheep owner, and not only knew every branch of the stock business through practical experience, but had the administrative ability to handle successfully the intricate and perplexing questions of ranges, priority of rights, effects of grazing, and methods of handling stock that must be passed upon. With this corps of assistants, and with Mr. Overton W. Price, a man second only to himself in ability, as his chief lieutenant, Mr. Pinchot began in earnest in the year 1898 the work of saving the remaining forested areas of the United States.

A few years ago the mining men, lumbermen, and the stockmen were almost united in their opposition to the policies of the Government Forest Service. Then the mining men found to their surprise that instead of being ruined and forced out of business they were being helped. If a miner had a valuable claim on some national forest lying idle, the forest ranger of that district saw that not one stick of timber upon it was cut by unauthorized persons. In the past, when a miner returned to his claim after a year's absence, he generally found it stripped of the timber which some day he would need for its development. Under the new service, he discovered also that, when there was no timber on his own claim, he could buy at a reasonable figure all the timber he desired for the development of his mine. In many cases, in southern Arizona, for instance, where the wood haulers were in the habit of taking from the miners' claims fuel which they would be likely to need for their engines sooner or later, the rangers stopped the practice and gave the wood haulers other areas from which to cut, where no such injury to the miners would result.

Land Piracy Checked

Of course, where mining companies, organized solely to obtain vast areas of timber land, under cover of the mining laws, especially the Timber and Stone Act, and the Placer Mining laws, found their work exposed by the activity and watchfulness of the forest officers, they naturally raised a cry against the Service that woke the echoes.

The Placer laws allow a company to obtain title to twenty acres of land simply by showing five hundred dollars' worth of mining work done upon it. No signs of mineral need be shown, no further attempt to develop it is required. Prove that five hundred dollars' worth of work has been done, and the patent is issued. The takers are not limited to a single tract, but can have just as many tracts as they have sums of five hundred dollars to invest. Under this Placer law whole townships, covered with the finest timber on the Pacific coast, were taken up solely to obtain title to the land for the timber upon it.

Wherever the final patents had not been issued on these lands, the Forest Service stepped in and put a stop to it, thus saving thousands of acres of timber land for the people. Small wonder that these licensed pirates look upon a forest ranger as the embodiment of all that is bad, and the forest policy as an encroachment upon sacred vested rights!

The Case of the Wood Haulers

And the poor wood haulers! How they complained because they thought their divine right to cut and slash as they chose was to be invaded! What happened to them? To-day they are better off than ever. True, they pay a little for the wood — from as low as ten cents a cord in some forests up to fifty cents in others. But what do they get in return for it?

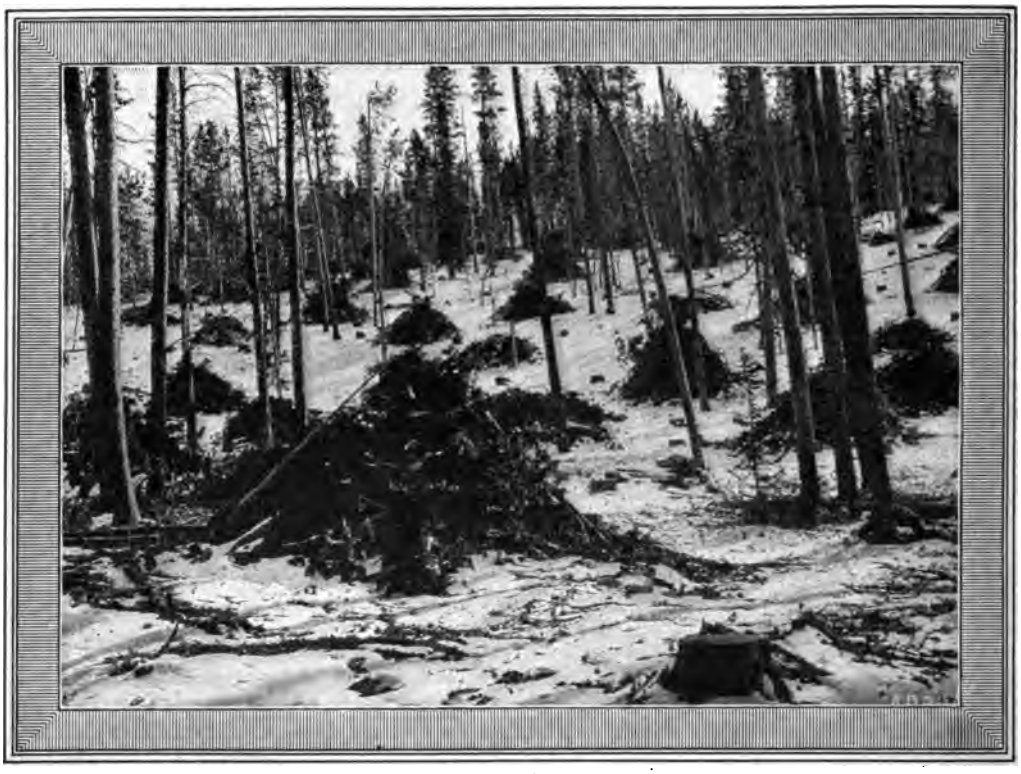
If a wood hauler wants to buy ten cords of wood or any amount up to fifty dollars' worth, he simply goes to the nearest ranger, and in ten minutes the deal is over; the ranger accompanies him to the area where he wishes to cut and shows him by marks and bounds just where he may cut; the trees are marked, and the man sets to work knowing full well that no one else will invade this little tract or steal his wood when it is cut and piled up waiting for him to haul it away, as was the case over and over again in the old days of free and unlimited competition.

How the Government Sells Timber

What of the next class, the sawmill men? Every stick of matured, merchantable timber in the forests, not needed for protection of watersheds, is for sale. By matured timber is meant a tree that has reached its maximum growth and development, and is beginning slowly to deteriorate, and should, like any ripe crop, be harvested. There is no limit either high or low. In New Mexico one contract for 1907 called for 50,000 feet and another for 10,000,000, and each was made and carried out under the same conditions; little man and big both got the same square deal.

"But," cry some of the politicians with both eyes upon the political barometer, "the Forest Service, in selling lumber by such methods, is playing into the hands of the Lumber Trust and boosting prices."

What are these methods? If a citizen wants to buy some saw-logs for his mill, he goes to the nearest forest officer and states his case, indicating where the timber lies that he wishes to cut. A careful survey and cruise of the timber is then made by experienced and competent



A SECTION OF THE BIG HORN NATIONAL FOREST, WYOMING, SHOWING THE FOREST SERVICE METHODS OF LUMBERING. A CERTAIN PROPORTION OF THE TREES HAVE BEEN LEFT STANDING FOR SEED PURPOSES. THE REST HAVE BEEN CUT CLOSE TO THE GROUND, TO AVOID WASTE, AND THE BRANCHES PILED AT A SAFE DISTANCE FOR BURNING

men trained especially for that work. If they report favorably upon the cutting, a minimum price is set at which the timber will be sold, and the sale is duly advertised for thirty days, if it amounts to more than one hundred dollars in value. If it comes to less, the forest officer on the ground makes the sale without delay. When the bids are opened, the highest bidder gets the timber.

There is seldom much competition on the small lots, but the large tracts are frequently bid up to very much more than the minimum price set by the forest expert. In New Mexico, for instance, several large sales were made in 1907, where the keen competition ran the price up from three dollars, set by the Service, to five and six dollars a thousand. Surely this was not playing into the hands of the Lumber Trust.

"Two Blades of Grass Where One Grew Before"

Moreover, when the buyers come to cut, the ranger marks each tree, leaving out all those below a certain size for future growth, and also a certain number for seed purposes, that reproduction may follow. Again, the buyers are required to cut the stumps low, generally at a height equal to the diameter. Under old methods they cut them off high up, where it was easier for the ax and saw men to work, thus leaving in the stump a waste equal to more than ten per cent. of the measured value of the tree. "Two blades of grass" here surely!

Under the old methods, if the logs had to be "snaked" out, the loggers took the shortest cut, and if that cut led through a dense thicket of young trees, the logs were dragged through them, so that millions of young trees were destroyed each year by this recklessness alone. To-day the ranger sees to it that they go around such little groves, or, if it is absolutely unavoidable, a straight and narrow way is cut through them to which the loggers must keep, thus reducing the damage to the minimum. "Two blades of grass" here also.

In the old days of reckless lumbering only the best of the tree was used. A single log was taken, and the rest left to waste. Now the watchful "scaler" sees to it that the logs are cut

with judgment, so as to utilize every foot of saw timber.

When the logging is finished on a tract, according to the government contract, the brush must be carefully piled by the lumberman far enough away from other trees or young stuff to cause no damage when it is burned by the rangers. Under the early methods the "slashings," as cut-over areas were called, were an almost impassable mass of dead tree-tops and logs, a most fruitful and dangerous source and auxiliary of forest fires.

The Forest Service and the Stock-Raisers

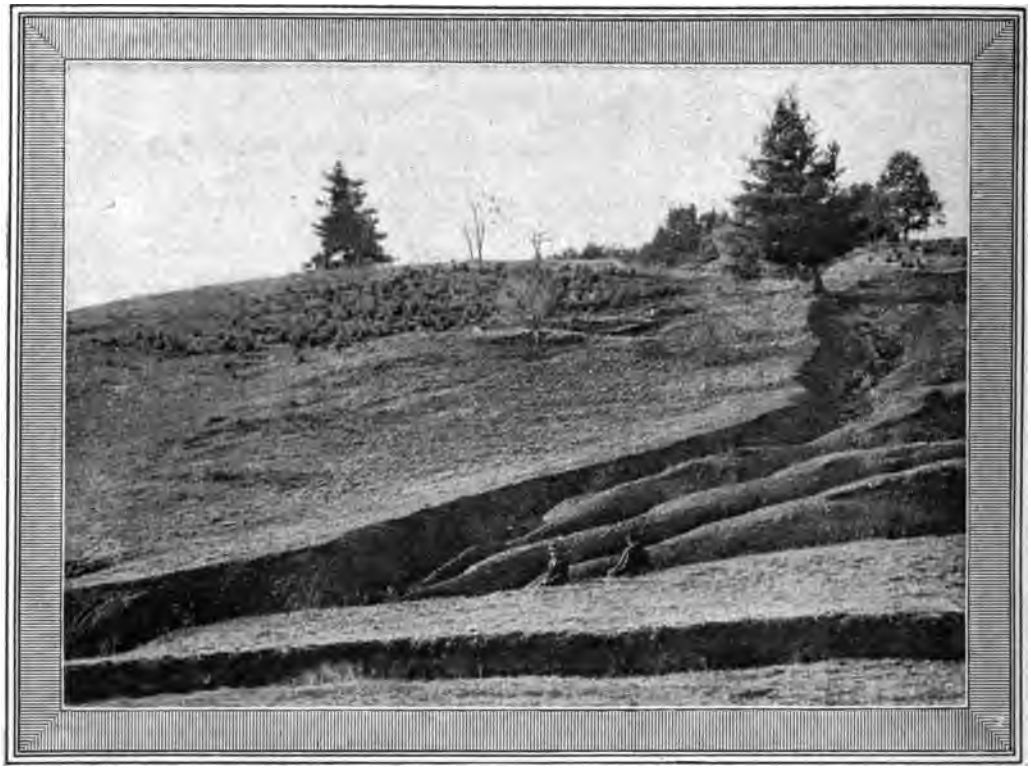
The only remaining class opposed to the policy of the Forest Service is that composed of the stock-raisers; and for their interests and welfare the Forest Service has worked harder than for all the other users of the forests combined.

That mistakes were made in handling the live-stock interests; that in some cases individuals were unduly hampered with rules enforced by over-zealous forest officers, is not to be denied. It was a huge task. Almost in a day the Forest Service sprang full-fledged into the world, charged with the care and responsibilities of more than a hundred million acres; to-day it controls a third of the area of grazing country in the United States, whereon graze about eight million sheep and a million and a half cattle and horses.

Trained foresters there were to be had in plenty, but men who knew the stockman's trade, whose training fitted them to handle the vexatious questions of range divisions, overgrazing, and relative injury done by cattle, sheep, and goats, were hard to find, and when found were not willing to enter the Service for the niggardly pay allowed by the government. However, the Forest Service, with its ranger system, is to-day training up a class of young men, who, in a few years, will be at once expert lumbermen, scientific foresters, and excellent all-round frontiersmen and stockmen.

In this work there have been no precedents

SECTION OF A REDWOOD FOREST IN CALIFORNIA, SHOWING WASTEFUL AND DESTRUCTIVE METHODS OF LUMBERING. THE TREES HAVE BEEN CUT HIGH UP, LEAVING A LARGE PROPORTION OF WASTE IN THE STUMP. THE LAND HAS BEEN STRIPPED BARE OF ITS TIMBER, AND IS IN CONDITION TO ENCOURAGE FIRE, EROSION, AND DESTRUCTIVE FLOODS



THE EFFECT OF EROSION ON A HILLSIDE FROM WHICH THE FOREST COVER HAS BEEN REMOVED

to follow, no rules to look to for guidance. Instead, rules must be made and tested through use; precedents must be established and certain fundamental principles worked out and made a basis for future government.

Further than this, every section has its own necessities. Rules that would apply to Oregon and Washington, with their sixty inches of rainfall a year, would not apply to Arizona, with its ten. One great mountain region, whose waters drained off into the ocean and could never be used for irrigating purposes, might safely be let open to all kinds of grazing; while another equally large section, just as well grassed, would have to be closed to sheep and goats, with their erosive little feet and habits of grazing in large bands, because all the drainage went into creeks, streams, and rivers that lower down on the desert were needed to irrigate vast a eas of valuable farming lands.

The Roosevelt Dam Case

Take a single case: that of one national forest in Arizona. At the upper end of this forest — which is a long, narrow tract covering a great mountain chain — rise two or three streams; on the eastern slope, the Rio Verde and the Salt River, on the western, the Agua Fria. A hundred miles below these heads the government is building, at a cost of more than $4,000,000, the great Roosevelt Dam which will furnish water to irrigate 250,000 acres of the richest of soils around the city of Phoenix in the Salt River valley. One of the most serious problems in the construction of the great dams in the West is the question of silt, which is washed down in the streams and will eventually fill up and render useless these expensive dams and reservoirs.

Careful studies of silt prove beyond doubt that its primal cause is the removal of the forest cover, such as underbrush, weeds, and grasses, along the streams, which allows the rainfall to run off rapidly. The grazing over these areas by sheep and goats not only exhausts this forest cover, but from the cutting up of the soil and the loosening effect of the thousands of tiny hoofs, the erosive action of the rain becomes disastrous. The wash of the hills and mountain-sides carries with it into the streams tons and tons of silt to fill up the dams and beds of the streams, as well as working irreparable injury to the comparatively thin soil covering the mountains.

On this national forest the water-shed on the eastern side all runs into streams which eventually reach the Roosevelt Dam; on the western

THE SAME HILLSIDE AFTER TWO YEARS OF CAREFUL AND SYSTEMATIC GRAZING

slope the water runs unused to the Gulf of California. So the National Reclamation Service, charged with the building and maintenance of these huge reservoirs, said to the Forest Service: "The watershed of the Roosevelt Dam must be protected from over-grazing, so that the forest cover may be preserved, and the deposit of silt reduced to the very lowest possible percentage."

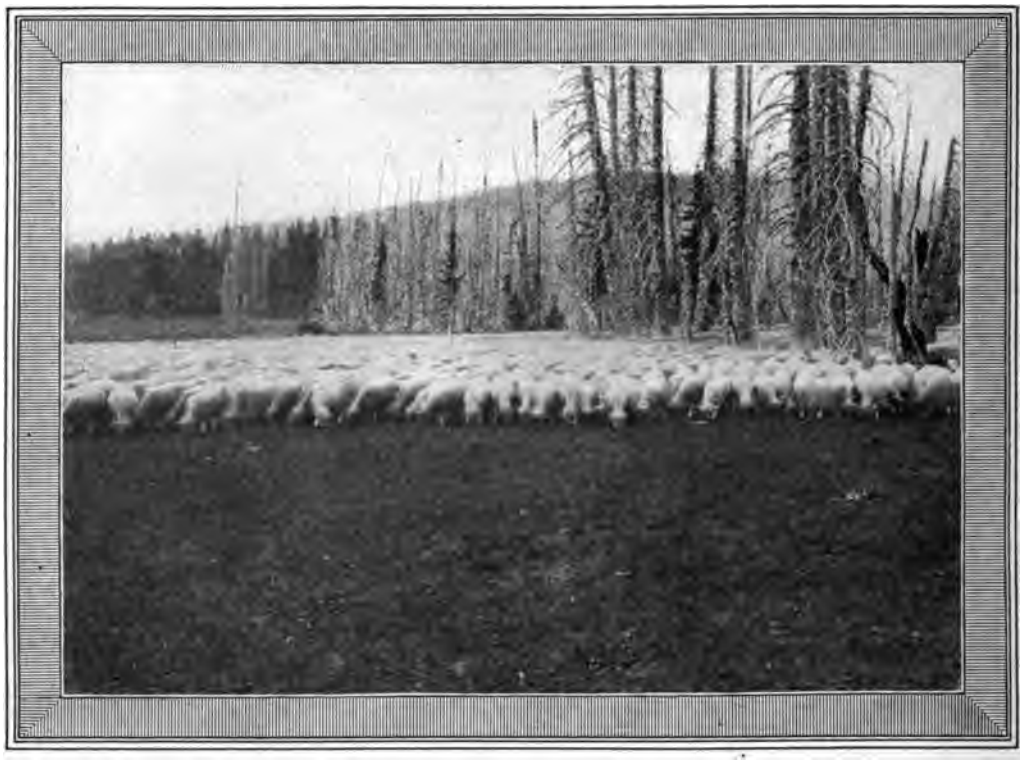
The Forest Service whose duty it was under the law to protect and preserve, not only the timber of the mountains, but the water supply as well, had no alternative but to say to the sheep and goat men using this area: "You cannot longer graze sheep or goats upon the eastern side of this forest, but may do so on the western slope." But since cattle do much less damage than sheep, in order that the grazing may not go entirely unused, the Service allows cattle to graze there in such numbers as will not injure the watershed.

Naturally the sheep owners set up a cry that could be heard from Dan to Beersheba. But an analysis of the situation shows that while some fifty individual sheep men, owning probably 100,000 sheep valued at about $300,000, were forced to rearrange their business to meet the new conditions, their loss was overwhelmingly offset by the benefit to the entire population of the Salt River valley, a population to-day f not fewer than 50,000 people, every soul of whom is absolutely dependent upon the agricultural lands of the valley for a living; these lands consisting of more than 100,000 acres, valued at an average of sixty dollars an acre, already under cultivation, with 150,000 acres more ready to be cultivated the instant the Roosevelt Dam is finished.

Irrigation Revolutionized by National Forestry

Surely such conditions fully justify the Forest Service in its course of pursuing the greatest good for the greatest number. In Colorado a small number of stock men, principally cattle owners, aided and abetted by a few political malcontents, have attempted to discredit the Forest Service, but no one has heard a word against the Service from the thousands of contented irrigationists, who, with countless acres to be watered by more than 12,000 miles of irrigation ditches, see their source of water supply amply protected, and realize that already the supply has increased and the flow is more regular than it has been in the past.

In the great Kern River district about Bakersfield in southern California, a careful measure-



HERD OF SHEEP GRAZING UPON A NATIONAL FOREST. THE SHEEP GRAZE IN LARGE BANDS AND VERY CLOSE TOGETHER, AND THE CUTTING ACTION OF THE THOUSANDS OF HOOFS IS VERY INJURIOUS TO THE SOIL. FOR THIS REASON, SHEEP-GRAZING IS ONLY ALLOWED ON CERTAIN AREAS OF THE NATIONAL FORESTS

ment shows that since the restrictions on grazing in the mountains at the heads of the streams, together with the almost complete absence of forest fires, the flow of water in the great canal system has become fully twenty per cent. greater in volume than ever before. And so one could go on without end, if necessary, for all over the West are smaller or larger areas wholly dependent upon the rivers and streams for their water supply, and to them the Forest Service guarantees full protection for their lands and homes.

The Free Grass Question

The range stockmen of to-day are in much the same position as the reservation Indian. The tides of civilization, advancing from east and west, have met and threaten to overwhelm them. Like the Indian they must meet the new conditions with new methods. They must not, and need not, be overwhelmed, but can be assimilated in the new order of things. The day of free grass in the State of Texas came to an end twenty years ago. The old-timers shook their heads and prophesied all sorts of dire happenings to the State. To-day Texas has more cattle and sheep, and better ones, too, than ever before, and they are still growing in numbers.

A convention of stockmen was held at Denver in 1898, at which the burning question was the then new plan of forest reserves. The sheep men from Wyoming, Utah, and one or two other Western States, declared with a bitterness born of conviction that if the government made any forest reserves in their States it would mean the total annihilation of the sheep industry there. To-day these States are plastered with national forests, and each has three or four times as many sheep as it had ten years ago.

There has arisen, of course, from the men who have used these government lands without money and without price, a continuous cry that the grazing fees the Forest Service collects are "illegal, unjust and double taxation." The complaint, of course, will not bear analysis. The land belongs, not to the stockmen, but to the whole people. Why should the government give something to a stockman in Wyoming, that belongs equally to a stockman in Ohio, who is raising live stock on private land, in keen competition with Western free grass men?

The fees are scarcely illegal. If the government can sell one man one hundred acres of public land, it certainly can sell another man the grass and forage crop produced upon any portion of the public lands. One is no more a case of merchandizing than the other. As for the double taxation argument, that too is equally childish, because the grazing fee is not a tax but the price of a commodity.

As a matter of fact, the government spends annually, in trail and road building through the forests, that the stock may more easily and safely reach the higher grazing areas, in fighting the fires, in building telephone lines to the very remotest corners of the forests, in hiring hunters to exterminate the wolves and other wild animals that prey upon the stockman's herds, in digging deep wells and erecting windmills and other pumping engines to furnish water where there is none on the surface, a sum almost equal to the entire amount paid in fees by the stockmen, and all for their sole benefit and use.

The total amount of fees paid by stockmen in the year 1907 amounted to $836,920. If the lands were under private control, the fees would be more than double what they now are. In New Mexico, for instance, the usual price for pasturing cattle upon the large land grants is from two dollars to three dollars a year, while on the government forests immediately adjoining the grant, and almost the same country, the fee is only seventy-five cents a year per head and twenty-five cents per head for sheep. And these are the highest fees charged on any national forest for all-the-year-round grazing permits. In Colorado, California, Nevada, and Arizona, the charge for sheep or cattle grazing on the large areas of railroad and State lands is on an average fully twice as great as the same fees upon the national forest, and in the former the stockmen get no other return from the land owners.

The last and loudest wail was that these "great areas of segregated lands," as the protestants love to call the national forests, were a barrier to the settler and homesteader; that the Forest Service was making vast areas of forest solitudes in the heart of the Western States.

To this the Forest Service replied by throwing open to agricultural settlement every acre of land, lying within the limits of the national forests, which was more suitable for agriculture than forest culture. Six thousand new homes were selected in the different forests in the year 1907, and with vastly less red tape and delay than under the regular homestead laws now in force upon other public lands.

If the Forest Service had done no more than keep down the fire losses, their work would not have been in vain. In 1901 the total area burned over in the government forests equalled $2\frac{3}{4}$ acres in every thousand, while in 1907 the burned area was only $\frac{2}{10}$ of an acre in every thousand. No record of the money value of the earlier fire losses was kept, but that the loss ran into the millions, no one who has seen the miles of burned over tracts can doubt.

The following table shows the fire losses in the national forests for the past three years:

Year	Area of Forests	Acres Burned Over	Value of Timber Burned
1905	85,627,000	279,592	$101,282
1906	106,999,000	115,416	76,183
1907	164,154,000	212,850	31,589

That is, in 1905 the loss from fire was more than three times as great as in the year 1907, with an area of forests almost twice as great to protect and control.

$1,000,000 Saved by the Forest Hunters

Another important feature of Mr. Pinchot's work is the employment of experienced hunters for killing wild animals which destroy stock. In the year 1907, according to records kept of all predatory animals killed upon the various national forests, or on lands adjoining them, no fewer than 1600 wolves, 19,469 coyotes, 265 mountain lions, 368 bears, and 2285 wild cats and lynxes were killed by the various hunters and settlers. Of these, it is probably fair to credit the rangers and the hunters employed by the Forest Service with at least one-fourth.

Now, any well-posted stockman will tell you that, on an average, a full-grown wolf will destroy one thousand dollars' worth of stock every year of its life. Mountain lions prefer horses to any other food, but still they will put up with calves and sheep. They, too, are easily chargeable with a thousand dollars' worth of damage each year. The coyotes, bob-cats, and lynxes do less harm, and that mostly to sheep. Yet I think it is a very conservative estimate to say that each coyote or lynx annually destroys stock to the value of fully one hundred dollars.

Taking these figures as a basis for comparison, it is very easily seen that the value of the animals killed by the Forest Service men is more than $1,000,000. Hence, so far as return for their $836,920 in grazing fees is concerned, the stockmen get it back in full and with some to spare.

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CHIEF KITSAP, FINANCIER

BY

JOSEPH BLETHEN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

WHEN young Johnny Kitsap, having made up his mind that his clerkship in the reservation agency did not offer the chance of advancement to which the son of a Puyallup chief and a graduate of Carlisle was entitled, applied for work to the President of the Elliott Bay National Bank, it was not an act of such presumption as some might suppose. No one, to be sure, when he saw the high cheek-bones, wiry black hair brushed pompadour, dull brown eyes, and copper complexion, could possibly have been deceived by Johnny's well-cut clothes, clean linen, and good English. Nor did Johnny affect these things as a disguise or as signifying that, in adopting the apparel and speech of the white man, he had renounced his nationality — had, to all intents and purposes, become a dead Indian. Quite to the contrary, what secured Johnny his position in the bank was precisely that, besides having a pleasant manner and civilized ways, he was so manifestly an exceptionally live Indian.

The Elliott Bay National's famous line of "red paper" had paid from the start. When, some years before, the proposition to loan old Peter Coultee, a full blood of the Puyallup reservation, was laid before the directors, they had laughed, but, like true Western men, they wanted to know the details. What they learned was that old Peter Coultee owned one hundred and sixty acres of fine reservation land, well stocked and highly cultivated; that his crop of hops was fast ripening; that he needed money to pay the hop-pickers of his own tribe; and that hop-house receipts in the White River Valley were as good as wheat receipts in the Palouse. This put the matter in other, at least, than a sneering light, and one of the laughing directors offered to visit the reservation and make a full report. The result was that old Peter Coultee got his loan, and that this turned out to be the first of many others, both to himself and to his tribesmen, and all of much mutual profit alike to white man and red.

When, accordingly, Johnny Kitsap did the Elliott National the honor of preferring its employment to that of the government, the president did not laugh, but, with all due formality, laid his application before the board, and suggested that a bank which loaned money to Indians might in time find it convenient to have a clerk who could interpret not only the language

of the Siwash customers, but the more subtle emotions of the Indian heart. And so Johnny came by his job, and the bank had as little cause to regret it as the first loan to old Peter Coultee, which was the original cause of it.

To the young Indian, the bank became a magic house. The brass-barred windows before the tellers; the wire cages; the tiled floors; the great doors of the vault, with the *tick-tick-tick* of the time locks; all seemed to him to be parts of a powerful chieftain's house. The vault itself, with its store of gold and currency, and its cabinet of mysterious treaties, which the *tyee* made with the busy white men, filled him with awe. This was the white man's magic treasure-chest, wherein money bred money. No one bought or sold, so far as he could see, yet this treasure-chest paid salaries, distributed profits, and always continued full. With his imagination thus enlisted in firing his work with the zest of play, it is no wonder that he proved an apt pupil and in a rapidly flying trio of years had filled various positions and had earned high appreciation.

With his entrance upon the duties of collection clerk, Kitsap became the credit man on all "red paper." Every bit of Indian business received the approval of the Chief before the discount committee would act upon it. Thus the young Indian became surely, even if indirectly, a power on the reservation, where the tribal leaders regarded him as being at heart a white man and continued to address him quizzingly as *Italapas* (The Coyote That Wanders). Kitsap maintained a modest room in Seattle, enjoyed the privileges of an athletic club, owned a one-twentieth interest in a yacht, and, out on the reservation, kept a cayuse in father Kitsap's corral and a suit of Indian finery in father Kitsap's house. Thus he zigzagged across the borderland of civilization and led a most picturesque, but strictly honorable, double life.

Kitsap had been four years in the bank when three hop-buyers from St. Louis attempted to raid the White River hop fields in advance of picking and to buy the entire crop of the valley at fourteen cents a pound. The raid had progressed far towards success when Kitsap accidentally heard of it.

The Indian hop-growers of the reservation had made their fall estimates, Kitsap had inspected their fields and approved their items, and some ten thousand dollars in "red paper" was entered on the books of the Elliott Bay National Bank, the loans to be secured by the warehouse receipts on hops. Kitsap had spent the first Sunday of the picking on the reservation, greeting friends who had come on their annual pilgrimage to the hop fields from other reservations; and early on Monday morning he was on the way to take a train for Seattle, when Peter Coultee's cayuse overtook him, bearing Peter Coultee's oldest son.

"Good morning, *Italapas*. Is your bank short of money?" called the young Indian, with enough dire suggestion in his tone to start a Wall Street panic.

Kitsap faced his questioner. "It has more gold than the son of Coultee can count," he retorted sharply.

"Then why is Lamson, who owns the largest fields of all the white men in the valley, saying that the bank will not loan him enough to pay the pickers?"

Lamson, who was wealthy, as ranchers go, was a heavy client of the Elliott Bay National, but, since he was a white man, his accounts were unknown to Kitsap. The bank clerk was thus taken at a disadvantage and could not give a direct answer. But, desiring to learn what he could, he bantered the younger Indian to talk on, and listened carefully, that his words might be carried to the cashier.

"Lamson is paying two picking tickets out of every three in cash; for the third ticket he gives an order on the stores in the village. When the pickers complain, he laughs and says that the bank has loaned the Indians so much that it cannot lend him the little he needs. Peter Coultee sends word to you: Let *Italapas* run to the bank and count the gold." Then the younger Indian smiled suggestively, whirled his cayuse, and rode away.

Kitsap was troubled by young Coultee's words. Not that any thought of weakness in the Elliott Bay National entered his mind; but he felt at once that such a report, if allowed to circulate undenied, would be harmful to the magic treasure-chest. He was all nerves when he reported to the cashier.

As soon as the president arrived, the cashier went to him with the report. Together they reviewed Lamson's account, and decided that no danger was to be found there. Lamson's hops were being delivered to a warehouse, and the warehouse receipts were being delivered to the bank as security for the hop-gathering loan. All this was regular and customary. But Lamson's motive in making such talk disturbed the president. He sent for Kitsap to question him.

Never before had the young red man been called into a conference with the president. He felt both proud and alarmed at the incident. When told the facts, Kitsap was greatly relieved, but he could suggest no motive for Lamson's story. He volunteered to visit the valley in an endeavor to ascertain the facts. The

suggestion pleased the president, who at once ordered it put into effect.

"I suppose," said the gray-headed president, "that you will enjoy this scouting expedition all the more because you are on the trail of a white man. But while I am going to trust to your own good sense and your knowledge of your people in running this lie right back to the man who fathered it, I want to caution you to play well inside the rules of the game.

"Now, you are out to hit the trail of that lie and chase it home. When you have corralled it, let me know what company it is keeping and I will tell you what to do next. Lamson has been a good client and this lie may run away from him. If so, we must not offend him and thus lose his account. But if it hikes home to his ranch house, then I want to know what he is doing, and the nearer he is related to this rumor, the quicker we shall cash his hop receipts and cancel his note.

"If you find it necessary to use the bank's authority, then come out strong as ambassador plenipotentiary and read the stiffest kind of a bluff to your man in the name of the Elliott Bay National Bank. Talk as little as possible about the bank; but when you do talk, make every man jealous of your connection with the institution. A conservative remark may bring a new customer to our books; a flippant word may go into business for itself and start a run that no bank could weather. Now get at it, and let us hear something from you by day after to-morrow."

Scout! The president himself had said it! The Indian's blood thrilled with his commission. His voice shook a little in its attempt to be very, very steady as he telephoned out to the reservation station for a saddle-horse. Then he ran for the five o'clock south-bound train.

At eight o'clock Kitsap arrived at the reservation. On all sides were the lights among the camps, where the hop-pickers were making merry. More than one group hailed him as he passed, demanding to know if he had come out from town to dance, to gamble, or to see a maid. But he had replied to each in kind and pressed on to his father's house. Kitsap the elder greeted his son in the native tongue.

"Huh! Is The Coyote still prowling?"

"The Coyote hunts big game for his *tyee*, my father. Let The Coyote's horse be cared for till he returns."

Then Kitsap, the bank clerk, decked himself as an Indian should and as The Coyote went forth to listen at many camp-fires and to hear what tales were telling there. Till far into the night he prowled, learning what families of Indians were picking for Lamson, what form Lamson's bank story was taking, and to what store the orders were sent for redemption. The fires were low and the valley was still when he sought his father's house and slept.

The next morning he resumed the dress of the white man. It was a day spent in the saddle. He rode from store to store, from ranch to ranch and warehouse to warehouse, the length and breadth of the valley, questioning, listening, brisk, business-like, and polite, in all respects the decorous representative of the white man's bank. Yet, as he stood that evening at the white man's telephone, and recounted to his cashier the facts he had learned, the gleam in his eyes and the pride in his heart were those of the young red warrior who has tracked his foe and makes report to the high chiefs of his tribe. He concluded by asking his cashier to telegraph to St. Louis and the other hop markets and ascertain the probable trend of hops, and telephone him in the morning.

And then Kitsap, the clerk, donned the tribal finery of his ancestors and again The Coyote prowled among the camp-fires. At each he dropped a faggot for thought:

"Lamson, the biggest hop rancher in the valley, is buying hops at fourteen cents and paying his pickers with store orders. That's why he lied about the bank."

The pickers buzzed the news about the fires till the overseers heard it; the overseers bore the tale to the ranchers; the ranchers went to their telephones and set the tale to flashing. In the morning, when the valley rose to resume picking, Lamson's raid was in cold type in the Seattle papers and at eight o'clock Lamson himself read it. Then he realized that the pool had been betrayed, and he went on the war-path to find the mysterious Indian.

Kitsap rose late, and loitered about, gossiping with the idle, till ten o'clock. Then he called up the bank. The cashier had received a wire from the East.

"Hops opened in St. Louis at sixteen cents, Milwaukee sixteen cents, Cincinnati seventeen cents," said the cashier over the telephone. "Crop reports indicate light yield abroad and heavy demand on American hops. Rise in price certain. I have asked a Seattle broker to cable Liverpool. The president says to spread the news and call me again at four o'clock."

Then Kitsap mounted his own spotted cayuse and rode from ranch to ranch till every Indian planter on the reservation had heard his news:

"The *hiyu tyee* of the money house sends greetings. Hops are seventeen cents and going up."

At four o'clock Kitsap was once more at the

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"KITSAP, THE CLERK, DONNED THE TRIBAL FINERY OF HIS ANCESTORS"

telephone, and received a message from the cashier which sent his heart pounding in his throat for very enthusiasm.

"I have sent you an important letter by express on the three o'clock train," said the cashier. "Get it and read what I have written. Stay as long as you need to, but smash that pool, and teach Lamson not to lie about the Elliott Bay National."

Then Kitsap waited for the train, secured his express package, and opened it. It contained a letter from Lamson to the bank — a letter that was ammunition for the Indian — and instructions to make certain use of it.

He could make no more progress indirectly; he must face the raiders, or his own people would doubt him. He must seek out Lamson, and standing in front of that white man, the Indian must throw back into his teeth that lie about the bank. The warm red blood in him yearned for a clash and a tussle. He would go to the store to spend the evening. If a collision with the fourteen-cent raiders was to be effected anywhere, the store would afford it.

To the store that night came Lamson and the St. Louis buyers, all in evil mood. Kitsap's news had completely arrested the effect of their pessimistic talk. No rancher would sell at fourteen cents with a bank's messenger rioting over the valley quoting hops in Liverpool at eighteen cents. Indeed, those who had already contracted to sell were grumbling, and many of them came to the store that night, eager to hear the truth of a market which had been misrepresented to them. These men were listening to Kitsap, whose words put them in a very sullen temper, when Lamson and the three buyers entered.

"So you're the Injun who's been going around bulling the market," shouted Lamson, his voice keyed high with temper. He stepped quickly into the crowd of ranchers about Kitsap, conscious that he must rout the Indian or see the end of the pool.

The young Indian faced the irate rancher and looked him coolly up and down. This was Lamson; the heaviest owner of land in the valley. This was the white man who had lied about the Elliott Bay National. The meeting for which he had hoped had come. The Indian drew a deep breath of sheer delight. Then, in a clear, ringing tone, he returned the white man's fire:

"So you are the rancher who lied about the Elliott Bay National Bank?"

The blood leaped to the rancher's temples and he stepped menacingly toward the Indian. But before he could strike, Kitsap's voice again rang out:

"You are a double liar! You borrowed money to pay pickers, but used it to buy hops at fourteen cents, after telling the ranchers that you had sold. That was the first lie. You told the Indians that the bank would not loan you enough to pay them. That was another lie. But the bank has found you out!"

The rancher stood speechless before the unexpected words of the Indian. The clenched fist fell to his side. The young man who stood there before him, with the straight proud poise of the savage chieftain, spoke the words of the white man's warfare, the warfare of the mart and of barter. He must be met and beaten on his own ground. Clearly, he had spoken to effect, and the rancher must justify his position before his fellow ranchers, whose eyes were so intently watching him.

"You seem to know a lot about the bank's business," he began, with an attempt at sarcasm. "I suppose the president consults you on loans."

"The president did on this one," replied the Indian. The ranchers laughed.

"Then perhaps he told you that this one was amply secured by my hop receipts," boasted Lamson.

"He did."

"Then what the bloomin' —— is it to him what I do with the cash?"

"He sent me to give you back that lie about the bank."

"Well"——

"I have. I called you a liar, and then proved it. Your name is — Two Lies!"

Lamson's color came back, but this time it was the color of anger. His hand went half-way to his revolver, but a broad-shouldered rancher caught his arm.

"None o' that, Lamson."

Lamson wrenched his arm away. The big rancher faced him.

"This here Kitsap is telling the truth," said he. "I reckon he's got still more of it to give us. And we will expect you to fish or cut bait. But I'll hold this." Then he clapped his hand on Lamson's gun pocket and disarmed him. The three St. Louis hop buyers looked wistfully toward the door. But prudence held them to the spot.

"You are making a big fuss over nothing," sputtered Lamson. "Whose business is it if I do buy hops? The bank is secured on its loan."

"It's our business a whole lot," said the big rancher, gently tapping the handle of Lamson's revolver on Lamson's chest. "You give out that you are selling hops at fourteen cents and advise a lot of us fellows to do the same. Now we're told that you've been buyin' at fourteen cents. It's our business to find out which end up you're playin' this market."

"Oh, rot!" roared Lamson. "Hops are fourteen cents now. I'm buying a few to hold 'em. If I can afford to take the risk, I'm entitled to the profit."

"The bank knows that hops are eighteen cents to-day," broke in Kitsap.

"That's another lie," yelled the enraged Lamson, and the ranchers laughed at the unconscious admission.

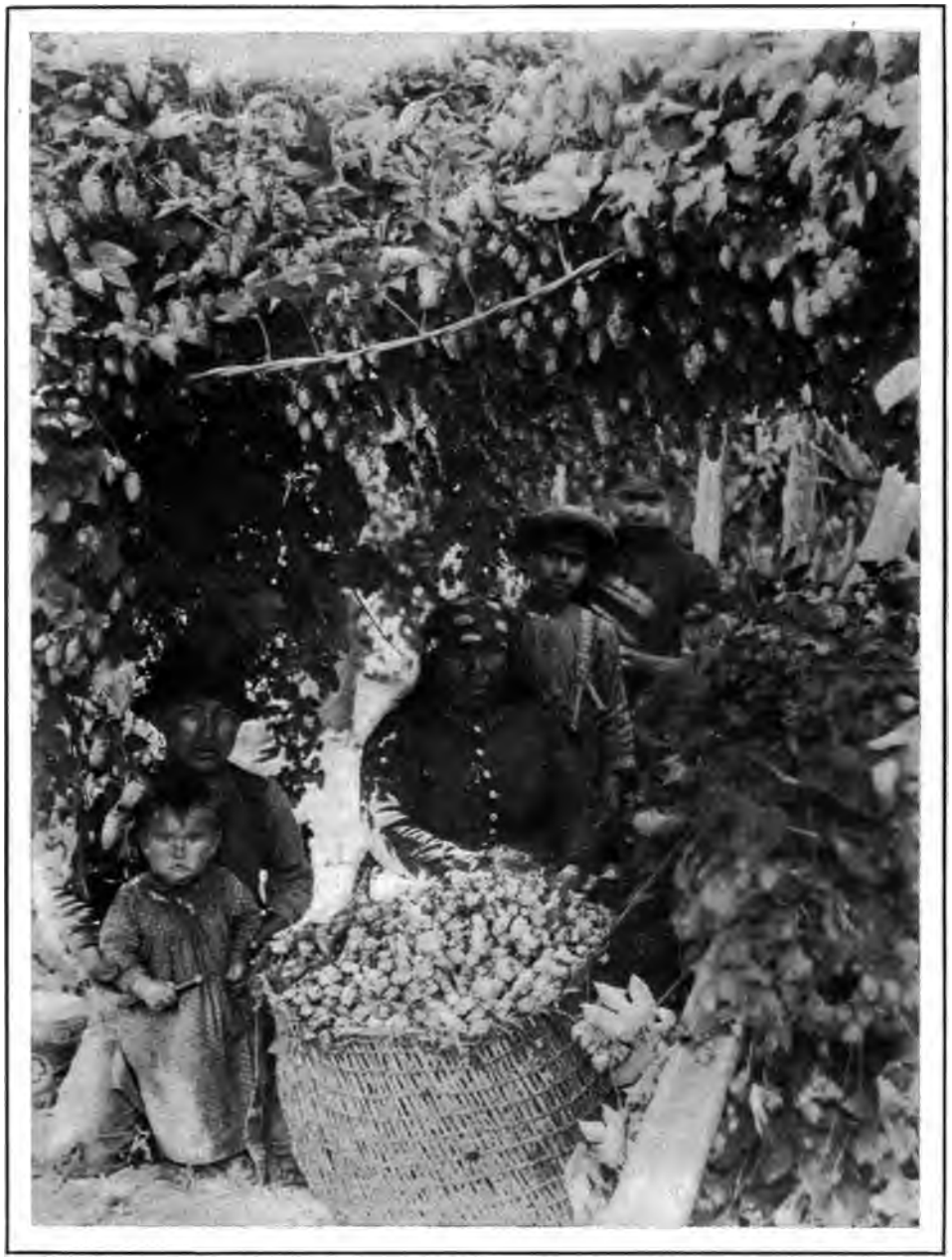
"Is it?" said Kitsap quietly. "Do you dare to bet on it?"

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars," roared the rancher, "that you can't get over fourteen cents for hops in this valley this fall."

"I will bet you that amount that I can get at least sixteen cents for the Indians on the reservation."

"Where's your money?" said Lamson, drawing out a roll of bills.

Kitsap had not looked for this. He was puz-



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"ON ALL SIDES THE HOP-PICKERS WERE MAKING MERRY"

zled for a moment. Then he drew forth a pocket check-book, signed a check, and handed it to an Indian rancher, who endorsed it. Turning to Lamson, Kitsap said:

"Will this do, or shall I telephone the cashier to assure its payment?"

"It's good," said Lamson.

"Very well. But if you are so sure about the price of hops, Mr. Two Lies, why don't you make it two to one that I can't get seventeen cents?"

"That's my money!" and Lamson began counting out another hundred.

"Or three to one that I can't get eighteen cents?"

"It goes!"

"Or four to one that I can't get nineteen cents?"

"Yes; or five to one that you can't get twenty," roared the exasperated planter.

"Five to one," replied Kitsap. "And if I win, I will throw your money in silver from the steps of the reservation school to the Indian children."

Kitsap noted the effect on the Indians in the room as the money was placed in the hands of the town marshal. He knew how every red man on the reservation would work for twenty-cent hops now.

But the Indian was not through with the white man. He turned on him again.

"If you think the bank lied when it said eighteen cents, there is a telephone. Call up the cashier at his home. He sent me here to tell the white men and Indians who are our clients. Ask him for yourself."

Lamson and the three buyers noted the words "Our clients." To Lamson it brought identification of the Indian as Johnny Kitsap, the clerk; to the buyers it was just mysterious enough to be alarming.

"Confound the cashier! All he knows is what somebody else has told him."

"Mr. Lamson, do you yourself think that fourteen cents for hops to-day is a fair price?" asked Kitsap, suddenly taking a conciliatory tone.

"Certainly I do. But if I want to buy hops at fourteen cents now and hold them on a speculation, it's my own business."

"Entirely," said the Indian. "But I believe your conduct with the ranchers who have agreed to sell is based on your statement that you had already sold your own hops to these buyers from St. Louis for fourteen cents."

"That's right," said Lamson boldly. "I can sell my hops for what I like."

"Liar," said Kitsap, "you have *not* sold your hops."

Lamson sprang to his feet, but the big rancher put out a big hand and shoved him back.

"Sit down," said the big man. "Can't you see this here Kitsap's got the floor?"

"As I understand it," continued Kitsap, turning to the men who had signed the contract to sell to the raiders, "unless Mr. Lamson has already delivered his hops to the buyers under his contract, the very agreement is void, and you are all released."

"You bet your life that's right," said the big man with the gun, and from all parts of the crowd came words of confirmation.

Lamson, for the first time during the encounter, felt uneasy. He looked blankly at the three buyers. One of the gentlemen from St. Louis drew the contract from his pocket.

"The young man is right," said the gentleman from St. Louis, in a conciliatory tone. "Here is the contract, and I can safely assure our friends that Mr. Lamson has carried out his part of the agreement."

"You bet," shouted Lamson, recognizing a very pretty bluff on the part of the buyer.

"May I see the contract?" asked Kitsap.

The buyer passed it to him. Kitsap read the contract aloud, and then tossed it over his head into the hands of the men who had signed it. The buyers and Lamson came to their feet.

"Worthless paper," said Kitsap. "Lamson has not delivered his hop receipts and therefore there is no contract."

A yell of delight went up from the crowd, and a shower of tiny bits of white papers showed the fate of the instrument. Kitsap pointed his finger at the enraged Lamson, and as the shower of paper fell about him fairly shouted his denunciation:

"I, Kitsap, the clerk, am a representative of the Elliott Bay National Bank. I come here by the orders of the *tyee* — the president. Your hop receipts are in the bank's treasure-chest, and here is your letter received at the bank last Monday." Kitsap opened the letter that had come to him by express and read:

> Picking is progressing well, and the valley will yield a big crop. A few hungry ranchers are selling at fourteen cents cash at the warehouse, but I look for better prices later. I hope you will be willing to carry my receipts *till November, when I look for a price close to twenty cents.*

As Kitsap read, his voice rose, and, as he ended, there was absolute silence for an instant. Then the ranchers took their spellbound eyes from the quivering Indian and looked at the pale face of the speechless Lamson. The storekeeper looked with the others, and it was his groan that broke the spell:

"Thunder! I stood to make a thousand on the deal."

Then the overjoyed ranchers found their voices in a wild laugh, and laid enthusiastic hands on Kitsap. Lamson and the buyers slipped away, beaten and humiliated, to lament the failure of the fourteen-cent raid, and to spend a few bitter hours in planning a new offer next morning at a better price, for there was need to cover promises made to Eastern houses.

The ranchers quickly formed themselves into a meeting and sent couriers out to notify all signers of the contract that the deal was off. Then they appointed a committee to go to the bank next day with Kitsap and be witnesses to his report to his superiors.

Before another day passed, the spirit of the

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"PICKING PROGRESSED TO AN END, AND THE INDIANS HELD THEIR LAST FEAST AND DEPARTED"

valley had changed from a desire to sell quickly for cash into a determination to hold the crop for a twenty-cent market. The Elliott Bay National secured daily bulletins from inside sources and kept the world's markets before the entire valley. Picking progressed to an end, and the Indians held their last feast and departed. Then buyers came from other markets, inspected the crop, and made offers. Gradually the valley ranchers joined the lead of the reservation Indians and placed their receipts with the Elliott Bay National, to be held for a rise and sold as near twenty cents as possible. The cashier sent East for a prominent broker, who replied that he would arrive by the Sound in mid-October. Then the other buyers began bulling the market, hoping to induce a rancher here and there to sell and, by thus breaking the ranks, run prices down. But Kitsap, on the ground, and the cashier, in the bank, were able to hold them together till the new broker arrived.

The new man was business from the ground up. He knew where he could sell hops, and for what price. He inspected the valley crop of hops and frankly announced his intention to pay twenty-one cents. Then the other buyers rushed in to get a share, and the result was an agreement by which the new broker got half the crop at twenty-one cents and the late lamented fourteen-cent raiders divided the other half among themselves at twenty-three cents, the money to be distributed through the Elliott Bay National to all ranchers at the average of twenty-two cents.

Kitsap telephoned the news to the reservation, and the priest sent the son of Peter Coultee on his spotted cayuse to ride into the village with the news. DeQuincey's Royal Mail with the news of Waterloo did not create more enthusiasm than the Indian's triumphant shout. As he dashed along he yelled to the white men:

"Hops sold at twenty-two cents!"

To the Indian ranchers he called out the same news in the jargon:

"*Hops marsh mox-taltum-tee-mox.*"

Down the street he rode, yelling and winning yells in return. The news spread from street to street, men carried it into the valley, and that night many a heart among the ranches beat quicker and many a voice at the firesides murmured the name of "Kitsap."

The town marshal made the trip to Seattle and delivered the six-hundred-dollar wager to Kitsap. The Indian told the cashier the terms of the wager and asked to be excused on the

following Saturday, that he might assemble the reservation children and scatter the Lamson money.

"It will be a great event to them," said Kitsap. "I shall take all of Lamson's five hundred dollars in dimes, and the whole reservation will come out to see the fun."

The cashier granted the leave of absence gladly.

"If you will hold the event in the afternoon, I think the president would be pleased to go out and see it," said he.

Kitsap needed no other hint, but went boldly to the president and invited him to witness the scattering of the coins.

"With pleasure," replied the president.

"Come on the three o'clock train, and I will have a carriage for you," said Kitsap.

The reservation had been waiting for twenty-cent hops as a band of children wait for the circus. Five thousand dimes to be thrown to less than three hundred children! It would be a rare scramble. Indian children raided their mothers' button-baskets that they might throw the buttons in the sand and practise scrambling for them. Then came the news of twenty-two cent hops, and every Indian, young or old, jumped up and down and shouted that Kitsap had won that Lamson money.

"Saturday afternoon at four o'clock," was Kitsap's message to the reservation priest, and the priest assembled ten young men for a conference. It was decided to mark off ten squares on the lawn in front of the schoolhouse. On each square a squad of thirty children should stand, the children of each squad graded so as to be nearly of a size, girls and boys in alternate squares. Before each square one of the ten young men should stand with five hundred silver coins in a dish. At a signal from Kitsap, who should stand on the school steps, the ten young men should throw the dimes in the air and the scramble would begin.

When the train stopped at the reservation station that October afternoon, the president of the Elliott Bay National found Kitsap the elder there to meet him, with a clean spring wagon. During the short drive to the reservation school, he noted that the road was deserted, but when the school was reached a scene of color and animation met his eye. The tribe was out in full regalia, even the clients of the bank, who came gravely to the president's wagon to greet him. Kitsap the elder drove to a spot reserved for the head men of the tribe, and the chief of the money-house was welcomed to a place among them. Then a hush fell upon the assembly.

A procession of young men, headed by Kitsap, decked in tribal finery, came out of the schoolhouse. Kitsap remained on the stairs, as the ten young men, bearing dishes of dimes, took their places before the squares. Every child stood waiting — every grown person held his breath. The voice of Kitsap, speaking each sentence first in the jargon and then in English, made a short harangue. The president smiled as he caught this glimpse of Kitsap's own interpretation of a bank.

"Lamson, the white man, told a lie about the money-house. The great *tyee* of the treasure-chest sent Kitsap, who is a brave of the white *tyee's* house, to tell the Puyallups the truth. The Great Spirit made Lamson angry and caused him to lose this money to Kitsap, who serves the great white *tyee*. But the great white *tyee* said: 'Behold, the Great Spirit has punished Lamson. Forever will he be called Two Lies. The money shall be for the children, as Kitsap said. I will go myself to see Kitsap throw the silver coins to the children, for it is a lesson. Let them always speak true words, or the Great Spirit will punish them, and they will have an evil name like Lamson!' And look, children, Kitsap's *tyee* sits with the *tyee* of the Puyallups to see you scramble Remember, keep on your own square and do not strike. Push and pull, but do not strike. Show the white *tyee* who lives in the magic treasure-house that you can play your games fairly. Then he will be pleased and tell his own people of the silver coins that Kitsap throws to the children."

There was silence a moment, and then Kitsap raised a feathered wand. In the native tongue he shouted:

"All ready? Throw!"

Ten lithe Indians threw their silver treasure into the air. Five thousand silver coins flashed in the sun and fell in a sparkling shower on the heads of the tribal children. With one voice the children screamed and sprang to the scramble; with one voice the Puyallup tribe roared in glee; with one motion the tribal hats went into the air, and the president of the Elliott Bay National yelled in his enthusiasm, pounded a red man on the back, waved a silk hat on high, and became as one of these child-hearted aborigines.

Late that night, while the president sat at his club, hoarse but happy, and told what he had seen, a band of Indians out on the reservation held a ceremony in a big tent. The rite was as old as the tribal memory — the rite of formally adopting a chief — and a young man was declared to have won a great fight, and to be worthy of a high place in the councils of the tribe. They wanted to name him Chief Who-Made-The-Silver-Rain, but the young man replied that Chief Kitsap, being his father's name, was good enough for him.

THE WAYFARERS

BY

MARY STEWART CUTTING

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE STORIES OF COURTSHIP," "LITTLE STORIES OF MARRIED LIFE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

XXIII

JUSTIN was in Chicago — the fact was verified — and he would start for home on the morrow. There seemed to be no details, save the comforting one that Billy Snow was with him. After that first sharp immediate relief from suspense, Lois again felt its filminess settling down upon her.

Girard had gone back very early to the Snows' to breakfast. He talked to Lois by telephone, but he did not come to the house; while Dosia, wrapped in an outward abstraction that concealed a whirl within, went about her daily tasks, living over and over the scene of the night before. The shattering of the pitcher seemed to have shattered something else. Once he had felt, then, as she had done; once — so far away that night of disaster had gone, so long was it since she had held that protecting hand in her dreams, that the touch brought a strange resurrection of the spirit. She had an upwelling new sense of gratitude to him for something unexpressed, some quality which she passionately revered, and which other men had not always used toward her.

"Oh, he's good, he's *good!*" she whispered to herself, with the tears blinding her, as she picked up Redge's blocks from the floor. She felt Lawson's kisses on her lips, her throat — that cross of shame that she held always close to her; George Sutton's fat face thrust itself leeringly before her. How many girls have passages in their lives to which they look back with the shame that only purity and innocence can feel! Yet the sense of Girard's presence before was as nothing to her sense of it now — it blotted out the world. She saw him sitting alone in the dining-room, with his head resting on his hand, the attitude informed with life. The turn of his head, the shape of his hand, were insistent things. She saw him standing in front of her, long-limbed, erect of mien. She saw — If she looked pale and inert, it was because that inner thought of her lived so hard that the body was worn out with it.

Neither telegram nor any other message came from Justin, except the bare word that he had started home. On the second morning, just as Lois had finished dressing, she heard the hall door open and shut. She called, but cautiously, for fear of disturbing her baby, who had dropped off to sleep again.

Justin was standing by the table, looking at the newspaper, as she entered the dining-room. With a cry, she ran toward him. "Justin!"

He turned, and she put her arms around him passionately He held her for a moment, and then said, "You'd better sit down."

"But, Justin — oh, my dearest, how ill you look!" She clung to him. "Where have you been? Why didn't you send me any word?"

"I've been to Chicago."

"Yes, yes, I know. Why did you go?"

"I don't know."

"You don't *know?*"

"Lois, will you give me some coffee?"

She poured out the cup with trembling hands, and sat while he took a swallow of the hot fluid, still scanning the newspaper. At last she said:

"Aren't you going to tell me any more?"

"There isn't any more to tell. There's no use talking about it. I believe I had some idea of selling the island when I went to Chicago, but I don't know how I got there. I didn't know I was there until I woke up two nights ago at a little hotel away out on the West Side. Billy pounded on the door, and said they told him I had been asleep for twenty-eight hours. I suppose I was dead tired out. I don't want to speak of it again, Lois; it wasn't a particularly pleasant thing to happen Will you tell Mary to bring in the rest of the breakfast? I must catch the eight-thirty train back into town. I thought you might be bothered, so I came out first. Where are the children?"

"They are coming down now with Dosia," said his wife, helping Mary with the dishes. Redge ran up to his father, hitting him jubilantly with a small stick which he held in his chubby hand, and bringing irritated reproof down upon him at once; but Zaidee, her blue eyes open, her lips parted over her little white teeth, slid into the arm outstretched for her, and stood there leaning against "Daddy's" side, while he ate and drank hurriedly, with only one hand at his disposal. Poor Lois could not help one pang of jealousy at being shut out, but she heroically smothered it.

"Mr. Harker was here the evening before last; he brought me some money," she ventured at last.

"That was all right."

"And Mr. Girard was very kind; he stayed here all that night — until your message came."

"I hope you haven't been talking about this all over the place."

"No — oh, no," said Lois, driving back the tears at this causeless injury. "Mr. Leverich said it was best not to. Nobody knows about your being away at all. You're not going *now*, Justin — without even seeing baby?"

"I'll see him to-night when I come home," said Justin, rising. He kissed the children and his wife hastily, but she followed him into the hall, standing there, dumbly beseeching, while he brushed his hat with the hat-brush on the table, and then rummaged hastily as if for something else.

"Here are your gloves, if that is what you are looking for," she said.

"Yes, thank you." He bent over and kissed her again, as if really seeing her for the first time, with a whispered "Poor girl!" That momentary close embrace brought her a needed — oh, so needed! — crumb of comfort. She who had hungered so insatiably for recognition could be humbly thankful now for the two words that spoke of an inner bond.

But all day she could not get rid of that feeling of suspense that had been hers for five days past; the strain was to end, of course, with Justin's return, but it had not ended — in some sad, weighting fashion it seemed just to have begun. What was he so worried about? Was she never to hear any more?

That night Girard came over, but with him was another visitor — William Snow. No sun could brown that baby-fair skin of William's, but he had an indefinably large and Western air; the very way in which he wore his clothes showed his independence. Dosia did not notice his swift, covert, shamefaced glance at her when she came into the room where he was talking to Lois — his avoidance of her the year before had dropped clear out of her mind; but his expression changed to one of complacent delight as she ran to him instantly and clasped his arm with both hands to cry, "Oh, Billy, Billy, I'm so glad to see you! I am so glad — I can't tell you how glad I am!"

"STOOD THERE LEANING AGAINST 'DADDY'S' SIDE"

"All right, Sweetness, you're not going to lose me again," said William encouragingly. "My, but you do knock the spots out of those Western girls. Can't we go in the dining-room by ourselves? I want to ask you to marry me before we talk any more."

"Yes, do," said Dosia, dimpling.

It was sweet to be chaffed, to be heedlessly young once more, to take refuge from all disconcerting thoughts — from a new embarrassment — with Billy, in the corner of the other room, where she sat in a low chair, and he dragged up an ottoman close in front of her. Through the open window the scent of honeysuckle came in with the gloom.

"Oh, but you've grown pretty!" he said, his hands clasped over his knees, gazing at her. "That's right, get pink — it makes you prettier. I like this slimpsy sort of dress you've got on; I like that black velvet around your throat; I — have you missed me much?"

"No," said Dosia, with the old-time sparkle. "I've hardly thought of you at all. But I feel now as if I had."

Billy nodded. "All right, I'll pay you up for that some day. Oh, Dosia, you may think I'm joking, but I'm not! There have been days and nights when I've done nothing but plan the things I was going to do and say to make you care for me — but they're all gone the moment I lay eyes on you. I'll talk of whatever you like afterward, but I've got to say first"— Billy's voice, deep and manly and confident, had yet a little shake in it — "that nobody is going to marry you but me, and don't you forget it. I'm no kid any more." Something in his tone gave his words emphasis. "I know how to look out for you better than any one else does."

"Dear Billy," said Dosia, touched, and resting her cheek momentarily against the rough sleeve of his coat, "it's so good to have you back again."

Lois, who had been longing intolerably all day for evening to come, so that she could be alone with her husband, sat in the drawing-room, trying to sew with nervous, trembling fingers, while her husband, looking frightfully tired, and Bailey Girard smoked and talked — of all things in the world! — of the relative merits of live or "spoon" bait in trolling, and afterward went minutely into details of the manufacture of artificial lures for catching trout.

Those waste "social" hours of non-interest, non-satisfaction, how long, how unbearably long, they can seem! Lois' face twitched, as well as her fingers; she did not realize, as women often do not, that to Justin this conversation, banal and irrelevant to any action of his present life or his present anxiety, was like coming up from under-depths to breathe at a necessary air-hole.

After five days of torturing, unexplained absence, to talk of nothing but fishing, as if his life depended on it! Girard himself had wondered, but he accepted the position allotted to him as a matter of course. He had thought, from Justin's manner to-day, that he was to know something of his affairs; but if Justin did not choose to confide in him — that was all right. Possibly the affairs were all right, too; they were none of his business, anyway.

Suddenly a word caught the ears of the two who were sitting in the dining-room.

"That was the kind Lawson Barr used when he went down on the Susquehanna. By the way, I hear that he's dead."

Lawson! Dosia's face changed as if a whip had flicked across it, and then trembled back into its normal quiet. William leaned a little nearer, his eyes curiously scanning her.

"Hadn't you heard before?"

"No; what?"

"He's dead."

"Lawson *dead!* Not Lawson?" Her dry lips illy formed the words.

"Yes, Dosia. Don't look like that — don't let them see in there, Girard is looking at you; turn your face toward me. Leverich told us, coming up to-night. Lawson died a week ago."

"How?"

"Fell from his horse somewhere up in a cañon — he was drunk, I reckon. They found him twenty-four hours afterward. The superintendent of the mines wrote to Leverich. He'd tried to keep pretty straight out there, all but the drinking, I guess that was too much for

"IT WAS SWEET TO BE CHAFFED, TO BE HEEDLESSLY YOUNG ONCE MORE"

him. It was the best thing he could do — to die — as Girard says. Girard hates the very sound of his name."

"Oh," breathed Dosia painfully.

"The superintendent said that some of the miners chipped in to bury him, and the woman he boarded with sent a pencil scrawl along with the superintendent's letter to say that she'd 'miss Mr. Barr dreadful,' — that he'd get up and get the breakfast when she was sick, and 'the kids, they thought the world of him.' She signed herself, 'A true mourner, Mrs. Wilson.'"

Lawson was dead!

Dosia sat there, her hand clasping Billy's sleeve as at first — something tangible to hold on to. Her gaze had gone far beyond the room; even that haunting consciousness that Bailey Girard was near her was but a far, hidden subconsciousness. She was out on a rocky slope beside a dead body — Lawson, his head thrown back, those mocking, caressing eyes, those curving, passionate lips, closed forever, the blood oozing from between his dark locks. As ever with poor Dosia, there was that sharp, unbearable pang of self-reproach, of self-condemnation. Of what avail her prayers, her belief in him, when he had died thus? Oh, she had not prayed enough. She had not been good enough to be allowed to help; she had not believed hard enough. Perhaps it had helped just a little — he had "tried to keep pretty straight, all but the drinking; that was too much for him."

That covered some resistance in an underworld of which she knew nothing. Poor Lawson, who had never had the right chance, whose youth had been poisoned at the start! In that grave where he lay, drunkard and reveler, part of the youth of her, Dosia Linden, — once his promised wife, to whom she had given herself in her soul, — must always lie too, buried with him; nothing could undo that. To die so causelessly! But the miners had cared a little; he had been kind to a woman and her little children —"the kids had thought the world of him"; she was "a true mourner, Mrs. Wilson." Dosia imagined him cheeringly cooking for this poor, worn-out mother, carrying the children from place to place as she had once seen him carry that little boy home from the ball, long, long ago.

A strain from that unforgotten music came to her now, carrying her to the stars! Oh, not for Lawson the splendid rehabilitation of the strong, except in that one moment of denial when he had risen by the might of his manhood in renunciation for her sake; only the humble virtues of his weakness could be his — yet perhaps, in the sight of the God who pities, no such small offering, after all!

"Dosia, you didn't really *care* for him!"

She smiled with pale lips and brimming eyes — an enigmatic answer which Billy could not read. He sat beside her, smoothing her dress furtively, until she got up, and, whispering, "I must go," left the room, unconscious of Girard's following gaze.

"I think we'd better be getting back," said the latter, in an odd voice, rising in the middle of one of Justin's sentences, as Billy came straying in to join the group.

Lois' heart leaped. She had felt that another moment of live bait and reminiscences would be more than she could stand.

"You need some rest," she said gratefully. "You have been tired out in our service."

"Oh, I'm not tired at all," he returned, shortly. Her work seemed to catch his eye for the first time and, in a desire to change the subject, "What are you making?" he asked.

"A ball for Redge. I made one for Zaidee, and he felt left out — he's of a very jealous disposition," she went on abstractedly. "Are you of a jealous disposition, Mr. Girard?"

"I!" He stopped short, with the air of one not accustomed to taking account of his own attributes, and apparently pondered the question as if for the first time. When he looked up to answer, it was with abrupt decision: "Yes, I am."

"Don't look so like a pirate," said young Billy, giving him a thump on the back that sent them both out of the house, laughing, when Lois rose and went over to Justin's side.

Husband and wife were at last alone.

XXIV

In the days that followed, Justin, going away in the morning very early with a set face, coming home very late in the evening with that set face still, hardly seemed to notice the children or Dosia.

"Justin has so much on his mind." Lois kept repeating the words over and over, as if she found in them something by which to hold fast. Rich in beauty as she was, full of love and tender favor, with the sweetness and the pathos of an awakening soul, her husband seemed to have no eyes, no thought for her. That one murmured sentence in the hallway was all her food to live on — his only personal recognition of her.

On the other hand, he poured out his affairs and his plans to her with a freedom of confidence unknown before, a confidence which

"SHE CREPT OUT UPON THE LANDING OF THE STAIRS, AND SAT THERE DESOLATELY ON THE TOP STEP"

seemed to pre-suppose her oneness of interest with him. He had talked exhaustively about everything but those few days' absence; that was a sore that she must not touch, a wound that could bear no probing. She had striven very hard not to show when she didn't understand, taking her cues for assent or dissent as he evidently wished her to, letting him think aloud, since it seemed to be a relief to him, and saying little herself. The only time when she broke in on her own account was when he told her about Cater, and the defective bars, and Leverich's ultimatum. Her "Justin, you wouldn't do that; you wouldn't tell!" met his quick response: "No, I couldn't."

"Oh, I know that. I'd rather be a hundred times poorer than we are! Aren't you glad that you couldn't do it?"

"No; I think I'm rather sorry," said Justin, with a half-smile. The peculiar sharpness of the thought that it was between Cater and Leverich — his friends, Heaven save the mark! — that he was being pushed toward ruin, had not lost any of its edge.

There had been a tonic in a certain attitude of Cater's mind toward Justin — an unspoken kindliness and admiration and tenderness such as an older man who has been along a hard road may feel toward another who has come along the same way. Cater's kind, unobtrusive comradeship, the fair-dealing friendliness of his rivalry, had seemed to be one of the factors of support, of honesty, of commercial righteousness. Justin could smile proudly at Leverich, but he couldn't smile when he thought of Cater — it weighed upon and humiliated him for the man who had been his friend.

"I am glad, anyway!" said Lois. "It wouldn't have been *you* if you had! Can't you take a rest now, dear, when you look so ill? No, no; I didn't mean that — of course you can't!"

"A *rest!*" He rose and walked up and down the room. "Lois, do you know that, in some way, I've got to get it before the 13th? Those days in Chicago — at the worst time! It makes me wild to think of the time I've lost. I'm looking out for a partner who will buy out Leverich and Martin, and we've got a chance yet — I'll swear we have! But Lewiston's note has got to be paid first; then I can take time to breathe. Harker saw a man from Boston from whom we might have borrowed the money, if I had only been here. If we get that, we can hold over; if we don't, we go to smash, and so does Lewiston. Lewiston *trusted* me. I've been to several places to-day to men that would be willing enough to lend the money if they didn't know I needed it."

"George Sutton?" hazarded Lois.

Justin's lips curved bitterly. "Oh, he's a cur. He had some money invested last year when he was sweet on Dosia, and drew it all out afterward! And, after all, I went to him to-day, like a fool!"

"Can't you go to Eugene Larue?"

"No. We talked about it once, but he fought shy; he didn't think the security enough. If he thought so then, it would be worse than useless now."

"Mr. Girard?"

"There's no use telling things to him, he hasn't any money." Justin turned a dim eye on her. "I tell you, Lois, I haven't left a stone unturned, so far, that I could get at. If we could only sell the island! Girard's looking it up for me; there may be a chance of that. There are lots of chances to be thought out. I don't even know how we keep running, but we do. Harker's a trump! If I can hold up my end, we'll be all right."

"Then go to bed now," said Lois, with a quick dread that gave her courage. "And you must have something to eat first — and to drink, too. Come, Justin! Do as I say." Her voice had a new firmness in it which he unconsciously obeyed. She crept to her bed at last, aching in every limb, but with her baby pressed close to her, her one darling comfort, the source from which she drew a new love as the child drew its life from her. It was the first time in all her married life that she had borne the burden of her husband's care, a burden from which she must seek no solace from him.

She bent all her energies, these next days, to keeping him well fed, and ordering everything minutely for his comfort when he came home, aided and abetted by Dosia. The two women worked as with one thought between them, as women can work, for the well-being of one they love, with fond and minute care. Every detail, from the time he went away in the morning, stooping slightly under the weight of something mysterious and unseen, was ordered with reference to his home-coming at night — the husband and father on whose strength all this helpless little family hung for their own sustenance.

Everything that was done for him had to be done covertly, it was found; he disliked any manifestation of undue attention to his wants. Sometimes he was terribly irritable and unjust, and at others almost heartbreakingly gentle and mild. Lois had persuaded him to have the doctor, who told him seriously that he must stay home and rest — a futile prescription, which he treated with scorn. Rest! He knew very well that it was not rest that he needed,

but money — money, money, the elixir of life!

It was near the end of this week when Justin came home, as Lois could see at once, revived and encouraged, though still abstracted. He had an invitation to take a ride in the doctor's motor, the doctor being a man who, when the hazard of dangerous cases had been extreme, absented himself for a couple of hours, in which, under a breathless and unholy speed of motoring, he reversed the pressure on his nerves, and came to the renewed sanity of a wind-swept brain when every idea had been rushed out of it.

Lois felt that it would be good for Justin, too, and was glad that he had been persuaded to go; yet she caught him looking at her with such strange intentness a couple of times during the dinner that it discomposed her oddly. It made her a little silent; she pondered over it after she had gone up, as usual, to the baby. Was there something wrong with her appearance? She looked anxiously in the glass, and was annoyed to find that the white fichu, open at the throat, was not on quite straight, and her hair was a little disarranged. She was pale, and there were dark lines under her eyes. She hated not to look nice. Yet it might not be that. Was it, perhaps, that something else was wrong — that he had bad news which he did not like to tell? Was he to leave her again on some journey? She turned white for a moment, and sat down to get the baby to sleep, and then resolutely tried to drive the thought from her. Yet, as she sat there rocking gently, the thought still came back to her, oddly, puzzlingly. Why had he looked at her like that? The smoke of his pipe down-stairs kept her still aware of his presence.

Presently he came up-stairs and tiptoed into the room in clumsy fashion, for fear of waking the baby, in his quest of a pair of gloves in a chiffonier drawer. After finding them, he stopped for a moment in front of her, with that odd, arrested expression once more.

"You don't mind my going out to-night and leaving you?" he murmured. "The doctor ought to have asked *you*, instead; you need it more than I."

"Oh, no, no!" she hastened to reassure. "I don't mind at all, really!" Her eyes gazed up at him, limpidly clear, and emptied of self. "I have to run up and down stairs so many times to baby now that I couldn't go, no matter how much I was asked to. I'm only glad that you will have the distraction — you need it. I hope you'll have a lovely time."

She listened to his descending footsteps, and after a moment or two arose and laid the sleeping child down in his crib.

In the dim light she went about the room, picking up toys and little discarded garments left by the children, folding the clothes away, her tall, graceful figure, in the large curves of its repeated bending and straightening, seeming to exemplify some unpainted Millet-like idea of mother-work, emblematic of its unceasing round. She was hanging up a tiny cloak in the half gloom of her closet, when she heard her husband's step once more stealing into the room, and the next moment saw him beside her.

"What's the matter?" she asked, with quick premonition.

"Nothing, nothing at all; we haven't started yet." He put one arm around her and with the other lifted her face up toward his. "I only came back to tell you" — His voice broke; there seemed to be a mist over the eyes that were bent on hers. "I can't talk. I can't be as I ought to be, Lois, until all this is over — but — I don't know what's getting into me lately, you look so beautiful to me that I can't take my eyes off you! I went around all to-day counting the hours, like a foolish boy, until it was time to come back to you; I grudge every minute that I spend away from my lovely wife."

Sometimes we have a happiness so much greater, so much more blessed than our easily imagined bliss, that we can only hide our eyes from it at first, like those of old, when in some humble and unthought-of place they were visited by angels.

XXV

Very late that night Bailey Girard arrived at the house, after an absence of ten days. Dosia had gone to bed unusually early, but she could not sleep. She could not seem to sleep at all lately — the tireder she was, the more ceaselessly luminous seemed her brain; it was like trying to sleep in a white glare in which all sorts of trivial things became unnaturally distinct. Darkness brought, not a sense of rest, but that dread knowledge that she was going to lie there staring through all the hours of it. Since that night that the pitcher had broken, she was ever waiting tensely for the day to bring her something that it never brought. Lawson's death — Girard — Billy, who was getting a little troublesome lately — the dear little brothers far away, mixed up with tiny household perplexities, kept going through and through her mind. Her heart was wrung for Justin and Lois; yet they had each other! Dreams could no longer comfort and support Dosia. Prayer but wakened her further. If she could only sleep and forget!

To-night she heard Justin's return from the

automobile ride; apparently the machine had broken down, but the accident seemed only to have added to the zest. Lois was still dressed and waiting up for him. Then Girard came — he had seen the light in the window. Dosia could hear the murmuring of the voices down-stairs — Girard's sent the blood leaping to her heart so fast that she pressed her hands against it. For a moment his face seemed near, his lips almost touched hers — her heart stopped before it went on again. Why had he come now? It seemed suddenly an unbearable thing that those others down-stairs should see him and hear him, and that she could not. Why, oh, why, had she gone to bed so early to-night of all nights? She was ready to cry with the passion of a disappointment that seemed, not a little thing, but something crushing and calamitous, a loss for which she never could be repaid. She could imagine Justin and Lois meeting the kind glances of those gray eyes, smiling when he did. He was beautiful when he smiled! She was within a few yards of him, but convention, absurd yet maddening, held her in its chains. She couldn't get dressed and break in upon their intimate conference — or it seemed as if she could not. Besides, he would probably go very soon. But he did not go! After a while she could lie there no longer. She crept out upon the landing of the stairs, and sat there desolately on the top step, "in her long night-gown, sweet as boughs of May," with her little bare feet curled over each other, and her hands clasping the balustrade against which her cheek was pressed, watching and waiting for him to go. The ends of her long fair hair fell into large loose curls where it hung over her shoulder, as she bent to listen — and to listen — and to listen.

"I want to be there, too — I want to be there, too!" she whispered, with quivering lips, in her voice the sobbing catch of a very little child. "I want to be there, too. They're having it all — without me. And I want to be there, too. They might have called me to come down, and they didn't." They might have called her! All her passion, all her philosophy, all her endurance, melted into that one desire. If she had only known at first that he was going to stay so long, she would have dressed and gone down. She could hardly bear it a moment longer.

After a while a door on the landing of the second story below opened, and a little figure crept out — Zaidee. She stood irresolute in the hall, looking down; then she looked up, and, seeing Dosia, ran to her and climbed into her lap, resting her little pigtailed head confidingly against Dosia's warm young shoulder.

"They woke me up," she said placidly. "Did they woke you up, too, Cousin Dosia?"

"Yes," said Dosia, hugging the child close. "Hush! some one is coming; you'll get sent to bed again." This time it was Lois. Her abstracted gaze seemed to take in the two on the upper stairway as a matter of course.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she said. "I thought I heard some one talking." She rested on the post below, looking up. "I came to see if you'd take Zaidee in with you for the rest of the night, Dosia. I want to give Justin's room to Mr. Girard."

"Is he going to stay?" asked Dosia.

"Yes. It's too late for him to disturb the Snows, and he's been traveling all day; he's dreadfully tired. He wanted to sleep on the sofa down-stairs, but I wouldn't let him." She was carrying Zaidee, already half asleep again, in her arms as she talked, depositing her in Dosia's bed, while Dosia followed her.

"Did he sell the island?" asked Dosia.

Lois shook her head. "No. They may really sell it next week, but not now — only that will be too late to save the business. Of course, Mr. Girard doesn't know that, and Justin will not tell him — he says Mr. Girard cannot help. Oh, Dosia, when Justin came in from that ride he looked so well, and now —" She covered her face with her hands, before recovering herself. "It's time you were both asleep."

"Can't I help you?" asked Dosia; but Lois only answered indifferently, "No, it's not necessary," and went around making arrangements, while Dosia, with Zaidee nestling close to her, slept at last.

It was late the next morning before Girard came down. Justin had had breakfast, and gone; Lois was up-stairs with the children, and Dosia, who had been tidying up the place, was arranging some flowers in the vases when he strode in. There was no vestige of that sick-hearted, imploring maiden of the night before; no desolate frenzy was to be seen in this trim, neat, capable little figure, clad in blue gingham, that made her throat very white, her hair very fair. Something in Girard's glance seemed to show an instant pleasure that she should be the one to greet him, but he bent anxiously over the watch he held in his hand.

"Will you tell me what time it is? My watch has stopped."

"It's half-past nine," said Dosia.

"Half-past *nine!*" He looked at her in a sort of quick, horrified arraignment. "What do you mean?" His eye fell upon the clock, and conviction seemed to steal upon him against his will. "Heavens and earth, why

wasn't I called? On this morning of all others, when every moment's of importance! I thought I asked particularly to be waked early."

"I suppose they thought you were tired and needed the rest," apologized Dosia.

"Needed the rest!" His tone was poignant; he looked outraged; but his anger was entirely impersonal — there was in it even a sort of boyish appeal to her, as if she must feel it, too.

"You had better sit down and have some breakfast."

"Oh, *breakfast!*" His gesture deprecated her evident intention. "Please don't. Thank you very much, but I don't want any breakfast; I only want to get to town."

"SHE TOOK THE PISTOL FROM HIS RELAXED HOLD"

"There isn't any train for twenty-five minutes, so you might as well sit down and eat," said Dosia firmly. "Come out to this little table on the piazza." She led the way to the screened corner at the end, sweet with the honeysuckle that swung its long loops in the wind, and faced him sternly. "Do you take coffee?"

"Please don't, please don't cook me anything! I'd hate to trouble you." He seemed so distressed that she relented a little.

"A glass of milk and some fruit, then; you'll *have* to take that."

"Very well — if I must. Can't I get the things myself?"

"No." She ran away to get them for him, with some new joy singing in her heart as she went backward and forward, bringing a pitcher of milk, a glass, a dish of strawberries, some cream, and the sugar, sitting down herself by the table afterward as he ate and drank. He gave her a sudden smile, so surprised and pleased that the color surged in her cheeks.

"I'm not used to this," he said simply. "What is that dress you have on — silk?"

"No, it's cotton; do you like it?"

"*Very* much. Oh, please don't get up — Zaidee wasn't calling you. I won't eat another mouthful unless you stay just where you are — please!"

"Well!" said Dosia, with laughing pleasure.

"Besides, I've been wanting to consult you about the Alexanders," he went on, leaning across the table toward her, intimately. It's so beautiful to see them together, that to feel that they're in trouble distresses me beyond words. You're so near to them both, I thought that perhaps" — His face clouded partly. "Do you know anything about the real state of Mr. Alexander's affairs?"

Dosia shook her head. "No; only that he is very much worried over them."

"He wanted to sell the island; he sent me off on that business lately. He'll sell it sometime, of course, but I don't know how complicating the delay is. He's the kind of man you can't ask; you have to wait until he tells you. You can't *make* a person have confidence in you. Won't you please have some of these strawberries with me? Do!"

"No; you must eat them *all*," said Dosia, with charming authority, her arms before her on the table, elbow-sleeved, white and dimpled, as she regarded him. He seemed to take up all the corner, against the background of the green honeysuckle in the fresh morning light. With that smile upon his face, he seemed extraordinarily masculine and absorbing, yet appealing, too.

Dosia felt carried out of herself by a sudden heady resolution — or, rather, not a new resolution, but one that she had had in mind for a long, long time, before, oh, before she had even

known who this man was. She had planned over and over again how she was to say those words, and now the time had come. She could not sit here with him in this new, sweet friendliness without saying them. She had imagined the scene in so many different ways! When she had gone over it by herself, her cheeks had flushed, her eyes had shone with the tears in them. The words as she spoke them had gone deeply, convincingly, from heart to heart — or perhaps, in an assumed, tremulous lightness, the meaning in her impulse had shown all the clearer to one who understood. For a year and a half the uttered thought had been the climax to which her dreams had led; it would have seemed a monstrous, impossible thing that it had not been reached before.

She began now, in a moment's pause, only to find, too late, that all warmth and naturalness had left her with the effort. Fluent dream-practice is only too apt to make one uncomfortably crude and conscious in real life.

"I want to thank you for being so kind to me the night of that accident on the train coming up from the South." Poor Dosia instantly felt committed to a mistake. Her eyes fell for a moment on his hand, as it lay upon the table, with a terribly disconcerting remembrance that hers had not only rested in it, but that in fancy she had more than once pillowed her cheek upon it, and, knowing that he had seen the look, she continued in desperation, with still increasing stiffness and formality: "I have always known, of course, that it was you. You must pardon me for not thanking you before."

The old unapproachable manner instantly incased him, as if in remembrance of something that hurt. "Oh, pray don't mention it," he said, with a formality that matched hers. "It was nothing but what anyone would have done — little enough, anyway."

What happened afterward she did not know, except that in a few minutes he had gone.

She watched him go off down the path with that swift, long, easy step; watched till the last vestige of the gray suit was out of sight — he had a fashion of wearing gray! — before clearing off the table. Then she went and sat on the back steps that led into the little garden, bright with the sunshine and a blaze of tulips at her feet. . . .

She had never supposed that any girl could care for a man until he had shown that he cared for her — it was the unmaidenly, impossible thing. And now — how beautiful he was, how dear! A wistful smile trembled around her lips. All that had gone before with other men suddenly became as nothing, forgotten and out of mind, and she herself made clean by this purifying fire. Even if she never had anything more in her whole life, she had this — even if she never had anything more. Yet what had she? Nothing and less than nothing. If he had ever thought of her, if he had ever dreamed of her, if her soft, frightened hand trustfully clinging fast to his, only to be comforted by his touch, had been a sign and a symbol to him of some dearer trust and faith for him alone — if in some way, as she dimly visioned it, the thought had once been his, it had gone long ago. Every action showed it. And yet, and yet — so unconquerably does the soul speak that, though he might deny her attraction for him, she knew that she had it. It was something to which he might never give way, but it was unalterably there — as it was unalterably there with her. All that year at home, when she believed she had not been thinking of him, she really had been thinking of him. We learn to know each other sometimes in long absences. She began to perceive in him now a humility and a pride strangely at variance with each other and both equally at variance with the bright assurance of his outer manner. He gave to every one; he would work early and late for others, in his yearning sympathy and affection: yet he himself, from the very intenseness of his desire for it, stood aloof, and drew back from the insistence of any claim for himself. They might meet a hundred times and grow no closer; they might grow farther and farther away.

Dosia felt that other women must have loved him — how could they have helped it? She had a pang of sorrow for them — for herself it made no difference. If she had pain for all her life afterward, she was glad at this moment that he was worthy to be loved; she need never be ashamed of loving him — he was "good." The word seemed to contain some beautiful comfort and uplifting. No matter what experience he had passed through in his struggle with the world, he had held some simple, honorable, *clean* quality intact. The Dosia who must always have some heart-warm dream to live by had it now; for all her life she could love him, pray for him. She had always thought that to love was to be happy; now she was to love and be unhappy — yet she would not have it otherwise.

So slight, so young, so lightly dealt with, Dosia had the pathetically clear insight and the power that comes to those who see, not themselves alone, their own desires and hopes, but the universe in which they stand, and view their acts and thoughts in relation to it. She must see Truth, "and be glad, even if it hurt."

The sunshine fell upon her in the garden; she

was bathed in it. Whether she had nights of straining, bitter wakefulness and days of heartache afterward, this joy of loving was enough for her to-day — the joy of loving him. She saw in that lovely, brooding thought of him what that first meeting had taught of his character, and molded in with it her knowledge of him now, to make the real man far more imperfect, though far dearer. Yet, if he ever loved her as she loved him, part of that for which she had always sought love would have to be foregone — she could never come to him, as she had fondly dreamed of doing, and pour out to him all those hopes and fears, those struggles and mistakes and trials and indignities, the shame and the penitence that had been hers. She could never talk of Lawson — her past must be forever unshriven and uncomforted. Bailey Girard would be the last man on earth to whom she could bare her heart in confession; these were the things that touched him on the raw. He "hated the sound of Lawson's name." How many times had George Sutton's face blotted out hers? If he knew *that!* She must forever be unshriven. There would be things also, perhaps, that *she* could not bear to hear! The eternal hurt of love, that it never can be truly one with the beloved, touched her with its sadness, and then slipped away in the thought of him now — not the man who was just to help and protect her with his love, but the man whom she longed to help also. His pleased eyes, his lips, the way his hair fell over his forehead — She thought of him with the fond dream-passion of the maiden, that is often the shyest thing on earth, ready to veil itself and turn and elude and hide at the first chance that it may be revealed.

"Dosia! Dosia, where are you?"

Suddenly she saw that the sunshine had faded out, the sky had grown gray, a chill wind had sprung up. All the trouble, all the stress of the world, seemed to encompass her with that tone in the voice of Lois.

XXVI

"Justin has come home ill; he was taken with a chill as soon as he got to town; he came in a carriage from the station. I want you to telephone for the doctor, and ask him to get here as soon as he can." Lois spoke with rapid distinctness, stooping as she did so to pick up the scattered toys on the floor and push the chairs into place, as one who mechanically attends to the usual duties of routine, no matter what may be happening. "And, Dosia!" she arrested the girl as she was disappearing, "I may not be downstairs again. Will you see about what we need for meals? My pocket-book is in the desk. And see about the children. They're in the nursery now, but I'll send them down; they had better play outdoors, where he won't hear them."

"Oh, yes, yes; I'll attend to everything," affirmed Dosia hurriedly, going off for her first duty at the telephone, while Lois disappeared up-stairs. For a man to stop work and come home because he is not well argues at once the most serious need for it. It is the public crossing of the danger zone.

With all her anxiety, Dosia was filled now with a wondering knowledge of something unnatural about Lois, not to be explained by the fact of Justin's illness. There was something newly impassioned in the duskiness of her eyes, in the fulness of her red lips, in every sweeping movement of her body, which seemed caused by the obsession of a hidden fiery force that held her apart and afar, goddess-like, even while she spoke of and handled the things of every-day life. She looked at the commonplace surroundings, at the children, at Dosia; but she saw only Justin. When she was beside him, she smiled into his gentle, stricken eyes, telling him little fondly-foolish anecdotes of the children to make him smile also; patting him, talking of the summer, when they would go off together — anything to make him forget, even though the effort left her breathless afterward. When she went out of the room and came back again, she found him still watching the place where she had been with haggard, feverish, burning eyes. He would not go to bed, but lay on the outside of it in his dressing-gown, so that he might get ready the more quickly to go down-town again if the doctor "fixed him up," though now he felt weighted from head to foot with stones.

There was a ring at the door-bell in the middle of the morning, which might have been the doctor, but which turned out surprisingly to be Mr. Angevin L. Cater.

"I heard Mr. Alexander was taken ill this morning and had gone home, and as I had to come out this way on business, I thought I'd just drop in and see if there was anything I could do for him in town," he stated to Dosia.

"I'll find out," said Dosia, and came down in a moment with the word that Justin would like to see the visitor.

Cater himself looked extraordinarily lean and yellow. The fact that his clothes were new and of a fashionable cut seemed only to make him the more grotesque. He looked oddly shrunken; the quality of his smile of greeting seemed to have shrunk also — something had gone out of it.

"Well, Cater, you find me down," said Justin, with glittering, cold cheerfulness.

"I hope not for long," said the visitor.

"Oh, no; but, when I get up, you won't see me going past much longer. I'll soon be out of the old place. I guess the game is up, as far as I'm concerned. Your end is ahead."

"Mr. Alexander," began Cater, clearing his throat and bending earnestly toward Justin, "I hope you ain't going to hold it up against me that I had to make a different business deal from what we proposed. I've been thinking about it a powerful lot. There wasn't any written agreement, you know."

"No, there was no written agreement," assented Justin; "there was nothing to bind you."

"That's what I said to myself. If there had been, I'd 'a' stuck to it, of course. But a man's got to do the best he can for himself in this world."

"Has he?" asked the sick man, with an enigmatic, questioning smile.

"I'd be mighty sorry to have anything come between us. I reckon I took a shine to you the first day I met up with you," continued Cater helplessly. "I'd be mighty sorry to think we weren't friends."

Justin's brilliant eyes surveyed him serenely. Something sadly humorous, yet noble and imposing, seemed to emanate from his presence, weak and a failure though he was. "I can be friends with you, but you can't be friends with me, Cater; it isn't in you to know how," he said. "Good-by."

"Well, good-by," said the other, rising, his long, angular figure knocking awkwardly against chairs and tables as he went out, leaving Justin lying there alone, with his head throbbing horribly. Yet, strangely enough, in spite of it, his mind felt luminously clear, in that a certain power seemed to have come to him — a power of correlating all the events of the past eighteen months and placing them in their relative sequence. A certain faith — the candid, boyish, unquestioning faith in the adequacy of his knowledge of those whom he had called his friends — was gone; the face of Leverich came to him, brutal in its unveiled cupidity, showing what other men felt but concealed; yet his own faith in honor and honesty remained, stronger and higher than ever before. Nothing, he knew, could take it from him; it was a faith that he had won from the battle with his own soul.

By to-morrow night that note of Lewiston's would be protested, and then — the burning pain of failure gripped him in its racking clutches once more, though he strove to fight it off. He would have to get well quickly, so as to begin to hustle for a small clerkship somewhere, to get bread for Lois and the babies. Men of his age who were successful were sought for, but men of his age who were not had a pretty hard row to hoe.

Lois was long gone — probably she was with the baby. He missed his handkerchief, and rose and went over, with a swaying unsteadiness, to his chiffonier drawer in the farther corner to get one. A pistol lying there in its leather case, as it had done any time this five years, for a reserve protection against burglars, caught his eyes. He took it out of its case, examining the little weapon carefully, with his finger on the trigger, half cocking it, to see if it needed oil. It was a pretty little toy. Suddenly, as he held it there, leaning against the chiffonier, his thin white face with its deep black shadows under the eyes reflected by the high, narrow glass, the four walls faded away from him, with their familiar objects; his face gleamed whiter and whiter; the shadows grew blacker; only his eyes stared ——

A room, noticed once a year and a half ago, came before him now with a creeping, all-possessing distinctness — that loathsome, dreadful room (long since renovated) which, with its unmentionable suggestion of horror, had held him spellbound on that morning when he had begun his career at the factory. It held him spellbound now, evilly, insidiously. He stood by that blackened, ashy hearth in the foul room, with its damp, mottled, rotting walls, his eyes fastened on that hideous sofa to which he was drawn — drawn a little nearer and a little nearer, the thing in his hand — did it move itself? Cold to his touch, it moved ——

The door opened, and Lois, with a face of awful calm, glided up to him. She took the pistol from his relaxed hold; her lips refused to speak.

"Why, you needn't have been afraid, dear," he said at once, looking at her with a gentle surprise. "I'm not a coward, to go and leave you *that* way. You need never be afraid of that, Lois."

"No," said Lois, with smiling, white lips. She could not have told what made the frantic, overmastering fear, under the impulse of which she had suddenly thrown the baby down on the bed and fled to Justin — what strange force of thought-transference, imagined or real, had called her there.

She busied herself making him comfortable, divining his wants and getting things for him, simply and noiselessly, and then knelt down beside him where he lay, putting her arms around him.

"You oughtn't to be doing this for me; I

ought to be taking care of you," he said, with a tender self-reproach that seemed to come from a new, hitherto unknown Justin, who watched her face to see if it showed fatigue, and counted the steps she took for him.

The doctor came, and sent him off sternly to bed, and came again later. The last time he looked grave, ordered complete quiet, and left sedatives to insure it. Grip, brought on by overwork, had evidently taken a disregarded hold some time before, and must be reckoned with now. What Mr. Alexander imperatively needed was rest, and, above all things, freedom from care. Freedom from care!

Every footfall was taken to-day with reference to this. An impression of Justin as of something noble and firm seemed to emanate from the room where he lay and fill the house; in his complete abdication, he dominated as never before. More than that, there seemed to be a peculiar poignancy, a peculiar sweetness, in every little thing done for him; it made one honorable to serve him.

The light was still brightly that of day at a quarter of seven, when Dosia, who had been putting Zaidee and Redge to bed, came into Lois' room, and found her with crimson cheeks and eyes red from weeping. At Dosia's entrance she rose at once from her chair, and Dosia saw that she was partially dressed in her walking-skirt; she flared out passionately in speech as she was crossing the room, as if in answer to some implied criticism:

"I don't care what you say — I don't care what anybody says. I can't stand it any longer, when it's *killing* him! He *can't* rest unless he has that money. Am I to just sit down and let my husband die, when he's in such trouble as this? Is *that* all I can do? Why, whose trouble is it? Mine as well as his! If it's his responsibility, it's mine, too — mine as well as his!"

She hit her soft hand against the sharp edge of the table, and was unconscious that it bled. "If there's nobody else to get that money for him, *I'll* rise up and get it. He's stood alone long enough — long enough! He says there is no help left, but he forgets that there's his wife!"

"Oh, Lois," said Dosia, half weeping. "Oh, Lois, what can *you* do? There, you've waked the baby — he's crying."

"Get me the waist to this and my walking-jacket. No, give me the baby first; he's hungry."

She spoke collectedly, bending over the child

"THE TWO WOMEN SITTING ON THE BENCH, WRAPPED AROUND BY THE LONELINESS AND THE INTENSE STILLNESS OF THE ONCOMING NIGHT"

as she held him to her, and straightening the folds of the little garments. "There, there, dear little heart, dear little heart, mother's comfort — oh, my comfort, my blessing! Get my things out of the closet now, Dosia, and my gloves from that drawer, the top one. Oh, and get out baby's cloak and cap, too. I forgot that I couldn't leave him. I must take him with me." She sank her voice to a low murmur, so as not to disturb the child.

"Where are you going?" asked Dosia.

"To Eugene Larue."

"Mr. Larue!"

"Yes. He'll let me have the money — he'll understand. He wouldn't let Justin have it, but he'll give it to me — if I'm not too proud to ask for it; and I'm not too proud." She spoke in a tone the more thrilling for its enforced calm. "There are things a man will do for a woman, when he won't for a man, because then he has to be businesslike; but he doesn't have to be businesslike to a woman — he can lend to her just because she needs it."

"Lois!"

"Oh, there's many a woman — like me — who always knows, even though she never acts on the knowledge, that there is some man she could go to for help, and get it, just because she was *herself* — a woman and in trouble — just for that! Dosia, if I go to Eugene Larue myself, in trouble — *such* trouble ——"

"But he's out at Collingswood!" said Dosia, bewildered.

"Yes, I know. The train leaves here at seven-thirty, it connects at Haledon. It only takes three quarters of an hour; I've looked it up in the time-table. I'll be back here again by ten o'clock. I —" She stopped with a sudden intense motion of listening, then put the child from her and ran across the hall to the opposite room.

When she came back, pale and collected, it was to say: "Justin's gone to sleep now. The doctor says he will be under the influence of the anodynes until morning. Mrs. Bently is in there — I sent for her; she says she'll stay until I get back." Mrs. Bently was a woman of the plainer class, half nurse, half friend, capable and kind. "If the children wake up, they won't be afraid with her; but you'll be here, anyway."

"Leave the baby with me," implored Dosia.

"No, I can't — suppose I were detained? *Then* I'd go crazy! He won't be any bother, he's so little and so light."

"Very well, then; I'll go, too," stated Dosia in desperation. "I am not needed here. You must have some one with you if you have baby! Let me go, Lois! You *must!*"

"Oh, very well, if you like," responded Lois indifferently. But that the suggestion was an unconscious relief to her she showed the next moment, as she gave some directions to Dosia, who put a few necessaries and some biscuits in a little hand-bag, and an extra blanket for the baby in case it should grow chilly.

The train went at seven-thirty. The house must be lighted and the gas turned down, and the new maid impressed with the fact that they would be back at a little after nine, though it might really be nearer ten. After Lois was ready, she went in once more to look at Justin as he slept — his head thrown forward a little on the pillow, his right hand clasped, and his knees bent as one supinely running in a dream race with fate. Lois stooped over and laid her cheek to his hair, to his hand, as one who sought for the swift, reviving warmth of the spirit.

Then the two women walked down the street toward the station, Lois absorbed in her own thoughts, and Dosia distracted, confused, half assenting and half dissenting to the expedition.

"Are you sure Mr. Larue will be there?" she asked anxiously.

"Justin saw him Saturday. He said he was going out there then for the summer."

So far it would be all right, then. They had passed the Snows' house, and Dosia looked eagerly for some sign of life there; she hesitated, and then went on. As they got beyond it, at the corner turning, she looked back, and saw that Miss Bertha had come out on the piazza.

"I'll catch up with you in a moment," she said to Lois, and ran back quickly.

"Miss Bertha!"

"Why, Dosia, my dear, I didn't see you; don't speak loud!" Miss Bertha's face, her whispering lips, her hands, were trembling with excitement. "We've been under quite a strain, but it's all over now — I'm sure I can tell *you*. Dear mother has gone up-stairs with a sick-headache! Mr. Sutton has just proposed to Ada — in the sitting-room. We left them the parlor, but they preferred the sitting-room. Mother's white shawl is in there, and I haven't been able to get it."

"Oh!" said Dosia blankly, trying to take in the importance of the fact. "Is Mr. Girard in? No? Will he be in later?"

"No, not until to-morrow night," said Miss Bertha, as blankly, but Dosia had already gone on. She did not know whether she were relieved or sorry that Girard was not there. She did not know what she had meant to say to him, but it had seemed as if she *must* see him!

Lois did not ask her why she had stopped; her spirit seemed to be wrapped in an obscurity

as enshrouding as the darkness that was gathering around them. Only, when they were at last in the train, she threw back her veil and smiled at Dosia, with a clear, triumphant relief in the smile, a sweetness, a lightness of expression that was almost roguish, and that communicated a similar lightness of heart to Dosia.

"He will lend me the money," said Lois, with a grateful confidence that seemed to shut out every conventional, every worldly suggestion, and to breathe only of her need and the willingness of a friend to help — not alone for the need's sake, but for hers.

Dosia tried to picture Eugene Larue as Lois must see him; his bearded lips, his worn forehead, his quiet, sad, piercing eyes, were not attractive to her. The whole thing was very bewildering.

It was twenty miles, a forty-minute ride, to Haledon, where they changed cars for the little branch road that went past Collingswood — a signal station, as the conductor who punched their tickets impressed on Lois. Haledon itself was a junction for many lines, with a crowd of people on the platform continually coming and going under the electric lights. As Lois and Dosia waited for their train, an automobile dashed up, and a man and a woman, getting out of it with wraps and bundles, took their place among those who were waiting for the westbound express. The woman, large and elegantly gowned, had something familiar in her outline as she turned to her companion, a short, ferret-faced man with a fair mustache — the man who lately had been seen everywhere with Mrs. Leverich. Yes, it was Mrs. Leverich. Dosia shrank back into the shadow. The light struck full athwart the large, full-blown face of Myra as she turned to the man caressingly with some remark; his eyes, evilly cognizant, smiled back again as he answered, with his cigar between his teeth.

Dosia felt that old sensation of burning shame — she had seen something that should have been hidden in darkness. They were going off together! All those whispers about Mrs. Leverich had been true.

There were only a few people in the shaky, rattly little car when Lois and Dosia entered it, whizzing off, a moment later, down a lonely road with wooded hills sloping to the track on one side and a wooded brook on the other. The air grew aromatic in the chill spring dusk with the odor of damp fern and pine. Both women were silent, and the baby, rolled in his long cloak, had slept all the way. It was but seven miles to Collingswood, yet the time seemed longer than all the rest of the journey before they were finally dumped out at the little empty station with the hills towering above it. A youth was just locking up the ticket-office and going off as they reached it. Dosia ran after him.

"Mr. Larue's place is near here, isn't it?" she called.

"Yes, over there to the right," said the youth, pointing down the board walk, which seemed to end at nowhere, "about a quarter of a mile down. You'll know when you come to the gates. They're big iron ones."

"Isn't there any way of riding?"

"I guess not," said the youth, and disappeared into the woods on a bicycle.

"Oh, it will be only a step," said Lois, starting off down the walk, followed perforce by Dosia, with the hand-bag, both walking in silence.

The excursion, from an easily imagined, matter-of-fact daylight possibility, had been growing gradually a thing of the dark, unknown, fantastic. A faint remnant of the fading light remained in the west, vanishing as they looked at it. High above the treetops a pale moon hung high; there seemed nothing to connect them with civilization but that iron track curved out of sight.

The quarter of a mile prolonged itself indefinitely, with that strangely eternal effect of the unknown; yet the big iron gates were reached at last, showing a long winding drive within. It was here that Eugene Larue had built a house for his bride, living in it these summers when she was away, alone among his kind, a man who must confess tacitly before the world that he was unable to make his wife care for him — a darkened, desolate, lonely life, as dark and as desolate as this house seemed now. An undefined dread possessed Dosia, though Lois spoke confidently:

"The walk has not really been very long. We'll probably drive back. It's odd that there are no lights, but perhaps he is sitting outside. Ah, there's a light!"

Yet, as she spoke, the light left the window and hung on the cornice above — it was the moon, and not a lamp, that had made it. They ascended the piazza steps; there was no one there.

"There is a knocker at the front door," said Lois. She pounded, and the house vibrated terrifyingly through the stillness. At the same instant a scraping on the gravel walk behind them made them turn. It was the boy on the bicycle, who had sped back to them.

"Mr. Larue ain't there," he called. "The woman who closed up the house told me he had a cable from his wife, and he sailed for

"'THEY LL GET FULL OF EARTH AGAIN,' SHE PROTESTED"

Europe this afternoon. She says, do you want the key?"

"No," said Lois, and the messenger once more disappeared.

This, then, was the end of her exaltation — for this she had passionately nerved herself! There was to be neither the warmth of instant comprehension of her errand nor the frank giving of aid when necessity had been pleaded; there was nothing. She shifted the baby over to the other shoulder, and they retraced their way, which now seemed familiar and short. There was, at any rate, a light on a tall pole in front of the little station, although the station itself was deserted; they seated themselves on the bench under it to wait. The train was not scheduled for nearly an hour yet.

"Oh, if I could only fly back!" Lois groaned. "I don't see how I can wait — I don't see how I can wait! Oh, why did I come?"

"Perhaps there is a train before the one you spoke of," said Dosia, with the terribly self-accusing feeling now that she ought to have prevented the expedition at the beginning. She got up to go into the little box of a house, in search of a time-table. As she passed the tall post that held the light, she saw tacked on it a paper, and read aloud the words written on it below the date:

NOTICE

NO TRAINS WILL RUN ON THIS ROAD TO-NIGHT AFTER 8.30 P.M. ON ACCOUNT OF REPAIRS

Dosia and Lois looked at each other with the blankness of despair — the frantic, forlornly heroic impulse, uncalculating of circumstances, now showed itself against them in all its piteous womanfolly.

XXVII

Only fifty miles from a great city, the little station seemed like the typical lodge in a wilderness; as far as one could see up or down the track, on either side were wooded hills. A vast silence seemed to be gathering from unseen fastnesses, to halt in this spot.

There were no houses and no lights to be seen anywhere, except that one swinging on the pole above, and the moon which was just rising. It was, in fact, one of those places which consist of the far, back-lying acres of the great country-owners, and which seem to the casual traveler forgotten or unknown in their extent and apparently primitive condition.

To the women sitting on the bench, wrapped around by the loneliness and the intense stillness of the oncoming night, the whole expedition appeared at last, unveiled in all its grim betrayal.

For the first time since Lois had left home, a wild, seething anxiety for Justin possessed her. How could she have left him? She must get back to him at once!

"Oh, Dosia, we must get home again; we must get home!" she cried, starting up so vehemently that the baby in her arms screamed, and Lois walked up and down distractedly hushing him, and then, as he still wailed, sat down once more and bared her white bosom to quiet him. "We shall have to get back; Dosia, we must start at once."

"We shall have to walk to Haledon," said Dosia.

"Yes, yes. Perhaps we may come to some farm-house where they will let us have a wagon. It is seven miles to Haledon — that isn't very far! I often walked five miles with Justin before

I was married, and a mile or two more is nothing. There are plenty of trains from Haledon."

"Oh, we can do it easily enough," said Dosia, though her heart was as lead within her breast. "You had better eat some of these biscuits before we start," she advised, taking them out of the bag; and Lois munched them obediently, and drank some tepid water from a pitcher which Dosia had found inside. As she put it back again in its place, she slipped to the side of the platform and looked down the moon-filled, narrow valley.

Through all this journey Dosia had carried double thoughts; her voice called where none might hear. It spoke now as she whispered, with hands outspread:

"Oh, *why* weren't you in when I went for you? Why didn't you come and take care of us, when I needed you so much? Why did you let us go off this way? You might have known! Why *don't* you come and take care of us? There's no one to take care of us but you! *You* could!" A dry sob stopped the words — the deep, inherent cry of womankind to man for help, for succor. She stooped over and picked up an oakleaf that had lain on the ground since the winter, and pressed it to her bosom, and sent it fluttering off on a gust of wind down the incline, as if it could indeed take her message with it, before she went back to Lois.

After some hesitation as to the path, — one led across the rails from where they were sitting, — they finally took that behind the station, which broadened out into a road that lay along the wooded slope above, from which they could look down at intervals and see the track below. One side of that road was bordered by a high wire fencing inclosing pieces of woodland, sometimes so thick as to be impenetrable, while along other stretches there would be glimpsed through the trees some farther, open field. To the right, toward the railway there were only woods and no fencing.

They two walked off briskly at first, but the road was of a heavy, loose, shelving soil in which the foot sank at each step; the grass at the edge was wet with dew and intersected by the ridged, branching roots of trees; the pace grew, perforce, slower and slower still. They took turns in carrying the baby, whose small bundled form began to seem as if weighted with lead.

Far over on what must have been the other side of the track, they occasionally saw the light of a house; at one place there seemed to be a little hamlet, from the number of lights. They were clearly on the wrong bank; they should have crossed over at the station. The only house they came to was the skeleton of one, the walls blackened and charred with fire. There was only that endless line of wire fencing along which they pushed forward painfully, with dragging step; instead of passing any given point, the road seemed to keep on with them, as if they could never get farther on. Wire fencing, and moonlight, and silence, and trees. Trees! They became night-marishly oppressive in those dark, solemn ranks and groups — those

"LOIS STOLE INTO THE ROOM"

silent thicknesses; the air grew chill beneath them; terror lurked in the shadows. Oh, to get out from under the trees, with only the clear sky overhead! If that road to the house of Eugene Larue had seemed a part of infinity in the dimness of the unknown, what was this?

They sat down now every little while to rest, Dosia's voice coaxing and cheering, and then got up to shake the earth out of their shoes and struggle on once more — bending, shivering, leaning against each other for support; two silent and puny figures, outside of any connection with other lives, toiling, as it seemed, against the universe, as women do toil, apparently futile of result.

Once the loud blare of a horn sent them over to the side of the road, clinging to the wire fencing, as an automobile shot by — a cheerful monster that spoke of life in towns, leaving a new and sharp desolation behind it. Why hadn't they seen it before? Why hadn't they tried to hail it when they *did* see? To have had such a chance and lost it! Once they were frightened almost uncontrollably by a group approaching with strange sounds — Italian laborers, cheerful and unintelligible when Dosia intrepidly questioned them. They passed on, still jabbering; two bedraggled women and a baby were no novelty to them. Then there was more long, high fencing, and moonlight, and silence, and shadows, and trees — and trees ——

"Do you suppose we'll *ever* get out of here?" asked Lois at last, dully.

"Why, of course; we can't help getting out, if we keep on," said Dosia, in a comfortingly matter-of-fact tone.

It was she who was helper and guide now.

"Oh, if I had never left Justin! Why, why did I leave him? How far do you think we have walked, Dosia?"

"It seems so endless, I can't tell; but we must be nearly at Haledon," said Dosia. "Let's sit down and rest awhile here. Oh, Lois, Lois *dear*!" She had taken off her jacket and spread it on the damp grass for them both to sit on, huddled close together, and now pressed the older woman's head down on her shoulder, holding both mother and child in her young arms.

Lois lay there without stirring. Far off in the stillness, there came the murmur of the brook they had passed in the train — so long since, it seemed! The moon hung high above now, pouring a flood of light down through the arching branches of the trees upon her beautiful face with its closed eyes, and the tiny features of the sleeping child. Something in the utter relaxation of the attitude and manner began to alarm the girl.

"Lois, we must go on," she said, with an anxious note in her voice. "Lois! You mustn't give up. We can't stay here!"

"Yes, I know," said Lois. She struggled to her feet, and began to walk ahead slowly. Dosia, behind her, flung out her arms to the shadow-embroidered road over which they had just passed.

"Oh, why *don't* you come!" she whispered again intensely, with passionate reproach; and then, swiftly catching up with Lois, took the child from her, and again they stumbled on together, haltingly, to the accompaniment of that far-off brook.

The wire fencing ceased, but the road became narrower, the walls of trees darker, closer together, though the soil underfoot grew firmer. They had to stop every few minutes to rest. Lois saw ever before her the one objective point — a dimly lighted room, with Justin stretched out upon the bed, dying, while she could not get there.

"Hark!" said Dosia suddenly, standing still. The sound of a voice trolling drunkenly made itself heard, came nearer, while the women stood terrified. The thing they had both unspeakably dreaded had happened; the moonlight brought into view the unmistakable figure of a tramp, with a bundle swung upon his shoulder. No terror of the future could compare with this one, that neared them with the seconds, swaying unsteadily from side to side of the road, as the tipsy voice alternately muttered and roared the reiterated words:

> For I have come from Pad-dy land,
> The land—I do adore!

They had fled, crouching into the bushes at the edge of the path, and he passed with his eyes on the ground, or he must have seen — a blotched, dark-visaged, leering creature, living in an insane world of his own. They waited until he was far out of sight before creeping, all of a tremble, from their shelter, only to hear another footfall unexpectedly near — the pad, pad, pad of a runner, a tall figure as one saw it through the lights and shadows under the trees, capless and coatless, with sleeves rolled up, arms bent at the elbows, and head held forward. Suddenly the pace slackened, stopped.

"Great *heavens!*" said the voice of Bailey Girard.

"Oh, it's you, it's you!" cried Dosia, running to him with an ineffable, revealing gesture, a lovely motion of her upflinging arms, a passion of joy in the face upraised to his, that called forth an instantly flashing, all-embracing light in his.

In that moment there was an acknowledg-

ment in each of an intimacy that went back of all words, back of all action. The arm that upheld her gripped her close to him as one who defends his own, as he said tensely:

"That beast ahead, did he touch you?"

"Oh, no; he didn't see us. We hid!" She tried to explain in hurrying, disconnected sentences. "I've been longing and *praying* for you to come! I tried to let you know before we started, and you weren't there. Lois was half crazy about Justin. Come to her now! She wanted to see Mr. Larue, and he was gone. We've walked from Collingswood; we have the baby with us."

"The *baby!*"

"Yes; she couldn't leave him behind. Oh, it's been so terrible! If you had only known!"

"Oh, why didn't I?" he groaned. "I ought to have known — I *ought* to have known! I was in that motor that must have passed you; it was just a chance that I got out to walk." They had reached the place where Lois sat, and he bent over her tenderly. She smiled into his anxious eyes, though her poor face was sunken and wan.

"I'm glad it's you," she whispered. "You'll help me to get home!"

"Dear Mrs. Alexander! I want to help you to more than that. I want you to tell me everything." He pressed her hand, and stood looking irresolutely down the road.

"I could go to Haledon, and send back a carriage for you; it's three miles further on."

"No, no, no! Don't leave us!" the accents came in terror from both. "We can walk with you. Only don't leave us!"

"Very well; we'll try it, then."

He took the warm bundle that was the sleeping child from Lois, saying, as she half demurred, "It's all right; I've carried 'em in the Spanish-American war in Cuba," holding it in one arm, while with the other he supported Lois. The dragging march began again, Dosia, stumbling sometimes, trying to keep alongside of him, so that when he turned his head anxiously to look for her she would be there, to meet his eyes with hers, bravely scorning fatigue.

The trees had disappeared now from the side of the road; long, swelling, wild fields lay on the slopes of the hillside, broken only by solitary clumps of bushes — fields deserted of life, broad resting-places for the moonlight, which illumined the farthest edge of the scene, although the moon itself was hidden by the crest of a hill. And as they went on, slowly perforce, he questioned Lois gently; and she, with simple words, gradually laid the facts bare.

"Oh, why didn't Alexander tell me all this?" he asked pitifully, and she answered:

"He said it was no use; he said you had no money."

"No; but I can sometimes get it for other people! I could have gone to Rondell Brothers and got it."

"Rondell Brothers? I thought they were difficult to approach."

"That depends. I was with Rondell's boy in Cuba when he had the fever, and he's always said — but that's neither here nor there. Apart from that, they've had their eye on your husband lately. You can't hide the quality of a man like him, Mrs. Alexander; it shows in a hundred ways that he doesn't think of. They have had dealings with him, though he doesn't know it — it's been through agents. Mr. Warren, one of their best men, has, it seems, taken a fancy to him. I shouldn't wonder if they'd take over the typometer as it stands, and work Alexander in with it. If Rondell Brothers really take up any one!"— Girard did not need to finish.

Even Lois and Dosia had heard of Rondell Brothers, the great firm that was known from one end of the country to the other — a commercial house whose standing was as firm, as unquestioned, as the Bank of England, and almost as conservative. Apart from this, their reputation was unique. It was more than a commercial house: it was an institution, in which for three generations the firm known as Rondell Brothers had carried on their business to high advantage — on the principles of personal honor and honesty and fair dealing.

No boy or man of good character, intelligence, and industry was ever connected with Rondell's without its making for his advancement; to get a position there was to be assured of his future. Their young men stayed with them, and rose steadily higher as they stayed, or went out from them strong to labor, backed with a solid backing. The number of young firms whom they had started and made, and whose profit also afterward profited them, was more than had ever been counted. They were never deceived, for they had an unerring faculty for knowing their own kind. No firm was keener. Straight on the nail themselves, they exacted the same quality in others. What they traded in needed no other guaranty than the name of Rondell.

If Rondell Brothers took Justin's affairs in hand! Lois felt a hope that sent life through her veins.

"Oh, let us hurry home!" she pleaded, and tried to quicken her pace, though it was Girard who supported her, else she must have fallen, while Dosia slipped a little behind, trying to

keep her place by his side, so that when he looked for her she would be there.

"You're so tired," he whispered, with a break in his voice, "and I can't help you!" and she tried to beat back that dear pity and longing with her comforting "No, no, no! I'm not really tired"; her voice thrilled with life, though her feet stumbled.

In that walk beside him, toiling slowly on and on in the bright, far solitude of those empty fields, where even their hands might not touch, they two were so heart-close — so heavenly, so fulfillingly near!

Once he whispered in a yearning distress, "Why are you crying?" And she answered through those welling tears:

"I'm only crying because I'm so glad you're here!"

After a while there was a sound of wheels — wheels! Only a sulky, it proved to be — a mere half-wagon set low down in the springs, and a trotting horse in front, driven by a round-faced boy in a derby hat, the turnout casting long, thin shadows ahead before Girard stopped it.

"You'll have to take another passenger," he said, after explaining matters to the half-unwilling boy, who crowded himself at last to the farthest edge of the seat, so that Lois might take possession of the six inches allotted to her.

She held out her arms hastily. "My boy!" she said, but it was a voice that had hope in it once more.

"Oh, yes, I forgot; here's the baby," said Girard, looking curiously at the bundle before handing it to her. "We'll meet you at the Haledon station very soon now."

In another moment the little vehicle was out of sight, jogging around a bend of the road.

So still was the night! Only that long, curving runnel of the brook again accompanied the silence. Not a leaf moved on the bushes of those far-swelling fields or on the hill that hid their summit; the air was like the moonlight, so fragrantly cool with the odors of the damp fern and birch. The straight, supple figure of Girard still stood in the roadway, bareheaded, with that powerful effect which he had, even here, of absorbing all the life of the scene.

Dosia experienced the inexplicable feeling of the girl alone, for the first time, with the man who loves her and whom she loves. At that moment she loved him so much that she would have fled anywhere in the world from him.

The next moment he said in a matter-of-fact tone:

"Sit down on that stone, and let me shake out your shoes before we go on; they're full of sand."

She obeyed with an open-eyed gaze that dwelt on him, while he knelt down and loosened the bows, and took off the little clumpy low shoes, shaking them out carefully, and then put them on once more, retying the bows neatly with long, slowly accomplishing fingers.

"They'll get full of earth again," she protested, her voice half lost in the silence.

"Then I'll take them off and shake them out over again."

He stood up, brushing the earth from his palms, smiling down at her as she stood up also. "I've always dreamed of doing that," he said simply. "I've dreamed of taking you in my arms and carrying you off through the night — as I couldn't that first time! I've longed so to do it, there have been times when I couldn't *stand* it to see you, because you weren't mine." Then — her hands were in his, his dear, protecting hands, the hands she loved, with their thrilling, long-familiar touch, claiming as well as giving.

"Oh — *Dosia*!" he said below his breath.

As their eyes dwelt on each other in that long look, all that had hurt love rose up between them, and passed away, forgiven. She previsioned a time when all her life before he came into it would have dropped out of remembrance as a tale that is told. And now——

It seemed that he was going to be a very splendid lover!

XXVIII

The summer was nearly at an end — a summer that had brought rehabilitation to the Typometer Company, yet rehabilitation under strict rule, strict economy, endless work. Nominally the same thing, the typometer was now but one factor of trade among a dozen other patented inventions under the control of Rondell Brothers.

If there was not quite the same personal flavor as yet in Justin's relation to the business which had seemed so inspiringly his own, there was a larger relation to greater interests, a wider field, a greater sense of security, and a sense of justice in the change; he felt that he had much to learn. There was something in him that could not profit where other men profited — that could not take advantage when that advantage meant loss to another. He was not great enough alone to reconcile the narrowing factors of trade with that warring law within him. The stumbling of Cater would have been another stumbling-block if it had not been that one. That for which Leverich, with Martin always behind him, had chosen Justin first, had been the very thing that had fought against them.

The summer was far spent. Justin had been working hard. It was long after midnight. Lois slept, but Justin could not; he rose and went into the adjoining room, and sat down by her open window. The night had been very close, but now a faint breath stirred from somewhere out of the darkness. It was just before the dawn. Justin looked out into a gloom in which the darkness of trees wavered uncertainly and brought with it a vague remembrance. He had done all this before. When? Suddenly he recollected the night he had sat at this same window, at the beginning of this terrible journey; and his thoughts and feelings then, his deep loneliness of soul, the prevision of the pain even of fulfilment — an endless, endless arid waste, with the welling forth of that black spirit of evil in his own nature, as the only vital thing to bear him secret company — a moment that was wolfish to his better nature. Almost with the remembrance came the same mood, but only as reflected in the surface of his saner nature, not arising from it.

As he gazed, wrapped in self-communing, on the vague formlessness of the night, it began gradually to dissolve mysteriously, and the outlines of the trees and the surrounding objects melted into view. A bird sang from somewhere near by, a heavenly, clear, full-throated call that brought a shaft of light from across the world, broadening, as the eye leaped to it, into a great and spreading glory of flame.

It had rained just before; the drops still hung on bush and tree; and as the dazzling radiance of the sun touched them, every drop also radiated light, prismatic, and scintillating an almost audibly tinkling joy. So indescribably wonderful and beautiful, yet so tender, seemed this scene — as of a mighty light informing the least atom of this tearful human existence — that the profoundest depths of Justin's nature opened to the illumination.

In that moment, with calm eyes and lips firmly pressed together, his thoughts reached upward, far, far upward. For the first time, he felt in accordance with something divine and beyond — an accordance that seemed to solve the meaning of life, what had gone and what was to come. All the hopes, the planning, the seeking and slaving, whatever they accomplished or did not accomplish, they fashioned us ourselves. As it had been, so it still would be. But for what had gone before, he had not had this hour.

It was the journey itself that counted — the dear joys by the way, that come even through suffering and through pain: the joy of the red dawn, of the summer breeze, of the winter sun; the joy of children; the joy of companionship.

He held out his arm unconsciously as Lois stole into the room.

THE END

THE CATHEDRAL

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

The streaming glitter of the avenue,
The jewelled women holding parasols,
The lathered horses fretting at delay,
The customary afternoon blockade,
The babel and the babble, the brilliant show—
And then the dusky quiet of the nave,
The pillared space, an organ strain that throbs
Mysteriously somewhere, a rainbow shaft
Shed from a saint's robe, powdering the spectral air,
A workman with hard hands who bows his head,
And there before the shrine of Virgin Mary
A lonely servant girl who kneels and sobs.

THE NEW GOSPEL IN CRIMINOLOGY

BY

JUDGE McKENZIE CLELAND

THE Municipal Court of Chicago began its existence December 3rd, 1906. Besides transacting civil business, it is the trial court for all misdemeanors as well as for all violations of city ordinances. The Maxwell Street criminal branch, where I presided for thirteen months, is on the West Side, about a mile from the City Hall, in what is known as the Ghetto District. This district — not more than a mile square — has between two and three hundred thousand inhabitants, of thirty different nationalities, many of them from the poorest laboring class. In one school district near the court, three and one-half blocks long and two blocks wide, there are fourteen hundred public school children, besides hundreds who attend parochial schools, and many who attend none.

It is the Maxwell Street district of which a leading Chicago newspaper, afterward quoted in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, said: "In this territory murderers, robbers, and thieves of the worst kind are born, reared, and grown to maturity in numbers which exceed the record of any similar district anywhere on the face of the globe; murders by the score, shooting and stabbing affrays by the hundred, assaults, burglaries, and robberies by the thousand — such is the crime record each year for this festering place of evil which lies a scant mile from the heart of Chicago."

Within a few days from my going into this court, I was confronted with the problem of what to do with violators of the city laws who had others dependent upon them for support. To impose a fine upon such persons would, if the fine were paid, ordinarily deprive the family of some of the necessaries of life. On the other hand, if the fine were not paid and the offender were committed to the House of Correction to work it out at the rate of fifty cents a day, not only would the family be deprived of their means of support during his imprisonment, but the defendant, when released, would be without employment or the ability then to provide for his family. I observed that frequently women whose husbands had been fined for beating them would go out and borrow money with which to pay the fine.

It was very apparent that such proceedings operated most harshly upon the poor. A person able to pay a fine had comparatively little to fear if he violated the city laws, while inability to pay meant the loss of liberty twenty-four hours for each fifty cents of the fine and costs, which was nothing more or less than imprisonment for debt.

In the Homes of the "Repeaters"

Persons were often brought before me who had been imprisoned many times and who were no better but obviously much worse as a result of such treatment. I found upon investigation that the city contained a very large number of these persons, who were known as "repeaters," and that the time of the police and the courts was much occupied in re-arresting and recommitting them to the House of Correction. Upon examining the records of this institution, I found that of the nine thousand persons imprisoned the previous year because of their inability to pay the fines imposed, *nearly one-half had been there from two to two hundred and one times each. Eighteen women had each served one hundred terms.* I was therefore convinced that this method of "correction" was not only harsh and unjust to the families of such persons, but was of no value as a corrective to the defendants themselves.

Startled by such disclosures, I resolved to study conditions at close range and went into the homes of some of these offenders against the law, taking with me interpreters, for the great majority of them were foreigners. In many of these homes poverty had done its worst. Every surrounding influence favored undesirable citizenship; every turn presented flagrant violations of the law; the tumble-down stairways, the defective plumbing, the overflowing garbage boxes, the uncleaned streets and alleys, all suggested that laws were not made to be enforced. Many of the unfortunates whom I saw there

regarded the law as a revengeful monster, a sort of Juggernaut that would work fearful ruin upon any one who got in its way, but otherwise was not a matter of concern. When I explained to them that the law was their friend and not their enemy, they did not appear to comprehend.

In one place there was a broken-down woman with six children. Two of the children had been arrested for stealing coal from a car. The mother explained that her "man" was in the Bridewell sobering up from one of his frequent drunks and that they had no money to buy coal, which was plainly apparent. Here were children forced to become criminals because the law was helpless to correct their father.

"The House of Corruption"

In substantially every case that I investigated, I found that, notwithstanding the efficient management of our work-house, the offender had come out a less desirable member of society than when he went in; his employment was gone, his reputation was injured, his will weakened, his knowledge of crime and criminal practices greatly increased. As one young girl expressed it: "It is not a House of Correction, but a House of Corruption."

I decided, therefore, to try the plan of suspending over such offenders the maximum sentence permitted by law, and allow them to determine by their subsequent conduct whether they should lose or retain their liberty, with the full knowledge that further delinquency meant, not another trial with its possibility of acquittal or brief sentence, but summary and severe punishment. As a condition precedent to allowing such an offender his liberty, I required him to promise that he would not again indulge in the thing which was responsible for his wrong-doing. In the great majority of cases this was the use of intoxicating liquor; in some, the use of drugs or cigarettes, the patronizing of cheap theaters, or evil associates. I also required him for a time to report to me at regular intervals, usually every two weeks, when a night session of the court was held for such purpose, and to bring with him his wife or other witness who could testify to his subsequent conduct.

Four Hundred Able Probation Officers

A serious difficulty then presented itself. I saw that as their numbers increased, it would become impossible for me to keep in personal touch with all these offenders. No parole law for adults, with its paid probation officers, exists in Illinois, and no funds for this purpose were available. I determined, therefore, to appeal to the business men of the district to serve as volunteer probation officers. Through the lawyers who practised in my court, I secured a list of nearly one hundred business and professional men who gladly consented to visit one or more defendants each month and report to me in writing upon blanks which I furnished them. The number of probation officers was subsequently increased to about four hundred, and their monthly reports were entered upon our special docket, which contained the necessary memoranda and history of the case made at the trial.

Certainly no more valuable object lesson was ever presented to hustling, bustling, money-loving, pleasure-hunting Chicago than these doctors, lawyers, manufacturers, and merchants going into the homes of their poor and unfortunate neighbors and taking a genuine interest in their welfare. Here was the ideal probation officer, whose feeling for his ward was something more than chilly professional solicitude; and splendidly did these men do their work. Many of them did more than show a passing interest in the offenders assigned to them. They often gave them employment and encouraged them by increasing their wages from time to time. It was a common thing for substantial business men to appear in court and offer employment to persons whom they wished placed on probation, agreeing at the same time to report regularly as to their subsequent conduct.

A typical illustration of this was shown in the case of a young man who had an old mother to support, and who had fallen into bad company which had led him astray. The gang had rented a flat where they caroused far into the night and were then wont to prey upon their neighbors' hen-roosts. Upon his promise to reform, he was placed on probation and given employment by Mr. S. Franklin, one of the largest manufacturers in the district, who not only afterwards raised his wages, but sent, with his compliments, a dozen handsome pictures to decorate the court-room. That was a year ago, and the other day this young fellow came to my downtown court room to exhibit, proudly, a new suit of clothes purchased with money withdrawn from his savings-bank account.

Liquor Dealers Vote to Coöperate

Soon after inaugurating my parole system, I invited the four hundred liquor dealers of the district to a conference in my court-room. My first appearance in the Maxwell Street Court had called forth violent opposition from many of the liquor dealers, who declared that my record as a teetotaler disqualified me from administering

justice in that district. I was in some doubt, therefore, as to how my invitation would be received; but it was unanimously accepted, and the court-room was not large enough to accommodate the number that responded, so that it was necessary to hold three sessions. The audiences were picturesque and included men not entirely sober, but the great majority listened attentively while I explained my plan and requested that they coöperate with me to the extent of refusing to sell their wares to any person upon my parole list. I promised to furnish each saloon-keeper with such a list for his private reference only; and I gave warning that thereafter sales made knowingly to such persons would subject the seller to summary punishment.

A number of the liquor dealers followed my address with remarks highly complimentary to the work being done, and a resolution pledging me their support was unanimously adopted. The same day, by a curious coincidence, the Women's Christian Temperance Union passed a similar resolution in another part of the city.

All of the liquor dealers, with a very few exceptions, subsequently acted in entire harmony with the resolution. One, who caused the intoxication of a paroled defendant, was fined $50, which he paid; and no further trouble occurred.

It must not, of course, be supposed that this parole plan was original with me in all its features. A number of States have passed laws for the probation of adult offenders, providing for official probation officers to visit and report upon the persons paroled; but no other court has adopted the plan of holding night parole sessions or has enlisted to so large an extent the services of the business men of the district. These were the two features which in my experience proved most effective in reclaiming the offenders.

Record of Success Ninety-two Per Cent

During my thirteen months' term in the Maxwell Street Court, I tried upwards of eight thousand cases and placed upon probation 1,231 persons. The results were as gratifying as they were surprising, and won for the plan the sincere support and coöperation of the police department in the district, many of the officers assuring me that it had reduced crime one-half. Eleven hundred and thirty-four of the paroled offenders, or about ninety-two per cent., faithfully kept the terms of their parole, and became sober, industrious citizens. Substantially all of those who lapsed did so because they violated their pledge of total abstinence. None, with one or two trivial exceptions, afterward committed any offense against the law.

At one time a number of young men were brought in charged with burglary, but after the evidence was heard the complaints were amended to petit larceny, and the defendants were given their liberty upon promising to go to work and obey the law. When I left the Maxwell Street Court on January 11, 1908, to try civil cases, the suspended sentences in all cases were set aside and the defendants discharged, and I felt some apprehension lest these young men, as well as many others, should, after all restraint was removed, return to their former ways. This fear has proved groundless, the percentage of lapses since January 11 being little, if any, greater than before. A report from the Police Department, covering the young men above referred to, has just been received by me. It reads as follows:

"Driving team, O. K., habits good"; "driving team, sister says he is doing fine"; "driving express wagon for his father, doing fine"; "driving team, stays home nights and brings his money home"; "laboring for $2.00 per day. Mother says he is doing better"; "laboring for $2.00 per day, doing fairly well"; "drives buggy for —— Teaming Co., O. K."; "works for the —— R. R., steady ever since paroled."

Because of the absence of express statutory authority, no person charged with a misdemeanor was released on parole except with the approval of the police and the State's attorney; but there were many cases where a parole was not given, in which I felt satisfied that it would have yielded good results. There were, however, upon our special docket, persons charged with larceny, embezzlement, wife abandonment, selling liquor to minors, malicious mischief, assault and battery, and other similar offenses; and except in the one or two cases referred to, which were of a minor nature, the defendants have shown their sincerity by their actions, and their conduct has in every case been exemplary and satisfactory.

In one case, where the charge was larceny, the police assured me that the defendant had been arrested fifty times. It seemed such a desperate case that I gave him the longest term allowed by the law. After he had been in jail a few days, I discovered that his aged father and mother were sick and helpless, and needed his support. I set aside the judgment and allowed him his liberty upon the understanding that if he again violated the law he would be required to serve out the remainder of the term. He has since worked steadily and faithfully, although, when I went into his home one day upon learning that he had met with an accident, I found poverty and dirt enough to drive anybody to commit crime.

In addition to the support of the police offi-

cers, the plan of releasing offenders on parole has had the influential backing of the members of the bar, including the assistant State's attorney, and also of the citizens of the district, who were practically unanimous in its endorsement. The manager of a large department-store assured me that shoplifting had practically ceased since a number of petty thieves had been put on probation under maximum suspended sentences. It would be impossible for me adequately to describe the gratifying surprises that came almost daily in my experience with these supposedly irreclaimable men and women. I found that they invariably grasped with desperate eagerness at a chance to reform, and the joy which they exhibited at the night sessions was oftentimes very pathetic. "We are happier than for years," and "We're having our honeymoon over" were the reports made again and again.

Intense gratitude to the law for giving them "another chance" was the characteristic sentiment in nearly every case, and this feeling proved more powerful in bringing about their reformation than the fear of punishment.

The Story of Jim the Engineer

One day I was hearing a robbery case, when Jim —— entered and modestly seated himself at the rear of the court-room. Jim was running a locomotive on the Burlington Road, and although he had recently married, was voluntarily laying off two days in the week in order that a fellow-engineer, who had a family to support, might have a show during the hard times. I motioned to my bailiff, and a minute later Jim was seated beside me on the bench, listening to the evidence in the robbery case. I well knew what was passing through his mind, for it was only ten months before that he had stood before the same bar, charged with crime, and it was then that he had promised me, whom he had never seen before, that if I would give him "another chance" he would turn over a new leaf and eschew crime and the society of criminals forever.

This resolution followed a brief talk in my chambers after his trial. His record was not in his favor, and his picture hung in the rogues' gallery. His brother was then serving time, and he had two sisters dependent upon him for support. After I had briefly pointed out to him the folly of such a life as he was then leading, he quietly remarked: "No one ever talked to me that way before; my father is dead and my mother is dead, and I haven't a friend in this town." "Well," I replied, "you probably don't deserve one, the way you have lived, but if you will cut out liquor and go to work" (he had not worked for four months) "and take care of your sisters, you will have friends." He finally agreed that he would do this. "Now," I said, "if you don't keep your promise to me, you will get me into trouble with the officers." He said: "I will show you I can make good." He could not get a bondsman, and I let him go after he had signed his own bond.

He went to work at a dollar a day at the first place he struck, and his wages have been raised four times. One day I had a letter from his sister saying that he had met with an accident. As soon as I adjourned court, I went to the hospital to see him. He said to me: "I will never take chloroform again." I asked, "Why not, Jim?" and he replied: "During this operation, while I was under the influence of chloroform, it seemed to me as if I was going from one saloon to another, and they tell me I didn't do a thing except holler for beer. You bet I will never touch chloroform again." After five weeks in the hospital, Jim, thanks to his fine constitution, pulled through, but the first day he went out on the street he was "picked up" by a vigilant "plain-clothes" man on suspicion of being implicated in a robbery, and spent several hours in jail. Truly the way of the transgressor is hard — not only while he is a transgressor, but for some time afterwards.

Suspended Sentence versus the Gold Cure

Prejudice against any new method, no matter how successful, was not the only thing I had to contend with in carrying out my plan. Many members of the medical profession assured me that a habitual drunkard could not voluntarily leave liquor alone; that his stomach was in such a condition from the use of alcohol that he must first be given medical treatment before any hope of his reform could be entertained. "Gold Cure" specialists haunted me day and night with offers of free treatment for those on my parole list, all of which I respectfully declined for the reason that several persons who had taken such "cures" without effect had, under the influence of a suspended sentence, become entirely sober and remained so. Many, in fact, were upon the verge of delirium tremens when brought into court, but none were too far gone to be restored.

The Effect on the Children

The proper operation of adult probation will, in my judgment, abolish to a considerable extent the necessity for the Juvenile Court, which has become a new and efficient though expensive institution in a number of States.

Several months ago a man was brought into my court charged with abandoning his family. I

investigated and found that there were five children; that a petition was pending in the Juvenile Court to take them away from their mother and father; that the mother was a confirmed drunkard, spending her time in saloons and dance-halls; and that the father, although himself an habitual drunkard and loafer, refused to associate longer with his wife or to live with her. I put them both upon probation, giving them clearly to understand that a single infraction of their promise meant six months in the Bridewell. The man went to work and he is now making $13.50 a week. They have moved out of the basement they occupied into a comfortable flat. The petition in the Juvenile Court has been dismissed, and the children are clean and wholesome-looking and go to school.

A few months ago the Chicago newspapers reported that the Juvenile Court had taken six children from a filthy basement and had distributed them among the charitable institutions. The report stated that their mother was dead and that their drunken father had deserted them. I handed this clipping to a police officer and asked him to bring the man in. The officer found him in a saloon and made a complaint charging him with disorderly conduct. I sent him to the Bridewell to sober up and receive treatment for alcoholism, and after he had been there four weeks I set aside the order and put him on parole upon his promise to stop drinking and go to work. I told him that as soon as he satisfied me that he could make good, I would ask Judge Tuthill of the Juvenile Court to restore his children to him; and when I last heard from him he was hard at work, keeping his promise and fixing up a home for his children.

The Criminal's "Debt" to Society Overpaid

That a suspended sentence should be of greater value in bringing about the reformation of a criminal than a prison term is, I believe, reasonable and logical. When the criminal has served his sentence, his supposed debt to society is paid. If he commits another crime, he does so with the chance, in his favor, of a possible acquittal, a "hung" jury, a light sentence, or a reversal upon appeal. He is consequently willing to take risks which he would not take were the consequences sure and severe. The most important element in the defendant's reformation, however, is his avoidance of the physical, mental, and moral injury which he would suffer by serving his prison sentence. In these days, when practically every applicant for a position must present references of previous service, a prison term means ruin. If at the end of his term he is reformed, his reformation is of no value in obtaining employment. Prison sentences did not have this effect a hundred years ago, but times have changed. Every released convict is a shrinking coward, fearful that each person he meets knows his record. The new, plain suit of clothes he is given upon leaving prison is worn only until he can find a second-hand clothing store where it may be exchanged for something less good, but clothed in which he will have a trifle less fear of identification. If he succeeds in getting employment by changing his name and concealing his past, he lives in mortal terror lest his deception be discovered.

It is a fundamental principle of the law that no man can be punished more than once for the same offense. His "debt" to society is presumed to be conclusively paid when his term of imprisonment expires; and yet under present conditions his real punishment is then only beginning. I have just finished reading a twenty-three-page letter from an ex-convict, who eighteen years ago completed a seven months' term. He tells in a simple and pathetic fashion of his efforts to escape from his prison record, but time and time again, just as he had won the confidence of his employer, some one happened along who "gave him away," and then he was obliged to move and try it again. Never, during all this time, has he dared to attempt to vote, or take any part in public or social affairs. Surely a fearful penance for one violation of the law, especially when we know that thousands of wealthy and influential law-breakers are never punished!

If an ex-convict has a family, he returns from prison to find them impoverished, shunned by their neighbors, his children scorned and sneered at by their schoolmates—everything worse, more helpless, than when he left them. All of this, and much more, is escaped by the man under a suspended sentence; his capital is unimpaired, and by "making good" his record will be cleared.

That many, perhaps a majority, of criminals can be wholly reformed without imprisonment, through the means of a suspended maximum sentence, with little or no expense to the State, I am satisfied beyond a doubt; and this will be done when we can eliminate from the treatment of criminals the desire for revenge and look only to the good of the individual and of society.

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1908 · FIFTEEN CENTS

S. S. McCLURE COMPANY

it been completed, than it was confiscated by the government. Its manuscript has never been allowed to pass out of the custody of the Czar's closest advisers.

An authentic copy of this came into the hands of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE this spring; it is not essential and obviously would not be wise to state just how. George Kennan, the well-known student of Russian affairs, now has it in his possession and is engaged in translating and arranging material taken from it for magazine publication. A series of five or six articles, constructed from Kuropatkin's 600,000 words, will be issued in McCLURE'S, beginning next month. These will contain astonishing revelations concerning matters of great international importance, and accusations that are audacious to the point of recklessness.

LETTERS TO THE CZAR

Remarkable among these are the letters to the Czar. Kuropatkin's correspondence with him is given in detail, documents which naturally would not appear within fifty or a hundred years from the time when they were written. And upon the letters and reports of the General appear the comments and marginal notes of the Emperor. The war was forced against the will of the sovereign and the advice of the War Department. It was ended, Kuropatkin shows, when Russia was just beginning to discipline and dispose her great forces, because of the lack of courage and firmness in the Czar.

Japan certainly would have been crushed, says Kuropatkin, if war had continued. At the time of the Treaty at Portsmouth, the military struggle, from Russia's standpoint, had only begun. She was then receiving ammunition and supplies properly for the first time; her men were becoming disciplined soldiers; and the railroad, whose service had increased from three to fourteen military trains a day, had now, at last, brought the Russian forces into the distant field. For the first time, just when treaty negotiations were begun, Russia had more soldiers in her army than Japan. There were a million men, well equipped and abundantly supplied, under General Linevitch, who succeeded General Kuropatkin as Commander-in-Chief; and he was about to take the offensive when peace was declared.

Beyond the individual conflict General Kuropatkin shows the Russian nation, a huge, unformed giant, groping along its great borders in every direction to find the sea.

"Can an Empire," he asks, "with such a tremendous population, be satisfied with its existing frontiers, cut off from free access to the sea on all sides?"

RUSSIA'S SECRET NATIONAL PROGRAM

There are in existence in the secret archives of the government, Kuropatkin's work discloses, documents containing the definite program of Russia, fixed by headquarters years ago, for its future growth and aggrandizement. Results of campaigns and diplomacy are checked up according to this great program, and decade after decade Russia is working secretly and quietly to carry it out. The Japanese War constituted a great mistake in the development of this national plan.

During the twentieth century, says Kuropatkin, Russia will lose no fewer than two million men in war, and will place in the field not fewer than five million. No matter how peaceful and purely defensive her attitude may be, she will be forced into war along her endless borders by the conflict with other national interests and the age-long unsatisfied necessity of her population to reach the sea.

Russia will furnish in this century the advance guard of an inevitable conflict between the white and yellow races. For within a hundred years there must be a great struggle in Asia between the Christian and non-Christian nations. To prepare for this, an understanding between Russia and England is essential for humanity. Kuropatkin deals with this necessity at length ; and the future relations of Russia with Japan and China are treated with an impressive grasp.

His exposition of the sensitive and dangerous situation on the Empire's western border contains matters of consequence to the whole world. The relations he discloses, between Russia, on the one hand, and Austria and Germany on the other, are important in the extreme. Within a fortnight these two latter countries could throw two million men across the Russian frontier, and a war would result much more colossal than that just finished with Japan.

KUROPATKIN'S FORTY YEARS OF SERVICE

General Kuropatkin has had an education and a career which eminently qualify him as a judge and critic of the Russian nation. For forty years, as an active member of its military establishment, he has watched its development, from the viewpoint of important posts in St. Petersburg, Turkey, Central Asia, and the far East.

Kuropatkin was born in 1848 and was educated in the Palovski Military School and the Nikolaiefski Academy of the general staff in St. Petersburg. From there he went at once into the army, and, at the early age of twenty, took part in the march of the Russian expeditionary force to the central Asian city of Samarkand. He won

distinction in the long and difficult march of General Skobeleff's army to Khokand. In 1875 he acted as Russia's diplomatic agent in Chitral, and a year or two later he headed an embassy to Kashgar and concluded a treaty with Yakub Bek.

When the Russo-Turkish War broke out in 1877, he became General Skobeleff's chief of staff and took part in the battle of Loftcha and in many of the attacks on Plevna. While forcing the passage of the Balkans with Skobeleff's army, on the 25th of December, 1877 (O.S.), he was so severely wounded that he had to leave the theater of war and return to St. Petersburg. There, as soon as he recovered, he was put in charge of the Asiatic Department of the Russian General Staff, and, at the same time, was made adjunct-professor of military statistics in the Nikolaiefski Military Academy. In 1879 the rank of General was conferred upon him and he was appointed to command the Turkestan rifle brigade in Central Asia. In 1880 he led a Russian expeditionary force to Kuldja, and when the trouble with the Chinese there had been adjusted, he was ordered to organize and equip a special force in the Amu Daria district and march to the assistance of General Skobeleff in the Akhal-Tekhinski oasis. After conducting this force across seven hundred versts of nearly waterless desert, he joined General Skobeleff in front of the Turkoman fortress of Geok Tepe, and in the assault upon that famous stronghold, a few weeks later, he led the principal storming column. After the Turkomen had been subdued, he returned to European Russia, and during the next eight years served on the General Staff in St. Petersburg, where he was entrusted with important strategic work. In 1890 he was made Lieutenant-General and was sent to govern the trans-Caspian region and to command the troops there stationed.

He occupied this position six or eight years, and then, shortly after his return to St. Petersburg, was appointed Minister of War. In 1902, while still holding the war portfolio, he was promoted to Adjutant-General; in 1903 he visited Japan and made the acquaintance of its political and military leaders; and in 1904, when hostilities began in the Far East, he took command of the Russian armies in Manchuria under the general direction of Viceroy Alexeieff. Besides, he has written and published three important books.

No man perhaps, is better equipped, by education and experience, to explain Russia's plans and movements in Asia; to tell the true story of the Japanese war. And probably never, at least in this generation, has an international matter of this magnitude been treated with such frankness by a person so thoroughly and eminently qualified to discuss it.

TALKS WITH BISMARCK

BY

CARL SCHURZ

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN the autumn of 1867 my family went to Wiesbaden, where my wife was to spend some time on account of her health, and I joined them there about Christmas time for a few weeks. Great changes had taken place in Germany since that dark December night in 1861 when I rushed through the country from the Belgian frontier to Hamburg on my way from Spain to America. The period of stupid reaction after the collapse of the revolutionary movements of 1848 was over. King Frederick William IV. of Prussia, who had been so deeply convinced and arduous an upholder of the divine right of kings, had died a helpless lunatic. King William I., afterwards Emperor William I., his brother and successor, also a believer in that divine right, but not to the extent of believing as well in the divine inspiration of kings — in other words, a man of good sense and capable of recognizing the superior ability of others — had found in Bismarck a minister of commanding genius. The sweeping victory of Prussia over Austria in 1866 had resulted in the establishment of the North German Confederacy under Prussian hegemony, which was considered a stepping-stone to the unification of all Germany as a constitutional empire. Several of the revolutionists of 1848 now sat in the Reichstag of the North German Confederacy, and one of the ablest of them, Lothar Bucher, was Bismarck's confidential counsellor. The nation was elated with hope, and there was a liberal wind blowing even in the sphere of the government.

I did not doubt that under these circumstances I might venture into Germany without danger of being seriously molested; yet, as my personal case was technically not covered by any of the several amnesties which had been proclaimed in Prussia from time to time, I thought that some subordinate officer, either construing his duty with the strictness of a thorough Prussian, or wishing to distinguish himself by a conspicuous display of official watchfulness, might give me annoyance. I did not, indeed, entertain the slightest apprehension as to my safety, but I might have become involved in sensational proceedings, which would have been extremely distasteful to me, as well as unwelcome to the government. I therefore wrote to Mr. George Bancroft, the American Minister at Berlin, requesting him if possible to inform himself privately whether the Prussian government had any objection to my visiting Germany for a few weeks, and to let me have his answer at Bremerhaven upon the arrival there of the steamer on which I had taken passage. My intention was, in case the answer were unfavorable, to sail at once from Bremen to England and to meet my family there. Mr. Bancroft very kindly complied with my request, and assured me in his letter which I found at Bremerhaven that the Prussian government not only had no objection to my visiting Germany, but that I should be welcome.

After having spent Christmas with my family in Wiesbaden, I went to Berlin. I wrote a note to Lothar Bucher, whom I had last seen sixteen

years before as a fellow refugee in London, and whom I wished very much to meet again. Bucher answered promptly that he would be glad indeed to see me again, and asked if I would not like to make the acquaintance of "the Minister" (Bismarck), who had expressed a wish to have a talk with me. I replied, of course, that I should be happy, etc., whereupon I received within an hour an invitation from Count Bismarck himself (he was then only a count) to visit him at eight o'clock that same evening at the Chancellor's palace on the Wilhelmstrasse. Promptly at the appointed hour I was announced to him, and he received me at the door of a room of moderate size, the table and some of the furniture of which were covered with books and papers,— evidently his working cabinet. There I beheld the great man whose name was filling the world — tall, erect, and broad-shouldered, and on those Atlas shoulders that massive head which everybody knows from pictures — the whole figure making the impression of something colossal - - then at the age of fifty-three, in the fulness of physical and mental vigor.

He was dressed in a General's undress uniform, unbuttoned. His features, which evidently could look very stern when he wished, were lighted up with a friendly smile. He stretched out his hand and gave me a vigorous grasp. "Glad you have come," he said, in a voice which appeared rather high-keyed, issuing from so huge a form, but of pleasing timbre.

"I think I must have seen you before," was his first remark, while we were still standing up facing one another. "It was some time in the early fifties on a railway train from Frankfort to Berlin. There was a young man sitting opposite me who, from some picture of you which I had seen in a pictorial paper, I thought might be you."

I replied that this could not be, since at that period I was not in Germany. "Besides," I added — a little impudently perhaps — "would you not have had me arrested as a malefactor?"

"Oh," he exclaimed, with a good, natural laugh, "you mistake me. I would not have done such a thing. You mean on account of that Kinkel affair? Oh, no! I rather liked that. And if it were not that it would be highly improper for His Majesty's minister and the Chancellor of the North German Confederacy, I should like to go with you to Spandau and have you tell me the whole story on the spot. Now let us sit down."

He pointed out to me an easy-chair close to his own and then uncorked a bottle which stood, with two glasses, on a tray at his elbow. "You are a Rhinelander," he said, "and I know you will relish this." We touched glasses, and I found the wine indeed very excellent.

"You smoke, of course," he continued, "and here are some good Havanas. I used to be very fond of them, but I have a sort of superstitious belief that every person is permitted to smoke only a certain number of cigars in his life, and no more. I am afraid I have exhausted my allowance, and now I take to the pipe." With a lighted strip of paper, called in German "Fidibus," he put the tobacco in the porcelain bowl of his long German student pipe in full blast, and presently he blew forth huge clouds of smoke.

This done, he comfortably leaned back in his chair and said: "Now tell me, as an American Republican and a Forty-eighter of the revolutionary kind, how the present condition of Germany strikes you. I would not ask you that question," he added, "if you were a privy counsellor (a Geheimrath), for I know what he would answer. But you will tell me what you really think."

Bismarck's Sarcastic Humor

I replied that I had been in the country only a few weeks and had received only superficial impressions, but that I had become sensible of a general atmosphere of newly inspired national ambition and a confident hope for the development of more liberal political institutions. I had found only a few old fogies in Nassau and a banker in Frankfort who seemed to be in a disappointed and depressed state of mind. Bismarck laughed heartily. The disgruntled Nassauers, he said, had probably been some sort of purveyors to the late ducal court, and he would wager that the Frankfort banker was either a member of one of the old patrician families, who thought they were the highest nobility in all the land, or a money-maker complaining that Frankfort was no longer, as it had been, the financial center of southern Germany. Here Bismarck gave full reign to his sarcastic humor. He had spent years in Frankfort as the representative of the defunct "Bundestag," and had no end of funny anecdotes about the aristocratic pretensions of the patrician burghers of that ancient free city, and about their lofty wrath at the incorporation of that commonwealth in the Prussian monarchy.

Forcing the War with Austria

Then he began to tell me about the great difficulties he had been obliged to overcome in bringing about the decisive struggle with Austria. One of the most serious of these difficulties, as

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Co.

KAISER WILHELM I

FROM THE PAINTING BY GUSTAV RIÇHTER

he said, consisted in the scrupulous hesitancy of old King William to consent to anything that seemed to be in any sense unconstitutional or not in harmony with the strictest notion of good faith. In our conversation Bismarck constantly called the king "der alte Herr" — "the old gentleman," or, as it might also have been translated, "the old master." One moment he would speak of the old gentleman with something like sentimental tenderness, and then again in a tone of familiar freedom which smacked of anything but reverential respect. He told me anecdotes about him which made me stare, for at the moment I could not help remembering that I was listening to the prime minister of the crown, to whom I was an entire stranger and who knew nothing of my discretion or sense of responsibility.

As if we had been confidential chums all lives, he gave me, with apparently the c pletest abandon and exuberant vivacity, i views of the famous "conflict" period l the crown and t Pr , seeing the war wi Al ia /1 he had, millions l

the army in preparation for the great crisis; how the liberal majority of the chambers, and an indignant public opinion which did not recognize the great object of national unification in view, had fiercely risen up against that arbitrary stretch of power; how the king himself had recoiled from such a breach of the constitution; how the king had apprehended a new revolution which might cost each of them his head — which would possibly have come about if they had failed in the Austrian war; how then he had "desperately used his spurs to make the noble old horse clear the ditch and take the risk"; and how, the victory having been won, on their return from the war they were received by the people with the most jubilant acclamations instead of having their heads cut off, which had pleased the old gentleman immensely and taught him a lesson as to his reckless prime minister.

It was not the cautious and conservative spirit of the king alone that he had occasionally to overcome. Still more was he clogged and not seldom exasperated by what he called the stupid old bureaucracy, which had to be got out of its accustomed ruts whenever anything new and bold was to be done. He fairly bubbled over with humorous anecdotes, evidently relishing, himself, his droll descriptions of the antiquated "Geheimrath" (privy counsellor), as he stared with his bleared eyes wide open, whenever anything unusual was proposed, seeing nothing but insuperable difficulties before him and then exhausting his whole ingenuity in finding the best sort of red tape with which to strangle the project. His patience tried to the utmost, he, the minister would then go to the king and tell him that such and such a rusty official could no longer be got along with and must necessarily give place to a more efficient person; whereupon the "old gentleman," melting with pity, would say, "Oh, he has so long been a faithful servant of the State, would it not be cruel to cast him aside like a squeezed-out orange? — no, I cannot do it." "And there," said Bismarck, "there we are."

I ventured to suggest that an offer to resign on his part, if he could not have his way, might make the king less tender of his inefficient friends in high places. "Oh," said Bismarck with a laugh, "I have tried that so often, too often, perhaps, to make it impressive! What do you think happens when I offer my resignation? My old gentleman begins to sob and cry — he actually sheds tears, and says, 'Now you want to leave me too?' Now when I see him shed tears, what in the world can I do then?" So he went on for a while, from one funny anecdote to another and from one satirical description to another.

Bismarck's Test of Von Moltke

Bismarck then came back to the Austrian war and told me much about the diplomatic fencing which led up to it. With evident gusto he related story after story, showing how his diplomatic adversaries at that critical period had been like puppets in his hands, and how he had managed the German princes as they grouped themselves on one side or the other. Then he came to speak of the battle of Königgrätz, and especially of that "anxious moment" in it before the arrival of the Crown Prince in the rear of the Austrians, when some Prussian attacks had failed and there were signs of disorder among the repulsed troops.

"It was an anxious moment," said Bismarck, "a moment on the decision of which the fate of empire depended. What would have become of us if we had lost that battle? Squadrons of cavalry, all mixed up, hussars, dragoons, uhlans, were streaming by the spot where the king, Moltke, and myself stood, and although we had calculated that the Crown Prince might long have appeared behind the Austrian rear, no sign of the Crown Prince! Things began to look ominous. I confess I felt not a little nervous. I looked at Moltke, who sat quietly on his horse and did not seem to be disturbed by what was going on around us. I thought I would test whether he was really as calm as he appeared. I rode up to him and asked him whether I might offer him a cigar, since I noticed he was not smoking. He replied that he would be glad if I had one to spare. I presented to him my open case in which there were only two cigars, one a very good Havana, and the other of rather poor quality. Moltke looked at them and even handled them with great attention, in order to ascertain their relative value, and then with slow deliberation chose the Havana. 'Very good,' he said composedly. This reassured me very much. I thought, If Moltke can bestow so much time and attention upon the choice between two cigars, things cannot be very bad. Indeed, a few minutes later we heard the Crown Prince's guns, we observed unsteady and confused movements on the Austrian positions, and the battle was won."

I said that we in America who had followed the course of events with intense interest were rather surprised, at the time, that the conclusion of peace followed the battle of Königgrätz so quickly and that Prussia did not take greater advantage of her victory. Bismarck replied that the speedy conclusion of peace had been a great surprise to many people, but that he thought it was the best thing he had ever done,

and that he had accomplished it against the desire of the king and of the military party, who were greatly elated by that splendid triumph of the Prussian arms and thought that so great and so successful an effort should have a greater reward. Sound statesmanship required that the Austrian Empire, the existence of which was necessary for Europe, should not be reduced to a mere wreck; that it should be made a friend and, as a friend, not too powerless; that what Prussia had gone to war for was the leadership of Germany, and that this leadership in Germany would not have been fortified, but rather weakened, by the acquisition from Austria of populations which would not have fitted into the Prussian scheme.

Besides, the Chancellor thought that, the success of the Prussians having been so decisive, it was wise to avoid further sacrifices and risks. The cholera had made its appearance among the troops, and so long as the war lasted there would have been danger of French intervention. He had successfully fought off that French intervention, he said, by all sorts of diplomatic manœuvres, some of which he narrated to me in detail. But Louis Napoleon had become very restless at the growth of Prussian power and prestige, and he would, probably, not have hesitated to put in his hand, had not the French army been so weakened by his foolish Mexican adventure. But now, when the main Prussian army was marching farther and farther away from the Rhine and had suffered serious losses, and was threatened by malignant disease, he might have felt encouraged by these circumstances to do what he would have liked to do all the time.

"That would have created a new situation," said Bismarck. "But to meet that situation, I should have had a shot in my locker which, perhaps, will surprise you when I mention it."

I was indeed curious. "What would have been the effect," said Bismarck, "if under those circumstances I had appealed to the national feeling of the whole people by proclaiming the constitution of the German Empire made at Frankfort in 1848 and 1849?"

"I think it would have electrified the whole country and ceated a German nation," I replied. "But would you really have adopted that great orphan left by the revolution of 1848?"

"Why not?" said the Chancellor. "True, that constitution contained some features very objectionable to me. But, after all, it was not so very far from what I am aiming at now. But whether the old gentleman would have adopted it is doubtful. Still, with Napoleon at the gates, he might have taken that jump too. But," he added, "we shall have that war with France anyhow."

"War with France in Two Years"

I expressed my surprise at this prediction,— a prediction all the more surprising to me when I again recalled that the great statesman, carrying on his shoulders such tremendous responsibilities, was talking to an entire stranger,— and his tone grew quite serious, grave, almost solemn, as he said: "Do not believe that I love war. I have seen enough of war to abhor it profoundly. The terrible scenes I have witnessed will never cease to haunt my mind. I shall never consent to a war that is avoidable, much less seek it. But this war with France will surely come. It will be forced upon us by the French Emperor. I see that clearly."

Then he went on to explain how the situation of an "adventurer on a throne," such as Louis Napoleon, was different from that of a legitimate sovereign, like the King of Prussia. "I know," said he with a smile, "you do not believe in such a thing as the divine right of kings. But many people do, especially in Prussia — perhaps not as many as did before 1848, but even now more than you think. People are attracted to the dynasty by traditional loyalty. A King of Prussia may make mistakes or suffer misfortunes, or even humiliations, but that traditional loyalty will not give way. But the adventurer on the throne has no such traditional sentiment behind him. His security depends upon personal prestige, and that prestige upon sensational effects which must follow one another in rather rapid succession to remain fresh and satisfactory to the ambition, or the pride, or, if you will, the vanity of the people — especially to such a people as the French.

"Now, Louis Napoleon has lost much of his prestige by two things — the Mexican adventure, which was an astounding blunder, a fantastic folly on his part; and then by permitting Prussia to become so great without obtaining some sort of "compensation" in the way of an acquisition of territory that might have been made to appear to the French people as a brilliant achievement of his diplomacy. It was well known that he wanted such a compensation, and tried for it, and was manœuvered out of it by me without his knowledge of what was happening to him. He is well aware that thus he has lost much of his prestige, more than he can afford, and that such a loss, unless soon repaired, may become dangerous to his tenure as emperor. He will, therefore, as soon as he thinks that his army is in good fighting condition, again make an effort to recover that prestige which is so vital to him, by using some pre-

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PRINCE OTTO VON BISMARCK

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANZ VON LENBACH

text for picking a quarrel with us. I do not think he is personally eager for that war, I think he would rather avoid it, but the precariousness of his situation will drive him to it. My calculation is that the crisis will come in about two years. We have to be ready, of course, and we are. We shall win, and the result will be just the contrary of what Napoleon aims at — the total unification of Germany outside of Austria, and probably Napoleon's downfall."

This was said in January, 1868. The war between France and Prussia and her allies broke out in July, 1870, and the foundation of the German Empire and the downfall of Napoleon

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Co.

COUNT HELLMUTH VON MOLTKE

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANZ VON LENBACH

were the results. No prediction was ever more shrewdly made and more accurately and amply fulfilled.

I have introduced here Bismarck as speaking in the first person. I did this to present the substance of what he said to me in a succinct form. But this does not pretend to portray the manner in which he said it — the bubbling vivacity of his talk, now and then interspersed with French or English phrases; the lightning flashes of his wit scintillating around the subjects of his remarks and sometimes illuminating, as with a search-light, a public character, or an event, or a situation; his laugh, now con-

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Co.

THE CHANCELLOR'S PALACE ON THE WILHELMSTRASSE
WHERE CARL SCHURZ VISITED BISMARCK IN 1878

tageously genial, and then grimly sarcastic; the rapid transitions from jovial, sportive humor to touching pathos; the evident pleasure taken by the narrator in his tale; the dashing, rattling rapidity with which that tale would at times rush on; and behind all this that tremendous personality — the picturesque embodiment of a power greater than any king's — a veritable Atlas carrying upon his shoulders the destinies of a great nation. There was a strange fascination in the presence of the giant who appeared so peculiarly grand and yet so human.

While he was still speaking with unabated animation I looked at the clock opposite me and was astounded when I found that midnight was long behind us. I rose in alarm and begged the Chancellor's pardon for having intruded so long upon his time. "Oh," said the Chancellor, "I am used to late hours, and we have not talked yet about America. However, you have a right to be tired. But you must come again. You must dine with me. Can you do so to-morrow? I have invited a commission on the Penal Code — mostly dull old jurists, I suppose — but I may find some one among them fit to be your neighbor at the table and to entertain you."

I gladly accepted the invitation and found myself the next evening in a large company of serious and learned-looking gentlemen, each one of whom was adorned with one or more decorations. I was the only person in the room who had none, and several of the guests seemed to eye me with some curiosity, when Bismarck in a loud voice presented me to the Countess as "General Carl Schurz from the United States of America." Some of the gentlemen looked somewhat surprised, but I at once became a person of interest, and many introductions followed. At the table I had a judge from Cologne for my neighbor, who had enough of the Rhenish temperament to be cheerful company. The dinner was a very rapid affair — lasting hardly three quarters of an hour, certainly not more.

Before the smokers could have got half through with their cigars, the Minister of Justice, who seemed to act as mentor and guide to the gentlemen of the Penal Code Commission, took leave of the host, which was accepted by the whole company as a signal to depart. I fol-

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THE BATTLE OF KÖNIGGRÄTZ—FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORG BLEIBTREW

THE DECISIVE BATTLE OF THE SEVEN WEEKS' WAR, BY WHICH PRUSSIA BECAME THE LEADING POLITICAL AND MILITARY POWER IN GERMANY. IN THE CENTER OF THE PICTURE IS SHOWN KING WILLIAM, SURROUNDED BY BISMARCK, VON MOLTKE, AND THE MEMBERS OF HIS STAFF

lowed their example, but the Chancellor said: "Wait a moment. Why should you stand in that crowd struggling for your overcoat? Let us sit down and have a glass of Apollinaris." We sat down by a small round table, a bottle of Apollinaris water was brought, and he began at once to ply me with questions about America.

EMPEROR NAPOLEON III

WHOM BISMARCK CALLED "THE ADVENTURER ON THE THRONE," AND WHOSE DOWNFALL HE PREDICTED IN A CONVERSATION WITH CARL SCHURZ TWO YEARS BEFORE SEDAN

He was greatly interested in the struggle going on between President Johnson and the Republican majority in Congress, which was then approaching its final crisis. He said that he looked upon that struggle as a test of the strength of the conservative element in our political fabric. Would the impeachment of the President, and, if he were found guilty, his deposition from office, lead to any further conflicts dangerous to the public peace and order? I replied that I was convinced it would not; the executive power would simply pass from the hands of one man to the hands of another, according to the constitution and laws of the country, without any resistance on the part of anybody; and on the other hand, if President Johnson were acquitted, there would be general submission to the verdict as a matter of course, although popular excitement stirred up by the matter would run very high throughout the country.

The Chancellor was too polite to tell me point-blank that he had grave doubts as to all this, but he would at least not let me believe that he thought as I did. He smilingly asked me whether I was still as firmly convinced a republican as I had been before I went to America and studied republicanism from the inside; and when I assured him that I was, and that,

although I had in personal experience found the republic not as lovely as my youthful enthusiasm had pictured it to my imagination, but much more practical in its general beneficence to the great masses of the people, and much more conservative in its tendencies than I had imagined, he said that he supposed our impressions or views with regard to such things were largely owing to temperament, or education, or traditional ways of thinking.

"I am not a democrat," he went on, "and cannot be. I was born an aristocrat and brought up an aristocrat. To tell you the truth, there was something in me that made me instinctively sympathize with the slaveholders, as the aristocratic party, in your Civil War. But," he added with earnest emphasis, "this vague sympathy did not in the least affect my views as to the policy to be followed by our government with regard to the United States. Prussia, notwithstanding her monarchical and aristocratic sympathies, is, and will steadily be by tradition, as well as by thoroughly understood interest, the firm friend of your republic. You may always count upon that."

He asked me a great many questions concerning the political and social conditions in the United States. Again and again he wondered how society could be kept in tolerable order where the powers of the government were so narrowly restricted and where there was so little reverence for the constituted or "ordained" authorities. With a hearty laugh, in which there seemed to be a suggestion of assent, he received my remark that the American people would hardly have become the self-reliant, energetic, progressive people they were, had there been a privy-counsellor or a police captain standing at every mud-puddle in America to keep people from stepping into it. And he seemed to be much struck when I brought out the apparent paradox that in a democracy with little government things might go badly in detail but well on the whole, while in a monarchy with much and omni-present government things might go very pleasingly in detail but poorly on the whole. He saw that with such views I was an incurable democrat; but would not, he asked, the real test of our democratic institutions come when, after the disappearance of the exceptional opportunities springing from our wonderful natural resources which were in a certain sense common property, our political struggles became, as they surely would become, struggles between the poor and the rich, between the few who have, and the many who want? Here we entered upon a wide field of conjecture.

The conversation then turned to international relations, and especially public opinion in America concerning Germany. Did the Americans sympathize with German endeavors towards national unity? — I thought that so far as any feeling with regard to German unity existed in America, it was sympathetic; among the German-Americans it was warmly so. — Did Louis Napoleon, the emperor of the French, enjoy any popularity in America? — He did not enjoy the respect of the people at large and was rather unpopular except with a comparatively small number of snobs who would feel themselves exalted by an introduction at his court. — There would, then, in case of a war between Germany and France, be no likelihood of American sympathy running in favor of Louis Napoleon? — There would not, unless Germany forced war on France for decidedly unjust cause.

Throughout our conversation Bismarck repeatedly expressed his pleasure at the friendly relations existing between him and the German Liberals, some of whom had been prominent in the revolutionary troubles of 1848. He mentioned several of my old friends, Bucher, Kapp, and others, who, having returned to Germany, felt themselves quite at home under the new conditions and had found their way open to public positions and activities of distinction and influence, in harmony with their principles. As he repeated this, or something like it, in a manner apt to command my attention, I might have taken it as a suggestion inviting me to do likewise. But I thought it best not to say anything in response.

Our conversation had throughout been so animated that time had slipped by us unaware, and it was again long past midnight when I left. My old friends of 1848 whom I met in Berlin were of course very curious to know what the great man of the time might have had to say to me, and I thought I could without being indiscreet communicate to them how highly pleased he had expressed himself with the harmonious coöperation between him and them for common ends. Some of them thought that Bismarck's conversion to liberal principles was really sincere. Others were less sanguine, believing as they did that he was indeed sincere and earnest in his endeavor to create a united German empire under Prussian leadership; that he would carry on a gay flirtation with the Liberals so long as he thought that he could thus best further his object, but that his true autocratic nature would assert itself again and he would throw his temporarily assumed Liberalism overboard as soon as he felt that he did not need its support any longer, and especially when he found it to stand in the way of his will.

THE FOREHANDED COLQUHOUNS

BY

MARGARET WILSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. E. CEDERQUIST

I

"PERHAPS I'm too old to be wearing such things, but I love bright colors, and there's not a bit of use denying it."

Mary Ann gathered one end of the fancy tartan into a handful, and looked approvingly at its soft, heavy folds.

"Particularly at this time of year. It's warming to the blood on a cold autumn day just to see a dress like this on the street. I always did like a good rich tartan. It becomes me, too. Look, Selina'n'Jane."

She held the dress material against one cheek, and her sisters looked — but somehow failed to see what a pleasing picture she made. She had just come in from shopping and had not yet removed her hat, and its trimming of foliage repeated the colors of her face — autumnal tints of red and bronze and healthy yellow. She, the eldest of the family and the only unmarried one, was forty-five, but she was rosy and fat and matronly, while her sisters were pinched and anemic. They were old maids by nature, she by chance.

"It becomes you well enough, but under the circumstances," Jane said, exchanging glances with Selina, "it seems a pity to buy all these things."

Mary Ann opened her eyes wide.

"Circumstances? What circumstances? It's no more than I buy every fall," protested the puzzled Mary Ann. "The flowered piece is for a morning wrapper, the tartan's for a street suit, and the blue-gray's a company dress."

Jane and Selina again exchanged glances, and Selina nodded.

"You never did seem to look ahead, Mary Ann," said Jane, thus encouraged. "I don't believe you realize that an attack of bronchitis is serious at Ma's age. I wouldn't have got *all* my clothes colored. It's never any harm to have *one* black dress."

Mary Ann gasped.

"Good gracious!" was all she said.

"Well, Mary Ann," said Selina, coming to Jane's rescue, "there's not a particle of use shutting your eyes to plain facts. Ma's in a serious condition, and if anything happens to her, what'll you do with all that stuff? You may dye the blue, but that tartan won't take a good black."

"Why," Mary Ann said, recovering speech, "Ma has bronchitis at the beginning of cold weather every year. She'll be downstairs in a week or two, the same as she always is."

"I hope so, Mary Ann. I hope, when next she comes down, it won't be feet first. But we're told to prepare for the worst while we hope for the best," said Jane solemnly, imagining that she was quoting scripture. "You and Ma act as if there was nothing to prepare for. To see you, sitting by her sick-bed, reading trashy love-stories out of the magazines, and both of you as much interested! — it gives me a creepy feeling."

"When my poor husband lay in his last illness," sighed Selina, "he was only too willing to be flattered into the belief that he was going to get well, but I wouldn't let him deceive himself, and it's a comfort to me now I didn't. I had everything ready but my crape when he died. I didn't have to depend on the neighbors for a dress for the funeral, as I've known some do."

"Many a time I've lent, but never borrowed," Jane boasted.

"And of course, never laying off widow's weeds, I'm ready for whatever comes." Selina stroked her tarletan cuffs complacently, yet modestly withal, as if not wishing to make others feel too keenly the difference in their position.

Mary Ann gathered the dress goods together and threw them in a heap on the sofa. "There, I'm sorry I showed them to you," she cried; "you've got me almost turned against them.

"JANE AND SELINA . LOOKED AT PATIENT AND NURSE WITH DISAPPROVING GLOOM"

I declare, I'd be melancholy in two minutes more. Now you listen to me, Selina'n'Jane. There's no need to worry about Ma's preparations for the next world; she's not thinking of leaving this world yet, and there's no reason why she should. The day you two go away, she'll be standing at the gate to say good-by to you, just the same as she always is. You see if she's not, Selina'n'Jane."

She left the room with something as like a flounce as her figure would permit. Stealing softly into the half-darkened bedroom at the head of the stairs, she stood looking down at the sleeping woman in the bed. The indignant moisture in her eyes turned to a mist of tenderness that blotted out the sight until a few drops formed and fell.

She was too unsuspicious to observe an unsleeplike flickering of the eyelids. She turned to tiptoe out of the room again. There was a quick peep, a look of relief, a husky whisper, "Is that you, Mary Ann?"

"Well now, I never did see anything like the regular way you wake up at medicine time," Mary Ann said, opening the shutters and consulting her watch. "Anybody'd think you had an alarm inside of you to go off at the right time."

She administered the dose and then went on with a cheerful monologue. She had got into this habit in the sick-room, because her mother hated silence and had to save her own voice.

"What kept me so long was that everybody I met wanted to stop me and ask how you were. Everybody seemed pleased to hear you were getting along so nicely. Mrs. Dowling said Dr. Corbett told her you were the most satisfactory patient he had, because you always did everything he told you and always got well."

The sick woman smiled up at her. She had a smile that came and went easily, and Mary Ann had become skilful in the art of conducting a conversation in such a way that it served as well as words.

"And Caroline Sibbet said to tell you she was counting on going with us to the reception to the minister, and she didn't believe she'd go at all unless you were well by then."

It was a wistful smile now.

"So I told her she needn't be afraid, you'd be there."

A smile of appeal, as if to ask, "Do you really think so?"

Mary Ann gave her a puzzled glance. Something was wrong.

"Of course you'll be well by then, dearie. You heard what the doctor said to-day — that you might go back to having your cup of tea again to-morrow. That's always the first sign you're getting well, then you get leave to sit up. A week sitting up in your room, a week going downstairs——" Mary Ann began to check off the weeks on her fingers, but her mother interrupted.

"Was that Jane the doctor was talking to so long in the hall to-day?"

"Let me see. No, that was Selina."

"What was he saying to her?"

"He was saying every blessed thing that he's said to me since you took sick, and that I've repeated over again to her. But you know how it is with those two, Ma. I believe they think there's some kind of magic in the marriage ceremony that gives a woman sense — they don't give me credit for a speck. When Selina told me she was going to speak to the doctor herself to-day, says she, 'You know that it stands to reason, Mary Ann, that you can't be as experienced as one that has been a wife five years and a widow seven'; and then Jane seemed to think it was being cast up to her that she wasn't a widow, so she speaks up real snappy, 'Nor one that's brought up a family of four boys,' and then Selina *she* looked mad." Mary Ann went off into a peal of laughter at the remembrance.

"Jane told me he said at my age the heart was weak and there was always more or less danger."

"He always says that after he's told what good sound lungs you have, and what steady progress you're making, and how he'd rather pass you for insurance than most women half your age. It means we're not to be too reckless, all the same."

"She says if I *should* recover from this attack——"

"Sakes alive! Did she come over all that with you too? 'If you should recover from this attack, you'd better sell the house and visit round among your married children?' Visit round as much as you like, Ma, but have a house of your own to come back to; that's my advice."

"She said you wouldn't want to keep up a house after you were left alone——"

Mary Ann threw up her hands. "No wonder Selina'n'Jane are thin — they wear the flesh off their bones providing for the future. They're born Colquhouns. I'm glad I take after your side of the family. Do you know what Selina told me, Ma? The preserves she put up this year won't have to be touched till winter after next. She has enough to last her over two years. 'Land sakes!' I said, 'what do you want to eat stale jam for, when you might have fresh?' The two get competing which will be furthest ahead in their work; from the way

they talk, I shouldn't wonder if before long their fall house-cleaning would be done in the spring. It makes me think of what Pa used to tell about his uncle Alick Colquhoun — how he was earlier and earlier with the milking, till at last the evening milking was done in the morning, and the morning's was done the night before. Then there was Eva Meldrum; you remember she had all her marriage outfit ready before she was asked — sheets, tablecloths, and everything. As soon as Fred Healey proposed, she got right to work with the final preparations, and when she found herself left with nothing else to do — she just sat down and wrote out notes of thanks for the wedding gifts, leaving blanks for the names of the articles. I laughed till I was sore when she told me. 'You're a Colquhoun,' I said, 'though you do only get it from your grandma; you're a Colquhoun by nature if not by name.' You know I always say it comes from having such a name. It's enough to make an anxious streak in the family, having to spell it, one generation after another."

Mary Ann laughed so heartily that the sound reached her sisters, who wondered what "Ma-'n'Mary Ann" were at now. And still the little cloud lingered, and the smile only flitted waveringly.

"I called at the library, Ma, and brought home the magazine. Now we'll find out for sure whether Lady Geraldine marries the earl — I don't believe but what she's in love with the private secretary."

"Did you do the shopping?" her mother whispered.

"Yes, and if you feel rested with your sleep, I'll show you what I got. Mr. Merrill opened out such a heap of pretty things, I didn't hardly know what to take. I was thinking, Ma, it wouldn't be a bad idea to have Miss Adams in to sew, the first week you're downstairs, when we've got to be in the house anyway."

At this moment Jane and Selina came into the room to see what the sounds of merriment meant. They looked at patient and nurse with disapproving gloom. Jane settled herself at once to her knitting; Selina, who never worked in the afternoon when she was wearing her widow's collar and cuffs, sat regarding her mother with an expression of grieved wonder. Mrs. Colquhoun was uncomfortably conscious of being judged by something in her own child of other heritage than hers — one of the strangest sensations a parent can have.

"You'd ought to be kept quiet, Ma," Selina said, after a prolonged scrutiny. "If you had any suitable book in the house, I'd read to you. There was one my poor husband used to listen to by the hour in his last illness — 'Preparations for the Final Journey.'"

"I'm going to run down and fetch that stuff I bought to-day to show it to Ma and get her opinion," Mary Ann interrupted, and a minute later she was standing by the bed with the three dress lengths piled in confusion upon her arms. To the woman in the bed it was as if an angel looked out from over a tumbled rainbow and smiled a message of hope to her from the sky.

"Take an end of this tartan, will you, Jane, and stand off a little with it. There, I knew you'd like it, Ma. I said so to Mr. Merrill the minute he showed it to me. That flowered piece? That's for a morning wrapper. I know it's gay, but somehow, after the flowers are all over, I do hanker after gay colors. In summer I don't feel to want them so much on my back when I can have them in the garden. The gray-blue's for a company dress. I'll have it made up in time for the reception to the new minister. You'll need a dress for that too, Ma. We'll get samples as soon as you're well enough to choose. It was between this and a shot silk, but I thought this was more becoming at my age. To tell the truth," confessed Mary Ann with a laugh, "I'd rather have had it than this, and more than either I'd love to have bought a dress off a piece of crimson velvet Mr. Merrill had just got in."

She rested an elbow on her knee and sank the length of a forefinger in her plump cheek.

"When I was a little girl," she ruminated, "I was awfully fond of the rose-in-campin' that grew in our garden at home — you mind it, mother; mullein pink, some call it. I used to say to myself that if ever I could get what clothes I liked, I'd have a dress as near like that as I could find. Well, there I was to-day looking at the very thing, the same color, the same downy look, and all, and money enough in my purse to buy it. Of course I know it would be silly. But don't it seem a pity that the things we dream of having some day — when the day comes, we don't want 'em? I feel somehow as if I'm cheating that little girl that wished for the dress like a rose-in-campin'."

She began to fold the dress pieces thoughtfully. "Made up handsomely with a train," she said, half to herself, "and worn on suitable occasions, it wouldn't seem so silly, either. I believe I'll have that crimson velvet yet," she concluded, with a laughing toss of the head. Her mother looked from the bright materials to the bright face above them.

"She would never have gone and bought all these colors just after the doctor said I wasn't going to get well," she thought, and turned over and fell into a real sleep. The last had been

feigned — to escape Jane's disquieting remarks and to ponder their significance.

II

Mary Ann's prophecy was fulfilled. Her mother stood beside her at the garden gate when Jane and Selina drove away, her glances up and down the sunny street evincing all a convalescent's freshened interest in the outside world. The two faces were alike and yet unlike. The joy of living was in both; but a little uncertainty, a little appeal in the older woman's told that with her it depended to some degree upon the steadier flow of animal spirits in the younger.

Jane and Selina turned for a last look at the portly figures and waving handkerchiefs.

"Who would think to look at them," said Jane, "that Ma had only just returned from the jaws of death! It ought to be a warning to them. Some day she'll go off in one of those attacks."

"Ma'n'Mary Ann are as like as two peas," said Selina. "They're Maberlys. There never was a Maberly yet that knew how to look ahead. I declare, it gave me the shivers to see these two plunging right out of a sick-bed into colors and fashions the way they did. Ma'd ought to listen to us and sell her house and live round with her married children; at her age she'd ought to be some place where sickness and death are treated in a serious way."

Upon this point Mrs. Colquhoun was firm. She could never go back to life on a farm again, she said; "living in town was *living*." But she compromised by agreeing to devote the whole of the next summer to visiting her married children.

That was a long summer to Mary Ann. There was something wanting in all the small accustomed pleasures of her simple life, until the middle of August came, and the time set for her mother's return was within counting distance. Then her spirits rose higher with every hour. As a toper would celebrate his happiness at the saloon, she went to Mr. Merrill's dry-goods shop, and after a revel in that part of it where color most ran riot, she bought new chintz covering for the parlor furniture, a chrysanthemum pattern in various shades of fawn and glowing crimson.

The next step was to plan a reception to welcome her mother home and exhibit the new covering. Then a mighty idea struck her — this was the opportunity for the crimson velvet dress!

"I mayn't never have as good an excuse for it again," she said to the sewing-girl, "and it's the one thing needed to make everything complete. Me in that crimson and Ma in the fawn silk she had made when the Reverend Mr. Ellis came will be a perfect match for the furniture."

She patted the sofa back with affectionate pride.

"It does make you feel good to have anything new," she said, sighing contentedly. "*Anything*, I don't care if it's only a kitchen stove-lifter. But this! — There are an awful lot of things in the world do make you feel good; aren't there, Miss Adams? I mean common things, like putting on dry stockings when you feet are wet, or reading in bed, or sitting in a shady spot on a hot summer's day, with a muslin dress on — yes, or even eating your tea, if you happen to be feeling hungry and have something particularly nice," added this cheerful materialist.

The crimson velvet dress was being fitted for the last time when a letter was handed to Mary Ann. Her spectacles were downstairs, so she asked the sewing-girl to read it.

"'My dear aunt,'" Miss Adams began, "'Grandma took cold in church a week ago last Sunday and has been laid up——'"

There was a quick rustling of the velvet train. Mary Ann was vanishing into the clothes-closet. In a moment she reappeared with a small valise in her hand, and Miss Adams saw in her face what no one had ever seen there before — the shadow of a fear that hovered always on the outer edge of her happy existence and now stood close by her side. Mary Ann might be nine-tenths Maberly, but the other tenth was Colquhoun, after all.

"Put a dress into it, please," she said, handing the valise to Miss Adams. "No, I won't wait to take this off — I've a waterproof that will cover it all up. Pin the train up with safety pins — never mind if it does make pin-holes — I've just ten minutes to catch the train. *A week ago Sunday!* Oh, why didn't they let me know before?"

When she alighted from the train at the flag station, she was clutching the waterproof close at the neck. She held it in the same unconscious grasp when she entered Jane's big farmhouse, by way of the kitchen. Selina was there, making a linseed poultice, and the odor was mingled with another which she knew afterwards to be the odor of black dye.

In her mother's bedroom the same acid odor was in the air, and Jane was sitting at the window with a piece of black sewing in her hands. Jane's husband and John Maberly were standing at the foot of the bed, silent and melancholy, looking as awkward as men always do in a sick-room; Jane's stern gloom was tinged with a

"SHE COULD NOT HELP SEEING THAT SELINA FOUND SOME STRANGE PLEASURE IN ALL THESE INCIDENTS OF A LAST ILLNESS"

condescending pity for beings so out of place. Mary Ann saw them all at the first glance. Then she forgot everything; she was snuggling down against the bed, making the little, tender, glad, sorry sounds a mother makes when she has been separated from her baby.

When she lifted her head the men were leaving the room, John's face working. Selina was there with the poultice. She took it from her. One look into her mother's face had been enough. From that moment she seemed to be holding her back by sheer force of will from the edge over which she was slipping.

There was no merry gossip and laughter now,

there were no love stories, no monologues with pauses for smiles. Mary Ann felt that a careless word or look would be enough to loosen that frail hold on life. When the doctor came, he found his patient in charge of a stout woman in a fresh linen dress, whose self-command was so perfect that he did not waste many words in softening the opinion for which she followed him to the door.

"Your mother's age is against her," he said. "The bronchitis in itself is not alarming, but her heart is weak, and I fear you must not expect her recovery."

He knew at once that she refused to accept his verdict, though she only said, "I'd like to telegraph for our doctor at home, if you don't mind."

When Dr. Corbett came, he confirmed the opinion.

"The bronchitis is no worse than usual," he added, "the treatment has been the same; but she seems to have lost her grip."

"There's no reason why she shouldn't catch a hold of it again," said poor Mary Ann, choking down her agony with the thought that she must return immediately to her mother's room.

"I don't quite understand it," the doctor said, with a questioning look. "The nursing — that's been good? Dr. Black tells me so."

"Yes, Jane and Selina are both good nurses, better'n what I am, if it wasn't that Ma's used to me."

"And there's no obstacle to her recovery that you know of?" Mary Ann shook her head. "Well, Miss Mary Ann, we must just conclude that it's the natural wearing out of a good machine. And we'll do what we can."

When Mary Ann went back to her mother's room, she found her a little roused from the stupor in which she had been lying. The visit of her own doctor, the accustomed tendance, had touched some spring that set old wheels running. With the clairvoyance love so often gives to the sick-nurse, Mary Ann knew that she had something to say to her.

She sat by the bed and waited. A fluttering whisper came at last.

"Did you see Jane's hands?"

Mary Ann's mind, seeking desperately for a clue, flashed from the stains on her sister's hands, which she had vaguely set down to black currant jelly, to the acid smell in the kitchen — to the black sewing — to the forgotten shock of a year ago.

"They asked me where I'd like to lie — beside Pa or in the cemetery in town."

"It's their forehandedness, Ma. I never did know such a forehanded pair. Talk about meeting trouble half way — Selina'n'Jane don't wait for it to start out at all."

"Selina read out of the paper that bronchitis was nearly always fatal after seventy."

"Well, now, what will those papers say next? Do you know what I read out of our own *Advertiser* the other day? That every woman over thirty has had at least one offer of marriage. Now, that's a lie, for I never had an offer in my life. I'm kind of glad I didn't, Ma, for I suppose I'd have took it; and you and me do have an awfully good time together, don't we?"

But her mother was not listening now; it had been a flash merely of the old self. Mary Ann looked around the room until she found Jane's lap-board with a pile of black sewing on it. She gathered up the carefully pressed pieces and poked them roughly in between a large clothes cupboard and the wall.

"There!" she said to herself, "it will be a while before they find that, and when they do they can call it Mary Ann's flighty way of redding up a room."

She heard her sisters whispering in the hall and went out to them. Selina was tying her bonnet-strings.

"I'm going home to do a lot of cooking," she said in an important undertone. "John's wrote to Ma's relatives in Iowa, and some of them's sure to come."

Mary Ann looked into the wrinkled face; the past weeks had added new lines of genuine grief to it, yet she could not help seeing that Selina found some strange pleasure in all these incidents of a last illness. The words she had meant to say seemed futile. She was turning to go into her mother's room again when an idea came to her.

"Don't go yet," she said. "I want to show you two something."

She went into her bedroom and returned in a few minutes with the crimson dress over her arm.

"I was getting it fitted when the news of Ma's sickness came, and I just put a waterproof over it. The seams have got a little ravelled. I thought maybe you two would help me topsew them."

"Mary Ann——!"

"You're so much cleverer than me with the needle. I was having it made for — for —" Mary Ann could not trust her voice to tell what she had been having it made for—"for an occasion. It won't be needed now as soon as I expected, but you know, Selina'n'Jane, you always say yourselves there's nothing like taking time by the forelock."

"Mary Ann ——"

"A few hours would finish it up if we all got at it. Oh, there's Ma coughing. I must run and get the pail of water and hot brick to steam up the room."

She threw the dress into her sister's hands and was gone. They stood looking at each other across it.

"*Poor* Mary Ann!"

"She talked about an occasion. I don't know more'n one kind of occasion people get dresses like this for. Can she mean ——?"

"At her age? Nonsense!"

"Dr. Corbett appears to think a pile of her. He's a widower ——"

"Now you speak of it, Selina, he does look at her in an admiring sort of way. If there was anything of that kind in prospect — and of course she'd lay off black sooner ——"

The sun came out and streamed through the high window upon the dress in their hands. It was like a drink of wine to look at it.

"There's no denying it's a handsome thing," Jane said. "It does seem a pity to have the edges ravel. We might finish it, anyway, and sew it up in a bag with camphor."

Through the gray languor that overlay Mrs. Colquhoun's consciousness, glints of crimson began to find their way. Now the spot of color was disappearing under Mary Ann's white apron; now it was in Jane's stained hands; now it was passing from Jane to Selina.

Then she heard Dr. Corbett say, as he handed Mary Ann a small parcel, "It's the first sewing-silk I ever bought, Miss Mary Ann, and I don't know whether it's a good match, but it's crimson, anyhow, Merrill gave me his word for that"; and when Mary Ann made a warning gesture towards the bed, the faint stirring of interest almost amounted to curiosity.

"What did he mean?" she asked, after the doctor had gone. Mary Ann bent down to catch the husky whisper. "The silk — what is it for?"

"You're a little stronger to-day, aren't you, Ma? I've a secret I meant to keep till you were well; but there! Wait till I get back and I'll tell you."

Mrs. Colquhoun let her eyelids close and forgot all about it. When she opened them again, Mary Ann stood before her arrayed in the velvet dress. The radiant vision seemed part of the train of visions that had been passing before her closed eyes; but this stayed, and the smiling creases of the cheeks were substantial and firm.

Then Mary Ann fell on her knees beside the bed and made a crimson frame of her arms for the nightcapped head on the pillow.

"I'm not a bit of good at keeping a secret, Ma. Jane and Selina and me have just finished it, but you weren't to know anything about it till you got home. It was to be a surprise. And there's new covering on the parlor furniture, a handsome flower pattern, all fawn and crimson, like our dresses, and we're going to have a home-coming party. I don't want to be impatient, but I *wish* you'd hurry up and get well."

Mrs. Colquhoun was gazing into her daughter's eyes.

"Do you really think I'm going to get well, Mary Ann?" she asked, and the wistfulness of old desire revived was in the feeble voice.

"Of course you're going to get well, dearie. Why shouldn't you?"

"It seemed kind of settled I wasn't — and it's so upsetting to stay when you're expected to go. I didn't care much."

She put up her hand weakly and stroked the velvet.

"But now — if you think so — perhaps ——"

At his next visit Dr. Corbett said, "Your mother's caught her grip again, Miss Mary Ann," and Dr. Black added heartily, "And if you'll only tell us *how* you did it, Miss Mary Ann, you'll be putting dollars in our pockets."

But the cunning of love, with all its turnings and twistings, is only half-conscious — the rest is instinct.

"I don't know that there's anything to tell, doctor," Mary Ann said slowly, wiping away a tear. "Only you might just keep a watch out and see that none of your patients are being hurried out of the world by the preparations for their own mourning. That's what was happening to Ma."

LAST YEARS WITH HENRY IRVING

BY

ELLEN TERRY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

PERHAPS Henry Irving and I might have gone on with Shakespeare to the end of the chapter if he had not been in such a hurry to produce "Macbeth."

We ought to have done "As You Like It" in 1888, or "The Tempest." Henry thought of both these plays. He was much attracted by the part of Caliban in "The Tempest," but, he said, "the young lovers are everything, and where are we going to find them?" He would have played Touchstone in "As You Like It," not Jacques, because Touchstone is in the vital part of the play.

He might have delayed both "Macbeth" and "Henry VIII." He ought to have added to his list of Shakespearian productions "Julius Caesar," "King John," "As You Like It," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Richard II.," and "Timon of Athens." There were reasons "against," of course. In "Julius Caesar" he wanted to play Brutus. "That's the part for the actor," he said, "because it needs acting. But the actor-manager's part is Antony. Antony scores all along the line. Now when the actor and actor-manager fight in a play, and when there is no part for you in it, I think it's wiser to leave it alone."

Every one knows when luck first began to turn against Henry Irving. It was in 1896, when he revived "Richard III." On the first night he went home, slipped on the stairs in Grafton Street, broke a bone in his knee, aggravated the hurt by walking, and had to close the theatre. It was that year, too, that his general health began to fail. For the ten years preceding his death he carried on an indomitable struggle against ill-health. Lungs and heart alike were weak. Only the spirit in that frail body remained as strong as ever. Nothing could bend it, much less break it.

But I have not come to that sad time yet.

"Macbeth"

"We all know when we do our best," said Henry once. "We are the only people who know." Yet he thought he did better in "Macbeth" than in "Hamlet!"

Was he right, after all?

His *view* of Macbeth, though attacked and derided and put to shame in many quarters, is as clear to me as the sunlight itself. To me it seems as stupid to quarrel with the conception as to deny the nose on one's face. But the carrying out of the conception was unequal. Henry's imagination was sometimes his worst enemy. When I think of his Macbeth, I remember him most distinctly in the last act, after the battle, when he looked like a great famished wolf, weak with the weakness of a giant exhausted, spent as one whose exertions have been ten times as great as those of commoner men of rougher fibre and coarser strength.

"Of all men else I have avoided thee."

Once more he suggested, as he only could sug-

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From the collection of H. McM. Painter

ELLEN TERRY AS KNIERTJE IN "THE GOOD HOPE"

TAKEN ON THE BEACH AT SWANSEA, WALES, IN 1906, BY EDWARD CRAIG

"WE HAVE TO PAY DEAR FOR THE FISH"

JOHN SINGER SARGENT

FROM A PORTRAIT PAINTED BY HIMSELF IN 1892 AND PRESENTED BY HIM TO THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN

gest, the power of fate. Destiny seemed to hang over him, and he knew that there was no hope, no mercy.

The "Macbeth" Rehearsals

The rehearsals for "Macbeth" were very exhausting, but they were splendid to watch. In this play Henry brought his manipulation of crowds to perfection. My acting edition of the play is riddled with rough sketches by him of different groups. Artists to whom I have shown them have been astonished by the spirited impressionism of these sketches. For his "purpose" Henry seems to have been able to do anything, even to drawing and composing music. Sir Arthur Sullivan's music at first did not quite please him. He walked up and down the stage humming and showing the composer what he was going to do at certain situations. Sullivan with wonderful quickness and open-mindedness caught his meaning at once.

"Much better than mine, Irving, — much better — I'll rough it out at once!"

When the orchestra played the new version based on that humming of Henry's, it was exactly what he wanted!

Knowing what a task I had before me, I began to get anxious and worried about "Lady Mac." Henry wrote me such a nice letter about this:

"To-night, if possible, the last act. I want to get these great multitudinous scenes over and then we can attack *our* scenes . . . Your sensitiveness is so acute that you must suffer sometimes. You are not like anybody else — you see things with such lightning quickness and unerring instinct that dull fools like myself grow irritable and impatient sometimes. I feel confused when I'm thinking of one thing, and disturbed by another. That's all. But I do feel very sorry afterwards when I don't seem to heed what I so much value. . . .

By courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons

SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES

FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS

ELLEN TERRY AS LADY MACBETH

FROM THE PAINTING BY SARGENT, IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

"I think things are going well, considering the time we've been at it, but I see so much that is wanting that it seems almost impossible to get through properly. 'To-night commence Matthias. If you sleep, you are lost!'" *

At this time we were able to be of the right use to each other. Henry could never have worked with a very strong woman. I should have deteriorated in partnership with a weaker man whose ends were less fine, whose motives were less pure. I had the taste and artistic knowledge that his upbringing had not developed in him. For years he did things to please

* A quotation from "The Bells."

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me. Later on I gave up asking him. In "King Lear" Mrs. Nettleship made him a most beautiful cloak, but he insisted on wearing a brilliant purple velvet cloak with "glits" all over it which spoiled his beautiful make-up and his beautiful acting. Poor Mrs. Nettle was almost in tears.

"I'll never make you anything again," she said. "Never!"

Sargent Paints Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth

One of Mrs. Nettle's greatest triumphs was my Lady Macbeth dress, which she carried out from Mrs. Comyns Carr's design. I am glad to think it is immortalized in Sargent's picture. From the first I knew that picture was going to be splendid. In my diary for 1888 I was always writing about it:

"The picture of me is nearly finished and I think it magnificent. The green and blue of the dress is splendid, and the expression as Lady Macbeth holds the crown over her head is quite wonderful."

"Sargent's 'Lady Macbeth' in the New Gallery is a great success. The picture is the sensation of the year. Of course opinions differ about it, but there are dense crowds round it day after day. There is talk of putting it on an exhibition by itself."

Since then it has gone over nearly the whole of Europe, and now is resting for life at the Tate Gallery. Sargent suggested by this picture all that I should have liked to be able to convey in my acting as Lady Macbeth. Of Sargent's portrait of Henry Irving, I wrote in my dairy:

"Everybody hates Sargent's head of Henry. Henry also. I like it, but not altogether. I think it perfectly wonderfully painted and like him, only not at his best by any means. There sat Henry and there by his side the picture, and I could scarce tell one from t'other. Henry looked white, with tired eyes, and holes in his cheeks, and bored to death! And there was the picture with white face, tired eyes, holes in the cheeks, and boredom in every line. Sargent tried to paint his smile and gave it up."

Sargent said to me, I remember, upon Henry

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Terry and Miss Frances Johnson *Copyrighted by Window and Grove and by W. & D. Downey*

Irving's first visit to the studio to see the "Macbeth" picture of me, "What a saint!" This to my mind promised well — that Sargent should see *that* side of Henry so swiftly. So then I never left off asking Henry Irving to sit to Sargent, who wanted to paint him into the bargain, and said to me continually, "What a head!"

Again from my diary:

"Sargent's picture is almost finished, and it is really splendid. Burne-Jones yesterday suggested two or three alterations about the colour, which Sargent immediately adopted, but Burne-Jones raves about the picture.

"It (Macbeth) is a most tremendous success, and the last three days' advanced booking has been greater than ever was known, even at the Lyceum. Yes, it is a success, and I am a success, which amazes me, for never did I think I should be let down so easily. Some people hate me in it; some, Henry among them, think it my best part, and the critics differ, and discuss it hotly, which in itself is my best success of all! Those who don't like me in it are those who don't want and don't like to read it fresh from Shakespeare, and who hold by the 'fiend' reading of the character. . . . One of the best things ever written on the subject, I think, is the essay of J. Comyns Carr. That is as hotly discussed as the new Lady Mac — all the best people agreeing with it. Oh dear! It is an exciting time!"

From a letter I wrote to my daughter who was in Germany at the time:

"I wish you could see my dresses. They are superb, especially the first one: green beetles in it, and such a cloak! The photographs give no idea of it at all, for it is in colour that it is so splendid. The dark red hair is fine. The whole thing is Rossetti — rich stained-glass effects. I play some of it well, but of course I don't do what I want to do yet. Meanwhile I shall not budge an inch in the reading of it, for that I know is right. Oh, it's fun, but it's precious hard work, for I by no means make her a 'gentle lovable woman' as some of 'em say. That's all pickles. She was nothing of the sort, although she was *not* a fiend, and *did* love her

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husband. I have to what is vulgarly called 'sweat at it,' each night."

Burne-Jones at "Macbeth"

The few people who liked my Lady Macbeth, liked it very much. I hope I am not vain to quote this letter from Lady Pollock:

" . . . Burne-Jones has been with me this afternoon: he was at 'Macbeth' last night, and you filled his whole soul with your beauty and your poetry. . . . He says you were a great Scandinavian queen, that your presence, your voice, your movement, made a marvelously poetic harmony, that your dress was grandly imagined and grandly worn — and that he cannot criticise — he can only remember."

But Burne-Jones by this time had become one of our most ardent admirers, and was prejudiced in my favour because my acting appealed to his *eye*. Still the drama is for the eye as well as for the ear and the mind.

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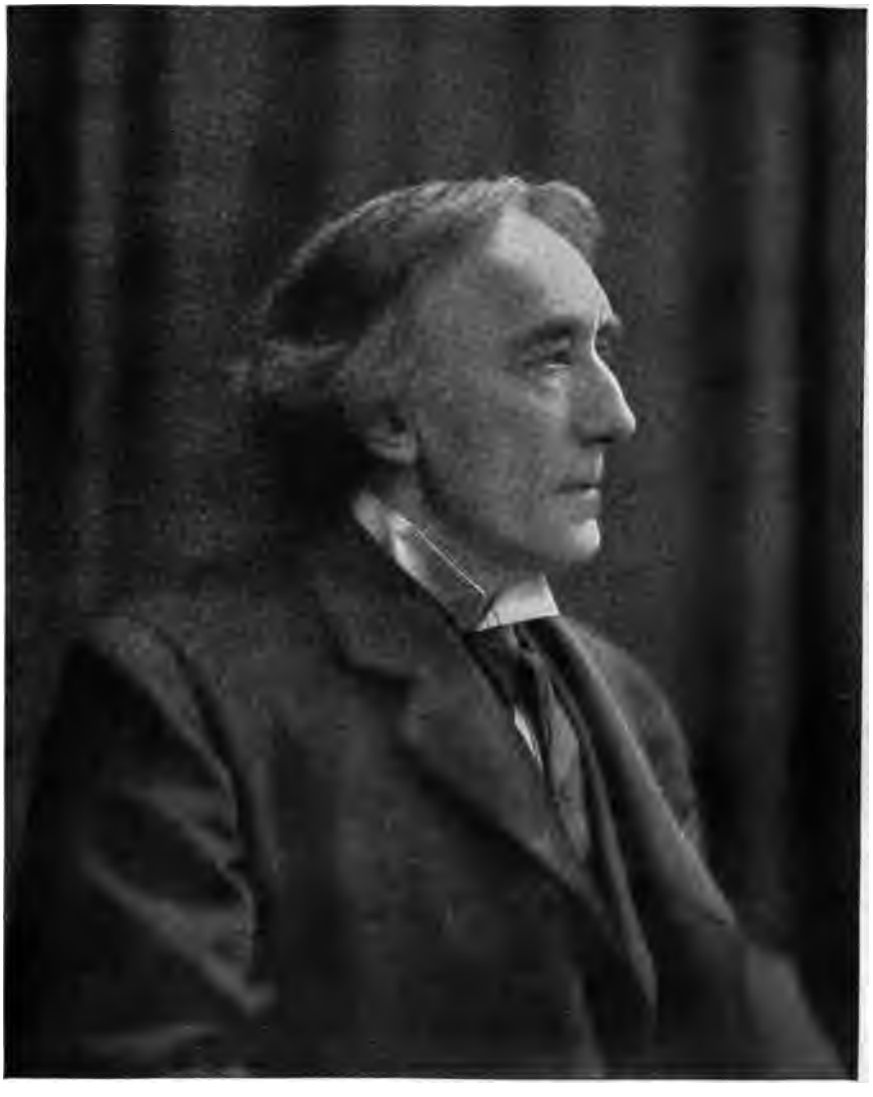
MISS ELLEN TERRY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON HER LAST TOUR IN AMERICA

"The Dead Heart"

Very early I learned that one had best be ambitious merely to please oneself in one's work a little — quietly I coupled with this the reflection that one "gets nothing for nothing, and damned little for sixpence!"



SIR HENRY IRVING

FROM A PORTRAIT GIVEN BY HIM TO MISS EVELYN SMALLEY IN 1896

Here I was in the very noonday of my life, fresh from Lady Macbeth and still young enough to play Rosalind, suddenly called upon to play a rather uninteresting mother in "The Dead Heart." However, my son Teddy made his first appearance in it, and had such a big success that I soon forgot that for me the play was rather "small beer."

It had been done before, of course, by Benjamin Webster and George Vining. Henry engaged Bancroft for the Abbé, a part of quite as much importance as his own. It was only a melodrama, but Henry could always invest a melodrama with life, beauty, interest, mystery, by his methods of production.

"I'm full of French Revolution," he wrote to me when he was preparing the play for rehearsal, "and could pass an examination. In our play at the taking of the Bastille, we must have a starving crowd — hungry, eager, cadav-

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"ELLEN TERRY AS QUEEN KATHERINE IN HENRY VIII"
THE PART PLAYED BY HER AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON IN 1902

erous faces. If that can be well carried out, the effect will be very terrible, and the contrast to the other crowd (the red and fat crowd — the blood-gorged ones who look as if they'd been all drinking wine — *red* wine, as Dickens says) would be striking. . . . It's tiresome stuff to read, because it depends so much on situations. I have been touching the book up, though, and improved it here and there, I think.

"A letter this morning from the illustrious —— offering me his prompt book to look at. . . I think I shall borrow the treasure, why not? Of course he will say that he has produced the play and all that sort of thing, but what does

that matter, if one can only get one hint out of it?

"The longer we live, the more we see that if we only do our own work thoroughly well, we can be independent of everything else or anything that may be said. . . .

"I see in Landry a great deal of Manette — that same vacant gaze into years gone by when he crouched in his dungeon nursing his wrongs. . . .

"I shall send you another book soon to put any of your alterations and additions in — I've added a lot of little things with a few lines for you — very good, I think, though I say it as shouldn't — I know you'll laugh! They are perhaps not startlingly original, but better than the original, anyhow! Here they are — last act!

"'Ah, Robert, pity me. By the recollections of our youth, I implore you to save my boy!

(*Now* for 'em!)

"'If my voice recalls a tone that ever fell sweetly upon your ear, have pity on me! If the past is not a blank, if you once loved, have pity on me!' (Bravo!)

"Now I call that very good, and if the 'If' and the 'pity's' don't bring down the house, well it's a pity! I pity the pittites.

". . . I've just been copying out my part in an account book — a little more handy to put into one's pocket. It's really very short, but difficult to act, though, and so is yours. I like this 'piling up' sort of acting, and I am sure you will, when you play the part. It's restful. 'The Bells' is that sort of thing."

The crafty old Henry! All this was to put me in conceit with my part!

A Letter From Burne-Jones

Many people put me in conceit with my son, including dear Burne-Jones, with his splendid gift of impulsive enthusiasm:

"The Grange, West Kensington, W.
"Sunday.

"Most dear Lady:

"I thought all went wonderfully last night — and no sign could I see of hitch or difficulty — and as for your boy, he looked a lovely little gentleman — and in his cups was perfect, not overdoing by the least touch a part always perilously easy to overdo. I too had the impertinence to be a bit nervous for you about him — but not when he appeared — so altogether I was quite happy.

" . . . Irving was very noble — I thought I had never seen his face so beatified before — no, that isn't the word, and to hunt for the right one would be so like judicious criticism that I won't — exalted and splendid it was — and you were you — you — and so all was well. I rather wanted more shouting and distant roar in the Bastille scene — since the walls fell, like Jericho, by noise, a good, dreadful growl always going on would have helped, I thought — and that was the only point where I missed anything.

"And I was very glad you got your boy back again and that Mr. Irving was ready to have his head cut off for you, so it had what I call a good ending, and I am in bright spirits to-day, and ever,

"Your real friend,
"E. B. J.

"I would come and growl gladly."

There were terrible strikes all over England when we were playing "The Dead Heart." I could not help sympathising with the strikers; yet reading all about the French Revolution as I did then, I can't understand how the French nation can be proud of it when one remembers how they butchered their own great men, the leaders of the movement — Camille Desmoulins, Danton, Robespierre, and the others. My man is Camille Desmoulins. I just love him.

"Ravenswood"

Plays adapted from novels are always unsatisfactory. A whole story cannot be conveyed in three hours, and every reader of the story looks for something not in the play. Wills took from "The Vicar of Wakefield" an episode and did it right well, but there was no *episode* in "The Bride of Lammermoor" for Merivale to take. He tried to traverse the whole ground and failed. But he gave me some lovely things to do in Lucy Ashton. I had to lose my poor wits, as in Ophelia, in the last act, and with hardly a word to say I was able to make an effect. The love scene at the well I did nicely, too.

Seymour Lucas designed splendid dresses for this play. My "Ravenswood" riding dress set a fashion in ladies' coats for quite a long time. Mine was copied by Mr. Lucas from a leather coat of Lord Mohun. He is said to have had it on when he was killed. At any rate there was a large stab in the back of the coat, and a blood-stain.

"Nance Oldfield"

This was my first speculation in play-buying! I saw it acted and thought I could do something with it. Henry would not buy it, so I did. He let me do it first in front of a revival of "The Corsican Brothers," in 1891. It was a great success, although my son and I did not know a word on the first night and had our parts written out and pinned all over the furniture! Dear

old Mr. Howe wrote to me that Teddy's performance was "more than creditable; it was exceedingly good and full of character, and with your own charming performance, the piece was a great success." Since 1891 I must have played "Nance Oldfield" hundreds of times, but I never had an Alexander Oldworthy so good as my own son, although such talented young actors as Martin Harvey, Laurence Irving, and, more recently, Harcourt Williams, have all played it with me.

"Henry VIII."

Henry's pride as Cardinal Wolsey seemed to eat him. How wonderful he looked (though not fat and self-indulgent like the pictures of the real Wolsey) in his flame-coloured robes! He had the silk dyed specially by the dyers to the Cardinals' College in Rome. Seymour Lucas designed the clothes. It was a magnificent production, but not very interesting to me. I played Katherine much better ten years later at Stratford-on-Avon at the Shakespeare Memorial Festival. I was stronger then, and more mature. This letter from Burne-Jones about "Henry VIII." and Henry Irving is delightful. I will not keep it to myself any longer:

"My dear Lady,

"We went last night to the play (at my Theatre) to see 'Henry VIII.' Margaret and Mackail and I. It was delicious to go out again and see mankind, after such evil days. How kind they were to me no words can say — I went in at a private door and then into a cosy box and back the same way, swiftly, and am marvellously the better for the adventure. No YOU, alas!

"I have written to Mr. Irving just to thank him for his great kindness in making the path of pleasure so easy, for I go tremblingly at present. But I could not say to him what I thought of the Cardinal — a sort of shame keeps one from saying to an artist what one thinks of his work — but to you I can say how nobly he warmed up the story of the old religion to my exacting mind in that impersonation. I shall think always of dying monarchy in his Charles — and always of dying hierarchy in his Wolsey. How Protestant and dull all grew when that noble type had gone!

"I can't go to Church till red cardinals come back (and may they be of exactly that red), nor to Court till trumpets and banners come back — nor to evening parties till the dances are like that dance. What a lovely young Queen has been found. But there was no YOU. . . . Perhaps it was as well. I couldn't have you slighted even in a play, and put aside. When I go back to see you as I soon will, it will be easier. Mr. Irving let me know you would not act; and proposed that I should go later on — wasn't that like him? So I sat with my children and was right happy, and as usual the streets looked dirty and all the people muddy and black as we came away. Please not to answer this stuff.

"Ever yours aff'ly,

"E. B. J.

"I wish that Cardinal could have been made Pope, and sat with his foot on the Earl of Surrey's neck. Also I wish to be a Cardinal, but then I sometimes want to be a pirate. We can't have all we want.

"Your boy was very kind — I thought the race of young men who are polite and attentive to old fading ones had passed away with antique pageants — but it isn't so."

When the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire gave the famous fancy-dress ball at Devonshire House, they attended it in the robes which had appealed so strongly to Burne-Jones's imaginative eye. I was told by one who was present at this ball that, as the Cardinal swept up the staircase, his long train held magnificently over his arm, a sudden wave of reality seemed to sweep upstairs with him, and reduce to the pettiest make-believe all the aristocratic masquerade that surrounded him.

I renewed my acquaintance with "Henry VIII" in 1902, when I played Queen Katherine for Mr. Benson during the Shakespeare Memorial performances in April. I was pretty miserable at the time—the Lyceum reign was dying, and taking an unconscionably long time about it, which made the position all the more difficult. Henry Irving was reviving "Faust"— a wise step, as it had been his biggest "money-maker" — and it was a question whether I could play Margaret. There are some young parts that the actress can still play when she is no longer young: Beatrice, Portia, and many others come to mind. But I think that when the character is that of a young girl, the betrayal of whose innocence is the main theme of the play, no amount of skill on the part of the actress can make up for the loss of youth.

Suggestions were thrown out to me (not by Henry Irving, but by others concerned) that, although I was too old for Margaret, I might play *Martha!* Well! well! I didn't quite see *that.* So I redeemed a promise given in jest at the Lyceum to Frank Benson twenty years earlier, and went off to Stratford-upon-Avon to play in "Henry VIII."

I played Katherine on Shakespeare's Birthday — such a lovely day, bright and sunny and warm. The performance went finely — and I

made a little speech afterwards which was quite a success.

During these pleasant days at Stratford, I went about in between the performances of "Henry VIII," which was, I think, given three times a week for three weeks, seeing the lovely country and lovely friends who live there. A visit to Broadway and to beautiful Madame de Navarro (Mary Anderson), was particularly delightful. To see her looking so handsome, robust, fresh, so happy in her beautiful home, gave me the keenest pleasure. I also went to Stanways, the Elchos' home — a fascinating place. Lady Elcho showed me all over it, and she was not the least lovely thing in it.

In Stratford I was rebuked by the permanent inhabitants for being kind to a little boy in professionally ragged clothing who made me, as he has made hundreds of others, listen to a long made-up history of Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare, "The Merchant of Venice," "Julius Cæsar," and other things — the most hopeless mix! The inhabitants assured me that the boy was a little rascal, who begged and extorted money from visitors by worrying them with his recitation until they paid him to leave them alone.

Long before I knew that the child was such a reprobate, I had given him a pass to the gallery and a Temple Shakespeare! I derived such pleasure from his version of the "Mercy" speech from the "Merchant of Venice" that I still think he was ill-paid!

> The quality of mercy is not strange
> It droppeth as *the* gentle rain from 'Eaven
> Upon *the* place beneath; it is twicet bless.
> It blesseth in that gives and in that takes
> It is in the mightiest — in the mightiest
> It becomes the throned monuk better than its crownd.
> It's an appribute to God inself
> It is in the thorny 'earts of Kings
> But not in the fit and dread of Kings.

I asked the boy what he meant to be when he was a man. He answered with decision: "A reciterer."

I also asked him what he liked best in the play.

"When the blind went up and down and you smiled," he replied — surely a naïve compliment to my way of "taking a call!" Further pressed, he volunteered: "When you lay on the bed and died to please the angels."

Other Plays

I had exactly ten years more with Henry Irving after "Henry VIII." During that time we did "King Lear," "Becket," "King Arthur," "Cymbeline," "Madame Sans-Gêne," "Peter the Great," and "The Medicine Man." I feel too near to these productions to write about them. But a time will come. The first night of "Cymbeline" I felt almost dead. Nothing seemed right. "Everything is so slow, so slow," I wrote in my diary. "I don't feel a bit inspired, only dull and hide-bound." Yet Imogen was, I think, the *only* inspired performance of these later years. On the first night of "Sans-Gêne" I acted *courageously* and fairly well. Everyone seemed to be delighted. The old Duke of Cambridge patted, or rather, *thumped* me on the shoulder and said kindly: "Ah, my dear, *you* can act!" Henry quite effaced me in his wonderful sketch of Napoleon. "It seems to me some nights," I wrote in my diary at the time, "as if I were watching Napoleon trying to imitate H. I., and I find myself immensely interested and amused in the watching."

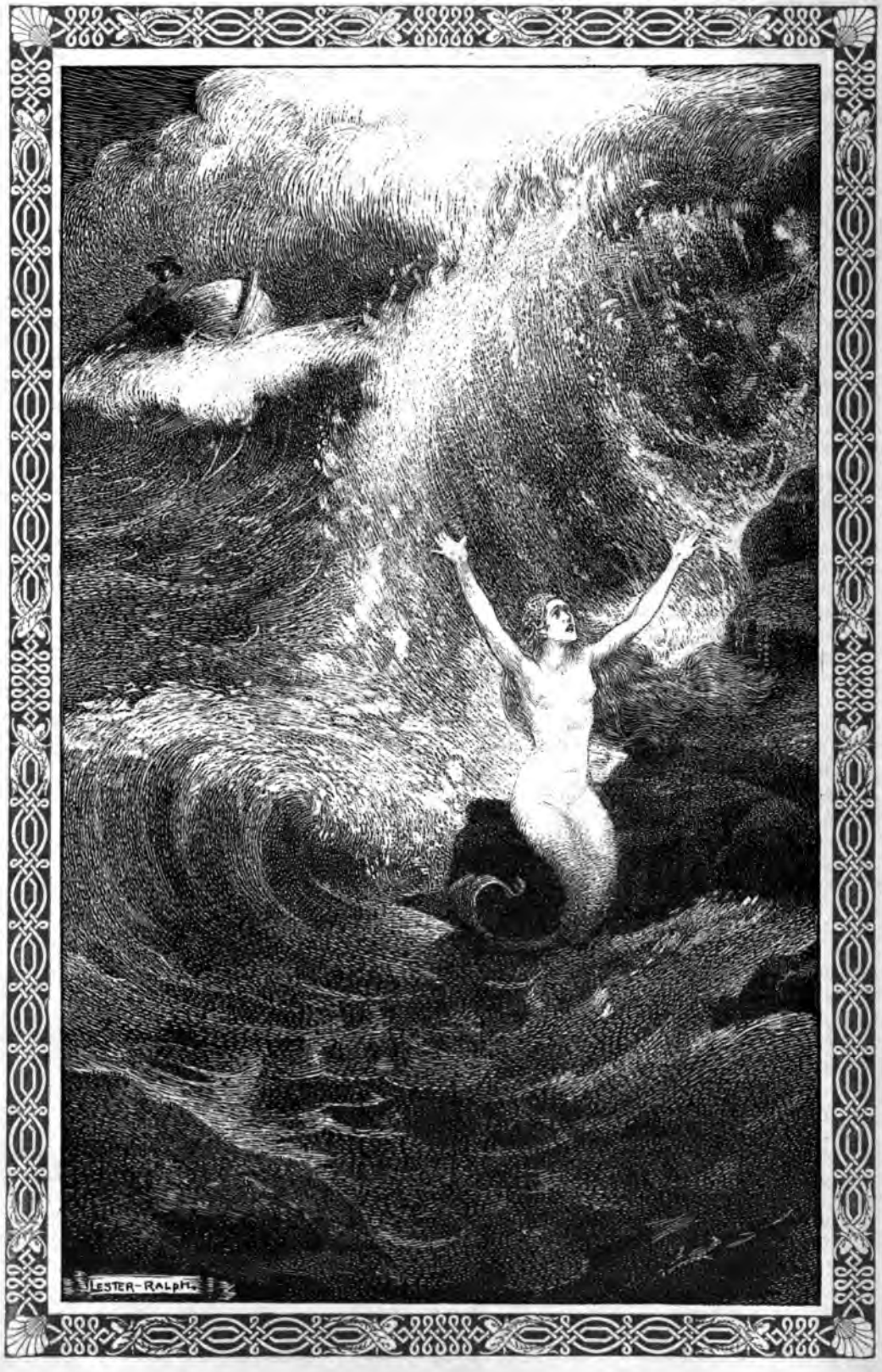
"The Medicine Man" was, in my opinion, our only *quite* unworthy production and I wrote in my diary: "If 'Manfred' and a few such plays are to succeed this, I simply must do something else."

But I did not! I stayed on, as everyone knows, when the Lyceum as a personal enterprise of Henry's was no more, when the farcical Lyceum Syndicate took over the theatre. I played a wretched part in "Robespierre," and refused £12,000 to go to America with Henry in "Dante."

In these days Henry Irving was a changed man. He gave the whole thing up — as a producer, I mean. As an actor he worked as faithfully as ever. Henley's stoical lines might have been written of him as he was in those last days:

> Out of the night that covers me
> Black as the pit from pole to pole
> I thank whatever gods may be
> For my unconquerable soul.
>
> In the fell clutch of circumstance
> I have not winced nor cried aloud.
> Under the bludgeonings of chance
> My head is bloody but unbow'd.

Henry Irving did not treat me badly. I did not treat him badly. He revived "Faust" and produced "Dante." I would have liked to stay with him to the end of the chapter, but I could not act in either of these plays. But we never quarrelled. Our long partnership dissolved naturally. It was all very sad, but it could not be helped.


LESTER-RALPH

THE LOST MOTHER

BY BLANCHE M. KELLY

DECORATIONS BY LESTER RALPH

. . . . . among the rocks one of the sea women combing her long hair, and if he can creep up to her unbeknownst, and steal away from her her "cubuleen driuth," which is a kind of small cap the merrows do be wearing, she can never go back under the sea any more at all, but must follow his bidding while ever he has it in his keeping.

SCARLET hunter, riding past,
O hunter, do not ride so fast,
But tell me where's my mother?—
"Nay, child, why dost thou ask of me?
Safe by the hearth should mothers be,
And thine like any other."
—While I was playing on the floor
Deep in a hollow near the door
I found a shining cap laid by.
My mother gave a piercing cry,
And snatched it up and fled away. . . .
Though I have sought her all the day,
I cannot find my mother.—

— O woman with the milking stool,
Standing among the grasses cool,
Hast thou not seen my mother? —
"What like is thy mother, lad?"
— A stripèd petticoat she had,
Her snooded hair is soft as silk,
She's whiter in the face than milk,
My lost, sweet mother! —
"I saw a poor mad thing go down
By yonder highway to the town,
I saw none other.
But, oh, her hair was streaming wild,
Sure, frenzy was upon her, child,
And she was not thy mother."

— O friar, in thy long rough gown,
Say in what corner of the town
I'll find my mother. —
"What is thy mother's name, poor boy?"
— My father always called her Joy. —
"It hath the ring of Heathenesse,
But to all creatures in distress
Lord Christ is Brother.
In the church-yard an hour ago
I saw a witch-girl crouching low,
But oh, she fell to weeping sore
For that she feared the cross I wore.
I'll dry thy tears and lead thee home,
Good mothers have no wish to roam."
— Nay, I must find my mother. —

— O fisher, coming in from sea,
Lay by the oar and answer me,
O hast thou seen my mother? —
"Nay, but I saw, upon my life,
'Mong yonder rocks a merrow wife
With long locks gleaming in the sun.
She saw the billows shoreward run,
She heard the splashing of my oar,
Wildly she glanced along the shore,
She flung her foam-white arms on high,
She cried a weird and wailing cry,
And leaped and vanished in the sea.
I crossed the brow and breast of me,
And thanked the Maker of my life
That I've a christened maid to wife."

PATSY MORAN

THE BOOK AND ITS COVERS

BY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN HOFFMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAITLAND THOMAS

"ADVENTURE, is it?" said Patsy, pushing his empty glass away from him. "What happened me last night would be makin' a adventure seem like grass growin' in a cimitery!"

From the other side of the table, in their own particular corner of the back room at Devinsky's Place on the Upper East Side, Tim regarded his friend with characteristic stolidity and replied with a grunt of interrogatory interest. Patsy seldom needed urging in the matter of talking about himself.

"It all come of Mike O'Hara's owin' me three dollars," he continued. "Sure, the good heart of me keeps me brains busy rescuin' me from trouble. Mike is after keepin' a boat-house over on the North River near Spuytendivil, and seein' no other way I wint up to see him early last evenin' and took wan of his boats out for five hours, though it's me hates floatin' about in a bunch of boards and workin' to do it.

"'Twas me intention to work up the river with the tide and thin cheat O'Hara by gittin' out and settin' on the shore. Which I done, tyin' me boat to wan of thim skinny little private docks over on the Jersey shore beyant Fort Lee. And thin, Tim, it come on me to climb clear up thim Palisades, which was amazin' unnatural and the first of the queer things that happened me the night.

"It was hard climbin' by a path what was mostly growed up with vines, and whin I come to the top they wasn't anny too much daylight left to me, and the place was lonely as a Dimmycrat. They was lights over across the river in New York — och, but thim lights was far off!— but Jersey was just wan hunk of nuthin', with some ghosty trees in the front of it. Excipt for a tug or a ferry whistlin' now and thin, they was niver a sound but the hummin' of ivry wan of all the mosquities that iver was, barrin' thim as was tryin' was they a chanct to kiss each other by borin' through me from both sides at wanct.

"It was no place for usin' up boat-rint, but me shoes was full of gravel and, seein' the ruins of a house a bit off, I wint over to it to set down and take thim off comfortable. It's the fine large house it must 'a' been wanct, but they'd been a fire in it, and 'twas only the walls of it was standin', with wan big second-story room stickin' up big and darkish in a corner of it. Raymimber that wan second-story room in your mind. It was all a bit creepy-like, and I wint at me shoes in a hurry.

"I had the both of thim off and shakin' thim, rubbin' me sock-feet together to keep some of thim mosquities away, whin all to wanct I heard something walkin'. Just as I was, I turned mesilf to stone, with me feet up off the ground and a empty shoe held out in the air afore me in each hand, balancin' mesilf wonderful.

"The steps come nearer. 'They ain't anny ghost makes that much noise,' I says, niver losin' me nerve or movin' a inch annywheres. 'Though ye can't niver tell about ghosts.' And just thin a little man come strollin' round the corner of a wall and stood lookin' at me. It wasn't so dark yet but what I could be makin' out what little they was of him, and if iver wan of thim dudes in the newspaper funny-pictures come to life, here he was, only thim funny-pictures must 'a' been drawed by ammyteurs. I misdoubted was he real, but if he was, they was money on him, and if they was money on him, it would come off of him easy-like, and I could be namin' the man would spend it. Thin I raymimbered I was still holdin' up me shoes and me feet, like I was settin' on the point of a church-steeple, for his mouth was hangin' open like I was the first wan he iver seen, and belike I was.

"'Pardon me,' he says, 'but why do ye do that?' says he, singin' it off like a Englishman.

"'Whisht!' I says, not thinkin' of anny answer yet and cursin' the stone for bein' so hard.

"'But, me good man,' says he, payin' no attention, '*why* are ye holdin' thim shoes up in the air?'

"'Whisht!' says I. 'Why not?'

"'Why not?' says he, gaspin'.

"'Ye said "why" the other time,' I says. 'Which do ye mean?'

"'Which what?' says he, weak-like.

"'Either wan of thim,' says I; 'sure, all what's is the same to me. But run along with ye now and don't be disturbin' me; it's workin' a charm I am. Unless ye would be helpin' me hold these shoes steady,' I adds enticin', bein' wishful of gittin' him close enough to grab him.

"'Hold thim shoes steady?' says he.

"'Hold thim shoes steady,' says I.

"'A charm?' says he.

"'Yis,' says I, 'a charm. And would ye mind not usin' me own conversation over ag'in so soon, sor? I've heard tell 'twas bad luck, and annyways, it's nervous it's makin' me.'

"'Do you *have* to set that way?' says he, comin' closer.

"'Indeed and I do,' I says, 'though it's mortal wearin'. But whin ye are makin'—' and just there I makes a grab at him. But, och, blathers, if his brains was slow, his feet was quick, and away he wint, me after him, divil-racketty.

"Thim ruins was right on the edge of the Palisades, and 'twas me endeavor to keep him atween me and the cliff so he couldn't make for the open. Up and down we wint, scramblin', runnin', and crawlin', first to wan ind of thim crumblin' walls and thin back ag'in to the other, me always hemmin' him in and headin' him off, but niver quite catchin' him, and thim piles of loose brick hurtin' me sock-feet cruel, me havin' dropped me shoes whin I tried to grab him. They wasn't much light left, but all to wanct I saw him goin' right up in the air, and whin I come up he was just climbin' over the edge of that wan second-story room. Faith, for a minute I was thinkin' he *was* a ghost, but he hadn't no more than landed whin he begun draggin' up after him a long board with slats nailed to it what some boys must 'a' left there for a ladder. Me hand just missed the ind of it, me foot slippin' on top a pile of bricks and rollin' me down over the sharp corners of thim.

"I wint all round that second-story room, mostly crawlin'— och, me poor feet, it was perishin' with the pain of thim I was! — but niver a way of gittin' up to him, and him likely to drop down on the off side and run like a rabbit if I took me attention off him. So I wint scramblin' back where I'd be atween him and the road and set down on a pile of bricks. He'd been layin' flat on his stommick, gittin' his wind back in him, but prisintly he clumb up on his knees and throwed a brick at me.

"'Ye young gomeral,' I says, 'if ye do that ag'in, I'll shoot a hole in ye!'

"He wint behind a bit of brick wall and throwed another. If iver I go annywheres ag'in without a gun, may the divil fly away with me! So I wint behind a bit of wall mesilf. And there he was.

"Of course, I was ragin', and I begun tossin' bricks back at him. Hiven knows they was enough of thim! Whin he'd throwed about twinty, doin' no harm with thim, thim little arms of his wore out, and I kept just enough of thim goin' to make him nervous-like without hurtin' him, wonderin' in between would it be safe to go after me poor shoes and could I git

"PARDON ME," HE SAID, "BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING THAT FOR?"

thim on if I did, me feet bein' swelled surprisin'. Sure, the little spalpeen owed me ivrything he had about him!

"All to wanct a grand idea come to me. I would kidnap me little gintleman and hold him for wan of thim ransoms! 'Sure,' I says to me-silf, 'they're kidnappin' boys all the time, and it's the tidy sum a grown man would be bringin' me, though it's the little wan he is and part wore out.'

"'I say, sor,' I calls up to him, polite, from behind me wall, and droppin' a whole brick closer to him than common, 'wouldn't it be after bein' more pleasant for ye to come down willin',' I says, 'than to have wan of thim bricks search the head of ye for brains and turn the corpse over to me? To say nothin' of the mos-quities,' I says.

"'They niver bite me,' he says, trembly-like, from behind his bit of a wall.

"'Holy Saints,' I says, 'that's queer! Are ye as bad as that?'

"'What do ye want of me annyways?' says he, still trembly.

"'Well,' I says, ''twas me intention to rob ye, but now —' And thin I stopped to listen to him keepin' quiet and worryin'. 'But now,' says I prisintly, 'I'm goin' to kidnap ye and inform your friends ye'll be killed entirely if they don't sind me five thousand dollars im-mediate.'

"'Oh!' says he, like I'd said I was goin' to give him something he wanted. 'Oh,' says he, 'I'll be right down. Just wait till I find me hat.'

"Och, it took me breath away to have him so willin', but I could hear him scramblin' round up there, and prisintly I seen him at a hole in the wall, and he begun lettin' down his ladder and losin' no time over it.

"'I'll just be takin' anny sticks of things ye have,' I says, frindly, whin he come down to me, and, findin' the flat side of two bricks for me poor feet, I wint through him careful and relig-ious. So help me, they was only elivin dollars and twinty cents and niver the sign of a watch! He might as well been some wan that earned his own livin'.

"'Look here,' says he, maybe feelin' sort of hurt himsilf, 'ye said five thousand. Why not make it ten?'

"'What?' says I, gaspin'.

"'Why not make it ten?' says he.

"'Arrah,' says I, 'are ye wantin' me to feed ye till me grandchilder can be collectin' of it? Ten thousand, indeed! Ye ought to be thankful ye ain't marked down to forty-nine-fifty.'

"'Oh, well,' he says, careless, 'it's none of my business. But where do ye take me?'

"Now I'd been thinkin' of a old warehouse near Mike O'Hara's dock with a fine cellar in it and no wan nosin' round, but it's mesilf is too knowledgeable to be tellin' ivrything that's in me head, even if they was time for it. 'We'll be gittin' me shoes first,' I says, 'and thin we'll be climbin' down to me boat and cross the river,' I says, 'where they ain't room for so manny mosquities.'

"'All right,' says he, cheerful, 'though I don't mind thim anny, as I told ye a bit gone. Come along afore it gits too dark.'

"Was they iver the like of that, and him bein' kidnapped! 'Faith, maybe it's a bluff he's workin',' thinks I, 'though divil the wan of me knows why he'd be workin' it.' And whin I'd took him to where I'd dropped me shoes — oh, wirra, how bad the walkin' was! — I let go of him entirely whilst I was crammin' thim two feet of mine into thim, to see would he run ag'in, but keepin' me arm handy to a brick to throw through him whin he tried it. Och, he niver made a move, and the more chanct I give him, the peaceabler he stood there waitin' for me. It was most unsettlin'.

"'We'll be goin' down the cliff now,' says I, takin' off me suspinders and tyin' wan ind of thim in a hard knot around the scrawny little neck of him to hold him by.

"'Do ye always tie thim up that way?' says he.

"'Yis, sor,' I says; 'thim suspinders has kid-napped nine men, divil a wan less,' I says.

"'I hope they was nice people,' says he.

"'And why do ye hope that?' I says.

"'Why not?' says he, gintle-like.

"'Don't ye git gay, sor,' says I, 'and don't be goin' so fast whin it's so steep-like. Faith, it's you is bein' kidnapped, not mesilf.'

"'Yis,' says he, 'I raymimber that.'

"'Oh, ye do?' says I. 'Ye'd better be usin' your brains to walk with instid of strainin' thim like that. Here! That ain't the way!' I yells at him as we come to where a side path turned off. And with that me poor feet slipped on some loose stones, and I would 'a' jerked the head off him but for the suspinders stretchin'.

"'Guh!' says he, which was about what ye'd expect from him whin he talked without stop-pin' to think it up aforehand. And thin says he: 'Here, me good man, ye'd better be fixin' this. The rope's comin' loose.'

"'I near dropped the suspinders entirely. 'Holy hiven,' I says to mesilf, 'he must think we're playin' he was Queen of the May, and me wantin' to quit and go home! Bedad, they's something behind all this!' But I tied him up ag'in and we wint on down, with me thinkin' till the roots of me hair was twisted, tryin' tc find was they anny explanation of him, and him

stumblin' along in the dark and askin' me quistions, happy and contínted.

"Whin we come to the bottom I says 'whoa' to him, till I could see they was no wan hangin' round, and thin we wint down where I'd left me boat. Divil the lie I'm tellin' ye, some wan had took it!

"'Is it gone?' says he.

"'Mother of hiven, is it *here?*' says I, irritated at the empty head of him.

"'No,' says he.

"'Thin where is it?' I says.

"'Gone,' says he.

"'Right,' says I, 'and ye guessed it without puttin' yoursilf greatly about. It shows what thinkin' would do for ye if ye was to try it.'

"'What are we goin' to do now?' says he, bleatin' sorrowful like a sheep.

"'Look here, sor,' I says, drawin' with me finger in the sand, the moon havin' come up so we could see a bit; 'here is wan side of the river, and we're on it,' I says, 'and here is the other side, and we ain't, but we wish we was. What's the answer, and how manny sides is they to the river? Come along with me and figure it out to yoursilf,' I says. 'I'm goin' to see is they a chanct to steal somewan ilse's boat,' I says, pullin' him after me by the suspinders.

"But sure, wan half thim Jersey omadhawns must spind all their time arrangin' to keep the other half from stealin' boats off thim, for what boats they was was chained up with enough iron to sink thim, and me with only me knife for the patent locks. Kidnappin' is easy whin ye have a place to kidnap thim to, but they ain't no money in settin' down with a man annywheres ye find him and tellin' him ye've got his tab and will his frinds give ye all their money.

"'Let's climb up the Palisades ag'in and take the trolley to the ferry,' says he.

"'The saints in glory be among us! Is it a lunytic ye think I am to take ye where ye can git help and have me arrested by openin' your mouth but wanct?'

"'Well,' says he, excusin' himsilf, 'thin what?'

"'Twinty years,' says I, 'and lucky at that.'

"'I mean,' says he, 'what are we goin' to do, thin?'

"'"We"?' says I, fair losin' me timper, '"we"? Arrah, and whose doin' this kidnappin', annyways? Ye'll be collectin' money off me next for takin' me home! Ain't ye niver been kidnapped afore?'

"'No,' says he, 'this is the first time.'

"'Yis,' I says, 'and it was gittin' dark whin I took ye.'

"'Well,' says he, peaceable and irritatin', 'what are we goin' to do?'

"'We're goin' to drown ye, if ye ask me that ag'in!' I says, bein' beyont mesilf entirely. And thin all to wanct it come to me I might be tryin' the trolley after all, and tellin' the people he was a crazy man I was takin' home, if he begun talkin'. Sure, wan look at him would convince thim he'd been a lunytic afore he was took so bad. And this way I could be takin' him to me own place on the East Side instid of to the warehouse near O'Hara. It was a fool plan, but most plans is fool wans, and what ilse could I be doin' with him?

"'I'd been considerin' the trolley mesilf,' I says, 'and I'm thinkin' we'll take it and go over on the 130th Street ferry, but if ye make wan peep to annywan, it's me will kill ye on the spot. Do ye mind that!' I says to him, ferocious.

"'Oh,' says he, 'ye don't need to talk to me like that,' he says. 'I wasn't goin' to say annything or make ye anny trouble.'

"'Oh, ye wasn't?' I says to him. 'Ye're a liar,' I says to mesilf, 'ye was, and they's something queerer about ye than ye look, which is sayin' a good deal.' But I give the suspinders a jerk, and we wint on down the shore to a easier path up thim Palisades, it bein' no long walk from the top to the trolley. What worried me worst was him bein' so cheerful. It might 'a' been from him not havin' sinse enough to be anny other way, only whin it was plain robbin' he'd thought I was after he'd been scared healthy and satisfyin' entirely. It was the kidnappin' soothed him, bad scran to him, and it was fair uneasy I was in the heart of me, almost suspectin' they were brains in him somewheres.

"Well, maybe they was and maybe they wasn't, I dunno, and maybe 'twas something worse than that. 'And the mosquities won't bite him,' I says to mesilf. 'If mosquities was humans, 'twould be easy of understandin', but a mosquity ain't got annything in his head exciptin' teeth, and thim Jersey wans will bite whativer it is if it don't bite thim first. Sure, they's times whin dumb beasts can be teachin' anny of us, and thim mosquities is after havin' their own reasons. And do ye mind,' I wint on to mesilf, 'how he wint up that ladder like he was floatin' on air?' Faith, I think I was half believin' him a ghost, excipt for his neck feelin' a bit solid whin I pulled on the suspinders.

"Whin we come to the top, and the wind was back in him ag'in, I says: 'And what might your name be, sor?'

"'Courtney Delevan Schwartz,' says he, lively as a grig.

"'Is your father livin'?' I says.

"'Why, yis,' he says, 'he's Charles B. Schwartz.'

"'I've niver met him,' I says. 'Will he want ye back?'

"'Why, of course,' says he. 'I'm the only wan he's got.'

"'Well,' I says, 'even Teddy would be givin' him a special license for not havin' anny more. Can he be raisin' the five thousand?'

"'Don't ye know who Charles B. Schwartz is?' says he, surprised-like. 'The Pittsburg multi-millionaire and railroad man?'

"'Git along with ye!' I says. 'Don't ye think I know ye wouldn't be breathin' it if they was that much money in the family?'

"'I told ye to make it ten instid of five,' he says.

"'Tare and ages!' I says. 'Don't ye know that ain't no way to act whin ye're bein' kidnapped? Ye've got all mixed up about it, sor. Ye ought to be runnin' the price down instid of tryin' to make me charge your poor father twict as much as ye ain't worth, ye blamed handless gossoon. And don't be walkin' so fast like ye couldn't wait to be locked up. It ain't you gits the five thousand, annyways.'

"'Excuse me,' says he. 'But me father won't be mindin' the other five, and the price will be lookin' a bit cheap whin it gits in the papers.'

"'Bedad, if ye're valuin' yoursilf like that, it's a blessin' it ain't you sets the price on a bushel of good potaties, what is worth something.'

"'Hold on,' says he, sudden, 'I hear somewan on the road we're comin' to. We'd better wait till they git past.'

"Och, did ye iver hear the like of that? Think of him warnin' me from his chanct to yell for help! It left me feelin' fair uneasy, even whin the wagon had gone on down the road. 'Sure,' I thinks, 'if they is anny humans as foolish as that, they wouldn't be let run loose. And annyways, he ain't got enough brains to be a real lunytic, God help him. Yit maybe he is — they ain't nothin' as different as lunytics.'

"'"The night has a thousand eyes,"' says he just thin, goin' right along with the suspinders tight on his neck, '"the day but wan"— do ye know that?' he says. 'I just happened to think of it.'

"'Faith, no wan would think of it anny other way,' I says, catchin' up with him and smellin' his breath, but it was Prohibition. 'Where do ye see thim eyes?' I asks him, bein' sure he was crazy now.

"'Why, up there,' says he, pointin' straight up in the air.

"'Niver mind, niver mind,' I says, soothin', and fearin' he would be took worse. 'They won't hurt ye anny.'

"'Hurt me?' says he.

"'Not a bit,' says I. 'We'll be turnin' to the right here,' I says.

"'But what I meant by thim eyes —' says he.

"'Don't think about thim anny more,' I says. 'It ain't good for ye.'

"He stopped and turned round, laughin', the silly fool, though it was no time for it. 'Ye think I'm crazy, don't ye, me frind?' he says.

"'Me?' says I.

"'No, me,' says he, cheerful. 'I was just playin' a joke on ye,' he says. 'The Irish likes thim, don't they?'

"'Divil a bit,' I says. 'Thin what are ye if ye ain't?' I asks him.

"'I might ask ye, after your own manner of sayin' things, Which am I if I ain't what?' says he, all to wanct talkin' like a man who knew his ways about. 'But I'll be tellin' ye wan thing I ain't, and that's crazy.'

"It was like hearin' a baby all to wanct begin talkin' like a old man. Nothin' could 'a' surprised me like him showin' they was brains in him. I knowed immediate it was no lunytic he was after bein'. 'Thin what *are* ye?' I says, weak-like.

"'Ah, me frind,' says he, 'who's doin' this kidnappin'— you or me? Come on, now; thim cars runs half a hour apart.'

"Arrah, the anger rose in me at the owdaciousness of him, and I took me oath to git him to the East Side even if he become twins. But, bein' a thinkin' man, the unsettlement of me mind was ten times worse over him showin' signs of brains in him. If he could grow thim manny brains in half a hour, they was no tellin' how much sinse he might have by mornin'. 'But sure,' thinks I, 'thin he's worth more than what I priced him, for they may be some wan can be usin' him for something.'

"'I'll make it eight thousand, sor,' I says to him.

"'Thank ye, me good man,' says he, resumin' his old way of talkin'. 'Hurry up! I hear a car comin'.'

"Thin we run for it, and the suspinders jerkin' out of me hands, the little spalpeen showed me the heels of him, me cursin' after him amazin'. All to wanct me foot caught in a root, and down I wint, fair knockin' me daffy. By the time I'd begun seein' straight ag'in, he was wavin' his arms in the middle of the track, with the headlight shinin' on him and the car comin' to a stop.

"I seen at wanct that, even could I hold the car by yellin', he would have time to tell thim all his troubles, and like as not they'd beat me life out afore I could tell thim about him bein' crazy, and they wouldn't believe it annyways. It was gone he was and good riddance.

"YE'D BETTER BE USIN' YOUR BRAINS TO WALK WITH, AND NOT STRAININ' THIM LIKE THAT"

"'Come on!' he hollers. 'They're waitin' for ye!'

"And hiven help me, they was, and him standin' there lookin' worried over me delay and sayin' nothin' to annybody! For wanct in me life I didn't stop to think – faith, I was within wan of payin' dear for it later – and the next I knew I was climbin' in the car, with him helpin' me up, me bein' still a bit dizzy.

"'I'm sorry,' says he, blowin' for wind, whin we was in a seat togither, 'but I lost thim suspinders.'

"'Niver mind thim, niver mind *thim*,' I says, watchin' ivry minute to see would he be callin' on the other passengers. 'Wait till I git me breath!'

"But he niver paid thim others anny attention whativer, and pretty soon I begun wishin' he would. Sure, if he was thinkin' of worse than bein' rescued and havin' me handed over to the polayce, thin thim cold chills runnin' up and down me back wasn't doin' it for nothin'. 'Nonsinse,' I says to mesilf, summonin' back me manhood, 'I misdoubt if he knows what he *is* doin'. And annyways, he seems to be comin' along with me all right, bad cess to him, and it's me will be showin' him what it is to be dealin' with a strong man and a brainy wan.

"'A few quistions, if ye please,' I says to him, commandin'. 'And be prompt with thim!'

"'Yis,' says he, turnin' to me from lookin'

out the windy and tryin' to look like he'd been intelligent whin he was a lad.

"'Where does your father, Charles B. Schwartz, live at?' says I.

"'Ye can address him at the Aldorf, but he lives in Pittsburg,' says he.

"'We'll pass over that last, Courtney,' says I; 'I'm not askin' ye for the fam'ly skeletons. Ye say he likes ye?'

"'Oh, yis,' he says, 'we're chums, the two of us. It's this way,' says he; 'the old man says that while I can't help him anny in his business, I'm interistin' to him, bein' different from ivry wan ilse he iver met.'

"'God bless the old gintleman!' I says.

"'Yis,' says he, 'he says it's excitin' to see what I'm going to spend his money on next.'

"'Now they ain't anny use in pretendin' to be so rich,' I interrupts him, irritated, 'and you with but eliven dollars and twinty cints on the whole of ye!'

"'I don't carry it all with me,' says he.

"'No,' says I, 'ye don't carry all of annything with ye,' I says.

"'Would ye believe me if I said I was poor?' says he.

"'Divil a bit,' says I.

"'But then what do ye ——'

"'Go on with your story,' I says to him severe, 'and don't be wastin' time on foolishness.'

"'Well,' says he, 'me father's been a bit sore on me lately, sayin' I'm not livin' up to me repytation with him, but just spendin' money on stars and bars, like annywan ilse, and managin' to dodge the stripes. Do ye see the joke?' he says, stoppin'.

"'No,' says I, 'but it wouldn't be anny the better for me seein' it. What's the ind of the fairy-tale?' I says.

"'The joke's about flags,' says he. 'Well,' he says, 'me old man bet me I'd used up all the new ways of spendin' what he earned, and I took the bet. If I sind him in the bill for something I niver tried before, thin he doubles me allowance for six months. If I don't do it inside of wan week, thin he cuts me allowance in half,' he says. 'And I ain't allowed just to find something new in the shops and buy it.'

"'I ain't niver heard a better,' says I. 'Who wrote it?'

"'But don't ye see?' he says. 'That's why I want to be kidnapped — to win me bet! They's money in it for both of us, me good man.'

"'Och,' says I, 'tell me but this wan thing,' I says, disgusted, layin' me finger right on wan of the manny weak places in what he'd been handin' me, '*why* did ye want to make it ten thousand instid of five, whin five would 'a' won your bet just as easy-like? Answer me ***that!***' I says.

"'Well,' says he, fidgittin' in his seat, 'well, you see — oh, I was just wantin' to rub it in on the old man,' he says, stammerin'.

"'I'm glad I met ye,' I says; 'ye're the most bedivel'd and all-amazin' liar I iver seen. If ye iver meet Mr. Roosevelt, he'll choke to death tryin' to describe ye.'

"'Yis,' he says, 'I guess ye caught me. It does sound a bit queer whin I come to think about it. But I'll tell ye what I'll do,' says he, brightenin' up sudden-like, 'I'll take it all back!'

"So help me, it was too much for anny man! Whativer he was, I give him up. And him settin' there lookin' at me like he was twelve years old! Me brains was in a prespiration from tryin' to put a label on him, but no sooner was they findin' a explanation of him than he goes to work and proves thim wrong entirely. They might as well been a omelette in me head. It was queer doin's, but what it was behind thim no wan could be tellin'. 'This is me last kidnappin',' says I to mesilf. 'I want something easy on me nerves like burglin', and I wish I was safe on the East Side with me little human conundrum, bad scran to him, and what is he smilin' to himsilf about now?' thinks I.

"'Do ye want to know what I'm smilin' about?' says he right thin.

"'Yis, sor,' says I, feeble, 'if ye don't mind sayin' '— me heart nearly pantin' itsilf to death. 'Holy saints!' thinks I, 'is the little divil wan of thim mind-readers, or is he the divil himsilf?'

"'Well,' says he, pleasant, the car startin' on thim bed-spring curves down to the ferry, 'I've been thinkin' that whin you and me has got through with each other,' he says, lookin' at me with thim fish-eyes in a way that raised the goose-flesh on me, 'I'll be tryin' this kidnappin' business mesilf. You like it pretty well, don't ye?'

"'They ain't nothin' like it,' I says, thankin' God it was the truth. And just thin the car stopped in front of the ferry.

"'See here, me man,' says he, as we was gittin' off, 'if me frinds can't be raisin' the eight thousand, we can be makin' it five ag'in, and if they can't be findin' that much, would ye be willin' to let me loose long enough to kidnap some wan ilse and pay ye?'

"'Oh,' thinks I, 'so *that's* what ye've been drivin' at! But thin,' says me second thoughts, 'why has he been tellin' me —' We was walkin' in the door of the ferry, and I grabs hold of his arm, fair burstin' with rage, bein' nervous from what I'd been through: 'Ye scut,' I says, 'didn't ye say your father was rollin' in money?'

"'Yis,' says he, calm and pleasant, 'but I

took all that back. I ain't got anny father now. Ye'll have to be payin' for the ferry-tickets,' he says.

"It was the ind of me last hope, and me knees wint weak under me. I'd been thinkin' I'd found out wan thing about him annyways, and now I couldn't even raymimber what it was, excipt that it was wrong. Whin I begun thinkin' ag'in, we was on the ferry-boat, the two of us, and him so cheerful it brung the tears to me eyes and made me nervouser than I'd been yit. Thin me wits come to me assistance, and I seen what was the sinsible thing to be doin' with the nasty little divil. 'Rich or poor,' I says to mesilf, 'rich or poor, drunk or sober, intilligent or what he looks like, lunytic or no lunytic, divil, ghost, sleep-walker, or plain human, whativer he is or ain't, or all of thim togither, I want no more of him!'

"Divil the lie I'm tellin' ye, no sooner was thim words in me mind than he ups and walks off from me like he'd heard me thinkin' and begins talkin' to a stranger man lookin' over the edge of the boat! Faith, the hair was crawlin' round on top me head.

"I was startin' for the other ind of the boat, but it come over me strong to slip up behind thim and listen was he plannin' anny divilment against me with the other man. Och, it was a hard thing to bring mesilf to, but whativer ilse I am, I'm not after bein' anny coward.

"Bedad, they was but talkin' of thim new tunnels under the river, and him not even mentionin' he was bein' kidnapped! Wirra, wirra, and afore I was half way down the boat, he come runnin' after me excusin' himsilf for leavin' me, and the rist of the way over he talked tunnels to me, sociable and entertainin', till I could feel thim runnin' all through me.

"They was no chanct to slip away from him in the crowd gittin' off, but whin we come to thim freight tracks just outside the ferry-house, the gates begun droppin' for a train, and, waitin' till the last minute, I sprung from him to git across and let the train come atween us, with him held back by it while I was disappearin' into the whole of New York. So help me, the little omadhawn, like as not readin' ivry thought in me head, grabbed me back and spoiled it all, neat plan as it was.

"'Ye might 'a' been killed and ruined the kidnappin'!' he says, anxious like he was me own mother.

"'Don't let me catch ye hangin' back that way a'gin!' I says, pretendin' I was uncommon mad, which I was. 'Whin that big gomach of a train is gone,' I says, 'see that ye stick close by me and try no foolishness. We're goin' to take the subway to where we git off,' says I, meanin' to dodge him at the subway and grab a surface car to whereiver it wint. 'Come along now, and be quick with ye.'

"But they wasn't no chanct to dodge him, and inside of ten minutes the two of us was settin' side by side in a subway car like both of us wanted to. He was gittin' cheerfuller ivry minute, and the cheerfuller he got, the more I fell to wishin' I'd niver seen the likes of him. He didn't look like anny human annyhow, and I begun prayin' the saints he wasn't, for if he *was*, thin they wasn't *anny* answer to him. 'Tare and ages!' the thought come to me sudden, 'he's a detective, he is, and may the divil dance on the skinny back of him till they's snow a foot deep where the both of thim belongs! Sure, it's all plain now, ivrything he's been doin', and why wasn't I thinkin' of it whin I begun this kidnappin'— may I niver hear the word ag'in and bad scran to it!'

"And thin, at the next station, in come a polayceman siven foot long and set down across the aisle within reachin' distance of his arm, and he niver made a sign beyond glancin' at him whin he come in! 'Thin he ain't,' I says to mesilf, sinkin' back in me seat. 'Ivrything they is he ain't, and anny wan of thim would be makin' me feel better. If he follows me clear home, I *will* kidnap him, whether I want him or not, but if they's wan breath left in me body I'll escape from him afore that,' I goes on to mesilf, tryin' to think what I ate for supper and hopin' maybe it was all wan of thim nightmares.

"It was but the beginnin' of me troubles. At the next station I tried to slip from him by pretindin' to ask the guard something and jump out just afore the doors was closed, but nothin' would do but he must be askin' the guard something himsilf. Wan of us asked if it was a express we was on and the other asked if it wasn't, and thin we set down ag'in togither. Whin we come to our station, I endivored to lose him wanct more, whin we was walkin' crosstown I tried it ag'in, and in Central Park I tried it twict. I might as well tried to dodge a ghost what was hauntin' me. And him cheerfuller than iver and not seemin' to notice annything!

"'Look here, sor,' I says, whin he was pretty well into the East Side, feelin' I could stand no more of it, 'I've been thinkin' it over, and me conscience is hurtin' me. Ye niver did me no wrong, and here I am kidnappin' ye. It ain't right, sor, and I'm goin' to give ye your liberty and let ye go without chargin' ye annything.'

"'Why,' says he, 'I don't want to git away!' he says, his voice growin' sorrowful.

"'That ain't got annything to do with it, sor, askin' your pardon,' I says; 'it's me conscience, and they ain't anny use arguin' with a man's

conscience whin its dander is up. I've got to let ye go, sor,' I says, 'and ye can do it now. I'll turn me back.'

"'No, no,' says he, 'I know what ye're thinkin', but ——'

"'Yis, I know ye do, sor,' I says, thim queer mind-readin' ways of his comin' over me ag'in, 'but for God's sake don't tell me!' I says. 'Don't tell me, sor. I'll believe ye without that, sor, and I know what it was already mesilf annyways, and I wasn't thinkin' annything, besides, and not meanin' a word of it,' I goes on, beyond mesilf entirely, all the queer ways of him risin' up before me, and the mosquities not bitin' him, me nerves givin' out at last from all they'd been through.

"Just thin he turned thim fish-eyes of his on to me, niver sayin' a word, and put out wan hand, soft-like, to lay it on me, and I give wan jump and was off down the street, runnin' as I niver run afore. And him after me and gainin', the divil snatch him, if he ain't the divil himsilf.

"What people they was on the street — praise be, they was but few at that hour — comminced chasin' me, too, but 'twas but wan long block to Devinsky's, here, and I come in that side door like I was a autymobile, near drownin' Peter Casey in the beer he was carryin'. By good luck Micky Doyle and Big McCarthy was drinkin' at the bar, and I yells at thim: 'Stop thim, for the love of hiven! They're tryin' to kidnap me!' and I wint out the front door like they was a thousand divils clutchin' at me.

"And the boys did it, may the blessin' of hiven shine on thim, but wan of thim fools what was helpin' chase me give that little spalpeen me name, and this day has been a curse to me from worryin' over what may happen me yit, though it's proud I should be over frustratin' the nefarious plans of him."

Tim merely grunted. A tough-looking waiter entered through the swinging door, approached the table where the two were sitting, and tossed a dainty envelope in front of Patsy, with the announcement that a messenger had brought it. It was addressed to "Patsy Moran, Esq., Care of Devinsky's Place." Patsy opened it with nervous fingers, and a newspaper clipping fell out upon the table, displaying the unprepossessing features of a young man over the words: "Courtney Schwartz, son of multi-Millionaire Chas. B. Schwartz, of Pittsburg."

A gasp from Patsy, another grunt from Tim, and the two of them seized the letter with a common impulse, Tim's stolidity shaken for once. There was dead silence while the two pairs of eyes followed the straggling words of what was written there:

"My dear Mr. Moran:

"The enclosed clipping will convince you that I gave you my real name, and that my father is abundantly able to pay ransoms. All I told you about that bet may also be true, but as I took that story back, I really can't say now whether it is or not. It doesn't sound so, does it?

"It may be, on the other hand, that I merely figured out in the beginning that you were the kind I could get so rattled you would let me go before I got through with you. If that is true, it worked, didn't it? But maybe it isn't true.

"If neither one of these things is true, what is?

"In any case, you lost $8,000 of the easiest money that ever happened. Why not have tied me up somewhere till you got a boat, or, after getting me as far as you did, why not have taken me the rest of the way?

"But I bear you no grudge. I am sure no one but you could make being kidnapped so amusing. It was great. I am exceedingly sorry, however, that I lost your suspenders. Please accept, in their place, the eleven dollars you have already taken from me. Would enclose more, but feel that the experience alone was worth a fortune to you. You needed the practice. You were right, though, in refusing to set my ransom at $10,000, for in that case you would now be out $2,000 more of easy money.

"Life would be far easier, wouldn't it, if we could judge a book by its covers?

"Very truly yours,

"Courtney Delevan Schwartz.

"P. S. —It may interest you to know that before I came down from my roost in those ruins, I concealed my watch and $840 under some of the bricks you threw at me. I found them there this morning.

"C. D. S."

"MIDNIGHT IN THE KARA SEA"
IN THE POSSESSION OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT

ARCTIC COLOR

THE ADVENTUROUS EXPEDITIONS OF ALEXANDER BORISSOFF, THE PAINTER OF THE FAR NORTH

BY

STERLING HEILIG

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY ALEXANDER BORISSOFF

ABOUT twenty-five years ago, the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia, making a journey into the northern part of the Empire, chanced to visit the lonely Solovetski Monastery on the shores of the White Sea. Among the sacred painters of this monastery he found a young peasant who had been sent there by his parents as a boy of fifteen. Duke Vladimir, struck with his talent, shipped him off to St. Petersburg to study in the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts. The young Russian peasant was Alexander Borissoff, the adventurous painter whose work in the last few years has made the wonderful color scheme of the Arctic Circle for the first time accessible to the eyes of the world.

His early years on the edge of the Arctic fired the imagination of the youth, and directed the course of his whole future life. While he was still a student he made a trip to England. "There," he says, "an idea that had long been shaping itself in my brain took hold of me. The polar regions fascinated me. My forefathers, I knew, hunted bears at Spitzbergen; and as a boy I had heard all about the Arctic. I wanted to see and paint that wonderful country. Travelers would write that the Arctic nights were magnificent; but I wanted to give the colors and lights themselves."

Borissoff Becomes a Samoyed

Borissoff shipped on a Russian boat from Newcastle for the Murman Coast—Russian territory adjoining Norway—and from there sailed to Nova Zembla. On the frozen island of the Arctic Sea, living among the wandering Samoyed tribes, he began to paint under such conditions as certainly no artist has ever painted before. It was the make-shift expedition of a buoyantly adventurous and rough-bred young artist, better furnished with canvases and brushes than with clothing, instruments, and stores. He practically became a Samoyed; he adapted himself to the tribal laws with good-natured tact, helping out the native commissariat by shooting white partridges, wild geese, and Arctic bear. He studied reindeer breeding; he took native baths in steam-tents and ice-

water; he attended weddings, funerals, and pagan rites. Wherever the tribe traveled, he followed; and everywhere he painted.

The movements of the Samoyed depend largely on the habits of the reindeer. "In autumn the reindeer seeks the wooded zone," says Borissoff. "He cannot stand the tremendous snowstorms that whirl in the tundra; and he must live on lichen from the trunks and boughs of fir-trees, or feed on the shoots of birch and willows, when the frozen soil prevents him from browsing moss under the snow. But no sooner does he sniff the polar spring, than he longs irresistibly to gallop to the north to the open air of the Arctic, where there are no tiresome gnats, no intolerable wasps to lay their larvæ in his skin and cause him torment."

The Samoyed keeps in this migrating animal's wake; and it was in one of these migrations north that Borissoff first saw what he calls the Realms of Death.

Painting in a Temperature of 30° Below Zero

"The curious thing was that I found all as I had imagined it," he says. "The knowledge of the icebergs and the snow seemed to have been born in me. Vast stretches of glaciers with their yawning chasms of death, icebergs mountain-high — I greeted them as old friends. Living on native rations and enduring the most bitter cold, I made landscapes — or rather, icescapes — in the open, with a temperature of 30 degrees below zero.

"Sometimes it was impossible to paint. Even the turpentine froze. The paint congealed in lumps, whilst the hairs of the brushes snapped off like brittle glass. I had to put on fur gloves to hold a brush, and work with swift, energetic strokes — as the rough appearance of some of my paintings bears evidence."

All of Borissoff's paintings were done in the ice zone beyond the 70th parallel of north latitude, in the district between Archangel and the Yalmal Peninsula. He never tires of telling of the peculiar color-tones of this region, and the curious psychological effects of its distance, silence, and isolation. Living amid its singular light phenomena, where the spring-time snow turns pink against blue icebergs, and the boggy mid-summer tundra swims in a sea of orange-red against a sky of aquamarine, even the Samoyed becomes a color worshiper.

"Why does that man sit in a scarlet cloak on rose-colored snow against a solid background of dark blue?" I asked, examining one of Borissoff's paintings.

"The deep blue is an iceberg," he laughed. "Yes, and the snow is really that color — by reflection. The man is a Samoyed who bartered everything he owned — reindeer, walrus, ivory, dogs, and sledges — to an adventurous dealer from the nearest settlements for a robe of scarlet woolen stuff. Then, in his scarlet cloak, he wandered about in the sunlight for ten days, in an ecstatic trance, silent, good-for-nothing, living on his family, drunk with the glory of that scarlet garment!"

Traveling With a Woman Scout

The man was Danillo, the brother-in-law of Ireena, a woman scout of whom Borissoff speaks frequently in his reminiscences, and whose wonderful gift of "seeing" by atmospheric signs the country beyond the horizon and divining where the trails lay gave her a position of peculiar dignity among her tribesfolk. This woman was their sole and undisputed guide through the monotonous flat wastes of snow. Among the last of the pagans of Europe woman's place is certainly higher than it is supposed to have been before the dawn of Christianity. A woman like Ireena may hold the tribal-family together; revive courage in dire surroundings; decide momentous debates as to reindeer-speculation; practise medicine and surgery; withstand the redoubtable devils of blizzard and thaw; serve the bad Siadey in his bloody sanctuary; and even dare the unmentionable good god's isolating stretches of white cold, to serve an inquisitive painter from the South.

It was Ireena and Danillo who took Borissoff to the last pagan shrines of Europe, never visited before by a European.

"In the background," says Borissoff, "one sees mountains of floating icebergs of tremendous dimensions, prevented from approaching the coast by submarine reefs. Here, on the edge of the Arctic, are the cliffs containing the Holy Place, reached only after a terrible journey over icy rocks and fearful ravines, through riverbeds stuffed with snow, up snowy slopes in intricate zig-zags, where the reindeer floundered and protested."

Borissoff's Pilgrimage to the Last Pagan Shrines of Europe

Three versts' distance from the shrine, they stopped on the threshold of the Samoyed Mecca. Borissoff stumbled over huge mounds of idols heaped between cliffs, one of them so great that forty sledges could not have removed the idols. He passed mountains of deer-skulls, antlers, and skulls of polar bears; and heaps of rusty axes, knives, chains, fragments of anchors, harpoons, and parts of rifles brought as offerings over weary leagues. The Samoyeds often drive

"THE COUNTRY OF THE DEAD"—A STUDY OF THE KARA SEA IN AUGUST

"SAMOYED LOVE OF COLOR"

IN THE POSSESSION OF THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND

here from a thousand miles away, stop at the threshold of this dwelling-place of the supreme Idol-God of the polar regions, and, killing a domestic deer as the least sacrifice, besprinkle the shrine with its blood.

"People who naïvely believe that the Samoyeds are no longer heathen are greatly mistaken," says Borissoff. "Notwithstanding their being nominally Christians, they still worship their Hyes and Siadeys no less fervently than in old times. Recent bloodstains on the idols testified to recent visits; but it was only when we were about to take our departure that I learned that this was not the chief shrine at all!"

Borissoff insisting, Ireena reluctantly guided him to it, three or four versts down the coast, to the east.

"Now we passed far greater mounds of axes, knives, and other valuable offerings," he says. "The idols stood like an army around two enormous elevated, round clay altars at the very top of the mountain, cut off by a deep chasm bridged by a stone archway; but the number of bones was less than I had expected to find."

Ireena explained.

"This is the dwelling-place of Hye, the god, not that of Siadey, the devil," she said. "Hye wants for sacrifice the head of a human being or of a white bear, or at least of a wild deer. Now that white bears are harder to kill and wild deer are scarcer, it's no good for people to come here —unless in great stress. But Siadey takes anything, even domestic deer!"

"In great stress" had a grim significance. One of the skulls was obviously that of a man of Aryan race.

Further on they came on one of the sledges habitually used by the Samoyeds for the conveyance of their gods. Opening its box, Borissoff found two human-shaped idols, one of wood and the other of stone, and the images of a bear and a wolf in wood. These must have been brought out of the tundra by some sorceress, to keep real bears and wolves from some locality. As long as these objects remained at Hye's shrine, there would be no danger to the pious offerer's herds. Near by lay another curiosity. It was a piece of boulder wrapped up in red cloth. It was "sickness," removed from the tundra, beyond the sea, so as never to return to the dwellers of the Tchoom!

Borissoff lived with the Samoyeds until he had painted up all his canvases. Returning to civilization, he was immediately welcomed by enthusiastic amateurs. The sale of seventy-five pictures *en bloc* to M. Tretiakoff, of Moscow, put him on his feet financially. Count Witte took an interest in his work. The Grand Duke Vladimir remembered that he had been the first to appreciate the painter's possibilities; and the Tsar told him to go ahead with another expedition, offering to defray most of the expenses.

An Ill-Fated Expedition

So, with the zoölogist Timofeieff, and the chemist Filipoff, he soon started on a veritable white man's expedition, with a smart cutter, the "Metchka," a portable dwelling-house, kerosene stoves, scientific instruments, photographic apparatus, guns, ammunition, books, clothing, trading-stores, and food delicacies in abundance. Yet, by a strange irony of fate, the well-stocked

little expedition was destined to suffer perils and privations such as Borissoff had never dreamed of among his Samoyeds.

They set up their portable dwelling-house on the edge of the Nova Zembla tundra off the Strait of Matochkin Shar, transporting its parts and furnishings by dog-sledge. By the time this was accomplished, the "Metchka" had arrived in the Strait; and they started on a voyage into the Kara Sea. Their object was to distribute materials and provisions along the extreme northeastern coast of Nova Zembla during the fall, and to return to their house to spend the winter. In the spring they hoped to make an early start in sledges along the route of their supplies.

The Abandonment of the Ship

"It was in navigating the Sea of Kara that we encountered our first acute peril," says Borissoff. "The further north we got, the more numerous were icebergs. Often our small ship was wedged in tight between walls of ice that threatened to crush us.

"We decided to turn back; but it was too late. Winter was closing in earlier than we had anticipated; and the broken ice about us was becoming a solid field. After two weeks' battle, we had to surrender. Nature had captured us. We were being carried off into regions of certain death. Our only escape lay in abandoning our ship, and attempting to regain the coast by journeying across the dreadful sea of ice on foot. Gathering what provisions we could carry, our party of nine, including the five sailors, set out with but little expectation of ever reaching land."

Everything was put into three canoes, to be pulled along the edges of ice-banks by nine men and some twenty dogs. Soon the free water froze tight; and they had to drag the boats over the ice. The wind made this too difficult. The canoes were abandoned; and the most necessary supplies were placed on sledges made of skis. With the snow up to their waists, they plodded on — until they discovered that they were on a drifting island of ice!

Drifting Out to Sea on Floes of Ice

"We noticed that the ice a little way in front of us was flying at a terrible speed toward the north, while we seemed to be standing still; but this was merely an optical illusion — the ice in front of us was standing still, for it was shore-ice, while we were being carried at a giddy pace out to sea!

"Our only salvation was to reach the stationary shore-ice. The edge of the moving floe was grinding it into a devilish porridge. Immense blocks, weighing tens of thousands of tons, were whirled round, leaped out of the sea, climbed on each other, rearing on high, groaning and roaring, and plunging and vanishing!"

They made the crossing and dragged on inland for three days. A gentle breeze was blowing. Borissoff heard a suspicious plash of water.

PAINTING OF A SLEDGE SET UPON END FOR THE NIGHT, WITH SKINS AND MEAT HUNG UPON IT SO AS TO BE OUT OF REACH OF THE DOGS

"It was horrible to believe our ears. We climbed a hummock; and there our eyes assured us that another channel of water really separated us from firm land! The floe began breaking up. The solid ground failed beneath us. Our feet were sucked into yielding quicksands of snow and splintered ice. We threw ourselves flat to distribute our weight and clutched the larger lumps. We lost our kerosene stove, the tray for lighting fires on, some of our cartridges, and most of our instruments. The sleeping-bags, fur coats, and other remnants of our supplies we managed to save."

The despairing howls of their lost dogs cut them to the heart. The men lost courage. Borissoff and the two scientific men had to threaten the others with revolvers; and a tragedy on the ice was imminent, when they found themselves being carried into an extensive bay surrounded by lofty cliffs. On an iceberg they discovered brackish water. Later it gave them unbearable thirst, until the men cried: "Oh, God, for one small cup of warm water, to die in peace!"

Making a Fire with Seal Fat

Borissoff killed a seal and implored them to be patient while he made a fire with its oily fat to melt snow for drinking — a trick he had learned among the Samoyeds. Ravenously eating the liver, lights, kidneys, and brains raw, they began cutting the necessary pieces of fat. Borissoff would take a tiny log of firewood, cut it small, pour kerosene over it, rub it with fat, and light it. This had to be done in a tea-tin. They put fat on the fire. It burned splendidly. One small stick warmed the kettle; and the famished men were soon drinking lukewarm cocoa. During their further wanderings from floe to floe, they carried with them the embers of wood and treasured every little piece of rag and paper "to keep the lamp of our life burning as long as we should have seal fat. The wood embers seemed capable of burning for ever, provided there was enough fat!"

They grew attached to particular floes on which they had built shelters. But the sleeping-bags were becoming unendurable, the fur rubbed off, the leather wet and clammy, like the skin of a putrefying carcass. They had almost got to lying in the sleeping-bags by day, when a Samoyed declared he smelt the smoke of a native encampment. A sailor thought he heard the barking of dogs; but they paid no attention, for the howls of their own poor beasts, wandering aimlessly on the floes, often came to them. After drinking tea, they rose up and prepared to make some effort.

The Party Rescued by Samoyeds

It grew lighter. There was something moving on the shore. It could not be merely birds! They let off a gun. Two shots answered. Lines of tiny black dots advanced toward them. They were Samoyed dog-sledges. "And fancy what a stroke of luck!" says Borissoff; "they were old friends of mine, with whom I had lived on my first sojourn in the tundra!"

A STUDY MADE IN NOVA ZEMBLA AT THE TIME OF THE COMPLETE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, JULY 27, 1896

PAINTING OF A CHURCH BUILT BY M. SEBERJAKOW

Brought finally to shore by the natives, they rejoiced childishly at its contact. Here was solid land! Here were real stones! "Strange phenomenon," says Borissoff, "an hour before, we had scarcely been able to lift our weary feet. Now we wanted to leap, dance, laugh, cry, pray, and run about aimlessly! Timofeieff and I took two rifles and went along the shore northward. We ploughed through the snow, why and whither we did not know. We could not sit still. Then, when we returned to the snug tents, we ate boiled reindeer meat, drank hot tea, and lay down to sleep twenty-seven hours without once waking!" The land journey back to their portable house was accomplished in dog-sledges.

The three months' night was passed amid comfortable surroundings. They shot the white bear. They read, dreamed, told stories, and played cards interminably. They received continual visits from delighted natives, come on perilous pilgrimages to the magic European house, with its lavish food novelties, its devil-boxes that talked, sang, and played music.

When the three months' day came again, they made a great sledge expedition north to the Straits of Tchekin, called The Unknown and the Bear Straits. Borissoff, as usual, made quantities of paintings. He named one enormous glacier after Count Witte.

"One morning I went out to paint it, shining like silver in the sunlight. I had scarcely finished making the rough sketch," he tells, "when a noise of shuffling and deep breathing attracted my attention. Glancing round, I saw to my horror the shaggy white body of a great polar bear within ten feet of my back. He had been watching me paint. Now, taking my fright for hostility, he lost interest in art and advanced toward me, with a paw uplifted. Springing back, I snatched my rifle, crying: 'Oshkai! Oshkai!' hoping that my companions might hear. Dropping on one knee, I fired; but the bullet only caused the great bear to roar and dash toward me. I fired again. The shot was more effective. It slowed his progress. Then three shots rang from behind an icy boulder; for my companions had heard and come to my rescue, and I was saved."

Good luck, however, could not stay with the expedition. First, their best dogs went mad, not from hydrophobia, but from the strange craze of the ice, which affects men and dogs alike. Then food failed. The remaining dogs starved, though they killed their few reindeer to feed both themselves and the dogs. When nothing remained to kill, they were glad to eat the refuse of their previous camps. Amid hair-breadth escapes, suffering from starvation and exhaustion, they wandered back on foot to their portable house, where the arrival of the Russian military transport-ship, the "Pakhtoosoff," ended their courageous preparations for a second wintering. Leaving the house and its stores to their faithful Samoyeds and carefully packing

Borissoff's three hundred paintings, they steamed back to civilization.

Borissoff's Revelation of Arctic Color

When Borissoff arrived at St. Petersburg, the Tsar sent for him. His impression of the Emperor was of "a quiet gentleman who takes a keen delight in art." The Empress, herself a painter of portraits, was immensely interested; and the first exhibition of the paintings took place in the White Salon of the Winter Palace. Other exhibitions followed in other capitals of Europe. In Berlin, the exhibit was patronized by the German Empress; in Munich, by the Prince Regent. In Paris the French Government bought "In the Kara Sea"; while in London the court set pointed the way to all good Englishmen to their exhibition at the Grafton Galleries.

The extraordinary thing about the paintings is, of course, their revelation of the colors of the frozen world of the polar circle. In a region which our ignorant imagination shrouds in dull sepia tones, Borissoff reveals lights that we never dreamed to be on land or sea. There is an effect of strange, mysterious brilliancy in one of his largest canvases, entitled "In the Kingdom of Death." Dark icebergs tower above the open sea; while through heavy purple-black clouds, melting to blue and mauve, break lines of lurid red light from the August sunrise, that throw an orange-red glow along steely, blue-black waters.

"Midnight in the Kara Sea" — selected by the French Government's experts as Borissoff's most extraordinary production — shows a sky of glowing orange, and floes of ice drifting on black waters. An unearthly yellow-green light illumines the deep blue shadows of "A Polar Winter Night." Two polar bears stand in a great expanse of snow; the moon's rays fall across rocks and project their outline in black shade. The snow is wonderfully rendered—thick, soft, and glistening, after a recent fall.

"Looking for the Reindeer—Evening" shows a snowy landscape with a firmament of yellow. In "The Cold Became More Severe" gray plains are seen beneath a sky of clear apricot. "A Halting Place" has a dark blue-gray sky, brown-gray ice, a belt of snow, and a range of hills with patches of brown rock showing beneath the snow. Two polar bears lying dead on the ice in front are admirably done; and the whole picture is full of stern romance. The romantic quality of Borissoff's best pictures comes, in part, from the fact that he makes us understand that people live in these awful places — or have lived!

Such is the suggestion of "The Last Survivor." It shows a desolate shore where, after an exceptionally severe winter, a band of poor hunters had perished. Reverently the survivors had interred their dying comrades — until the last man died! A solitary white fox surrounded by a few bleaching bones is the central feature of the haunting picture.

"IN THE MIDNIGHT SUNSHINE"

For the most part, the pictures are small canvases, depicting glaciers, icebergs, snowdrifts, coast scenes, and the tundra in its ever-varying color-aspects, winter and midsummer, spring and autumn, with its Samoyeds, their tents, boats, sledges, reindeer, dogs, and foxes. Every imaginable atmospheric effect is given, from the wonderful glow of the midnight sun, to raw, hanging fog that can be well-nigh felt. Of the splendid richness of these effects and, quite as much, their baffling gradations, the painter never tires of telling. "One beauty of this strange nature," he says, "is the extraordinarily soft variety of tones, that can only be compared to the reflections of precious stones. And God preserve the artist from trying to follow conventional ideas as to tones and effects that may have happened to strike him as universal in the past! Offended nature will elude him. It is only by divesting oneself of prejudice that one can render these wonderful harmonies."

THE TAVERN

BY

WILLA SIBERT CATHER

In the tavern of my heart
  Many a one has sat before,
Drunk red wine and sung a stave,
  And, departing, come no more.
When the night was cold without
  And the ravens croaked of storm,
They have sat them at my hearth,
  Telling me my house was warm.

As the lute and cup went round,
  They have rhymed me well in lay;—
When the hunt was on at morn,
  Each, departing, went his way.
On the walls, in compliment,
  Some would scrawl a verse or two,
Some have hung a willow branch,
  Or a wreath of corn flowers blue.

Ah! my friend, when thou dost go,
  Leave no wreath of flowers for me;
Not pale daffodils nor rue,
  Violets nor rosemary.
Spill the wine upon the lamps,
  Tread the fire, and bar the door;
So defile the wretched place
  None will come, forevermore.

From "April Twilights."

A STORY OF HATE

BY

GERTRUDE HALL

I

AT one end of the village stood a century-old house, infinitely seemly in line and proportion, in color unblemished white. A hint of the manorial, if not the temple-like, it owed to a front of broad stairs and fluted columns, upholding a pediment which over-hung the ground-floor window-doors and shadowed the windows of the upper story. An equal dignity and rather serious beauty belonged to the arrangement of the surrounding garden. Year after year, the same plants bloomed there, the sort, mostly, we call old-fashioned. A reverence for ancestral predilections determined the colors and fragrances to be enjoyed to-day; but as these fairly accorded with the present owners', the garden remained a true expression of the house's inhabitants.

At the other end of the village, overlooking the main street, stood a new house, fruit of what seemed now and then to some one the most singularly successful research in vulgar ugliness. But to a large proportion of the villagers it embodied the last word of splendor: it had, on the face of it, cost enormously, and necessarily met the tastes of many, from the fact that it offered some specimen of every style the one who planned it had admired in any dwelling ever seen by her: turrets, balconies, projecting windows, a Renaissance roof, acres of verandah, and, ornamenting all, as lace might a lady's garment, numberless yards of intricate wooden openwork. It had originally been painted in three colors, but one day, no one divined at what prompting, a gang of workmen was seen overlaying the rich buff, russet, and green, with white, and the house stood forth among its trees no longer utterly condemnable to the more fastidious, but clothed in such redeeming grace as we might find in a person who with every fault had yet some quality of candor. Pyramidal masses of hydrangea flanked the entrance-door and spread in opaline patches upon the lawn; a round of ornamental water, with a central statue and a border of sea-conchs, supported the green pads of lilies,— the pink variety. The estate was bounded on the street by a fence of wrought iron,— more ponderous lace, in this case black.

In these two houses lived two women who frankly could not bear each other. We had nearly said two beautiful women, but the one impressed rather by charm than any unusual felicity of form, and the other, strikingly effective, "stunning," as she was frequently described, displeased almost as many as she pleased. Yet each of them had heard herself called beautiful often enough to have assumed the bearing and outlook upon life of a beautiful woman: there was something positive in the claim of each that her will should be given weight. We have said they hated each other: but each fair bosom harbored a very different sentiment from the other. Celia Compton, the charming, who lived in the peaceful ancient house, hated Judith Bray, the red-blooded beauty for whom had been built the architectural monstrosity on the main street, merely as one hates smoke in the eyes, a grating sound, or shudders at the thought of flannel against the teeth. But Judith lay awake in the night, unable to sleep for hating Celia Compton so, and would hardly have suffered more from stabs with a knife than she did from the recapitulation of what she called the slights put upon her by Celia. She turned hot and cold at the recollection, and clenched her hands while she devised sanguinary methods of getting even with her. When the sane light of day returned, these must be dropped: for Celia's offences were, after all, such as can hardly be visited with vengeance; they could not even be defined. But Judith had a companion, a poor relative whom she had taken to live with her, an insignificant, homely, middle-aged-looking young woman called Jess, who understood without definition, and with whom she could enlarge upon the subject of Miss Compton without concern for being precise as to facts or just as to

assumptions,— true only to her dislike, and correct in her sense of the dislike felt for her by Celia. It was with this Jess she planned some of the crude impertinences by which she endeavored to retaliate upon her enemy.

When Celia, at the death of her father, the Egyptologist, whose obituary notice thrust aside the daily news by an ample column, had decided to come back and spend her summers in the grandparents' house where much of her childhood had been spent, she had looked forward with infinite affection to this return to the tenderly remembered old village which she had not seen for half a dozen years. The vision of it, always in apple-blossom time, had used often to interpose between her and yellow reaches of the Nile. She had been informed, no doubt, in letters, of innovations at home, but had read, as became evident afterwards, without bringing home to herself the meaning of these communications, for it was with a shock she at last beheld them. There had been in the village, as the image of it lived in her brain, one modest store to which you went for everything. It was kept by a good, simple man whose wife and children as often as he waited upon the customers: all people with whom you in good country fashion talked over the affairs of the country-side, crops, church-festival, change of minister. In place of this now stood a large, showy building called the Emporium. One Matthew Bray, from outside, had bought out the widow of the old store-keeper, and enlarged the business as you might see. From all over the county people came to trade there. There was no longer the necessity to go by rail to the city to shop: here were dress-stuffs, trimmings, fashion-books, a millinery department. In reality the thing was not ill done, since it perfectly met a need, but Celia stared at it in helpless grief, hurt as by hearing a familiar melody bawled out of tune. Then she was driven past the new house — it was still tri-colored — and her mind was made up about the Brays.

She loved many of the village people, with whom she had stood from infancy in the simplest cordial relations. It hurt a little to discover their pleasure in these changes, the mean ambitions, as it seemed to Celia, which they were developing. She found it difficult to be just, and pardon as natural their satisfaction in the growing material prosperity brought about by the influx of people drawn by the Emporium. The widow of the old store-keeper, upon the strength of it, had opened an Ice-Cream Room. They loved the increased liveliness, too. Celia could not blame them: her winters were lively, while theirs were dull enough. But she came here for rest, the village of her love had been ideally sleepy. Now it was spoiled for her. It hurt her, too, like a needle-point of neuralgia, to observe, as she fancied, a new tone among the younger people. Were those really attempts at style and dash and smartness she witnessed in the children of good old Asah and Jerusha Brown? Heart-sick, if she allowed herself to consider the spreading of a leaven which would in time unfit the place for her habitation, she lived more secluded than had been her habit while there in former days. The old house was easily sufficient to itself in the matter of society. The family made but a small group, but friends of Celia's from the outside world succeeded each other in the enjoyment of the Comptons' hospitality, of an elegance as simple as it was graceful.

She had half suspected what pernicious admiration must be at the root of the degeneracy she perceived among the village girls, when one day — this was soon after her return — she saw Judith Bray. It was in the Emporium, for, no matter how much you hate an Emporium, if there is not the least thread-and-needle store beside, you may be forced to patronize it. The attendant, matching embroidery-silks for her, bent to say: "That across the aisle is Miss Bray." Celia looked.

For some time she had been aware of a strong feminine voice exchanging witticisms with the clerk, but had paid no attention. She saw a handsome brunette, of what she called to herself, as she thought Judith over on the way home, a crude sort of primitive beauty, as if that superb body and face had been kneaded with profusion of coarse materials and not carefully finished off: large yet quick dark eyes, a black abundance of hair, features of an indescribably triumphant cast. The physical exuberance clearly expressed in the young woman's color and molding seemed condensed in a voice and laugh whose chime cut ringingly through all contending sounds. She was dressed with conspicuous elegance, according to her own idea, which the community accepted from her. If one discarded all standards, this solid prize-fruit was certainly good to look at. Celia granted so much, but did not for the fraction of an instant relinquish her standards. Personally, she could no more relish that presence than a perfume or a flavor too pronounced; it may be doubted whether that particular perfume and flavor would have been to her taste in the weakest dilution.

While she was thus in the act of stealing glances, Judith abruptly swung round. The clerk, showing off the last importation of dress-fabrics, had whispered to her, "That just behind you is Miss Compton," and Judith, breathless

with interest, turned her full bright eye upon the one who, in Judith's own words, had been "the most important person socially" until she came.

"She looks just as I thought she would," she said low to the clerk; and she contrived to find herself near the door when Celia was leaving, and, smiling an assured smile, she said, "I am so glad to see you back, Miss Compton. I have heard so much about you, I feel as if you were already an old acquaintance. I wish you would come and see me. I suppose we are still newcomers to you, so according to the ways here it would be your place to call first, wouldn't it, though I shouldn't mind a bit coming first, if you say so. . . ."

Celia, flushing at the intolerable offensiveness to her of this, replied in a low soft voice that she was at present not going out at all, and with a bow of the most finished perfection passed forth. It had been so well done that Judith, who felt snubbed at the moment, rejected, upon consideration, the idea of a repulse, and the year after, when Miss Compton was out of mourning, sent her an invitation. Celia declined it in a note which contained not one discoverable prickle, but yet had about it an atmosphere that seemed to numb Judith's hand which held it. To the most critical examination, however, it showed nothing that was not completely civil, and the unwary Judith permitted herself to act upon the verdict of her brain, and again, and at intervals again, made overtures to Celia, of whom she had from the first glance fallen into the most extravagant admiration. It was her native conceit which prevented her for such a long time from reaching the certainty that a closer acquaintance with her was not desired. For what reason? . . . How could such a thing be? . . . She was in her proper esteem so beyond question as desirable an acquaintance as any person could have. And she was attracted by Celia as she had never been by woman or man before. Though she was far from being so humble as to wish herself in any wise altered to resemble her, it was the difference between them, no doubt, which gave such fascination for her to Celia's every way of being, her coolness, restraint, that personal pride so quiet it had the face almost of modesty, and her manner! her air! . . . Covering the house with white paint was, however, the only tribute of imitation Judith ever paid her, and it was not conscious: she had merely looked at the white house so much that she judged the paint on her own house to have become, with wear, more glaring.

It was during the third summer that Judith compassed her desire of standing within the portals of the Compton house. Celia, sitting with her mother and brother and their visitors in the shadow of the Dorian pillars, in the idleness of a warm afternoon, saw Judith's carriage approach, and — instead of passing, stop. Judith, in splendid array, descended and came forward. Celia, wondering, arose. When the ordinary formalities had been dispatched, Celia ushered Miss Bray into the long museum-like sitting-room, with the odor of strange old far-away things. Judith, while she spoke, could not keep her eyes from roving. She said, and a simple-minded, rich delight in what she had to say, and felt herself able to do, pierced through her expressions: "I understand, Miss Compton, that you don't like the idea of a line of electric cars running through our village and down to the lake. Some one said so. You think it would spoil the looks of the old street and bring a lot of rough Sunday people. I wanted to hear it directly from you, to be quite sure, for it really, when all is said, you know, depends upon my father, and my father —" she laughed with roguish audacity —"does exactly what I want him to. It's true he's set his heart on the line — it's progress, in his way of looking. But if you don't want it, there shan't be any car-line. Isn't it fun? There's a town-hall and select-men, and all that, but it really depends upon us two. My Dad will do anything I say, and I'll do anything you say. There! . . . You've only got to speak. . . ."

Celia had felt herself growing pale with the sheer force of antipathy. Her nervous hands were so near trembling, she reached to a jade cup and took from it a string of curious blue beads with which to keep them occupied. She replied in precisely modulated tones: "You are mistaken in believing I care — beyond a certain point. I had rather there were electric cars than — than certain other things. Personally, it can affect me very little — since I believe we shall soon cease altogether coming here for the summer."

Judith, the dense, went away charmed with her call. She had loitered a little while on the porch, in chatter with the company, and been escorted to her carriage by the brother. She was amply discussed after her departure, she and her errand; the brother and the other man, as far as circumstances permitted, wedging in good words for her, with half-ironical good-humor.

The small, withered gentlewoman in the rocking-chair said, "I fear you will be obliged to call upon her, Celia, after all."

Celia somberly raged. "Is one to be forced to know people whom it gives one goose-flesh to hear mentioned? The Brays have made me

feel as if boiled cabbage were reeking from every house in the village, and I am to associate with them quite as with people I like? Voluntary intercourse should signify, after all, some degree of regard, and I am to pretend — No! I will not admit the legitimacy of any tyranny which could so coerce me! I will be civil to her every time my bad luck throws us together, but seek her out I will not."

At the last of the season, nevertheless, Mrs. Compton's card and Celia's were left at the Brays', their call falling upon a day when Judith was far from home, to the knowledge of every soul in the place, Judith truly believed. Celia left on the day after, with the comfortable sense of having done her duty and deserved the crumb of favor vouchsafed her by fate.

She supposed, when she came back the following year, that her relation with the Brays was now definitely established: one formal call from each party during the season. But the first time she met Judith, she perceived instantly that all was changed. She knew she had made an enemy. How the revulsion had come about was never clear: whether owing to the mere ripening of age — Judith was now twenty-four or -five, Celia five or six years older — or the souring of a despised prepossession, or the intimacy with Jess, which began at about this time. Celia's punctilious bow met the response of as much petty rudeness as could be concentrated into a lifting of the chin and a stare. "Very well," she said to herself stonily, "if you prefer it so, it is by far the most agreeable to me."

It was not, altogether; that is, not all the time. We are seldom of a piece, and a part of Celia was chafed, and now and then saddened, by the sense of having brought about anything so unbeautiful as this hate. She could not at all moments clear her conscience of blame, and had pangs of regret — too honest with herself, however, not to know that if all were still to do, she should do the same. For another part of Celia, child of a worldly clan, felt itself eminently justified. One must keep the two worlds distinct in practice: Brethren before our Maker, we yet play the social game according to its rules. After the first, she relegated the matter to a high shelf. She had not made much case of Judith's friendship, she made scarcely more of her enmity. Her life was full of other interests, and, as she mingled less and less with the village, the reminder of Judith's sentiments toward her hardly recurred often enough to constitute an element in her consciousness. The truth is that as Judith dropped out of her existence in the character of one who could interfere with it, she disliked her less. Sometimes the flushed face with its assumed haughtiness, "cutting her dead," (Celia, with some idea, perhaps, of doing for her part a Christian's duty, continued to bow as if unaware of the insult intended her) smote her with a sense of pity at the evil passions hardening that really beautiful face. The Comptons' idea that they might have to give up the village as a summering place was forgotten. When a little chafed by some noisy exhibition of the Brays' vulgarity, Celia used to say to herself hopefully that no doubt Judith would in time marry and go to live elsewhere. She would have been amazed to discover that she was herself directly concerned with Judith's singleness. Judith, the very type of whose charms proclaimed her passionate temperament, had never among her adorers seen one she was sure would have been felt good enough for Celia. There was a story passed along in confidence — how things which the persons concerned in them never breathe come to be generally known is a mystery — that Celia would never marry, because the one she should have married, renounced on account of some deadly habit of a drug, was off somewhere at the other end of the world, fighting his weakness, or, there were those who said, having given up the fight. Judith, hearing this long before, had considered the circumstances with an aching sympathy, mingled with awe. She knew she could never have done it. If she had cared for the man,— the most brilliant man before, and now the most unhappy,— she pictured him handsome as a hero of Byron's,— she would have had to cling to him and go down into the depths together. But spinsterhood had acquired an effect of fineness for her from the study of Celia, with the destruction of her happiness so perfectly concealed that one could detect it by no sign, unless that air of detachment, sometimes, and distance and fatigue, were an expression of it. In her latter mood Judith chose savagely to despise Celia for her defection from her lover; at the same time she lent small ear to love-proffers, absorbed in a different passion. For the hatred of Celia, who did not think of her once a week, was grown to a passion.

It was at this time hardly a matter of resolve that Celia did not think of Judith, unless some vision obtruded itself of her, driving past with Jess, whose little sallow face — owing its effect of malignity perhaps to a defect of the eyes, of which one never could quite ascertain the nature — was so well fitted to set off the proud bloom of hers. A strain of magnificence had developed in her: she was perpetually organizing festivities, picnics, water-parties, lawn-parties: her garden could be seen a mile away

at night, festooned with Chinese lanterns, while the village band played among the trees, and the contingent of the village people which she had formed into "her set" ate ices on her verandah. Effluvia of these doings drifted necessarily to the Comptons.

But in time Celia began finding herself subjected to small occasional pin-pricks of annoyance at things reported to her as having been said by Judith. They were repeated without malicious intention, mostly as being funny. The village dressmaker, who sometimes sewed for Celia, was employed as well by Judith. It might almost have been supposed part of this woman's business to tell the village news while, as was the custom, one sat and sewed with her. Celia expected it as much as that she should bring her thimble and wax. Miss Greene was one of her oldest village associations, a "character" she was called, and was a privileged and much-quoted person. She felt a whole-souled allegiance to the Comptons, but no less to the new-comer, Judith Bray, who had been lavish to her as to everybody. She "did not know as the one interfered with the other." When she liked a person, the bent of her disposition was to tell her everything, but particularly whatever in the most distant way had reference to her.

She said to Celia one day, without ceasing to push her gathering needle, "You know who Judy Bray thinks you like? . . . in looks? . . . Well, you never would guess it! Not 'cause there ain't nothin' in it, though . . . for after you've been told, you'll see it at once. She says she can never see Beech — Beechnut, your dog, you know — without it makes her think of you."

Celia felt an inward start. The dog had been given her by some one very dear, and she saw at once by what perhaps unconscious association of ideas it was probable the animal had been selected for her. Some vague resemblance unmistakably existed between herself and the red-haired setter, with his delicate long face and air at once noble and mournful. She felt no inclination to resent the comparison in itself, though she knew it had been meant ill-naturedly; but she chafed under the sense of the power possessed by the first-comer to belittle one at pleasure, if it be only in words.

The remark might have passed from her mind, as originating in Judith's, but for an event forming a complement to it. Walking down the main street with Beech, she came, as she approached the Emporium, in sight of a bull-dog, hideous enough surely to take a first prize — bow-legged, goggle-eyed, crooked-toothed, a stranger in the village, where no dog had ever happened before who constituted a real danger to Beech. He was decorated with a spiked collar and a splashing cherry ribbon bow. Hurriedly Celia got her hand upon her dog's collar and drew him to the other side of the road. The bull-dog sat upon the top step of the Emporium stoop, sleepily blinking in the sun, a goodly beast of his sort, in his loose soft coat of brindled plush, but to Celia more hateful than Cerberus. "Whose is that brute?" she asked a boy lounging near the village horse-trough, and heard what she had expected, for she had not failed to notice Judith's cart in waiting near the Emporium door. A flame of real hatred shot up within her and burned earnestly for a moment. Those who have not a dog cannot conceive the sensitiveness of the spot in their master's heart reserved for them. The contemplation of this constant menace henceforth to Beech, with the alternative of a confinement he had never known, generated in Celia desires almost murderous toward the heavy-jawed antagonist, over there. She seized the full reach of Judith's clumsy attempt at *esprit:* Having pointed out the likeness between Beech and his mistress, she had procured a pet resembling herself, as it was her humour to suppose she appeared in the eyes of Celia. She had succeeded this time to the extent of her intention in embittering existence to Celia. A nervous fear lest there should be an encounter between the proud, gentle Beech and that ruffian — the report reached her that his facetious name was Punch — destroyed all possible enjoyment of walks even in the remotest by-paths and woods, for, supposing Judith to maintain this dog for her annoyance, what sense of bounds or fairness would constrain her?

A long time passed, however, without sign of the enemy in her remoter walks; and she had come to feel secure once more and let her dog range along unleashed, when one day, nothing being further from her thoughts, Beech's voice came to her ear, tangled in quarrel with another, and her heart told her that the event so dreaded was upon them. She ran, with shaking knees, and saw at a glance the worst she had feared. Celia was not a coward, but a certain permanent sense of the physical means at her command compelled her to stand helpless, crying out and beating the air with her hands. Judith, appearing upon the scene a moment later, white with fright, too, plunged at the fighters, and having by force of rage and fury of muscle got mastery over her dog, was with one hand belaboring his big head, while with the other twisted in his collar she shook and choked him. She stopped, suddenly without strength, and looked over at Celia, who, trembling from head to foot, was clinging to Beech. As their

glances met, concentrated indignation shot from Celia's eyes. "I hope you are satisfied!" she said.

Judith, after a moment's pause, which appeared owing to amazement, flourished in the air, for Celia to see, a bitten and bleeding hand, and said in her harsh, impudent laugh, "I hope *you* are!" while yet Celia could not fail to remark that pain or some other emotion was forcing tears into her eyes. Too angry to be in the least moved by them, she turned away.

It was only in recollection that she did grudging justice to Judith's conduct; but the initial wrong and the whole blame of the occurrence being so signally hers, she felt under no obligation of acknowledgement. What became of Punch she never inquired. He was not seen again in those latitudes. The injury received, however, was of a kind which the tender mistress of Beech was not likely to remit, and the remembrance of it went to intensify the effect of scorn with which upon another occasion she met an impulsive tender of Judith's, prompted by penitence. . . . And after that there was no more question between the women of anything but hate to the extent of their respective capacities.

The reinforcement of ill-will in this case arose from a question of so innocent and fragile a thing as wild orchids. Celia alone in all the country-side knew where any were to be found. Her grandmother had taken her as a child to the solitary place in the woods, and it had been her fancy to preserve the secret, but for one exception or two. The donor of Beech had visited the fairy recess with her, and the odor of it now had power to evoke past words and scenes almost more than anything left of that poor romance. The thoughts she had there thought first seemed year after year to be still lying in wait for her there. It was her habit to gather the flowers with discretion and reverence, distributing them as if they had been so much gold. Any wild orchid seen in a village sitting-room was sure to be noticed with the remark, "I see you've had a call from Miss Compton," and it seemed agreed that one should expect them only from her hand. Celia, seeking the hushed green haunt one summer morning, her head as always on those pilgrimages lost in its old dream, upon reaching the dell where her eyes looked for sparks of pink against the lace of ferns, was startled by the sight of Judith, solid and ample. One hand grasped a bunch of orchids, the other was still busily harvesting. What she saw in Celia's face as Celia recognized her, Judith alone could tell. But instead of anything their immediately preceding intercourse could have led Celia to look for, Judith went to her quickly, and, holding out the flowers for her to take, blurted forth, "It's a burning shame! . . . . Of course they belong to you, and I'd no business. . . ." But Celia looked at her with eyes of judgment, and, with a gesture of utter rejection, turned. Judith scattered her nosegay angrily upon the earth, and the two women, as fast as ever they could, widened the distance between them.

After that, each according to her nature entertained her aversion. In Celia the act consisted in as perfect an exclusion from her thoughts of the other, now altogether outside the pale of consideration, as her will could compass. She refused to be concerned with such ugliness, or have her life vulgarized by the sentiments which befitted it. In Judith it formed an undercurrent of excitement, never quite below consciousness, and at the root of many an action of hers which from the surface would have seemed to have no relation with it. Other factors in Judith's life there were combining with her sense of Celia's disesteem and her revolt against it and requital of hatred, to give her character a touch of lawlessness in its audacity; her wealth, her power over her father, her ascendency over the imaginations of the plain villagers. It was finally felt that she believed everything permitted to her, and an occasional exaggeration in hard, hare-brained boldness made a beginning of division in opinion about her among those whom her generosity and good-humor had first made all alike her adherents. From time to time inevitably the rivals crossed each other's path, when Celia's superiority was confirmed to her by the cold freedom of mind she could maintain under the test, while Judith's tortures were manifest in the loud fool she made of herself, with the cheap drama of her flashing eye and imperial attitudes.

Thus, while weeks grew to months and months to years, under the genial light of day and the beauty of the nights, amid innocent occupations and simple pleasures and natural relations satisfying to the heart, the two carried about, with as little fear as if it had been some such thing as Judith's diminutive pet alligator brought home from the South, or the diamond snake with which Celia fastened her lace, the sentiment destined to find its termination in such tragic horror.

II

Celia, after a round of visits, had come late this year to their country-house. Miss Greene, called in to make shorter a walking-skirt for country rambles, as she stitched, told the news, according to her wont. She had discovered

that she was more acceptable to Celia when she left the Brays out of her conversation, just as she was more acceptable to Judith when she turned it upon the Comptons. As this diminished her immediate store of topics while at the Comptons — village doings were so inwoven with the Brays' affairs — Miss Greene felt obliged to extend the radius which her reports took in.

"You ever drive over Quarryville way these days?" After an interval of silence, long for her, she thus started a new subject.

"I haven't driven there for a long time. Do you think it a pretty road? I have never cared for it."

"No, no more do I. It ain't tree-sy, nor yet there ain't nothin' much to see of any sort. But Miss Goodrich she drove over there this summer early, she's got a relative livin' over there, and — Did you ever notice between this and there a little tumble-down farm-house jest a little mite off the road? I don't believe there's more'n half a dozen houses between here and Quarryville, so you must have seen it, though perhaps you never took no particular notice. Tell you what you might remember it by. It's got an oleander-tree in a box near the door in the front yard. The man and woman who live there come from some furrin place and are most as black as colored people. They've been there a long time, five or six years, I guess, and have got a vegetable-garden and a corn-patch. I guess you never took no notice. Well, Miss Goodrich, drivin' past on her way home from visitin' her relative, stopped there jest by chance — I forgit now whether a rain-storm come up or she wanted a drink o' water — but there in that 'most black woman's house she see the fairest boy-baby she says she ever set eyes on. Then she began askin' questions, and the woman owned 't warn't hers, and it come out, not all at once, but gradually, for Miss Goodrich she was interested, that when that baby was nothin' but a few weeks old, a well-dressed lady, she might have been fifty or so, brought him to her in the carry-all from the depot, and said would she keep him and bring him up as her own, and here was a sum o' money and there to be the end o' the whole thing. You can't rightly tell how much she give her, the woman don't let on, and as she don't talk much English, it's sort o' hard gettin' things out o' her. But I shouldn't wonder if it had been somethin' like a thousand dollars. I guess it was as much as that, for she was a fashionable-lookin' lady. And from that day to this not a word nor a sign further, and the woman ain't no more idea than you or me who the lady was or whose child she's got. But she ain't any children of her own, nor ever has had, and he's a purty little fellow, and she don't seem to mind the care of him any more 'n if he was her own. The lady never left any name to call him by,— she jest wanted to wash her hands of him, that's clear enough,— and the woman calls him Larry, 'cause she thinks that's one of our names. But it's queer, ain't it, the whole thing? If it wasn't so far I'd drive over myself, jest out o' curiosity. I sh'ld think you'd like to, Miss Ceely. Things like that, that sounds as if they come out of a story-book, is in your line, I sh'ld jedge."

Celia remembered afterwards, marvelling, how small hand she had had in the incidents which brought her to the place where a treacherous fate lay in wait for her. It seemed to her that her will had been at every step counter to the direction she finally must take.

It was a friend on a visit to her, who, when in the afternoon they hesitated in the choice of a drive, proposed Quarryville. Celia, though in the least degree repelled, could find no reason for setting aside the suggestion. But she regretted — yet again without good reason, as she argued with herself — having permitted just the sort of person this gifted and charming Mary Havens could not help being, to be present at her trying-on with Miss Greene. They had no difficulty in recognizing the house. The oleander stood beside the door-step in the rough front yard, where common flowers and flourishing weeds made about an even mixture. Among them toddled a child in a faded pink slip. As Celia reined in the horse that they might pass slowly, Mary Havens, before Celia knew what she intended, jumped out, and Celia saw her in a moment more, down in the tall grass, scrutinizing the child's face, and heard her foolish, eager chatter at him. Celia waited, with a misleading effect of patience, looking off at the meadows on the other side, in an unaccountable distaste, till she became aware of Mary trying to find footing for the child in front of her knees.

"Look at him!" Mary said to her in an impressed tone, "Isn't he *different?*"

Celia, in the supposition that any baby lifted off his feet by a stranger would scream, had braced her nerves for the shock. But as she looked at the child, she ceased to think of that, her displeasure with Mary dispersed.

He was a being after her own heart, that was all,— exactly after her own heart. She had not the general love of children common in women, which seemed proof that this one who so captured her fancy must have about him something extraordinary. He was so fair that the sun to which he was indiscriminately exposed could not prevail against his firm, uniform,

healthy whiteness. He was large for his small age,— for though he could walk, it was plain he could not yet talk, or else he did not regard language as necessary, for not by one sound did he depart from his self-possessed dumbness. The soilure of the earth upon it could not make his splendid little face funny. A straight-limbed, strong, calm, fearless, and somewhat solemn baby, noble in size, noble in the whole effect of him, with just a touch of something which melted the heart in his wide, sweet, steady, unsmiling eyes and the drooping arch of his lip. We have described him as he appeared to Celia.

"He looks like a king," she breathed, "or like a prophet!"

"That's just it — I couldn't define it. Think — think of rejecting a creature like that! Why — if he had been mine ——"

Celia was not listening. She had taken in hers one of his little strong, firm, white hands, beautiful in shape, in texture surpassing, and, quite absorbed in him, pressing it as earnestly as if she entered into a compact with him, was saying over to him just "Larry . . . Larry . . ." in her voice itself a communication and a caress.

After a little he wearied of these women, and turned his back upon them to look at their horse. They became aware of a woman not far from the carriage-step, clothed in the nondescript dark cotton dress of a poor farmer's wife, a once bright kerchief around her neck. She was swart in color, with straight, good features, severer in expression than were her brown eyes, which suggested possibilities of kindness when need should arise. She smiled deferentially and said nothing. It might easily be supposed that English was not her tongue. Miss Havens fell upon her with questions, which Celia cut short by hurrying their departure.

But the thought of Larry would not leave her, and it brought disturbance almost, making her feel, as she had never felt, a loneliness in her life, an emptiness. The appeal he had made to her was beyond anything she had imagined of her nature; the sense of him haunted her, his image passed before her ten times an hour, a heroic yet divinely innocent little figure, possessing indescribable affinities with her deepest soul, or, if this were infatuated imagination, fulfilling at the very least her every taste.

When Miss Havens had left, not before, she returned to see him, alone. And after that, at intervals growing more frequent, she went, sinking deeper, as she found, in attachment to this child, instead of recovering from her unaccountable fancy, as it had seemed not quite impossible one might.

A drop of bitter it was to her, as when in blowing bubbles one gets a taste of soapwater, to realize after a time that her interest in Larry had become a subject of discussion in the village. Even some perversion of her remark that he looked like a small predestined Knight of the Grail came back to her ears, with the effect of a humorous sally. It was almost enough to make one resolve not to see him any more. Such a thought, however, could be but momentary: her new love had too strong a hold on her, and she was grown philosophical, she believed, where village gossip was concerned.

Dimly there formed in the background of her mind the thought that sometime, if certain matters could be arranged, she might make herself responsible for Larry's future. She had no idea of forsaking him, ever; but he was happy, for the present, and well cared for where he was. The woman was kind to him, and she was a person of natural good sense. Celia could see him as often as she pleased; in a manner already she directed his small affairs. The subsidized Cape Verde Islander bathed and kept him clean and observed hygienic practices, to her full of mystery. Closely as her heart was involved, a perfect prudence restrained Celia: there certainly was no occasion for haste in coming to any determination, and the thought lurked within vague undergrowths of her mind that perhaps time would bring forth some effect of taint in this fruit of strange parentage, which the present superbly triumphed over.

It was after an absence from him of perhaps a week, that, coming upon Larry as he played among the weeds, she spied upon the ground near him a toy of the richest and gaudiest. The sight of it gave her heart a sharp pang before her brain had framed the smallest theory of it. She had taken Larry upon her arm — his weight did but charm her; holding him, she went about the house calling for Julia, the foster-mother. She was not to be found, though the doors were open. Celia sat down with Larry upon the door-step and took up the dazzling puppet, a male doll with a squeak. She turned it about, sniffing it with faint, jealous dislike, as if by some emanation from it to divine whence it came, what it meant. Unenlightened, she at last, though without hope, asked the baby, "Who gave it to you, Larry?" He only put out his hand for it masterfully, fumbled its satins, waved it up and down in the air, and cast it far.

Celia derived from the woman, returning by and by from the field, that the doll was the gift of Judith Bray. The woman did not know the young lady's name, but her broken and laborious description was perfectly illuminating to Celia. According to the woman's story, Judith had

been there three times within the week, bringing extravagant gifts for Larry, over whom she screamed with admiration and whom she fondled as if she would eat him. Celia felt ice hardening about her heart. That day she spoke decisively to Julia of her intention to take Larry off her hands. When she had understood, Julia unexpectedly gave evidence of satisfaction; explaining that this would be for them a desired thing: her husband had been wishing for some time to move away from there and go to a factory-town, where the child would be a hindrance. Celia remembered the money the couple were supposed to have received for the care of Larry; the man had no doubt some plan of outlay for his little capital; her scheme and theirs fell into accord. Celia impressed it upon Julia before leaving that Larry was from that moment forth to be regarded as hers, her property. She proposed to fetch him as soon as suitable preparations could be made, after which Julia and her husband, delivered for good and all from the burden and expense of him, would be free to go where they were more likely to make their fortunes than here.

With grave, peculiar tenderness, Celia, before leaving, took up the baby and searched his little face, looked deep into his eyes, which told her of his mysterious little soul no more than before. She knew it was like trying to force open a shut flower. "Whatever happens now, dear," she said to him, though without audible words, "we two go together. All that happens to you, happens to me. If you are in the future to be bad or afflicted, I am to be unhappy. But I will never repent, remembering the glory of you now." She wondered, seriously, at so beautiful a thing being permitted to live. She kissed him many more times than she usually did, upon his eyes, his cheeks, his forehead,— he was royally passive under kissing — and having left him, almost as if something had warned her, she went back and pressed him to her a last time. As she started the horse, she held up a finger to Julia at the gate, in reminder of their agreement; Julia smiled back her good trustworthy smile.

Celia had expected to meet with objections at home; they were more obstinate than she had looked for. But Celia was sure of her way where only her relatives' prejudices were opposed as a barrier. She had the whip-hand of an exceptional devotion from them, fairly earned, no doubt. In this case she was able to allay some anxieties, some difficulties she overrode; all were surprised at the willingness she displayed to make a genuine sacrifice of interests. There was conducted a quiet, polite domestic campaign, at the closing of which she was granted unconditionally, with whatever grim forewarnings, an open field in which to make her life's mistake.

A little out of conceit with the whole matter, from the weariness of this contending — impressed, too, in spite of herself, with the pertinence of some of the objections which had been made, but staunch in her main purpose, she at last set forth to fetch Larry. As she passed the Brays' house, a sickly surge of resentment rose from her momentary general disaccord with the world, and beat against the windows that were Judith's, for it had been she who indirectly precipitated this adoption: without her and the indefinable pollution of her caresses, all being allowed to come to its ripeness naturally, there would not have been this effect of strain and muffled discord in bringing home the son-elect. Judith's windows were shuttered; her gay, long-fringed hammocks taken in. Celia had heard that she was gone unexpectedly early this year.

But why — why were the windows of the grey farm-house closed and shuttered too? What could be the meaning of that? Celia could hardly believe her eyes. Never once had she seen them closed. And the door was closed, and the garden empty, and the clothes-line gone, the oleander gone. She remained for a time without getting out of the carriage, staring in puzzlement over at the house. It was like something in a dream. When she got out, she found that her knees were unsteady, and wondered at it, because she as yet felt little but a futile effort of the brain to find some common explanation of these circumstances, which only superficially, of course, seemed so unnatural. Why should not Julia for once in her life have gone on a visit, or a jaunt, or an errand? It was a long knowledge of all the conditions which made this surmise insufficient. Celia fumbled with a shutter and got it open. She made blinders with her hands and peered in. Then her heart sank away, as if one should suddenly find by the touch that a person one supposed alive was dead. It was a house from which the inmates plainly had moved away. She made the circuit of the house, examining things. All told the same story, no possibility of deceiving oneself. They had gone. Celia went to the gate and seated herself upon a stone facing the house, and stared at it. She felt no pain. Indeed, something said within her, in the tone she took discussing things sometimes, when she was drawing from a worldly philosophy: "Well, it simplifies matters." The solution first to present itself satisfied her. The same who had placed Larry there had come for him. Perhaps they had got wind of the proposed adoption,— Julia was deeper than had been suspected,—

and in order that the darkness they evidently sought should be ensured past all doubt, they had prevailed upon the foster-parent to leave, like the Arabs. No house was so near that she might to any purpose have made inquiry, if she had cared to do that. But, as has been said, she was satisfied. What had happened seemed to her obvious and what, had she been a little wiser, she would have been prepared for. As she rose, she laughed, or did something more or less like it, and said aloud for the crows to hear: "What a fool I was to suppose that anything I cared so much about could go right!" She got into her phaeton and drove back. She said to them at home, and the hard sadness setting her features was in its effect vindictive, "You see, you are to have your wish, after all." To make investigation did not even later enter her mind. She would not grant to her persecuting fate the joy of beholding her tortured with suspenses or uncertainties. She was persuaded of the worst. Her heart told her it was finished with that dream.

After that she tried to make the best of her position, to keep her mind fixed upon the advantages of her defeat. But the persistent image of Larry, the memory of his thousand ways of being dear and The Only, with the thought of never seeing him again or knowing anything further about him, made her struggle for an ordinary exterior at moments more than difficult. She came to learn the measure of the cheated feminine tenderness which, denied any natural channel, had fastened so hungrily upon that child of strangers, when it was thrown back useless upon her heart. She selected finally, to dwell upon, the best of all the possibilities: that among the people who had claimed him back — of fine race, if he resembled them — he would find all for the absence of which he had been pitied: the tender love of parents, the opportunities of a privileged life. She agreed that his case would be better than if he had been left to her. But after she had by arguments persuaded herself, when by her own logic she had reason for rejoicing, there closed down upon her a melancholy such as she had at intervals in her life suffered from before. The experience was like going into a tunnel, of which nothing could avail to lighten the darkness until by the grace of God one came out at the other side of the hill. There was no fighting it off by reason, no discovering an adequate cause for it, no foreseeing the moment of its end. One endured it like a prolonged bad dream, wherein the magnified affections shake one in one's helplessness at their will. At such times all that had ever been pain, disappointment, defeat, however long recovered from, came again to perfect life in memory, while all that had been happy, diminished to insignificant proportions, retreated out of sight. "Why do I feel like this?" Celia could still ask herself by daylight, and repeat, "Everything is all right." But in the night time the power of the thing was complete.

She had at last, after some three days of such nerve-sickness, taken something to assist sleep. But the small hours found her, in spite of all, awake and staring into the dark, with her troubled mind harping upon the same chords. She sat up in bed, old sorrows bleeding afresh with the new; she took her confused head between her hands, and was voicing the unreconcilement of millions before her and to follow: "Why is everything I love made into an instrument to punish me? What have I done? Why all this senseless pain and calamity to me? Why to me one after the other two losses such as, coming singly in a life, would be enough to darken the sun? Are you, stupid blind Fate, weaving a pattern in which the same design must repeat itself? For is it justice that twice I should have the thing my heart had grown around taken from me, and not in the terrible legitimate way of death, but just placed out of reach and sight, while I torture myself with wondering what may be happening to make the beloved suffer? . . . Oh, Larry, why . . . why this dismay inseparable from the thought of you?" The torture of the visions of Larry which, spite of her shuddering repudiation, would obtrude themselves, was such now that even in her morbid mood she recognized something disproportionate in it, and had clear-sightedness to attribute it to a reaction from the narcotic. She tried to get herself more normally awake. She strained her eyes to see the figures upon her watch, and a sort of patience fell upon her, ascertaining that in an hour or so it would begin to be day, by the light of which the worst never appears quite so unendurable. She felt cold now, and drawing up her quilt went through the forlorn mockery of composing herself to sleep.

Perhaps for a moment without knowing it she dozed, for when the barking of Beech, who slept in the laundry, roused her with a start, it was certainly lighter, she could distinguish the vine-branches against her window. The muffled bark of lugubrious timbre came again and again, deadened by distance and doors. The shock of the first outburst — her heart had seemed to roll over — had plunged Celia into what we call, when children suffer it, a fit of the horrors. Twitching, she sat up again, and receiving from Beech's voice, as his angry barks multiplied, a message of warning, she kept her eyes instinctively fixed upon the square of light.

She slept on the ground-floor, and a garden-walk passed under her window. A figure now darkened it. It could hardly be said that she was frightened, she seemed to have turned to stone. Some one tapped, then stood peering in and making signs. As she did not stir, the tapping was repeated, urgent and more urgent. She arose and with less astonishment than seemed explicable, recognized Judith Bray, who whispered gaspingly, "Let me in, let me in — you must!" At this point was entered by Celia a quite different phase of sensation. Now that there seemed to be something to do, a call upon her for she as yet did not know what, her nerve got back its tensest steadiness, her mind its calm,— she was the effective daughter of a long line of effective people.

She had signed the auroral intruder to a side-entrance, the furthest from the sleepers in the house, and when they had tip-toed back to her own chamber and noiselessly closed its door, she re-entered her bed, being conscious in an undercurrent fashion of cold. As her eyes consulted Judith, the livid atmosphere in which her bad dreams had been enacting themselves through the night was shot with sanguine. Judith's face prepared the mind for revelations which should smother. That touch of excess which, however expressed, had always been an element in the repugnance with which she inspired Celia, showed itself now in a haggardness beyond all one could conceive a person achieving in the brief space since the girl had been seen at the gate of her garden jesting with the passers. She was bareheaded; the wide hood of a travelling-cape, which had perhaps replaced her hat, lay back, and her blown hair made a great wreath to her bloodless face. Her breathing spoke of a merciless excitement driving her heart.

Celia sat up and clasped her knees with cramped fingers, pale with the gray pallor of the dawn, in which her long coppery hair was just beginning to glimmer a little — with the gilt picture-frames, and the griffins of the candlesticks, and the like. "Well?" she said.

"Oh, I don't know how to tell you!" broke forth Judith, and the manner of this first utterance exposed shockingly the fact that here stood that sickening anomaly, a Judith clean emptied of spirit, pride, or courage: "How shall I tell you?"

"Hush! . . . Speak lower!"

"Oh, who cares? . . . I have brought him back to you ——"

"You have brought back whom?" Celia inquired in blank wonder, "You have brought back — No, no, you don't mean — What? You never can mean *Larry?*"

"I do. . . . For pity's sake *wait* till I've told you . . ."

"Then it was *you* who took him away? . . ."

"Yes, it was. . . . And now I've got him dead on my hands!"

Celia's understanding could not at once fully grasp this which was offered, and she remained open-mouthed and mute.

"Of course it was I took him. Do you mean you didn't even suspect me? . . . When I found you meant to have him, I couldn't let you, that's all. You had been so mortally mean. . . . But that wasn't the whole. I could see all you saw in him, too. I was just as crazy about him as you. And when I heard you were going to adopt him, the thought came in a flash, 'Why shouldn't I?' as long as I meant never to marry. And it seemed a great lark, a good one on you, just lifting him away like that. I paid a good price, I can tell you. But what does all that matter now? . . . We were going to drive him to Jess's home in the country — Jess said she knew all about babies — and then, after a time, he was to reappear here as an orphan I'd adopted. You would recognize him, of course, but what could you do? . . . When I think of the light-hearted way I went into this thing, I could kill myself. . . . But it's going to kill me, anyhow. Oh, you shouldn't have treated me so . . . I have a heart, too! But what do you care? . . . I did care about him, though. I did. I did. You can't hate me as much as if I hadn't truly cared. That little fellow had got a sort of hold on me nothing has ever had. You should have seen him when we left, all in laces and embroideries, like a little fairy prince. And he seemed all right. We stopped the first night at a country hotel, and Jess and I gave him his bath and fed him, just as nice. . . . We drove all the next day. He seemed interested in the things we passed. The night after that we were at a hotel again. I thought something wasn't quite usual with him, but Jess said it was all right, and wouldn't hear of my calling in a doctor. And suddenly, in the middle of the night, when we were both asleep, I was wakened by a sound, and I don't know what was wrong — he was struggling, he seemed to be choking, and after just the shortest time he was still, and anyone could see how it was. We were so frightened we didn't know what to do. We didn't dare call anybody, and Jess got so scared thinking all sorts of things which might happen, how we might be called to account before the law, that, will you believe it, she wouldn't stay with me a second longer. She put on her things and the instant it was light off she started for her home. Then — I can never tell you how I did it. I

dressed him and wrapped him up and wound my veil around his head, and I asked for my carriage, and I haven't stopped since, except to feed and water the horse ——"

"Do you mean . . . ." gasped Celia.

"Yes . . . Outside . . ."

Celia pressed her drained face to her knees and beat the bedclothes with her hands.

"That's the way I feel, too," said Judith, with a dizzy movement of her hand across her forehead, "I want to scream aloud till I go mad."

Celia was moaning into the covers.

"Stop, stop, you poor thing!" Judith's breath caught in her throat, and her hand travelled tremblingly toward Celia's shoulder, "Oh, I know — I know how you feel! Don't . . . Don't! . . . you poor thing. I've been and done it, haven't I. . . . There was no one — no one like him, nor ever will be again. A human flower, wasn't he? . . . And why I should come here to the one I've hurt most and who must hate me worst, I don't know. . . . I suppose it's the way criminals give themselves up. Unless it's because, as I've hated you so, and had good reason to, and you've known it, I felt you would understand better than the others. Then, you've got brains, you can tell me what to do. After driving those millions of miles with that poor angel like lead upon my arm, I haven't an idea in my head beside . . . I'm afraid to go to my father —" She shivered. "He's been sick of my pranks for some time. You will stand by me, Celia Compton, just for the first? . . . I could have been devoted to you, if you had let me. . . . . You know I was never anything but a soft-hearted fool — and now to have upon my soul the responsibility of this ghastliness. . . ."

Celia had got up, and with the dainty carefulness forming part in her of that second nature which stands us in stead when the directing faculties are dazed, was fastening up her hair.

"First," she said, "we shall have to call my brother. Then go to your father."

At these words, which could be interpreted as a promise of assistance, Judith laid down her head, and let tears at last have their way with her. In floods more and more uncontrolled they came. Celia stood over her, but even a racking compassion could not make her touch the heaving figure. "The fault was more mine than yours," she said, with dry lips and inexpressive voice, like that of an oracle, or a sleeper speaking. "In the bottom of my heart I must have always known that the blame of our silly feud was with me. With a word I could have set everything right. What are you? . . . A leaf in your own passions. But I know what I am about, and do what I do deliberately.

And with a heart just a little larger . . . but now, as you say, between us, we've done it. But you need not blame yourself as much as me. . . . Come. You must go outside and remain with . . . with him, while I explain to my brother. In a moment it will be sunrise."

As Judith's strength and command over her will seemed now to have forsaken her, Celia helped her to her feet and guided her out of the house. It was a shock, turning the corner, to find the carriage directly at hand, high upon the lawn. The pearl-grey carriage-rug lay massed upon the seat.

The sweet daylight brightening over all the familiar things had its moment of trying to convince that the strange and terrible must be unreal. Only, there upon the carriage-seat lay the proof that the past belief was true. Celia stood, her eyes held by it, a chill from it stealing congealingly upon her. And as at the sight, with the horror, the sorrowfulness of it all smote her directly upon the heart,— and the sense, at last fully brought home, of the ruin of the most adorable thing the earth had given her to know wrung from her a scalding quintessence of tears, — her eyes closed against the image that would form of what the grey folds concealed, and her figure swayed. Judith, beside her, had been struggling to screw her nerve to the point where it might be subjected once more to the strain that had broken it down; but at the sight in accusing daylight of the burden which must be taken up again, her whole being recoiled with such violence that her head jerked convulsively back and her hand reached out for something steadying — and the two women, in a common anguish before their work, clung to each other for support.

HIS NEED OF MIS' SIMONS

BY

LUCY PRATT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

"JES look, Miss No'th! Looker w'at's comin' down de road!"

Miss North turned her head inquiringly, and Ezekiel continued to comment enthusiastically.

"It's ole Arch'bal' Smiff," he declared, with lively appreciation, though in the near distance Archibald failed to look as aged as Ezekiel might have led one to expect. "Yas'm, 'tis; dat's ole Arch'bal' Smiff. Now, w'at dey-all doin' 'im dat-a-way fer? Look, Miss No'th! Dey's jes a-*chas*in' 'im down de road!"

Miss North stopped a moment and glanced back at the rapidly approaching Archibald.

"They are probably just chasing him for fun, aren't they?" she began reassuringly.

"'Tain' no fun ter git w'ite men chasin' after yer dat-a-way," objected Ezekiel.

There were excited shouts from the passing, jostling runners, and Archibald turned and cast a momentary exalted, half-dramatic smile on Miss North.

"They are just in fun, you see. Come, Ezekiel, I want you to go on with me, and bring back some books that I order; will you?"

"Yas'm — yas'm, I'll go on wid yer, Miss No'th; but look like ole w'ite men's gwine ketch 'im, too, doan't it?"

"Catch him? No. Why should they want to catch him?"

"Cert'nly make me think 'bout de time dey-all come a-chasin' af' Jonah w'en I'se ter Mis' Simons'. An' I reckon, ef 'tain' been fer Mis' Simons, dey'd 'a' ketch 'im, too. But Mis' Simons she jes 'ntirely dis'range dey plans."

"How did she do that?" questioned Miss North, suddenly interested.

"W'y, she jes *done* it," explained Ezekiel, explicitly.

"I see; but — how? Did Jonah get into some — some trouble?"

"Ya'as, ma'am! An' he jes did!" assured Ezekiel dramatically; "but Mis' Simons she jes completely dis'range de whul plan. W'y, yer see, it wuz dat ve'y day de Cap'n went off ter de ho'se fair, an' lef' 'er all 'lone wid jes me an' Sarah an' Marg'ret an' — an' — well, he *would* 'a' lef' 'er wid Jonah, too, but, yer see, Mis' Simons she foun' she's 'blige sen' Jonah on a r'al 'mportant erran'. 'Twuz 'long 'bout free o'clock in

de evenin', an' I wuz in de gyarden a-waterin' de yaller lily-baid, an' Jonah he wuz a-hoein' on de li'l' paff where cut 'roun' siden de baid, w'en Mis' Simons step up an' say, 'Jonah,' she say, 'I want yer ter stop a-hoein' an' do a erran' fer me,' she say.

"'Yas'm,' Jonah answer 'er. Yer see, Jonah think a awful heap o' Mis' Simons, an' allays seem ter wanter do jes like she ax 'im ter. Co'se, ef he ain't wanter, w'y, I s'pose he'd 'a' did it jes same anyway, but he jes natchelly *is* wanter. So, 'Yas'm,' he say, an' Mis' Simons 'mence tellin' 'im all 'bout it. She look up in de sky ez she's talkin', too, at de sun, where's shinin' righ' down stret inter de yaller lilies, an' she say: 'Co'se yer'll be back 'fo' dark, Jonah; doan' be no longer'n yer's *'blige* ter, 'cuz we *wants* yer back 'fo' dark.'

"An' Jonah smile at 'er an' say he'll go 'long right smart, an' Mis' Simons smile back at 'im an' say, well, not ter kill 'isself 'bout it; an' den Jonah he lef' us dere siden de lily-baid, an' de sun a-shinin' down jes same.

"'Zekiel,' Mis' Simons 'mence after w'ile, an' 'er voice soun' kine o' slow an' dreamin' like, "Zekiel, does yer s'pose yer'll ever git ter be 's good a man 's Jonah?'

"'Wha'm?' I say, kine o' s'prise w'en she ax me right out ez plain's dat. 'Yas'm, I s'pose I is, Mis' Simons,' I say.

"She look at me r'al quick an' laf, same way I seen 'er do ser many times befo'.

"'I doubt it,' she say, still a-smilin'; 'I doubt it, 'Zekiel.'

"Well, co'se I ain' know jes 'zackly w'at she mean talkin' dat-a-way, but look 'mos' like she think I *ain't* ser good's Jonah is, an', anyway, I ain't r'ally like way she spoke, so, 'Yas'm,' I say, 'I reckon I *kin* be jes ez good's Jonah!' I say, an' — an' I didn' 'mence ter cry, nudder, but — but I 'mence hoein' on de li'l' paff, an' waterin' de yaller lilies, twell Mis' Simons pat me light 'n' sof' on de haid — kine o' laffin', too.

"'W'y, yes, co'se, 'Zekiel,' she say, *'co'se* yer's gwine be ez good's Jonah! An' I jes reckon yer'll be 'blige tek 'is place now twell he gits back, too! W'y — w'y, I couldn' git 'long 'thout yer noways, could I, 'Zekiel?' She ben' down while she's talkin' an' pick a yaller lily f'um de baid. 'Jes see it ketch de sun!' she say. 'Doan't it look like gole a-shinin'! Doan't yer reckon I better tek a whul bunch ter Mis' Myers, 'Zekiel?' she say. 'She's sick, yer know — po' Mis' Myers!'

"'Yas'm,' I answer 'er, an' 'mence pickin' de bunch fer 'er.

"'An' you'll tek cyare o' de place w'ile I'se gone, won't yer, 'Zekiel? I kin trus' yer jes

"'I COULDN' GIT 'LONG 'THOUT YER NOWAYS, COULD I?' SHE SAY"

same's I kin Jonah, cyan't I? Ya'as, co'se. I ain' gwine be gone ve'y long, nudder,' she say; 'jes long 'nough ter give Mis' Myers de flowers, an' talk a li'l', or p'r'aps read a li'l'—' an' same time she's tellin' me 'bout it she 'mence walkin' off down de paff.

"Praesen'ly she turn 'roun' ag'in, an' I kin see 'er tekkin' one o' de lilies f'um de bunch an' puttin' it in 'er dress. Den she put 'er hand up to 'er haid quick, like she's thought o' sump'n' she oughter 'membered 'fo'.

"'''Zekiel!' she say. An' I run up to 'er fas' 's I could.

"'''Zekiel, tell Jonah I — I forgot!' she whisper to me. an' she look r'al w'ite an' strange. 'Tell 'im — no —' an' she seem ter change 'er mine, 'no, I ain' gwine, after all. I'll wait yere twell he comes.'

"Co'se I ain' know w'at 'tis Mis' Simons 'membered 'bout ser quick, an' I ain't r'ally wanter ax 'er, nudder; so I jes stood dere a-lookin' after 'er w'ile she walk off ter de li'l' arbor in de gyarden an' se' down on de seat. She look kine o' lonesome, too, a-settin' dere all 'lone, an' I start gwine after 'er ter ax 'er w'at's de matter. But time I gotten dere I didn' r'ally like ter trouble 'er, so I jes stood dere quiet by de do', a-lookin' in.

"'Well, 'Zekiel,' she 'mence praesen'ly, 'did yer want sump'n'?'

"'No'm,' I say, kine o' wishin' I ain't come, 'no'm, but I'se studyin' a li'l' 'bout yer, Mis' Simons — an' wonderin' did sump'n'— frighten yer?'

"She smile den, an' hel' out 'er han'.

"'No, no, my chile,' she say, lookin' mo' like she useter 'gin, ''tain' nuthin' frighten me; I'se jes thinkin' 'bout sump'n'— I oughter 'membered 'fo'. 'Twuz ve'y thoughtless o' me — ter fergit!' she say low like to 'erself. Den, ''Zekiel,' she 'mence ag'in, ''ow long does yer reckon it's gwine tek Jonah ter git back?'

"'I dunno'm, Mis' Simons,' I say, 'but I reckon he'll be back right soon now, too.'

"'*Couldn*' tek 'im mo'n a hour, could it?' she ask, jes ez ef I knowed all 'bout it.

"'No'm,' I say, 'couldn' tek 'im mo'n a hour.'

"'SHE KEEP ON A-READIN', AN' I KEEP ON A-WUKKIN' ON DE PAFF'"

"She look up r'al bright at me den, an' praesen'ly look down at de flowers in 'er han'.

"'I reckon *you*'ll be 'blige tek 'em ter Mis' Myers, won't yer, 'Zekiel?' she 'mence. But she stop quick 'gin, lookin' same way she did 'fo', w'en she put 'er han' up to 'er haid.

"'No!' she say, 'doan't yer go outen de yard ter-day, 'Zekiel! Yer won't go 'way ter-day, will yer, 'Zekiel?'

"'W'y, no'm,' I say, wonderin' w'at she mean; 'no'm, I ain' gwine 'way 'n' leave yer, Mis' Simons.'

She smile ag'in, an' lay down de flowers, an' den she tuk up a book where's layin' on de seat.

"'Dat's a good li'l' boy,' she say; 'now go 'n' hoe de weeds outen de gyarden paff, same way Jonah's doin' 'fo' he went.'

"So I went back ter de paff by de lilies, an' start in ter wuk right smart. But, co'se, eve'y li'l' w'ile I 'range ter git jes enough time ter look at Mis' Simons, too, a-settin' in de arbor wid 'er book; an' praesen'ly 'mence ter look like she's 'mos' forgotten where she's at, she's a-readin' ser hard. Mus' 'a' been mo'n a hour sence Jonah went 'way, too, but she keep on a-readin', an' I keep on a-wukkin' on de paff, jes

wukkin' 'long same's befo', twell bime-by I'se jes 'blige se' down an' res' a li'l' myself. But Mis' Simons she ain't look up 'tall. An' after I 'mence ter feel kine o' rested an' mo' like wuk, w'y, co'se I got up an' start in hoein' ag'in, an' dere's Mis' Simons still a-settin' dere readin' jes same's befo'! De sun's gittin' kine o' low, too, an' look like she gwine git cotch in de dark ef she ain' cyarful, so I drap my hoe in de grass an' step 'long up ter de li'l' arbor an' se' down on de step. Mis' Simons kine o' start-like w'en she seen me, an' put down 'er book an' raise 'er han's up slow 'n' sleepy-like to 'er eyes.

"'W'at time is it, 'Zekiel?' she say.

"De clock wuz strikin' six, time I drap my hoe down in de grass, so I tole 'er 'bout it.

"'Six!' she say, a-jumpin' off 'er seat. 'Six er-clock! An' ain' Jonah come? Ain't he come *yit*, 'Zekiel?'

"'No'm, he ain't,' I say, 'cuz he *ain't*, so w'at else *is* it I kin say? 'No'm, he *ain't*,' I say.

"'An' he's been gone long 'nough to've gone free times at leas'!' she whisper un'er 'er bref. 'Oh, w'at is I done! Jonah, *Jonah*, w'y *doan't* yer come back!'

"'I reckon he'll be back right soon now,' I say, 'cuz cert'nly make me feel bad ter see Mis' Simons look dat-a-way. 'Doan't yer reckon he will?' I say.

"But she jes shuk 'er haid awful sad 'n' slow-like.

"'I'se 'fraid — I'se 'fraid sump'n's 'appen to 'im, 'Zekiel,' she answer. 'I — I sent 'im de ve'y place — where it's awful trouble — gwine on ter-day! I sent 'im, 'Zekiel, 'thout —'thout 'memberin' w'at I knowed!'

"Well, I ain't r'ally know 'ow ter answer 'er dat time, so I jes didn' make no 'sponse 'tall.

"'Come,' she say, 'we mus' go in de house, 'Zekiel; it's gittin' dark.'

"It seem awful long after we's in de house, an' praesen'ly, it's sech a warm evenin', Mis' Simons went out on de po'ch. But she mus' 'a' feel kine o' strange 'n' lonesome, too, 'cuz praesen'ly she ax Sarah 'n' Marg'ret won't dey come out 'n' set dere fer a li'l' w'ile.

"'It's time fer you ter go ter baid, ain't it, 'Zekiel?' she say; an' I jes start ter tell 'er, 'No'm, I doan' reckon 'tis,' w'en it come de stranges' noise out dere in de yard. Look like somebody's runnin' ser fas' he cyan't sca'cely breve, an' all time comin' right 'long fru de grass todes de steps.

"'Mis' Simons, Mis' Simons!' somebody whisper, awful hoarse an' strange-like. An' *w'at* yer s'pose? W'y, it's jes *Jo*-nah, a-tearin' right 'long up de steps!

"'Lemme go in, Mis' Simons! Please lemme go in!' he keep on whisperin', like he cyan't sca'cely breve. 'Dey's after me, Mis' Simons! Dey's gwine git me! An' yer knows I ain't done a *thing to 'em*, Mis' Simons! Oh, w'at's dey a-chasin' me fer? I — I ain' *done a thing!*'

"Yas'm, dat's jes de way he talk, an' 'mos' look like he's gwine fall right down, too, twell Mis' Simons tuk hole uv 'is arm, kine o' shekkin' 'im, like, an' turn 'roun' ter de do'.

"'Go in, Jonah! Quick!' she say. 'Cuz dey's voices an' folks a-runnin' an' holl'in' right dere in de yard. She seem ter jes push 'im in an' shet de do'; an' den she stan' up, lookin' ser stret 'n' w'ite-like, didn' look r'ally *like* Mis' Simons.

"'Tain' gwine nobody else git — fru — dat — do',' she say, ser low couldn' nobody sca'cely hyeah it; an' den, oh, 'twuz jes awful! Dey all come a-knockin' up 'ginst de steps, an' a-holl'in' an' a-pushin', an' some uv 'em laffin' an' some uv 'em cursin', an' all uv 'em holl'in' 'bout de nigger, an' tellin' Mis' Simons ter bring out de nigger!

"An' w'at yer s'pose? Mis' Simons she jes stan' dere same's ever, a-lookin' down on 'em wid 'er back ter de do'.

"'IT'S TIME FER YOU TER GO TO BAID, AIN'T IT, 'ZEKIEL?' SHE SAY"

"'Bring 'im out!' dey keep on a-holl'in'. 'Bring 'im out!'

"An' 'er face look all w'ite an' dazzlin' in de light, an' 'er voice come low an' kine o' shekkin' like. 'No,' she say, 'I cert'nly is not gwine — bring 'im out,' she say. Yas'm, dat's jes de 'sponse she make. An' den dey all 'mence holl'in' ag'in 'bout crim'nal 'n'—'n' murd'rer, an' sayin' does she want 'em ter go in *af*-ter 'im, an' buntin' up 'ginst de steps ag'in, an' jostlin' an' pushin', twell Mis' Simons kine o' step forrad a li'l', still a-lookin' down at 'em.

"'Ain't yer 'shame!' she say. '*Oh — ain't — yer — 'shame!*' An' I 'clare, ez she stood dere, seem like I ain' nuver seed 'er eyes look ser clare 'n'-burnin'-like, ner 'er face ser dazzlin' w'ite.

"'He's jes ez innercent uv any crime — ez I is,' she say. 'I knows it, 'cuz I knows 'im,' she say; 'an' — you knows it! Ef yer doan't — it's 'cuz yer doan't cyare 'nough 'bout it — ter — fine — out.'

"It's one r'al big man where seem ter be kine o' mekkin' all de res' uv 'em do jes like he done, an' fum de ve'y time Mis' Simons 'mence ter speak he jes stood dere a-lookin' at 'er like he cyan't move ner holler.

"'Yer — doan't cyare 'nough 'bout it — ter — fine out!' she say; 'an' den *dis* yere's de kine o' thing yer do! Oh, it's de kine o' thing we's 'blige answer fer — eve'y day!' An' she stop, kine o' gaspin' like, ter ketch 'er bref.

"'TAIN' GWINE NOBODY ELSE GIT — FRU — DAT — DO',' SHE SAY"

"Well, de ve'y same time she stop, de big man turn 'roun' awful quick 'n' look off r'al sudden at de road an' den he look at de res' where's cursin' 'n' laffin'——"

"Ezekiel!" interrupted Miss North in a sharp whisper, catching at his arm. Then her hand dropped, and she looked around her.

"Don't you see, Ezekiel?" she went on naturally. "We are almost there. And — wait, Ezekiel; stay right here; don't hurry so. Wait, stay close to me! There seems to be — some trouble."

"It's Arch'bal', Miss No'th!" he began, his voice rising excitedly. "Dey's cotch 'im! I tole yer dey's gwine cotch 'im, Miss No'th! Look, Miss No'th!"

Just then a big negro broke in on the scene, and suddenly Archibald was at large again, dashing through the noisy crowd in one direction, while the big negro ran in another. In the confusion that followed, Miss North put her hand out for Ezekiel, to find that he was not there, while Ezekiel, looking distractedly for Miss North, found himself pushed on in the crowd of jostling, swearing men.

"Oh, look out!" he gasped; "yer's pushin' me! Yer — yer's steppin' on me! *Oh, turn me loose!*"

"Get out o' yere!" a coarse voice called in his ear. "You'll get killed, an' good riddance if you do!"

He felt them closing in over him, while he slipped to the ground — tramping on over him, pushing, tramping on, while, a limp, wounded little heap, he tried to raise his head, and felt it knock back again in the dust.

"Mis'— Mis' Simons — wouldn' nuver 'a' let yer — done me — dat-a-way!" he whispered vaguely. He raised his head again, feeling confusedly for it as he sat up, gazing stupidly around. Then he pulled himself to his feet and limped aimlessly around in a circle.

"Where's I gwine?" he mumbled. "*Mis' Simons!* . . . . Mis' Simons — wouldn' nuver 'a' let yer — done me — dat-a-way!" He stumbled off across the sidewalk into the grass, unheeded by a still confused, noisy crowd. In the grass he still stumbled on.

"Mis' Simons — wouldn' nuver 'a' let yer — 'a' let yer — done me —" As he slipped down again into the grass, his eyes closed.

A crowd of angry, excited men seemed to be still before him — but Mrs. Simons stood with her back to the door, looking down at them with a white face. From a step beside her he seemed to be still looking up at her, while her low, vibrating voice seemed to be still echoing — echoing:

"Oh, aren't you ashamed of yourselves! *Aren't — you — ashamed!*"

With their reckless, brutish faces flickering

before him again, he thought he was watching only her — watching — while her low voice went vibrating on — till they turned from her, swearing and laughing! And then she was stretching out her white hand, catching at one of the pillars, while she slipped down — down beside him on the step — and her arms fell around him helplessly.

"You'll — take — care of me!" she cried faintly, "won't you — Ezekiel!"

"Yas'm," came a broken whisper from the grass, "I'll tek cyare o' yer, Mis' Simons!"

But there was another low voice which he did not understand, and his eyes opened wide, looking up vacantly at Miss North.

"Ezekiel! Have you — have you — been hurt? Oh, Ezekiel ——"

"Yas'm, I reckon I is, Mis' Simons, jes a li'l'," he mumbled, struggling painfully to his feet; "but I'll — tek cyare o' yer — I'll tek cyare o' yer, Mis' Simons!"

The next morning he sat in his seat at school, watching Miss North with large, absent eyes.

"You ought not to have come this morning, Ezekiel," she began gently, as her eyes rested on his thin, wistful little face; "I don't think you ought to stay."

"Yas'm, I oughter stay, Miss No'th," he assured her, with a faint smile. His eyes wandered to the window.

"Did dey ketch 'im?" he questioned suddenly. "Did dey ketch Arch'bal', Miss No'th?"

"No," she answered, a sudden hot color rising up in her cheeks. "Archibald's gone away; they can't find him. But he — he needn't have. They found out it was a mistake; he wasn't the one they wanted."

"Mis' Simons oughter 'a' been yere — ain't she?" he went on dreamily. "She wouldn' nuver 'a' let 'em — done 'im — dat-a-way! Would she, Miss No'th?"

"No!" she answered, her voice startling him out of his dream, while the color deepened painfully in her cheeks. "Remember always, Ezekiel, she *wouldn't* have let them! And remember" — her voice softened — "she's your friend, because — she's of the best! Miss North's eyes wandered dreamily now, and she seemed to have forgotten her audience. "Remember, there are always the others, too — the coarse and the brutal, who are only *glad of an excuse* — and they can stamp their whole people — very coarsely. But remember, Ezekiel," her eyes gazed fixedly ahead, "it isn't the fault of the best ones; it's the fault of the worst — who always snatch at an excuse — and who will — just as long as they're allowed."

Her eyes fell on Ezekiel again, who was looking at her in wide perplexity.

"What is it, Ezekiel?" she smiled. "Oh, yes, I was just saying — about Mrs. Simons — she was always *very* good to you, wasn't she, Ezekiel?"

"Yas'm, Mis' Simons cert'nly wuz good ter me." Again it was Ezekiel's eyes that dreamed with languid, velvety moistness.

"Remember — that she's — one of the best, Ezekiel!"

"Yas'm," came the gentle response; "couldn' be nobuddy no better'n — Mis' Simons!"

PROHIBITION AND SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY

BY

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

IF a German stands up to talk about prohibition, he might just as well sit down at once, for every one in America, of course, knows beforehand what he is going to say. Worse, every one knows also exactly why he is so anxious to say it: how can he help being on the wrong side of this question? And especially if he has been a student in Germany, he will have brought the drinking habit along with him from the Fatherland, together with his cigar smoking and card playing and duelling. If a poor man relies on his five quarts of heavy Munich beer a day, how can he ever feel happy if he is threatened with no license in his town and with no beer in his stein? Yet my case seems slightly different. I never in my life played cards, I never fought a duel, and when the other day in a large women's college, after an address and a reception, the lady president wanted to comfort me and suggested that I go into the next room and smoke a cigar, I told her frankly that I could do it if it were the rule in her college, but that it would be my first cigar. With beer it is different: Last winter in traveling I was for some days the guest of an Episcopal clergyman, who, anticipating the visit of a German, had set up a bottle of excellent beer as a welcome, and we drank together the larger part of the bottle — but I think that is my only case in late years. When I had to attend a Students' "Commers," I was always protected by the thick mug through which no one could discover that the contents never became less during the evening. I live most comfortably in a pleasant temperance town which will, I hope, vote no-license year by year as long as freshmen stroll over the old Harvard Yard. And although I have become pretty much Americanized, I have never drunk a cocktail.

The problem of prohibition, thus, does not affect my thirst, but it greatly interests my scientific conscience; not as a German, but as a psychologist I feel impelled to add a word to the discussion which is suddenly reverberating over the whole country. But is it really a discussion which we hear? Is it not rather a one-sided denunciation of alcohol, repeated a million times with louder and louder voice, an outcry ever swelling in its vehemence? On the other side there may be the protests of the distillers and brewers and wine-growers and bottle-makers and saloon-keepers, and perhaps some timid declarations of thirsty societies — but such protests do not count, since they have all the earmarks of selfishness; they are ruled out, and no one listens, just as no one would consult the thieves if a new statute against pickpockets were planned. So far as the really disinterested public is concerned, the discussion is essentially one-sided. If serious men like Cardinal Gibbons raise their voices in a warning against prohibition, they are denounced and overborne, and no one cares to imitate them.

The Fundamental Evil of American Public Opinion

It has been seldom indeed that the fundamental evil of American public opinion has come out so clearly; namely, that no one dares to be on the unpopular side; just as in fashion and social life, every one wants to be "in it." No problem has in America a fair hearing as soon as one side has become the fashion of mind. Only the cranks come out with an unbalanced, exaggerated opposition and thus really help the cause they want to fight against. The well-balanced thinkers keep quiet and simply look on while the movement rushes forward, waiting quietly for the reaction which sets in from the inner absurdity of every social extreme. The result is too often an hysterical zig-zag movement, where fearlessness might have found a middle way of steady progress. There must be indeed a possible middle way between the evil of the present saloon and the not lesser evil of a future national prohibition; yet if this one-sidedness of discussion goes on, it is not difficult to foresee, after the legislative experiences of the last ye

that the hysterical movement will not stop until prohibition is proclaimed from every state-house between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Exaggerated denunciation of the prohibition movement is, of course, ineffective. Whoever simply takes sides with the saloon-keeper and his clientèle — yes, whoever is blind to the colossal harm which alcohol has brought and is now bringing to the whole country — is unfit to be heard by those who have the healthy and sound development of the nation at heart. The evils which are connected with the drinking habit are gigantic; thousands of lives and many more thousands of households are the victims every year; disease and poverty and crime grow up where alcohol drenches the soil. To deny it means to ignore the teachings of medicine and economics and criminology.

But is this undeniable fact really a proof of the wisdom of prohibition? The railroads of the United States injured last year more than one hundred thousand persons and put out seven thousand hopeful lives; does any sane man argue that we ought to abolish railroads? The stock exchange has brought in the last year economic misery to uncounted homes, but even at the height of the panic no one wanted to destroy the market for industrial stocks. How much crime and disaster and disease and ruin have come into the lives of American youth through women, and yet who doubts that women are the blessing of the whole national life? To say that certain evils come from a certain source suggests only to fools the hasty annihilation of the source before studying whether greater evils might not result from its destruction, and without asking whether the evils might not be reduced, and the good from the same source remain untouched and untampered with. Even if a hollow tooth aches, the modern dentist does not think of pulling it; that would be the remedy of the clumsy village barber. The evils of drink exist, and to neglect their cure would be criminal, but to rush on to the conclusion that every vineyard ought therefore to be devastated is unworthy of the logic of a self-governing nation. The other side has first to show its case.

"Better England Free Than England Sober?"

This does not mean that every argument of the other side is valid. In most of the public protestations, especially from the Middle West, far too much is made of the claim that all the Puritanic laws and the whole prohibitionist movement are an interference with personal liberty. It is an old argument, indeed, "Better England free than England sober." For public meetings it is just the kind of protest which resounds well and rolls on nobly. We are at once in the midst of the "most sacred" rights. Who desires that America, the idol of those who seek freedom from the tyranny of the Old World, shall trample on the right of personal liberty? And yet those hundreds of singing-societies which have joined in this outburst of moral indignation have forgotten that every law is a limitation of personal liberty. The demand of the nation must limit the demands of the individual, even if it is not the neighbor, but the actor himself who is directly hurt. No one wants to see the lottery or gambling-houses or the free sale of morphine and cocaine permitted, or slavery, even though a man were to offer himself for sale, or polygamy, even though all wives should consent. To prevent temptation toward ruinous activities is truly the State's best right, and no injury to personal liberty. The German reflects gladly how much more the German State apparently intrudes upon personal freedom: for instance, in its splendid State insurance for old age and accidents.

To be sure, from this German viewpoint it is hard to understand why the right of the State to subordinate personal wishes to national ones should not carry with it a duty to make compensation. To him the actions of some Southern States appear simply as the confiscation of property. When, as has happened, a captain of industry erects, for instance, a most costly brewery, and the State in the following year prohibits the sale of beer, turning the large, new establishment into a huge, useless ruin, without giving the slightest compensation, the foreigner stands aghast, wondering if to-morrow a party which believes in the State ownership of railroads may not prohibit railroading by private companies without any payment to the present owners.

Yet the political aspect does not concern the social psychologist. I abstract from it as from many others. There is, indeed, no limit to the problems which ought to be studied most seriously before such a gigantic revolution is organized. The physician may ask whether and when alcohol is real medicine, and the physiologist may study whether it is a food and whether it is rightly taken as helpful to nutrition; but this is not our problem. The theologians may quarrel as to whether the Bible praises the wine or condemns the drinker, whether Christ really turned water into that which we call wine, and whether Christianity as such stands for abstinence. It is matter for the economist to ask what will become of the hundred thousands of men who are working to-day in the breweries and related indus-

tries. A labor union claims that "over half a million men would be thrown out of employment by general prohibition, who, with their families, would make an army of a million human beings robbed of their means of existence." And the economist, again, may consider what it might mean to take out the license taxes from the city budgets and the hundreds of millions of internal revenue from the budget of the whole country. It is claimed that the brewers, maltsters, and distillers pay out for natural and manufactured products, for labor, transportation, etc., seven hundred million dollars annually; that their aggregate investments foot up to more than three thousand millions; and that their taxes contribute three hundred and fifty millions every year to the public treasuries. Can the country afford to ruin an industry of such magnitude? Such weighty problems cannot be solved in the Carrie Nation style: yet they are not ours here.

The Lonely Drinker of the Temperance Town

Nearer to our psychological interest comes the well-known war-cry, "Prohibition does not prohibit." It is too late in the day to need to prove it by statistics: every one knows it. No one has traveled in prohibition States who has not seen the sickening sight of drunkards of the worst order. The drug-stores are turned into very remunerative bars, and through hidden channels whiskey and gin flood the community. The figures of the United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue tell the story publicly. In a license State like Massachusetts, there exists one retail liquor dealer for every 525 of population; in a prohibition State like Kansas, one for every 366. But the secret story is much more alarming. What is the effect? As far as the health of the nation and its mental training in self-control and in regulation of desires are concerned, the result must be dangerous, because, on the whole, it eliminates the mild beverages in favor of the strong drinks and substitutes lonely drinking for drinking in social company. Both are psychologically and physiologically a turn to the worse. It is not the mild beer and light wine which are secretly imported; it is much easier to transport and hide whiskey and rum, with their strong alcoholic power and stronger effect on the nerve-cells of the brain. And of all forms of drinking none is more ruinous than the solitary drink, as soon as the feeling of repugnance has been overcome; there is no limit and no inhibition. If I look back over the last years, in which I often studied the effects of suggestion and hypnotism on habitual drinkers, I do not hesitate to say that it was in most cases an easy thing to cure the social drinker of the large cities, but very hard to break the lonely drinker of the temperance town. Of course, prohibition reduces somewhat the whole quantity of consumption, but it withdraws the stimulant, in most cases, where it would do the least harm and intensifies the harm to the organism where it is most dangerous.

Our Greatest Danger — Disregard for Law

But man is not only a nervous system. Prohibition forced by a majority on an unwilling minority will always remain a living source of the spirit of disregard for law. Yet, "unwilling" minority is too weak an epithet; the question is of a minority which considers the arbitrary rule undemocratic, absurd, immoral, and which really believes that it is justified in finding a way around a contemptible law.

Judges know how rapidly the value of the oath sinks in courts where violation of the prohibition laws is a frequent charge, and how habitual perjury becomes tolerated by respected people. The city politicians know still better how closely blackmail and corruption hang together, in the social psychology, with the enforcement of laws that strike against the beliefs and traditions of wider circles. The public service becomes degraded, the public conscience becomes dulled. And can there be any doubt that disregard of law is the most dangerous psychological factor in our present-day American civilization? It is not lynch law which is the worst; the crimes against life are twenty times more frequent than in Europe, and as for the evils of commercial life which have raised the wrath of the whole well-meaning nation in late years, has not disregard of law been their real source? In a popular melodrama the sheriff says solemnly: "I stand here for the law"; and when the other shouts in reply, "I stand for common sense!" night after night the public breaks out into jubilant applause. To foster this immoral negligence of law by fabricating hasty, ill-considered laws in a hysterical mood, laws which almost tempt toward a training in violation of them, is surely a dangerous experiment in social psychology.

Are We About to Prohibit Meat and Tea?

Hasty and hysterical that kind of law-making is indeed. Within a few years, during which the situation itself has not been changed, during which no new discoveries have proved the right or necessity, during which no experts have reached common results, the wave has swollen to a devastating flood. Who let it loose? Were

the psychologists asked to decide, or the physicians, or the physiologists, or the sociologists, or any one who has studied the problem as a whole with professional knowledge? Certainly not: their commissions have hardly ever proposed total abstinence. Of course, those who rush on mean the best as they see it; they want to make better men; but can a nation ever hope to reach private morality by law and thus to exclude all private lying and greediness and envy and ingratitude and temper and unfairness just as well as intemperance? Such unclear and vague mixing of purposes always characterizes hysterical legislation. A sober contemplator must ask himself: What is it to lead to if well-meaning, short-sighted dilettantes can force legislation on questions which demand the most serious expert study?

There is growing throughout the land to-day a conviction — which has its core of truth — that many people eat too much meat; and not a few see a remedy in vegetarianism and Fletcherism. If this prejudice swells in a similar way, the time may come when one State after the other will declare slaughtering illegal, confiscate the meat-packing houses, and prohibit the poisonous consumption of beef and the killing of any creature that can look on us with eyes. Other groups are fighting coffee and tea, and we may finally land in nuts and salads. Yes, according to this line of legislative wisdom, there is no reason for prohibiting only alcohol. Do I go far beyond the facts in asserting that in certain States the same women and men who are publicly against every use of alcohol are also opposed to the "drugs" of the physicians and speak of them privately as poisons? Not the Christian Scientists only — in intellectual Boston thousands of educated women speak of drugs and nervine as belonging to a medieval civilization which they have outgrown. The same national logic may thus lead us to laws which will prohibit every physician from using the resources of the drug-store — if they have not all simply to go over to osteopathy.

A Spring Flood of Emotional Legislation

The question of the liquor trade and temperance — which is so widely different from a hasty prohibition — has engaged the minds of all times and of all nations, and is studied everywhere to-day with the means of modern science. But this spring flood of prohibition legislation which has overrun the States shows few signs of deeper connection with serious study and fewer signs of profit from the experiments of the past. When the Chinese government made laws against intemperance about eleven hundred years before Christ, it can hardly have gone more hastily to work than the members of this movement of the twentieth century after Christ. It is unworthy of women and men who want to stand for sobriety to allow themselves to become intoxicated with hysterical outcries, when a gigantic national question is to be solved, a question which can never be solved until it is solved rightly. A wrong decision must necessarily lead to a social reaction which can easily wipe out every previous gain.

Progress is to be hoped for only from the most careful analysis of all the factors of this problem; yet, instead, the nation leaves it to the unthinking, emotional part of the population. In the years of the silver agitation it was a matter of admiration to any foreigner, the wonderful seriousness with which large crowds listened in a hundred towns, evening after evening, to long hours of difficult technical discussion on currency; sixteen to one was really discussed by the whole nation, and arguments were arrayed against arguments before a decision was reached. Is it necessary that the opposite method be taken as soon as this problem is touched — a question far more complex and difficult than the silver question, and of far more import to the moral habits and the development of the nation? When leading scholars bring real arguments on both sides of the problem, their work is buried in archives, and no one is moved to action. But when a Chicago minister hangs the American flag over his pulpit, fastens a large patch of black color on it, declares that the patch stands for the liquor evil which smirches the country, denounces wildly the men who spend for whiskey the money which ought to buy medicine for sick children, and then madly tears the black cloth from the stars and stripes and grinds it under his heel — then thousands rush out as excited as if they had heard a convincing argument. And this superficiality is the more repellent because every glimpse below the surface shows an abundance of cant and hypocrisy and search for cheap fame and sensationalism and still more selfish motives mingled with the whole movement; even the agitation itself, with its threats of ruin, borders too often on graft and blackmail and thus helps to debauch the public life.

Alcohol and the Brain

Those who seriously study, not merely the one or the other symptom, but the whole situation, can hardly doubt that the demand of true civilization is for temperance and not for abstinence, and that complete prohibition must in the long run work against real temperance. But nothing is more characteristic of the hysterical caprice of the masses than the constant neglect of

this distinction. Even the smallest dose of alcohol is for them nothing but evil, and triumphantly they seize on isolated statements of physiologists who acknowledge that every dose of alcohol has a certain influence on the brain. This is at once given the turn that every glass of beer or wine "muddles" the brain and is therefore a sin against the freedom of man.

Certainly every glass of beer has an influence on the cells of the brain and on the mind; so has every cup of tea or coffee, every bit of work and every amusement, every printed page and every spoken word. Is it certain that the influence is harmful because an overdose of the same stimulants is surely poisonous? Boiling water is most dangerous for the body on account of its strong heat: is a bath in lukewarm water therefore also harmful? To climb Mount Blanc would overtax my heart: is it therefore inadvisable for me to climb the two flights to my laboratory? Of course, under certain conditions it might be wise to take account of the slightest influences. Without being harmful, they might be unsuited to a certain mental purpose. If I were to take a glass of beer now in the morning, I should certainly be unable to write the next page of this essay with the same ease; the ideas would flow more slowly. But does that indicate that I did wrong in taking last night, after a hard day's fatiguing work, a glass of sherry and a glass of champagne at a merry dinner-party, after which nothing but light conversation and music were planned for the rest of the evening? Of course, alcohol before serious intellectual work disturbs me; but hearing a hurdy-gurdy in the street or thinking of the happy news which a letter has just brought to me, or feeling angry over any incident, disturbs me just as much. It is all the same kind of interference; the brain centers which I used for my intellectual effort are for a while inhibited and thus unfit for the work which I have in hand. When the slight anger has evaporated, when the pleasurable excitement has subsided, when the music is over, I can gather my thoughts again, and it is arbitrary to claim that the short blockade of ideas was dangerous, and that I ought to have avoided the music or the pleasure or the wine.

Of course, if we consider, for instance, the prevention of crime, we ought not to forget that some even of these slight inhibitions may facilitate a rash, vehement deed and check cool deliberation. In times of social excitement, therefore, alcohol ought to be reduced. But again this same effect, as far as the temperate use of alcohol is in question, may result from many other sources of social unrest. The real danger begins everywhere with intemperance: that is, with a lack of that self-discipline which is not learned but lost under the outer force of prohibition.

The Case Psychologically

Psychologically the case stands thus: alcohol has indeed an inhibitory influence on mind and body. The feeling of excitement, the greater ease of motor impulse, the feeling of strength and joy, the forgetting of sorrow and pain — all are at bottom the result of inhibition; impulses are let free because the checking centers are inhibited. But it is absurd to claim from the start that all this is bad and harmful, as if the word inhibition meant destruction and lasting damage. Harmful it is, bodily and socially, when these changes become exaggerated, when they are projected into such dimensions that vital interests, the care for family and honor and duty are paralyzed; but in the inhibition itself lies no danger. There is not the slightest act of attention which does not involve such inhibition. If I read in my study, the mere attention to my book will inhibit the ticking of the clock in my room and the noise from the street, and no one will call it harmful. As soon as my attention increases, and I read with such passion that I forget my engagements with friends and my duties in my office, I become ridiculous and contemptible. But the fact that the unbalanced attention makes me by its exaggerated inhibition quite unfit for my duties, is no proof that the slight inhibition produced by attentive reading ought to be avoided.

The inhibition by alcohol, too, may have in the right place its very desirable purpose, and no one ought to be terrified by such physiological statements, even if inhibition is called a partial paralysis. Yes, it is partial paralysis, but no education, no art, no politics, no religion, is possible without such partial paralysis. What else are hope and belief and enjoyment and enthusiasm but a re-enforcement of certain mental states, with corresponding inhibition — that is, paralysis — of the opposite ideas? If a moderate use of alcohol can help in this most useful blockade, it is an ally and not an enemy. If wine can overcome and suppress the consciousness of the little miseries and of the drudgery of life, and thus set free and re-enforce the unchecked enthusiasm for the dominant ideas, if wine can make one forget the frictions and pains and give again the feeling of unity and frictionless power — by all means let us use this helper to civilization. It was a well-known philosopher who coupled Christianity and alcohol as the two great means of mankind to set us free from pain. But nature provided mankind with other means of inhibition; sleep is still more radical, and every fatigue works in the same di-

rection; to inhibit means to help and to prepare for action.

And are those who fancy that every brain alteration is an evil really aware how other influences of our civilization hammer on the neurones and injure our mental powers far beyond the effects of a moderate use of alcohol? The vulgar rag-time music, the gambling of the speculators, the sensationalism of the yellow press, the poker playing of the men and the bridge playing of the women, the mysticism and superstition of the new fancy churches, the hysterics of the baseball games, the fascination of murder cases, the noise on the Fourth of July and on the three hundred and sixty-four other days of the year, the wild chase for success; all are poison for the brain and mind. They make the nervous system and the will endlessly more unfit for the duties of the day than a glass of lager beer on a hot summer's evening.

Drying up a Nation Emotionally

What would result if prohibition should really prohibit, and all the inhibitions which a mild use of beer and wine promise to the brain really be lost? The psychological outcome would be twofold: certain effects of alcohol which serve civilization would be lost; and, on the other hand, much more harmful substitutions would set in. To begin with: the nation would lose its chief means of recreation after work. We know to-day too well that physical exercise and sport is not real rest for the exhausted brain-cells. The American masses work hard throughout the day. The sharp physical and mental labor, the constant hurry and drudgery produce a state of tension and irritation which demands before the night's sleep some dulling inhibition if a dangerous unrest is not to set in. Alcohol relieves that daily tension most directly.

Not less important would be the loss on the emotional side. Emotional desire for a life in beauty would yield to the triviality of usefulness. Puritanism has held back the real American spirit of artistic creation in fine arts and music and drama: prohibition without substitutes would crush still more the esthetic spirit in the brain of man and would make beauty still more the domain of women. Her more responsive physiological constitution does not need the artificial paralysis of the inhibiting centers. The mind of the average woman shows that lower degree of checking power which small alcoholic doses produce in the average man. But just therefore she and men of the female type cannot carry on alone the work of the nation. A national life without the artificial inhibitions of the restraining centers becomes for the large masses a matter of mere practical calculation and righteous dulness. Truly the German, the Frenchman, the Italian who enjoys his glass of light wine and then wanders joyful and elated to the masterpieces of the opera, serves humanity better than the New Englander who drinks his ice-water and sits satisfied at the vaudeville show, world-far from real art. Better America inspired than America sober. Can we forget that in almost all parts of the globe even religious life began with intoxication cults? God Indra was in the wine for the Hindus and Dionysius for the Greeks. It is the optimistic exuberance of life, the emotional inspiration, which alcohol brought into the dulness of human days, and the history of culture shows it on every page.

But with the emotion dries up the will. Mere righteousness needs no stimulation. But the American nation would never have achieved its world work if the attitude of resignation had been its national trait. Those pioneers who opened the land and awoke to life its resources were men who longed for excitement, for the intensity of life, for vividness of experience. The nation would not be loyal to its tradition if it were not to foster this desire of intense experience: the moderate use of alcohol is both training in such intensified conscious experience and training in the control and discipline of such states. The nation needs both, and as the child learns to prepare for the work of life by plays and games, so man is schooling himself for the active and effective life by the temperate use of exciting beverages which playingly awake those vivid feelings of success. The scholar and the minister and a thousand other individuals may not need this training, but the millions, the masses, cannot prepare themselves for a national career of effectiveness if this opportunity is taken from their lives. History shows it abundantly.

To be sure, all this is but half true, because, as we said, the individual, and finally the nation, may seek substitutes, may satisfy the craving for emotional excitement, for will elation, for intense experience, by other means than the oldest and most widely scattered. Zealotism in religious belief, tyranny and cruelty, sexual over-indulgence and perversion, gambling and betting, mysticism and superstition, recklessness and adventurousness, and, above all, senseless crimes have always been the psychological means of overcoming the emptiness and monotony of an unstimulated life. They produce, just like alcohol, that partial paralysis and create intense experiences. They thus take hold of the masses, so long as the social mind is not entirely dried up, with the necessity

of a psychological law. There is no more dangerous state for a healthy, strong nation than mental monotony in the life of the masses. Catholic countries play to the imagination at least through the religion, monarchic countries have their own picturesqueness and color, America under prohibition pushes the masses into gambling and reckless excitements and sexual disorder and money-crazes and criminal explosions of the mind.

The Temperance Experiment in Mohammedanism

Has not history experimented sufficiently? Prohibitionist stump speakers may tell us that their cause means the hitherto unheard-of progress of civilization; the United States, after abolishing slavery for mankind, is called on to end also the tyranny of alcohol under which humanity has suffered for ages. But are there not two hundred millions of Moslems who are obedient to Mohammed's law, that wine drinking is sinful? What is the outcome? Of course, it is not inspiring to hear the boast of the Moslems that the Christians bring whiskey to Africa and bestialize the natives, while the Mohammedans fight alcohol. But aside from this, their life goes on in slavery and polygamy and semi-civilization. All the strong nations, all those whose contributions were of lasting value to the progress of mankind, have profited from the help of artificial stimulation and intoxicants.

But every strong nation remained also conscious of the dangers and evils which result from intemperance. On the whole, history shows that intemperance and abstinence alike work against the highest interests of civilization; temperance alone offers the most favorable psychological conditions for the highest cultural achievement. Intemperance mostly precedes the strongest periods in the life of a nation and follows them again as soon as decay has set in. Temperance, that is, sufficient use of intoxicants to secure emotional inspiration and volitional intensity, together with sufficient training in self-discipline to avoid their evils, always introduced the fullest blossoming of national greatness. Instinctively the American nation as a whole is evidently striving for such temperance, but a hysterical minority has at present succeeded in exaggerating the movement and in transforming it into its caricature, prohibition. The final result, of course, will be temperance, since the American nation will not ultimately allow itself to become an emasculated nation of dyspeptic ice-water drinkers without inspiration and energy, or permit vulgar amusements, reckless stock-gambling, sensationalism, adultery, burglary, and murder to furnish the excitement which the nerves of a healthy nation need.

The Securing of Temperance

How temperance can be secured, the experiences of the older nations with a similar psychological type of national mind ought to be decisive. First of all, the beverages of strongly alcoholic nature ought to be fought by those of light alcoholic effect. The whiskey of the laborers must be fought by light healthy beer and perhaps by light American wines. Further, a systematic education in self-control must set in; the drunkard must not be tolerated under any circumstances. Above all, the social habits in the sphere of drinking must be entirely reshaped. They belong to a period where the Puritan spirit considered beer and wine as sinful and relegated them to regions hidden from decent eyes. The American saloon is the most disgusting product of such narrowness; its dangers for politics and law, health and economics, are alarming. The saloon must disappear and can be made to disappear perhaps by higher license taxation and many other means. And with it must disappear the bar and the habit of drinking standing and of mutual treating. The restaurant alone, with the hotel and the club, is the fit public place where guests sitting at tables may have beer and wine with their meals or after meals,— and all controlled by laws which absolutely forbid the sale of intoxicants to certain groups of persons, to children, to inebriates, and so on. As long as drinking means to the imagination of a considerable well-meaning minority of the nation the present-day repulsive life of saloons and bars, the minority will find it easy to terrorize and to whip into line the whole country. But if those relics of a narrow time disappear and customs grow which spread the spirit of geniality and friendly social intercourse over the foaming cup, the spell will be broken. Instead of being tyrannized over by short-sighted fanatics on the one side and corrupt saloon-keepers on the other, the nation will proceed with the unanimous sympathy of the best citizens to firm temperance laws which the sound instinct of the masses will really respect. Training in self-control as against recklessness, training in harmless hilarity and social enjoyment as against mere vulgar excitement and rag-time pleasures, training in respect for law as against living under hysterical rules which cannot be executed and which invite blackmail, corruption, and habitual disregard of laws — these are indeed the most needed influences on the social mind of the country.

THE MOVING FINGER WRITES

BY

MARIE BELLOC LOWNDES

I

" . . . and having writ,
Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit
Can lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a word of it."

"ABOUT that letter of your uncle's? I take it you have no one to suggest?"

Thomas Carden glanced anxiously at the son in whom he had so great a confidence, and who was the secret pride of his eyes, the only love of his austere, hard-working life.

The two were a great contrast to one another. The older man was short and slight, with the delicate, refined, spiritual face so often seen in the provincial man of business belonging to that disappearing generation of Englishmen who found time to cultivate the things of the mind as well as the material interests of life; a contrast, indeed, to the tall, singularly handsome, alert-looking man whom he had just addressed, and whose perfect physical condition made him appear somewhat younger than his thirty-two years.

And yet, in spite or perhaps because of this contrast between them, the two were bound in the closest, if not exactly in the most confidential, ties of affection. And, as a matter o fcourse, they were partners in the great metal-broking business of Josh. Carden, Thomas Carden and Son, which had been built up by three generations of astute, self-respecting citizens of Birmingham.

It was Easter Monday, and the two men were lingering over breakfast, in a way they seldom allowed themselves time to do on ordinary week-days, in the finely proportioned, book-lined dining-room of one of those spacious old houses which remain to prove that the suburb of Edgbaston was still country a hundred years ago.

Theodore Carden looked across the table meditatively. He had almost forgotten his uncle's letter, for, since that letter had been read and cursorily discussed, he and his father had been talking of a matter infinitely more important to them both. The matter in question was the son's recent engagement and coming marriage, a marriage which was a source of true satisfaction to the older man. His father's unselfish joy in the good thing which had befallen him touched Theodore Carden keenly, for the niche occupied in most men's minds by their intimate feminine circle was filled in that of the young man by the diminutive figure of the senior partner of Carden and Son.

As is perhaps more often the case than those who despise human nature believe, men sometimes have the grace to reverence and admire those qualities in which they know themselves to be deficient. Such a man was the younger Carden. To-day the depths had been stirred, and he let his mind dwell with a certain sense of shame and self-rebuke on his own and his father's ideals of human conduct. Even as a schoolboy, Theodore had come to realize how much more he knew of the ugly side of life than did his father. But then, old Mr. Carden was quite exceptional; he knew nothing — or so, at least, his son believed, and loved him for it — of the temptations, conflicts, victories, and falls of the average sensual man. Theodore's father had been engaged, at twenty, to a girl of his own age whom he had not been able to marry till twelve years later; she had left him a widower with this one child after five years of married life; and Thomas Carden, as he had himself once told his son in a moment of unwonted confidence, had been absolutely faithful to her before the marriage and since her death.

The woman — many people would have said the very fortunate young woman — who was so soon to become Mrs. Theodore Carden would not possess such a husband as Thomas Carden had been to his wife. And yet, in his heart, Theodore was well aware that the gentle girl he loved would probably be a happier woman than his own mother had been, for he, unlike his father,

in his dealings with the other sex could call up at will that facile and yet rather rare gift of tenderness which women, so life had taught him, value far more than the deeper, inarticulate love . . .

Carden came back to the prosaic question of his uncle's letter with a distinct effort. "Have I any one to suggest?" he echoed. "I have no one to suggest, father. I know, of course, exactly the sort of man Uncle Barrett is looking for; he's asking us to find him the perfect clerk every man of business has sought for at some time or other. If I were you, I should write and tell him that the man he wants us to find never has to look outside England for a job, and, what is more, would rather be a clerk here — if he's any sense — than a partner in New Zealand!"

A smile quivered for a moment over the young man's shrewd face; his uncle was evidently seeking such a man as he was himself, but such men, so Theodore Carden was able to tell himself without undue conceit, were not likely to go into voluntary exile, even for the bribe of eventual partnership in a flourishing business.

There was a pause, and then again the older man broke the silence with something entirely irrelevant to the subject which was filling the minds of his son and himself.

"You haven't looked at the *Post* this morning? There's nothing in it. Dearth of real news is, I suppose, responsible for this?" and he pointed, frowning as he spoke, to a column on the middle page headed, "The Garvice Mystery. New Developments."

Again a shrewd, good-humoured smile quivered on his son's firm mouth. "In these days newspapers have to follow, not lead, the public taste. Very few people are honestly as indifferent as you are, father, to that sort of story. Now, even I, who never met poor old Garvice, cannot help wondering how he came by his death; and yet you, who knew the man ——"

"I knew him," said the other with a touch of impatience, "as I know, and as you know, dozens of our fellow-townsmen."

"Never mind; you, at any rate, can put a face to the man's name; and yet the question as to whether he was or was not poisoned by his wife is one of indifference to you! Now I submit that in this indifference you are really a little—" he hesitated for a word, but found that none so well expressed his thought as that which had first risen to his lips — "peculiar, father."

"Am I?" said Thomas Carden slowly; "am I so, Theodore? Nay, nay, I deny that I am indifferent! Lane" — Major Lane was at that time Head Constable of Birmingham, and a lifelong friend of the speaker — "Lane was quite full of it last night. He insisted on telling me all the details of the affair, and what shocked me, my boy, was not so much the question which, of course, occupied Lane — that is, as to whether that unhappy young woman poisoned her husband or not — but the whole state of things which he disclosed about them. Lane told me certain facts concerning Garvice, who, as you truly say, I have known, in a sense, for years, which I should not have thought possible of any man — vile things, which should have prevented his thinking of marriage, especially of marriage with a young wife."

Theodore Carden remained silent; he never discussed unsavory subjects with his father. Moreover, he had no liking for Major Lane, though he regarded him with considerable respect, and even with a feeling of gratitude. Some years before, the Head Constable had helped the young man out of a serious scrape, the one real scrape — so Carden was complaisantly able to assure himself — engendered by his systematic pursuit of women. Even now he could not recall, without wincing, the interview he had had on that occasion with his father's friend. During that interview Carden had felt himself thoroughly condemned, and even despised, by the older man, and he had been made to feel that it was only for the sake of his father — his high-minded, unsuspicious father — that he was being saved from the public exposure of a peculiarly sordid divorce suit.

But it was in all sincerity that the young man now felt indignant with Major Lane for having distressed such a delicately spiritual soul as was Thomas Carden with the hidden details of the Garvice story. After all, what interested the public was not the question of Garvice's moral character, but whether a gently nurtured and attractive woman had carried through a sinister and ingenious crime, which, but for a mere accident, would have utterly defied detection.

Theodore Carden got up from the breakfast table and walked over to a circular bay-window which commanded charming views of the wide, sloping garden, interspersed with the streams and tiny ponds which gave the house its name of Watermead, and which enabled old Mr. Carden to indulge himself with especial ease in his hobby of water gardening.

Standing there, the young man began wondering what he should do with himself this early spring day. His fiancée had just left the quiet lodgings which she and her mother, a clergyman's widow, had occupied in Birmingham during the last few weeks, to pay visits to relatives in the South. The thought of going to any of the neighbouring houses, where he knew himself to be sure of a warm welcome, and where the news of his engagement would be received with

boisterous congratulations, tempered in some cases with an underlying touch of regret and astonishment, filled him with repugnance. The girl he had chosen to be his wife was absolutely different from the women who had hitherto attracted him; he reverenced as well as loved her, and hitherto Theodore Carden had never found reverence to be in any sense a corollary of passion.

The last few days had brought a great change in his life, and one which he meant should be permanent; and yet, in spite or perhaps because of this, as he stood staring with absent eyes into his father's charming garden, he found his mind dwelling persistently on the only one of his many amorous adventures which had left a deep, an enduring, and, it must be admitted, a most delightful mark on the tablets of his memory.

The whole thing was still so vivid to him that half-involuntarily he turned round and looked down the long room to where his old father was sitting. How amazed, above all, how shocked and indignant the man for whom he had so great an affection and respect would feel, if he knew the picture which was now floating before his son's retrospective vision!

What had happened had been briefly this: One day in the previous October, Carden had taken his seat in the afternoon express which stops at Birmingham on its way from the north to Euston, or rather, having taken a leisurely survey of the train, which was, as he quickly noted, agreeably empty, he had indicated to the porter carrying his bag a carriage in which sat, alone, a singularly pretty woman.

As he afterwards had the delight of telling her, and, as he now reminded himself with a retrospective thrill of feeling, he had experienced, when his eyes first met those of the fair traveller, that incommunicable sensation, part physical, part mental, which your genuine Lothario, if an intelligent man, always welcomes with quickening pulse as the foretaste of special zest to be attached to a coming pursuit.

Carden's instinct as to such delicate questions had seldom played him false; never less so than on this occasion, for, within an hour, he and the lovely stranger had reached that delightful stage of intimacy in which each feels that he and she, while still having much to learn about the other, are on the verge of a complete understanding.

During the journey of between two and three hours, his travelling companion had told him a great deal more about herself than he had chosen to reveal concerning his own life and affairs; he learned, for instance, that she was the young wife of an old man, and that the old man was exceedingly jealous. Further, that she found the life she was compelled to lead "horribly boring," and that a widowed cousin, who lived near London, and from whom she had "expectations," formed a convenient excuse for occasional absences from home.

Concerning three matters of fact, however, she completely withheld her confidence, both then, in those first delicious hours of their acquaintance, and even later, when their friendship — well, why not say friendship? for Carden had felt a very strong liking as well as an overmastering attraction toward this Undine-like creature — had become much closer. The first and second facts which she kept closely hidden, for reasons which should perhaps have been obvious, were her surname — she confided to him that her Christian name was Pansy — and her husband's profession. The third, about which she might surely have been less reticent, was the name of the town where she lived and from which she appeared to be travelling that day.

The actual incidents of that eventful October journey had become, to a certain extent, blurred in Theodore Carden's memory, but what had followed was still extraordinarily vivid, and to-day, on this holiday morning, standing idly looking out of the window, he allowed his mind a certain retrospective licence.

From whom, so he now asked himself, had first come the suggestion that there should be no parting at Euston between himself and the strange, elemental woman he had found so full of unforced fascination and disarming charm? The answer soon came echoing down the corridors of memory: from himself, of course — but then, and even now the memory brought with it shamefaced triumph, he remembered her quick acquiescence, as free, as unashamed, as joyous as that of a spoilt child acclaiming an unlooked-for treat.

And, after all, what harm had there been in the whole halcyon adventure — what injury had it caused to any human being? Carden put the husband, the fatuous old man who had had the incredible folly to marry a girl thirty-five years younger than himself, out of court. Pansy, light-hearted, conscienceless Pansy — he always thought of her with a touch of easy tenderness — had run no risk of detection, for, as he had early discovered, she knew no one in London, with the solitary exception of the old cousin who lived in Upper Norwood. As for his own business acquaintances, he might, of course, have been seen by any of them taking about this singularly attractive woman, for the two went constantly to the theatre, and daily to one or

other of the great restaurants. But what then? Excepting that she was quieter in manner, far better dressed, and incomparably prettier, Pansy might have been the wife or sister of any one of his own large circle of relations, that great Carden clan who held their heads so high in the business world of the Midlands.

Nay, nay, no risk had been run, and no one had been a penny the worse! Indeed, on looking back, Theodore Carden could tell himself that it had been a perfect, a flawless episode, and perhaps after all it was well that there had been no attempt at a repetition. And yet? And yet the young man, especially during the first few weeks which had followed that sequence of enchanting days, had often felt piqued, even a little surprised, that the heroine of this amazing experience had not taken advantage of his earnest entreaty that she would give him the chance of meeting her again. He had left it to her to be mysterious; as for himself, he had seen no reason why he should conceal from her either his name or his business address.

Many men, doubtless, would not have been so frank, but Theodore Carden, too wise in feminine lore to claim an infallible knowledge of women, never remembered having made a mistake as to the moral social standing of a new feminine acquaintance. During the few days they had been together, everything had gone to prove that Pansy was no masquerader from that under-world whose denizens always filled him with a sensation of mingled aversion and pity. He could not doubt — he never had doubted — that what she had chosen to tell him about herself and her private affairs was substantially true. No man, having heard her speak of it, could fail to understand her instinctive repulsion from the old husband to whom she had sold herself into bondage; and as human, if not perhaps quite as worthy of sympathy, was her restless longing for freedom to lead the pleasant life led by those of her more fortunate contemporaries whose doings were weekly chronicled in the society papers which seemed to form her only reading.

Once only had Carden felt for his entrancing companion the slightest touch of repugnance. He had taken her to a play in which a child played an important part, and she had suddenly so spoken as to make him realise with a shock of surprise that she was the mother of children! Yet the little remark made by her, "I wonder how my little girls are getting on," had been very natural and even womanly. Then, in answer to a muttered word or two on his part, she had explained that she preferred not to have news of her children when she was absent from home, since it only worried her; even when staying with the old cousin at Upper Norwood, she made a point of being completely free of all possible home troubles. Hearing this gentle, placid explanation of her lack of maternal anxiety, Carden had put up his hand to his face to hide a smile; he had not been mistaken; Pansy was indeed the thorough-going little hedonist he had taken her to be. Still, it was difficult, even rather disturbing, to think of her as a mother, and as the mother of daughters.

Yet how deep an impression this unmoral, apparently soulless woman had made on his mind and on his emotional memory! Even now, when he had no desire, and, above all, must not allow himself to have any desire, ever to see her again, Theodore Carden felt almost as keenly as he had done during the period of their brief intimacy a morbid curiosity to know where she lived and had her being.

It was late in the afternoon of the same day. Theodore Carden had just come in from a long walk, and, as he passed through the circular hall round which Watermead was built, he heard the low sound of voices, those of his father and some other man, issuing from the square drawing-room always occupied by the father and son on such idle days as these. He stayed his steps, realized that the visitor was Major Lane, and then made up his mind to go up and change, instead of going straight in to his father, as he would have done had the latter been alone.

As he came down again, and crossed the now lighted hall, he met the parlourmaid, an elderly woman who had been in Thomas Carden's service ever since his wife's death.

"I wonder if I can take in the lamps now, Mr. Theodore? It's getting so dark, sir."

There was a troubled sound in her voice, and the young man stopped and looked at her with some surprise. "Of course you can, Jane," he said quickly, "why not? Why haven't you taken them in before?"

"I did go in with them half an hour ago, sir, but the master told me to take them out again. There's firelight, to be sure, and it's only Major Lane in there, but he's been here since three o'clock, and master's not had his tea yet. I suppose they thought they'd wait till you came in."

"Oh! well, if my father prefers to sit in the dark, and to put off tea till he can have my company, you had better wait till I ring, and then bring in the lamps and the tea together." He spoke with his usual light good-nature, and then passed on, and so into the room which was the only apartment in the large old house clearly associated in his mind with the graceful, visionary figure of his young mother.

Thomas Carden and the Head Constable were sitting in the twilight, one on each side of the fireplace, and when the young man came in they both stirred perceptibly and abruptly stopped speaking.

Theodore came forward and stood on the hearth-rug.

"May Jane bring in the lamps, father?"

"Yes, yes, I suppose so."

And the lamps were brought in. Then came the tea-tray, placed by Jane on a large table several paces from the fire. Very deliberately, and asking no questions as to milk or sugar, for well he knew the tastes of his father and of his father's friend, he poured out two cups of tea, and, turning, advanced, a cup balanced in each steady hand.

But halfway across the room he stopped for a moment, arrested by the sound of his father's voice:

"Theo, my boy, I want to ask you something." This mode of address had become of late years a little unusual, and there was something in Thomas Carden's accents which struck his son as significant, even as rather solemn.

"Yes, father?"

"Did you not tell me this morning that you had never met Garvice?"

The one onlooker, hatchet-faced Major Lane, suddenly leaned a little forward. He was astonished at his old friend's extraordinary and uncalled-for courage, and it was with an effort, with the feeling that he was bracing himself to see something terrible take place, that he looked straight at the tall, fine-looking man who had now advanced into the circle of light thrown by the tall Argand lamps.

But Theodore Carden appeared quite unmoved, nay, more, quite unconcerned by his father's question.

"Yes," he said, "of course I told you so. I suppose I knew the old fellow by sight, but I certainly was never introduced to him. Are there any new developments?" He turned to Major Lane with a certain curiosity, and then quite composedly handed him the cup of tea he held in his right hand.

"Well, yes," answered the other coldly, "there are. We arrested Mrs. Garvice this morning."

"That seems rather a strong step to have taken, unless new evidence has turned up since Saturday," said Theodore thoughtfully.

"Such new evidence has come to hand since Saturday," observed Major Lane significantly.

There was a pause, and again Thomas Carden addressed his son with that strange touch of solemnity, and again Major Lane, with some inward wincing, stared fixedly at the young man now standing, a stalwart, debonair figure, between himself and his old friend.

"Can you assure me — can you assure us both — that you never met Mrs. Garvice?"

Carden looked down at his father with a puzzled expression. "Of course, I can't assure you of anything of the kind," he said, still speaking quite placidly. "I may have met her somewhere or other, but I can't remember having done so; and I think I should have remembered it, both because the name is an uncommon one, and because"— he turned to Major Lane — "isn't she said to be an extraordinarily pretty woman?"

As the last words were being uttered, an odd thing happened. Thomas Carden suddenly dropped the cup he was holding in his hand; it rang against the brass fender and broke in several pieces, while the spoon went clattering into the fireplace.

"Father!" exclaimed Theodore, and then quickly he added, "Don't trouble to do that," for the old man was stooping over the rug and fumbling with the broken pieces. But Thomas Carden shook his head; it was evident that he was, for the moment, physically incapable of speech.

A great fear came into the son's mind; he turned to Major Lane and muttered in an urgent, agonised whisper, "Is it — can it be a seizure? Hadn't I better go and try to find Dr. Curle?" But the other, with a dubious expression on his face, shook his head. "No," he said; "it's nothing of the kind. Your father's getting older, Carden, as we all are, and I've had to speak to him to-day about a very disagreeable matter." He looked fixedly, probingly, at the young man, but again Theodore showed no sign of having understood. "I think it's thoroughly upset him." The speaker hesitated, and then added: "I daresay he'll tell you about it; in any case, I'd better go now and come back later. If you can spare me half an hour this evening, I should like to have a talk with you."

During the last few moments Major Lane had made up his mind to take a certain course, even to run a certain risk, and that not for the first time that day, for he had already set his own intimate knowledge of the life-long friend whose condition now wrung him with pity against what was, perhaps, his official duty.

Some two hours before, the Head Constable had entered the house, where he had been so constantly and so hospitably entertained, with the firm conviction that Theodore Carden had been the catspaw of a clever, unscrupulous woman; in fact, that there had come a repetition, but a hundred times more serious, of that now half-forgotten entanglement which had so

nearly brought Carden to grief some seven or eight years before. Once more he had come prepared to do his best to save his friend's son, so far as might be possible, from the consequences of his folly.

But now? Ah, now, the experienced, alert official had to admit to himself that the incidents of the last ten minutes had completely altered his view of the matter. He realised that in any case Theodore Carden was no fool; for the first time that day the terrible suspicion came into Major Lane's mind that the man before him might, after all, be more closely connected with the Garvice mystery than had seemed possible.

Never, during his long connection with crime, had the Head Constable come across as good an actor, as cool a liar, as he now knew this young man of business to be. Well, he would give Carden one more chance to tell the truth; Theodore was devoted to his father, so much was certainly true, and perhaps his father would be able to make him understand the gravity of the case. Major Lane felt bitterly sorry that he had come first to the old man — but, then, he had so completely believed in the "scrape" theory; and now he hardly knew what to believe!

The old man, still sitting by the fire, had caught a few of the muttered words, and before Major Lane could leave the room Thomas Carden had risen from his chair, his face paler, perhaps, than usual, but once more his collected, dignified self. "Stay," he said firmly; "having gone so far, I think we should now thresh the matter out."

He walked over to where his son and his friend were standing, and he put his hand on the older man's arm. "Perhaps I cannot expect you, Lane, to be convinced, as I, of course, have been convinced, by my son's denials. It is, as I told you this afternoon, either a plot on the part of some one who bears a grudge against us, or else — what I think more likely — there are two men in this great town each bearing the name of Theodore Carden. But I appreciate, I deeply appreciate, the generous kindness which made you come and warn us of this impending calamity; but you need not fear that we shall fail to meet it with a complete answer."

"Father! Major Lane! What do you mean?" For the first time a feeling of misgiving swept over Theodore Carden's mind. Without waiting for an answer, he led the way back to the fireplace and, deliberately drawing forward a chair, motioned to Major Lane to sit down likewise.

"Now then," he said, speaking with considerable authority and decision, "I think I have a right to ask what this is all about. In what way are we, my father and myself, concerned in the Garvice affair? For my part, Major Lane, I can assure you, and that, if you wish it, on oath, that I did not know Mr. Garvice, and, to the best of my belief, I have never seen, still less spoken to, Mrs. Garvice ——"

"If that be indeed so," said the man whom he addressed, and who, for the first time, was beginning to feel himself shaken in his belief, nay, in his absolute knowledge, that the young man was perjuring himself, "can you, and will you, explain these letters?" and he drew out of his pocket a folded sheet of foolscap.

Carden bent forward eagerly; there was no doubt, so the Head Constable admitted to himself, as to his eagerness to be brought face to face with the accusation — and yet, at that moment, a strong misgiving came over Major Lane. Was it right, was it humane, to subject him to this terrible test, and that, too, before his old father? Whatever the young man's past relation to Mrs. Garvice, nay, whatever his connection might be with the crime which Major Lane believed to have been committed, Carden was certainly ignorant of the existence of these terrible, these damnatory documents, and they constituted so far the only proof that Carden had been lying when he denied any knowledge of Mrs. Garvice. But then, alas! they constituted an irrefutable proof.

With a sudden movement Major Lane withdrew his right hand, that which held the piece of paper: "Stop a moment, Carden; do you really wish this discussion to take place before your father? I wonder if you remember—" he paused, and then went on firmly — "an interview you and I had many years ago?"

For the first time Theodore Carden's whole manner changed; a look of fear, even of guilt, came over his strong, intelligent face.

"Father," he said imploringly, "I beg you not to listen to Major Lane. He is alluding to a matter which he gave me his word — his word of honour — should never be mentioned to any one, least of all to you"; then, turning with an angry gesture to the Head Constable, "Was that not so?" he asked imperiously.

"Yes, I admit that by making this allusion I have broken my word, but good God! man, this is no passing scrape that we have to consider now; to-morrow morning all Birmingham will be ringing with your name — with your father's name, Theodore — for by some damnable mischance the papers have got hold of the letters in question. I did my best, but I found I was powerless." He turned and deliberately looked away, as he added in a low, hesitating voice: "And now, once more I ask you whether we had better not delay this painful discussion until you and I are alone?"

"No!" cried Carden, now thoroughly roused, "certainly not! You have chosen to come and tell my father something about me, and I insist that you tell me here, and at once, what it is of which I am accused."

He instinctively looked at his father for support, and received it in full measure, for at once the old man spoke. "Yes, Lane, I think my son is right; there's no use in making any more mystery about the matter. I'm sure that the letters you have brought to show Theodore will puzzle him as much as they have me, and that he will be able to assure you that he has no clue either to their contents or to their writer."

Very slowly, with a feeling of genuine grief and shame for the man who seemed to feel neither sorrow nor shame, Major Lane held out the folded paper, and then again, in very pity, he looked away as his old friend's son eagerly unrolled the piece of foolscap, placing it close under the lampshade in order that he might thoroughly master its contents.

As Theodore Carden completed the trifling action, that of unrolling the piece of paper which was to solve the mystery, he noted, with a curious feeling of relief, that the documents (or were they letters?) regarded by the Head Constable as so damnatory, were but two, the first of some length, the second consisting of a very few lines, both copied in the fair round hand of Major Lane's confidential clerk.

And then, with no premonitory warning, Carden became the victim of a curious physical illusion. Staring down at the long piece of blue paper, he found that he was only able to master the signature, in both cases the same, with which each letter terminated. Sometimes only one word, one name — that of *Pansy* — stood out clearly, and then again he seemed only to see the other word, the other name — that of *Garvice*. The two names appeared to play hide-and-seek with one another, to leap out alternately and smite his eyes, pressing and printing themselves upon his brain.

At last, while he was still staring silently, obstinately, at the black lines dancing before him, he heard the words, and they seemed to be coming from a long way off, "Theodore! Oh, my boy, what is the matter?" and then Major Lane's voice, full of rather angry concern, "Rouse yourself, Carden, you are frightening your father."

"Am I?" he said dully, "I mustn't do that"; then, handing back the sheet of foolscap to the Head Constable, he said hoarsely, "I can't make them out. Will you read them to me?" And Major Lane, in passionless accents, read aloud the two letters which he already almost knew by heart:

6, LIGHTWOOD PLACE,
JANUARY, 28TH.

You told me to write to you if ever I was in real trouble and thought you could help me. Oh, Theo, darling, I am in great trouble, and life, especially since that happy time — you know when I mean — is more wretched than ever. You used to say I was extraordinarily pretty, I wonder if you would say so now, for I am simply ill — worn out with worry. He — you know who — has found out something; such a little insignificant thing; and since then he makes my life unbearable with his stupid jealousy. It isn't as if he knew about you and me, that would be something real to grumble at, wouldn't it, darling? Sometimes I feel tempted to tell him all about it. How he would stare! He is incapable of understanding anything romantic. However, I'm in no mood for laughing now. He's got a woman in to watch me, but luckily I've quite got her to be on my side, though of course I haven't told her anything about my private affairs.

Will you meet me one day this week, to-morrow if you can, at No. 15, Calthorpe Street? Four o'clock is the safest time for me. Between the two small shops you will see a swing door with "Madame Paula, Milliner," on it; push it open and go straight upstairs. On the first landing you will see a door with "Gone out, enquire upstairs," on it. Push up the door knob (don't try to turn it) and walk in. The room will be empty, but you will see a door leading to a back room; push *up* the knob and there — there you will find your poor little Pansy, fainting with joy at seeing her big strong Theo again.

Send me a postcard, saying "Mrs. Garvice can be fitted on (day you select)." If posted before eleven, it will reach me in time. Of course, I'm running a risk in meeting you *here*, so near my home, but I *must* see you, for I have a great favour to ask you, Theo, and I dare not propose going away even for one day.

PANSY GARVICE.

Major Lane paused a moment, then went on:

Theo, I wrote to you ten days ago, but I have had no answer. I am dreadfully worried; I know you are in Birmingham, for I saw your name in a paper before I wrote to you. I have gone through such terrible days waiting for the postcard I asked you to send me. Write, if only to say you don't want to hear again of poor miserable

PANSY GARVICE.

"I suppose you will now admit that you know who wrote these letters?" asked Major Lane sternly.

"Yes — at least I suppose they were written by Mrs. Garvice." Carden spoke with a touch of impatience. The question seemed to him to be, on the part of his father's old friend, a piece of useless cruelty.

"And can you suggest to whom they were written, if not to yourself?"

"No, of course not; I do not doubt that they were written to me," and this time his face was ravaged with a horror and despair to which the other two men had, as yet, no clue. "And yet," Carden added, a touch of surprise in his voice, "I never saw these letters — they never reached me."

"But, of course, you received others?" Major Lane spoke with a certain eagerness; then, as the young man seemed to hesitate, he added hastily: "Nay, nay, say nothing that might incriminate yourself."

"But, indeed — indeed I have never received a letter from her — that perhaps is why I did not know the handwriting."

"Theodore!" cried his father sharply, "think what you are saying! What you've been shown are only copies — surely you understood that? What Lane has just shown you are copies of letters which purport to have been addressed to you, but which were intercepted on their way to the post — is that not so?" and he turned to the Head Constable.

"Yes," said Major Lane; then he added, very deliberately: "The originals of these two letters, which were bought for a large sum from Mrs. Garvice's companion, evidently the woman referred to in the first letter, are now in the hands of the news editor of the *Birmingham Dispatch*. I was shown them as a great favour"— a grim smile distorted, for a moment, the Head Constable's narrow jaw. "I did my best — for your father's sake, Carden — to frighten these people into giving them up; I even tried to persuade them to hold them over, but it was no good. I was told that no Birmingham paper had ever had such a — 'scoop,' I believe, was the word used. You and your father are so well known in this city"— and again Theodore Carden marvelled at the cruelty of the man.

Thomas Carden broke in with a touch of impatience: "But nothing else has been found, my boy! Lane should tell you that the whole theory of your having known Mrs. Garvice rests on these two letters — which never reached you."

Father and son seemed suddenly to have changed places. The old man spoke in a strong, self-confident tone, but the other, his grey face supported on his hands, was staring fixedly into the fire.

"Yes," said Major Lane, more kindly, "I ought perhaps to tell you, Carden, that within an hour of my being shown these letters I had Mrs. Garvice's house once more searched, and nothing was found connecting you with the woman, excepting, I am sorry to say, this"; — and he held out an envelope on which was written in Theodore Carden's clear handwriting the young man's name and business address. "Now I should like you to tell me, if you don't mind doing so, where, when, and how this name and address came to be written?"

"Yes, I will certainly tell you." Carden spoke collectedly; he was beginning to realise the practical outcome of the conversation. "I wrote that address about the middle of last October, in London, at Mansell's Hotel in Pall Mall East."

"The poor fellow's going to make a clean breast of it at last"; so thought Major Lane with a strange feeling of relief, for on the flap of the envelope, which he had kept carefully turned down, was stamped "Mansell's Hotel."

It was in a considerate, almost kindly tone, that the Head Constable next spoke. "And now, Carden, I beg you, for your own sake, to tell me the truth. Perhaps I ought to inform you, before you say anything, that, according to our theory, Mrs. Garvice was certainly assisted in procuring the drug with which, I firmly believe, she slowly poisoned her husband. As yet we have no clue as to the person who helped her, but we have ascertained that for the last two months, in fact from about the date of the first letter addressed to you, a man did purchase minute quantities of this drug at Birmingham, at Wolverhampton, and at Walsall. Now, mind you, I do not, I never have, suspected you of having any hand in that, but I fear you'll have to face the ordeal of being confronted with the various chemists, of whom two declare most positively that they can identify the man who brought them the prescription which obtained him the drug in question."

While Major Lane was speaking, Theodore Carden had to a certain extent regained his self-possession; here, at least, he stood on firm ground. "Of course, I am prepared to face anything of the kind that may be necessary." He added almost inaudibly; "I have brought it on myself." Then he turned, his whole voice altering and softening: "Father, perhaps you would not mind my asking Major Lane to go into the library with me? I should prefer to see him alone."

II

"And the wild regrets, and the bloody sweats,
None knew so well as I:
For he who lives more lives than one
More deaths than one must die."

And then the days dragged on, a week of days, each containing full measure of bitter humiliation; full measure also of feverish suspense and anxiety, for Theodore Carden did not find it quite so easy as he had thought it would be to clear himself of this serious and yet preposterous accusation of complicity in the murder. But Major Lane was surprised at the courage and composure with which the young man faced the ordeal of confrontation with the various men, any one of whom, through a simple mistake or

nervous lapse of memory, might compel his presence, if not in the dock, then as a witness at the coming murder trial.

But at last that ordeal was over, for, as a matter of fact, none of those brought face to face with him in the sordid promiscuity of such scenes singled out Theodore Carden as resembling the mysterious individual who had almost certainly provided Mrs. Garvice with the means wherewith to poison her husband. So it was that suspicion became gradually directed to quite another quarter; that is, towards an accountant in Garvice's employment, who had been socially welcomed at his house. But of this man no trace had as yet been found.

It was after the need for active defence had passed away that the hours began to drag heavily with Theodore Carden; and yet, at the end of each long day, the unhappy man would have given much in order to recall the daylight hours. . . . The moment twilight fell Carden was haunted, physically and mentally possessed, by the presence of the woman he had known at once so little and so well, that is, of her he now knew to be Pansy Garvice.

Especially terrible were the solitary evenings of those days when his father had been away, performing the task of breaking so much of the truth as could be told to the girl to whom his son had been engaged.

As each afternoon drew in, Carden found himself compelled to remain more or less concealed in the rooms which overlooked the garden of Watermead. For, with the approach of night, the suburban road in front of the fine old house was filled by an ever coming and going crowd of bat-like men and women, eager to gaze with morbid curiosity at the dwelling of the man who had undoubtedly been, if not Mrs. Garvice's accomplice — that, to the annoyance of the sensation-mongers, seemed decidedly open to question — then, her favoured lover.

But to these shameful and grotesque happenings Theodore Carden gave scarce a thought, for it was when he found himself alone in the drawing-room or library that his solitude would become stealthily invaded by an invisible and impalpable wraith. So disorganised had become his nerves, so pitiable the state of his body and mind, that constantly he seemed conscious of a faint, sweet odour, that of wood violets, a scent closely associated in his thoughts with Pansy Garvice, with the woman whom he now knew to be a murderess. He came at last to long for a tangible delusion, for the sight of a bodily shape which he could tell himself was certainly not there. But no such relief was vouchsafed him; and yet once, when sitting in the drawing-room, trying to read a book, he had felt a rounded cheek laid suddenly to his; a curl of silken, scented hair had touched his neck. . . .

Terrifying as was the peopled solitude of his evenings, Carden dreaded their close, for at night, during the whole of each long night, the woman from whom he now felt so awful a repulsion held him prisoner. From the fleeting doze of utter exhaustion he would be awakened by feeling the pressure of Pansy's soft, slender arms about his neck; they would wind themselves round his shuddering body, enclosing him slowly, inexorably, till he felt as if he must surely die under their gyves-like pressure. Again — and this, perhaps, was what he learned to dread in an especial degree — he would be suddenly roused by Pansy's liquid, laughing voice, whispering things of horror in his ear; it was then, and then only, that he found courage to speak, courage to assure her, and to assure himself, that he was in no sense her accomplice, that he had had naught to do with old Garvice's death; but then there would come answer, in the eager tones he remembered so well, and the awful words found unwilling echo in his heart: "Yes, yes, indeed you helped!"

And now the last day, or rather the last night, had come, for the next morning Theodore Carden was to leave Birmingham, he hoped for ever, for New Zealand.

The few people he had been compelled to see had been strangely kind; quiet and gentle, as folk, no doubt, feel bound to be when in the presence of one condemned. As for Major Lane, he was stretching — no one knew it better than Carden himself — a great point in allowing the young man to leave England before the Garvice trial.

During those last days, even during those last hours, Theodore deliberately prevented himself from allowing his mind to dwell on his father. He did not know how much the latter had been told, and he had no wish to know. A wall of silence had arisen between the two who had always been so much, nay, in a sense, everything, to one another. Each feared to give way to any emotion, and yet the son knew only too well, and was ashamed of the knowledge, with what relief he would part from his father. There had been a moment when Major Lane had intimated his belief that the two would go away and make a new life together, but Theodore Carden had put aside the idea with rough decision. Perhaps when he was far away, on the other side of the world, the former relations of close love and sympathy, if not of confidence, might be reëstablished between his father and himself, but this, he felt sure, would never be while they remained face to face.

And now he was lying wide awake in the darkness, in the pretty, peaceful room which had once been his nursery, and where he had spent his happy holidays as a schoolboy. His brain remained abnormally active, but physically he was oppressed by a great weariness; to-night, for the first time, Carden felt the loathsome wraith which haunted him, if not less near, then less malicious, less watchful than usual, above all, less eager to assert her power. . . . Yet, even so, he lay very still, fearing to move lest he should once more feel about his body the clinging, enveloping touch he dreaded with so great a dread.

And then, quite suddenly, there came a strange lightening of his heart. A space of time seemed to have sped by, and Carden, by some mysterious mental process, knew that he was still near home, and not, as would have been natural, in New Zealand. Nay, more, he realised that the unfamiliar place in which he now found himself was Winson Green Gaol, a place which, as a child, he had been taught to think of with fear, fear mingled with a certain sense of mystery and excitement.

Theodore had not thought of the old local prison for years, but now he knew that he and his father were together there, in a small cell lighted by one candle. The wall of silence, raised on both sides by shame and pain, had broken down, but, alas! too late; for, again in some curious inexplicable way, the young man was aware that he lay under sentence of death, and that he was to be hanged early in the morning of which the dawn was even now breaking.

Now, strange to say, this knowledge caused him, personally, but little uneasiness, but on his father's account he felt infinitely distressed, and he found himself bending his whole mind to comfort and sustain the old man. Thus, he heard a voice, which he knew to be his own, saying in an argumentative tone, "I assure you, father, that an extraordinary amount of nonsense is talked nowadays concerning — well, the death penalty. Is it possible that you do not realise that I am escaping a much worse fate — that of having to live on? I wish, dear dad, that I could persuade you of the truth of this."

"If only," muttered the old man in response, "if only, my boy, I could bear it for you"; and Carden saw that his father's face was seared with an awful look of terror and agony.

"But, indeed, father, you do not understand. Believe me, I am not afraid — it will not be so bad, after all. So do not — pray, pray, father, do not be so distressed."

And then with a great start Theodore Carden awoke — awoke to see the small, spare figure of that same dear father, clothed in the long, old-fashioned linen night-shirt of another day, standing by his bed-side.

The old man held a candle in his hand, and was gazing down at his only child with an expression of unutterable woe and grief. "I will try — I am trying, my boy, not to be unreasonably distressed," he said.

Theodore Carden sat up in bed. Since this awful thing had come on him he had never, even for an instant, forgotten self, but now he saw that his sufferings were small compared with those he had brought on the man into whose face he was gazing with red-rimmed, sunken eyes. For a moment the wild thought came to him that he might try to explain, to justify himself, to prove to his father that in this matter he had but done as others do, and that the punishment was intolerably heavier than the crime; but then, looking up and meeting Thomas Carden's perplexed, questioning eyes, he felt a great rush of shame and horror, not only of himself, but of all those who look at life as he himself had always looked at it; for the first time, he understood the mysterious necessity, as well as the beauty, of abnegation, of renunciation.

"Father," he said, "listen. I will not go away alone; I was mad to think of such a thing. We will go together, you and I,—Lane has told me that such has been your wish,— and then perhaps some day we will come back together."

After this, for the first time for many nights, Theodore Carden fell into a dreamless sleep.

A BUNK-HOUSE AND SOME BUNK-HOUSE MEN

BY

ALEXANDER IRVINE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

ABOUT fifteen years ago I was appointed spiritual adviser to the Diocese of the Bowery and Chatham Square. This strange whirlpool of humanity presents a problem of more than ordinary proportions to the policeman or the missionary. The Bowery is a mile of American life in which the nations of the earth meet for excitement and change. There is a business aspect of it which is permanent, but the many-colored throng surging up and down its sidewalks all day and all night is ephemeral. It is the place for the homeless, for the out of kilter, for the rudderless wrecks who drift. Its fifty or more lodging-houses are filled with men whose only home is the six-by-ten room in which they sleep.

A block from Chatham Square I found a resort which I at once made a base of operations for my campaign. It was a bunk-house, a big five-story rear tenement at No. 9 Mulberry Street. The entrance to it was a slit in the front block—a long, deep, narrow alley, then, as now, indescribably filthy. Over the iron gate at the entrance was the name of the house and the price of some of the beds. "Bismarck" was the name; the lodgers used to call it "Hotel de Bismarck." The lower floors were filled with ten- and twelve-cent bed-cots; the upper floors were bunk dormitories. A bunk is a strip of canvas. For seven cents a night the lodger gained admission to the dormitory. Once there, he might stretch himself on the bunk, or he might take advantage of the floor. Of the three hundred guests, more than half were accommodated on canvas or on the floor.

The covering on the ten-cent bed was changed once a month; if a man wanted toilet accommodations, he paid for them elsewhere. The Bismarck never had a bath, nor a wash-basin.

A ten- or twelve-cent guest had a wardrobe; it was seldom used, but it was there. At the head of each cot stood this tall, narrow receptacle for the clothing and valuables of the guests, but in the old days wise guests slept in their clothes. I have known of unsuspecting wayfarers who deposited their belongings in the wardrobe, locked it, and hid the key under the pillow, and next morning had to wrap themselves in newspapers or in a borrowed sheet until they could reach a junk-store. The key was safe, but the wardrobe and contents had disappeared.

On the second floor was the sitting-room. There was a stove for winter months, and against the wall on four sides of the room were built benches. There was but one chair in the room; that was the clerk's. The walls were whitewashed; the windows were covered most of the time with cobwebs and dirt, and the floor was littered with rubbish.

The clerk was a quiet man by the name of Allen. He had a bouncer named McBriarty—his nickname was "Gar." The bouncer had an understudy who was called Frank—"Big Frank." The house was owned at that time by a banker named Barsotti.

The Gathering of the Men who Were

Every afternoon, winter and summer, about five o'clock, the men began to gather about the little iron gate, and as Big Frank swung it back, they filed through the slit in single file and ascended the stairs.

Ten-cent men registered. Bunk-men threw down a nickel and two cents and became guests at large. Guests who registered were handed a chunk of wood too large to enter an ordinary pocket; attached to the wood was the key of the wardrobe. A small discount was made on a week's lodging paid in advance, but few took advantage of it, for nobody ever expected to stay a week; some had been there for years, but they paid each night as they entered, for they

expected each night to be their last. Old customers looked into each other's faces at evening with a glance which meant: "Hello! back again?"

I saw a woman there once. She came to look for a son, and sat by the door, scanning the faces as they passed her. Over a hundred men lingered around the sitting-room that night. At least a score of them repassed her, just to get a glimpse of her face, in which, though it was that of a stranger, many of them retraced their steps back over life's jagged roadway. They asked the clerk questions that needed no answer, just to get near for a moment. They tiptoed across the floor; they spoke in whispers; and they indignantly hustled several half-drunken lodgers out of the room. Her anxious face set them all thinking; it created an atmosphere in which those men of life's undertow grew tender and kind.

I tabulated, by the aid of the clerk, the ages, nationalities, and occupations of one hundred of them. Fifty were German, twenty Irish, sixteen native Americans; the rest were from the ends of the earth. Each of them gave an occupation; there were barbers, tinkers, teamsters, tailors, waiters, laborers, longshoremen, painters, paper-hangers, and scissors-grinders. One man put "banker" opposite his name. This led to an extra inquiry.

"Of course," he said, "I am for the time being down and out; but banking is my business."

Their trades were of the past — their vitality had oozed out, their grip on life was relaxed; if it ever tightened again, the first result of it would be another grade of surroundings.

In order to find out how they got a living, I followed some of these men through the maelstrom of city life. I found some distributing circulars. Others sold pencils, matches, laces. They lounged around saloons, sticking their dirty fists into the free-lunch dishes. They played lame, sick, halt, blind; they panhandled on the streets and alleys — especially the alleys, where they fared best. A dozen or more attended the ferries, waiting for a chance to carry baggage. They were unfit for hard work — they would not die.

Twelve cents a day kept most of them. When they didn't manage seven cents for a bunk, they "carried the banner" — walked the streets or stood in a "dead-house" saloon, where there are no seats and where a man must stand. Many of them, when worsted completely, would "hit the bread-line," after midnight, not so much for the bread as for a place to stand where they would be immune from the policeman's club.

Despite some plain lessons to the contrary, I believed most of them to be victims of laziness; but in a single year twelve of them dropped on the floor dead: to these I gave the benefit of the doubt.

"The Hardest Work Is No Work at All"

One Sunday night I told a hundred men in the Bismarck that the reason they had no work was, that they were loafers and didn't want work. This was in accordance with my theory — the prevailing theory — that poverty is the child of sin, that lack of work is the fruit of shiftlessness. I offered to change clothes with any man in the house, and to go out in the world and show him how to get a job. The challenge was accepted instantly — by an Irishman.

I wisely changed the article of agreement regarding clothes; I got up my own outfit! Next morning, at half-past five, I met Tim, the man who had accepted the challenge, and we proceeded to the labor-market.

From the "want" columns of the morning papers we selected a few bits of labor bait. We ran them down, failed to find anything, and turned to the shops and factories on the West Side. The answers were monotonous. "Full up," they said, or a card at the door or gate announced that the firm had a "full complement." I felt like a mendicant. I found myself begging for work in a subservient tone and manner. In one place, I remember, I said, "For God's sake." The superintendent laughed and waved us away.

"The harrudest work, for sure, is no worruk at all, at all!" said my companion, by way of sympathy.

It was mid-afternoon; I was growing desperate with my sense of failure, and at this point I launched a scheme which had been growing in my mind for hours.

"Keep close to me now, Tim," I said, and I led him into a drug-store at the corner of Grand Street and the Bowery.

"Sir," I said to the clerk, "you are not accustomed to giving credit, I know; but perhaps you might suspend your rule for once and trust a stranger for a very small sum?"

"What is't?" asked the clerk, with something of a sneer.

"I am hungry and thirsty. I have looked for work since five o'clock, and have utterly failed to find it. Now I have a scheme; I know it will work. Oxalic acid eats away rust. If I had five cents' worth, I could make a dollar an hour — I know I could."

The clerk listened and looked. He was good enough to say that I didn't talk like a bum, though I looked like one. He inquired anx-

iously if I was "off my hook." At last he said: "By ——! I've been on the Bowery a long time, and haven't been sold once. If you're a skin-game man, I'll throw up my job!" I got the acid.

Then I played the same game in a tailor-shop for rags and in a hardware store for some polishing-paste. The stock cost fifteen cents — on credit.

There used to be a big dry-goods store on the east side of Chatham Square. It had two immense brass signs.

"Nawthin' doin'," said the man, when I applied for the job of cleaning them. Nevertheless, I cleaned and polished a square foot of one big sign. The boss looked at it, and then at Tim and me.

"I'll clean both for a dime," I said.

"Well, go ahead," he said. The Cleaning Company went from store to store until we had enough money for our bills, a meal, and a surplus in the treasury.

As we sat down to dinner at "Beefsteak John's," I handed Tim the surplus, and rather impatiently probed for his acknowledgment of my victory. I had made good, and wanted all that was due me.

"What do you think of it, Tim?" I asked, with an air of satisfaction and confidence.

"Shure, ye're a janyus, yer Honor; no doubt av that at all, at all; but ——"

"Go on!" I said.

"I was jist switherin', yer Honor, what a wontherful thing ut is that a man kin always hev worruk whin he invints ut!"

"Well, that's worth knowing," I said disappointedly. "Did you learn anything else?"

"Well, it takes to do that thrick what most av us hevn't got; ut takes brains, sor — ut takes brains!"

"Why don't you have brains, then?"

He looked dumbly at me, and hung his head.

"I dunno — I dunno," he muttered.

The men at the Bismarck needed no urging to attend the meeting the following Sunday. Grogan had told his story; they were anxious to hear mine. The room was crowded to suffocation. They stood on the benches; they sat on the window-sills — everywhere; from all directions, the eyes of that dull, heavy human mass were penetrating me.

I was frank and explicit in my analysis of the experiment. I had no idea that Grogan would speak, but he did, and his speech was pointed.

"Whin ye talk religion, mister," he said, "ye're O. K.; but whin ye say we're lazy hobos, all av us, ye're spakin' round the rim av yer hat!"

Grogan made the crowd laugh when he told them how I had been turned away from shops and factories.

"Some av us poor divils hev done that same," he said, "fur weeks — until, begobs, we wisht we wur dead or hung or anythin'!"

I was about to close the meeting, when an old man known as "Judge" shuffled out to the front and asked permission to speak. He was a man of education whom I had not hitherto been able to engage in conversation.

The Judge administered a scathing rebuke, closing with a touch of humor, which was lost on the crowd. I stood there in the midst of a handful of friends, who mingled their pity with indignation. I took what belonged to me, and thanked the old man. The experiment exploded some of my theories and sent me to the school of facts.

Graf von "Habenichts"

Nothing in the life of the bunk-house was more noticeable than the way men of intelligence grouped themselves together. Besides the Judge, there was an ex-Parliamentarian, an ex-lawyer, an ex-soldier of Victoria, and a German Graf. I named them the "Ex-Club." Every morning they separated as though forever. Every night they returned, and looked at one another in surprise.

At election-time both political parties had access to the register, and every lodger was the recipient of two letters. Between elections a letter was always a matter of sensational interest; it lay on the clerk's table, waiting to be claimed, and every lodger inspected it as he passed. Scores of men who never expected a letter would pick it up, handle it in a wistful and affectionate manner, and regretfully lay it down again. I have often wished I could analyze the thoughts of these men as they handled tenderly these rare visitors conducted by Uncle Sam into the bunk-house of Blind Alley.

It was a big letter with red seals and an aristocratic monogram that first drew attention to a new-comer who had signed himself "Hans Schwanen." "One-eyed Dutchy" had whispered to some of his friends that the recipient of the letter was a real German Graf.

He was about sixty years of age, short, rotund, corpulent. His head was bullet-shaped and set well down on his shoulders. His clothes were baggy and threadbare, his linen soiled and shabby. He had blue eyes, harsh red hair, and a florid complexion. When he arrived, he brought three valises. Everybody wondered what he could have in them.

The bouncer was consumed with a desire to examine the contents, and, as bouncer and gen-

eral floor-manager of the house, expected that they would naturally be placed under his care. When, however, it was announced that the newcomer had engaged One-eyed Dutchy as his valet, the bouncer swore and said "he might go to ——."

There was something peculiar and mysterious in a ten-cent guest of the Bismarck hiring a valet. "Habenichts" kept aloof from the crowd. He had no friends, and would permit no one to establish any intercourse with him.

Dutchy informed an intimate friend that the Graf received a check from Germany every three months. While it lasted, it was the valet's duty to order, pay for, and keep a record of all food and refreshment. When the bouncer told me of these things, I tried very hard to persuade the Graf to dine at my house; but he declined without even the formality of thanks. After a few months the revenue of the mysterious stranger dried up. One-eyed Dutchy was discharged.

A snow-storm found the old Graf with an attack of rheumatism, and helpless. Then he was forced to relinquish his ten-cent cot and move up-stairs to a seven-cent bunk. When he was able to get out again, he came back, dragging up the rickety old stairs a scissors-grinder. Several of the guests offered a hand, but he spurned them all, and stuck to his job until he got it up.

Another snow-storm brought back his rheumatism; he got permission to sit indoors. The old wheel lay idle in the corner; he was hungry, and his pipe had been empty for a day and a night, but still he sat bolt upright, in pain, alone, with starvation staring him in the face. The third day of his involuntary fast he got a letter. It contained a one-dollar bill. The sender was watching at a safe distance, and he recorded that the Graf's puzzled look almost developed into a smile. He gathered himself together and hobbled out to a near-by German saloon. Next day came the first sign of surrender. He accepted a commission to take a census of the house. This at least helped to thaw him out, but it didn't last long.

Because his rheumatism prevented him from pushing his wheel through the streets, I secured him a corner in a locksmith's basement. He had not been there many weeks when he disappeared. The locksmith told a story which seemed scarcely credible. He said the old Graf had sold his wheel and given the proceeds to an Irishwoman to help defray the funeral expenses of her child.

Some months later, Allen, the clerk, got a postal-card from One-eyed Dutchy. He was on the Island, and the Graf and he were working together on the ash gang. I helped to get him off the Island — at his own urgent solicitation. I myself considered him much better off where he was.

When the Graf returned to the bunk-house, every one who had ever seen him noted a wonderful change. He no longer lived in a shell. He had become human, and took an interest in what was going on. One night, when a few of the Ex-Club were exchanging reminiscences, he was prevailed upon to tell his story. He asked us to keep it a secret for ten years. The time is up, and I am the only one of that group alive.

The Tale of the Old German Noble

"In 1849 it was; my brother and I students were in Heidelberg. Then broke out the Revolution. Two years less of age was I, so to him was due my father's title and most of the estate. 'What is revolution?' five of us students asked. 'We know not; we will study,' we all said, and we did. For King and fatherland our study make us jealous, but my brother was not so.

"'I am revolutionist!' he says, and we are mad to make him different.

"'The King is one,' he said, 'and the people are many, and they are oppressed.'

"I hate my brother, and curse him, till in our room he weeps for sorrow. I curse him until he leaves.

"By and by in the barricades he finds himself fighting against the King. In the fight the rebels are defeated and my brother escapes. Many are condemned and shot. Not knowing my heart, my mother writes to me that my brother is at home.

"I lie in my bed, thinking — thinking. Many students have been shot for treason. Love of King and fatherland, and desire to be Graf, are two thoughts in my heart.

"I inform. My brother is arrested, and in fortress is he put to be shot.

"Four of us students of patriotism go to see. My heart sinks to see my brother, so white is he and fearless. His eyes are bright like fire, and he stands so cool and straight.

"'I have nothing but love,' he says; 'I love the cause of truth and justice. To kill me is not to kill the truth; where you spill my blood will revolution grow, as flowers grow by water. I forgive.'

"Then he sees me. 'Hans!' he says, 'Hans!' He holds out his arms. 'I want to kiss my brother,' he says. The general he says, 'All right.'

"But I love the King. 'No! I have no brother! I will not a traitor kiss!'

"My Gott! how my brother looks! He looks already dead — so full of sorrow is he.

"A sharp crack of guns! They chill my heart, and down dead falls my brother.

"I go away, outside glad, but in my heart I feel burn the fires of hell. Father and mother in one year die for sorrow. Then I am Graf.

"I desire to be of society, but society will not — it is cold. Guests do not come to my table. Servants do not stay. They tell that they hear my mother weep for sorrow in the night. I laugh at them, but in my heart I know them true. Peasants in the village hide from me as I come to them.

"But my mind is worse. Every night I hear the crack of the rifles — the sound of the volley that was my brother's death. Soldiers I get, men of the devil-dare kind, to stay with me. They do not come back; they tell that they hear tramp, tramp, tramp of soldiers' feet.

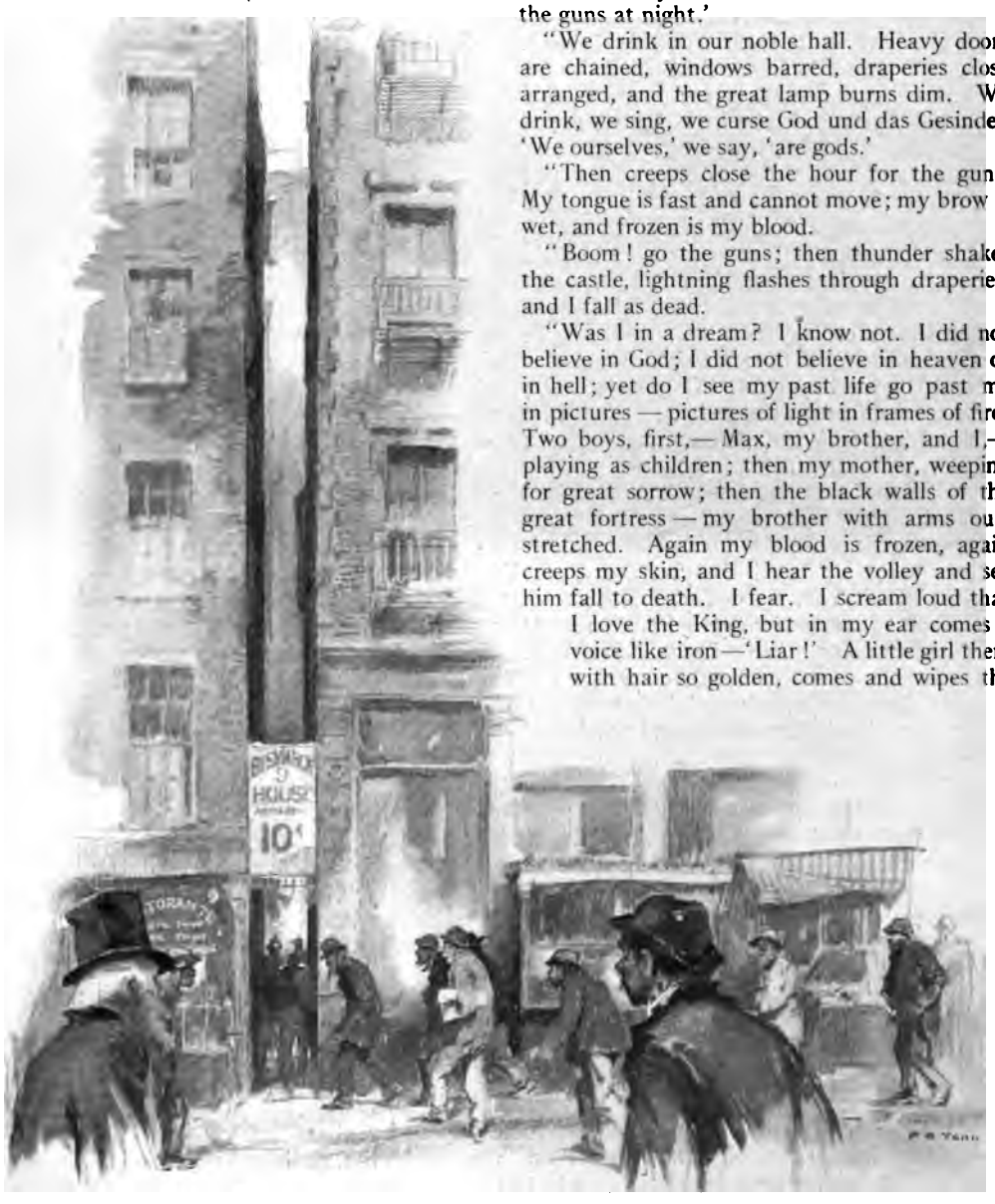
"One night, with the soldiers, I take much wine, for I say, 'I shall be drunk and not hear the guns at night.'

"We drink in our noble hall. Heavy doors are chained, windows barred, draperies close arranged, and the great lamp burns dim. We drink, we sing, we curse God und das Gesindel. 'We ourselves,' we say, 'are gods.'

"Then creeps close the hour for the guns. My tongue is fast and cannot move; my brow is wet, and frozen is my blood.

"Boom! go the guns; then thunder shakes the castle, lightning flashes through draperies, and I fall as dead.

"Was I in a dream? I know not. I did not believe in God; I did not believe in heaven or in hell; yet do I see my past life go past me in pictures — pictures of light in frames of fire: Two boys, first,— Max, my brother, and I,— playing as children; then my mother, weeping for great sorrow; then the black walls of the great fortress — my brother with arms outstretched. Again my blood is frozen, again creeps my skin, and I hear the volley and see him fall to death. I fear. I scream loud that I love the King, but in my ear comes a voice like iron — 'Liar!' A little girl then, with hair so golden, comes and wipes the



THE BUNK-HOUSE

stain of blood from my brow. I see her plain.

"Then I awake. I am alone; the light is out; blood is on my face. I am paralyzed with fear, so I cannot stand. When I can walk, I leave, for I think maybe that only in Germany do I hear the guns. For twenty years I live in Spain. Still do I hear the guns.

"I go to France, but yet every night at the same hour freezes my blood and I hear the death volley.

"I come to America, which I have hated, yet never a night is missed. It is at the same hour. What I hate comes to me. Whatever I fear is mine. To run away from something is for me to meet it. My estate is gone; money I have not. I sink like a man in a quicksand, down, down, down. I come here. Lower I cannot."

"One day in the Bend, where das Gesindel live, I see the little girl — she of the golden hair, who wiped my stain away.

"But she is dead. I know for sure the face. What it means I know not. Again I fall as dead.

"I have one thing in the world left — only one; it is my scissors-grinder. I sell it and give all the money to bury her. It is the first — it is the only good I ever did. Then, an outcast, I go out into the world where no pity is. I sit me down in a dark alley; strange is my heart, and new.

"It is time for the guns — yet is my blood warm! I wait. The volley comes not!

"The hour is past!

"'My Gott! My Gott!' I say. 'Can this be true?' I wait one, two, three minutes; it comes not. I scream for joy — I scream loud! I feel an iron hand on me. I am put in prison. Yet is the prison filled with light — yet am I in heaven. The guns are silent."

One day a big letter with several patches of red sealing-wax and an aristocratic monogram arrived at the bunk-house.

Nearly two hundred men handled it and stood around until the Graf arrived. Every one felt a personal interest in the contents. It was "One-eyed Dutchy" who handed it to the owner, and stood there watching out of his single eye the face of his former master. The old man smiled as he folded the letter and put it into his pocket, saying as he did so: "By next ship I leave for Hamburg to take life up where I laid it down."

A Statesman Under a Cloud

I was sitting on the bench near the door in the bunk-house one day at twilight, when I noticed a profile silhouetted against the window. I had seen only one profile like that in my life, and that was when I was a boy.

I moved closer. The man sat like a statue. His face was very pale, and he was gazing vacantly at the walls in the rear of the building.

Finally I went over and sat down beside him.

"Good evening," he said quietly, in answer to my salutation.

I looked into his face — a face I knew when a boy, a face familiar to the law-makers of Victoria for a quarter century.

I called him by name. At the sound of his own name his paleness turned to an ashy yellow.

"In Heaven's name," I said, "what are you doing here?"

He looked at me with an expression of excruciating pain on his face, and said:

"I have traveled some thousands of miles in order to be alone; if you have any kindness, any pity, leave me."

"Pardon me," I said, "for intruding."

That night the Ex-Club invited him to take part in their deliberations. He refused, and his manner showed that he considered the invitation an insult.

I had known this man as a brilliant orator, a religious leader, the champion of a sect. In a city across the sea I had sat as a bare-legged boy on an upturned barrel, part of an immense crowd, listening to the flow of his oratory. Next day he left the bunk-house. Some weeks afterward I found him on a curbstone, preachng to whoever of the pedestrians would listen.

At the close of his address I introduced myself again. He took me to his new lodging, and I put the questions that filled my mind. For answer, he gave me the House of Commons Blue Book, which explained the charge hanging over him. Almost daily, for weeks, I heard him on his knees proclaim his innccence of the unmentionable crime with which he was charged. After some weeks of daily association, he said to me: "I believe you are sent of God to guide me, and I am prepared to take your advice."

My advice was ready. He turned pale as I told him to pack his trunk and take the next ship for England.

"Face the storm like a man!" I urged, and he said:

"It will kill me, but I will do it."

He did it, and it swept him to prison, to shame, and to oblivion.

A St. Francis of the Bunk-house

One Sunday afternoon I was going through the dormitories, calling the lodgers to prayer. On one of the ten-cent cots an old white-haired man was reading a life of Buffalo Bill. His face was marred by a scar over

"ONE NIGHT THE GRAF WAS PREVAILED UPON TO TELL HIS STORY"

THE SITTING-ROOM OF THE BISMARCK

one of the eyes. He spoke gently and with a pronounced Irish accent.

"I am an Episcopalian," he said, when I invited him below to the meeting.

"We have all denominations," I assured him. Everybody in the bunk-house had a connection, more or less remote, with some sect.

"Say," said the bouncer, concerning the old man, "dat ol' duffer's got de angel goods on him O. K."

His name was Edward Dowling. He was a gentleman. He had soldiered under Sir Colin Campbell and Sir Henry Havelock in India. Later he owned a ranch in the West. Then an accident deprived him of the use of an eye, and he spent all he had in trying to preserve his sight. Homeless and penniless on the streets of New York, he had learned to do tinkering and the mending of umbrellas.

In his poverty he drifted to the bunk-house.

The following Sunday, at our meeting, he had an awakening which reminded me of the account of Paul's conversion on the way to Damascus. It revolutionized his mental processes, and he began to give outward expression to his new-found inner joy.

He would buy some stale bread overnight, and early in the morning he would make coffee on the bunk-house stove in a quart tomato-can. Each man, before he left the place, had a bite of stale bread and at least a mouthful of warm coffee. Then they would uncover their heads while the old man asked God to bless them for the day.

He tinkered for a living, but his vocation became the conversion of men. From these small beginnings in quiet evangelism, he branched out into work of the same kind among the tenements. He mended pots, kettles, and pans, and charged for the job a chapter in the Bible. I came on him suddenly one morning in an alley. Snow was on the ground, and he was reading a chapter with his face close to a broken pane. It appeared he had done some soldering for an Irishwoman, and asked the privilege of reading to her.

"Begorra," she said, "the house isn't fit to read the Holy Book in, but if yez w'u'dn't mind reading through the window, I'll take the rags out."

So she took the bundle out of the broken pane, and Dowling bent over and read his chapter.

When the Rev. John Hopkins Dennison took charge of the old Church of Sea and Land, he established a sort of latter-day monastery in the old square tower, and there Brother Dow-

ling had a cell, where he lived and worked among the poor for many years.

In an escapade with two other soldiers in the Sepoy rebellion, Dowling had looted the palace of a raja. In the act of burying several canes filled with diamonds, one of the three was shot dead. Dowling and the other escaped. One day on the Bowery, forty years afterward, a man laid his hand on Dowling's shoulder and asked him what he did with the loot. It was the other man.

"What did *you* do with it?" Dowling asked. Each had lived in the belief that the other had got away with it.

The tinker-preacher was very much stirred up over this. He wrote at once to the governor-general of India, told the whole story, and offered to come out and locate the stolen booty. Money was appropriated to pay his passage, but the old man was going on another journey. He wrote a full description of the place and transaction, and then lay down in the tower of the old church and died.

"I NOTICED A PROFILE SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE WINDOW"

"Doc," our Volunteer Organist

"Say, Bub," said Gar, the bouncer, to me one day, "what ungodly hour of the mornin' d'ye git up?"

"At the godly hour of necessity," I replied.

"Wal, I hev a pal I want ter interjooce to ye at six."

I met the bouncer and his "pal" at the corner of Broome Street and the Bowery next morning at the appointed hour.

"Dat's Doc!" said Gar, as he clapped his hand on his friend's head.

His friend bowed low and in faultless English said: "I am more than pleased to meet you."

"I can give ye a pointer on Doc," the big fellow continued. "If ye tuk a peaner t' th' top av a mountain an' let her go down the side sorter ez she pleases, 'e c'u'd pick up the remains an' put thim together so's ye w'u'dn't know they'd been apart. Yes, sir; that's no song an' dance, an' 'e c'u'd play any chune iver invented on it."

"Doc" laughed and made some explanations. They had a wheezy old organ in Halloran's dive, and Doc kept it in repair and played occasionally for them. Doc had a Rip Van Winkle look. His hair hung down his back, and his clothes were threadbare and green with age. His shoes were tied to his feet with wire, and stockings he had none. He was a New-Englander, and had studied medicine until his sheepskin was almost in his hand. Then Doc slipped a cog and went down, down, down, until he landed at Halloran's dive. For twelve years he had been selling penny song-sheets on the streets and in saloons. He was usually in rags, but a score of the wildest inhabitants of that awful dive told me that Doc was their "good angel." He could play the songs of their childhood, he was kind and gentle, and men couldn't be vulgar in his presence.

I saw in Doc an unusual man, and was able to persuade him to go home with me. In a week he was a new man, clothed and in his right mind. He became librarian of a big church library, and our volunteer organist at all the Sunday meetings.

After two years of uninterrupted service as librarian, during which time Doc had been of great service in the bunk-house, I lost him. Five years later, crossing Brooklyn Bridge on a car, I passed Doc, who was walking in the same direction. At the end of the bridge, I planted myself in front of him. "Doc," I said, "you will never get away from me again!" I took him to New Haven, where he has been janitor of a hall in Yale University ever since.

ST. FRANCIS OF THE BUNK-HOUSE

Gar, Bouncer of the Bismarck

I have mentioned Gar, or Garfield, bouncer of the Bismarck. A strong, primitive man, he is worth a chapter in himself. When I met him first, I was scrubbing. Before I came, the Bismarck floor, like the Bismarck linen, was cleaned once a month. Having made the house my headquarters, I took some pride in it. I got permission to scrub that floor mid-month, and, dressed in a suitable outfit, I proceeded with the job. I hadn't gone far when a tall, gaunt form lurched into the room.

"Hello," he grunted.

"Hello," I said, as I paused for a moment.

"What's up?" he asked.

"You haven't seen me before, have you?" I asked.

"Don't know ye from a hole in the ground!"

"Well, I'm the missionary, and as there's a vital connection between soap and salvation, I'm making a beginning on the floor. When I finish this, I'll try my hand on you."

He laughed a hoarse, guttural laugh, and said:

"Don't git bug-house, boss; ye'd wind up jest whar ye've begun!"

He had several names; his real name was Brady. In the bunk-house they called him "Gar." He was bull-necked, bullet-headed, tall, round-shouldered, stooped. The story of a hard life was in his face. He had been in the army, but they couldn't drill him. They couldn't even get rid of his stoop. He must have looked like a gorilla with a gun. In the Bismarck, he became the terror of the lesser breeds — the king by right of conquest.

Gar was a challenge to me, for I saw in him

something wild, untamed, and, perhaps, untamable. I resolved to dispute with my own methods his mastery of the place. Such was his power over the other men that, could I only conquer him, the rest would be easy. I concentrated on Gar.

It was virgin soil. He was ignorant of the vocabulary of religion. This was the more amazing because he had spent fifteen or twenty years in prisons. His special difficulty, I found, was intemperance. My first task was to cure him of that.

One night, as he approached his bunk, he found me stretched out on the next one.

"Well, I'll be ——," he said.

"What's the matter, Gar?"

"Dat's what I ask youse. What's wrong with your machinery? Have ye been rejooced to the ranks, or has Gawd bounced ye?"

I went up close and whispered in his ear:

"Look here, old man, I'm glued to you; night, noon, and day, I'm going to eat, sleep, loaf, work, and play with you until every shred of your miserable soul belongs to God."

He laughed loud enough to wake every man in the dormitory.

"Sonny," he said, "I'll give ye three nights, and if ye haven't lost yer little goat be dat time, I'll set up de drinks fur all hands at Halloran's."

Then Gar set out to make good in the rôle of a prophet. At first he tried to disgust me. He kept up a rapid fire of the most vulgar profanity. That night he started several fights, and put the light out in the dormitory. The men, yelling for light, ran about, smashing every one in their way. When things quieted down, he asked me how I liked the entertainment. I complained that it was tame.

"Gee!" he said, "youse must 'a' been a barker at Coney!"

I kept him sober for a week; then he went back to his cups, and in a frenzy he nearly killed a bartender. I found him hiding in a rag-picker's basement. It appeared that the man had used the name of Christ in a vile connection, and Gar became a champion of the Nazarene.

"Hangin'," said Gar, "is too dead easy fur d' sucker what keeps cool when Jesus's insulted. Dat's d' fust time I ever soaked a guy on account of religion, an', b'jiminy, I'm tickled t' death over it."

When Gar squared himself again, he began a wholesale house-cleaning in the bunk-house. He persuaded the management to make several outlays, and he gave himself to the work. We installed a book-case and books, and Gar himself selected some chromos to hang around. Over a dent in the wall, made by a chair with which he had tried to kill a man, he hung this motto: "Let Brotherly Love Continue."

For ten years Gar struggled to be master of himself. He spent some years in a soldiers' home, but it was against his principles to die in such a tame institution. He wound up where he had spent his strange career — in Chatham Square.

A bunk-house man — old and half blind — was crossing the street, and roaring down on him came a Third Avenue car. It was Gar's one opportunity, and, with a spring, he pushed the old fellow on his face out of danger, but the wheels pinned Gar to the rails.

"I kin tell ye, boys," he said to the few friends who lingered around his cot at the close, "I'll do no simperin' around God wid hard-luck stories; I'll take what's comin' an' vamoose to m' place — whether up or down."

There was a slight pressure of the big hands, then they became limp and cold.

The bouncer was dead.

"THEY SAT ON THEIR RUMPS OUTSIDE THE CIRCLE OF KAFIRS"

THE KING OF THE BABOONS

BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

ILLUSTRATION BY EUGENE HIGGINS

THE old yellow-fanged dog-baboon that was chained to a post in the yard had a dangerous trick of throwing stones. He would seize a piece of rock in two hands, stand erect and whirl round on his heels till momentum was obtained, and then let go. The missile would fly like a bullet, and woe betide any one who stood in its way! The performance precluded any kind of aim,— the stone was hurled off at any chance tangent,— and it was bad luck rather than any kind of malice that guided one three-pound boulder through the window, across the kitchen, and into a portrait of Judas de Beer which hung on the wall not half a dozen feet from the slumbering Vrouw Grobelaar.

She bounced from her chair and ballooned to the door with a silent, swift agility most surprising to see in a lady of her generous build, and not a sound did she utter. She was of good veldt-bred fighting stock, which never cried out till it was hurt, and there was even something of compassion in her face as Frikkie jumped from the stoop with a twelve-foot thong in his hand. After all, it was the baboon that suffered most, if his yells were any index to his feelings. Frikkie could smudge a fly ten feet off with just a flick of his whip, and all the tender parts of the accomplished animal came in for ruthless attention.

'He ought to be shot," was Frikkie's remark as he coiled up the thong, at the end of the discipline. "A baboon is past teaching if he has bad habits. He is more like a man than a beast."

The Vrouw Grobelaar seated herself in the stoop-chair which by common consent was reserved for her use, and shook her head.

"Baboons are uncanny things," she answered slowly. "When you shoot them, you can never be quite sure how much murder there is in it. The old story is that some of them have souls and some not; and it is quite certain that they can talk when they will. You have heard them crying in the night sometimes. Well, you ask a Kafir what that means. Ask an old wise Kafir, not a young one that has forgotten the wisdom of the black people and learned only the foolishness of the white."

"What does it mean, Tante?" It was I who put the question. Katje, too, seemed curious.

The old lady eyed me gloomily.

"If you were a landed Boer instead of a kind of schoolmaster," she replied witheringly, "you would not need to ask such a question. But I will tell you. A baboon may be wicked, — look at that one showing his teeth and cursing! — but he is not blind nor a fool. He runs about on the hills, and steals and fights and scratches, and all the time he has all the knowledge and twice the strength of a man, if it were not for the tail behind him and the hair on his body. So it is natural that sometimes he should be grieved to be such a mean thing as a baboon, when he could be a useful kind of man if the men would let him. And at nights, particularly, when their troop is in laager and the young ones are on watch among the high rocks, it comes home to the best of them, and they sob and weep like young widows, pretending that they have pains inside, so that the others shall not feel offended and turn on them. Any one may hear them in the kloofs on a windless night, and, I can tell you, the sound of their sorrow is pitiful."

Katje threw out a suggestion to console them with buckshot, and the Vrouw Grobelaar nodded meaningly.

"To hate baboons is well enough in the wife of a burgher," she said sweetly. "I am glad to see there is so much fitness and wifeliness about you, since you will naturally spend all your life on farms."

Katje's flush was a distress-signal. First blood to the Vrouw.

"Baboons," continued the old lady, "are

among a farmer's worst enemies; they steal and destroy and menace all the year around. But, for all that, there are many farmers who will not shoot or trap them. And these, you will notice, are always farmers of a ripe age and sense shaped by experience. *They* know, you may be sure. My stepsister's first husband, Shadrach van Guelder, shot at baboons once, and was so frightened afterwards that he was afraid to be alone in the dark."

There was a story toward, and no one moved.

"There were many Kafirs on his farm, which you have not seen," pursued the Vrouw Grobelaar, adjusting her voice to narrative pitch. "It was on the fringe of the Drakensberg, and many spurs of hill, divided by deep kloofs like gashes, descended on to it. So plenty of water came down, and the cattle were held from straying by the rocks, on one side at any rate. The Kafirs had their kraals dotted all about the land; and as they were of the kind that work, my stepsister's husband suffered them to remain and grow their little patches of mealies, while they worked for him in between. He was, of course, a cattle Boer, as all of our family have always been, but here were so many Kafirs to be had for nothing that he soon commenced to plow great spaces of land and sow valuable crops. There was every prospect that we would make very much money out of that farm; for corn always sells, even when cattle are going for only seven pounds apiece, and Shadrach van Guelder was very cheerful about it.

"But when a farmer weighs an ungrown crop, you will always find that there is something or other he does not take into account. He tells off the weather and the land and the Kafirs and the water on his fingers, and forgets to bend down his thumb to represent God — or something. Shadrach van Guelder lifted up his eyes to the hills from whence came the water, but it was not until the green corn was six inches high that he saw that there came with it baboons — armies and republics of them; more baboons than he had thought to exist. They swooped down on his sprouting lands, and rioted, ate, and rooted, trampled and wantoned, with that kind of bouncing devilishness that not even a Kafir can correctly imitate. In one night they undid all his work on five sown morgen of fat land, and with the first wink of the sun in the east they were back again in their kopjes, leaving devastation and foulness wherever they passed.

"It was my stepsister's husband that stood on one leg and cursed like a Jew. He was wrathful as a Hollander that has been drinking water, and what did not help to make him content was the fact that hardly anything would avail to protect his lands. Once the baboons had tasted the sweetness of the young corn, they would come again and again, camping in the kloofs overhead as long as anything remained for them, like a deaf guest. But, for all that, he had no notion of leaving them to plunder at their ease. The least one can do with an unwelcome visitor is to make him uncomfortable; and he sent to certain kraals on the farm for two old Kafirs he had remarked who had the appearance of cunning old men.

"They came and squatted before him, squirming and shuffling, as Kafirs do when a white man talks to them. One was quite a common kind of Kafir, gone a little gray with age, a tuft of white wool on his chin and little patches of it here and there on his head. But the other was a small, twisted, yellow man, with no hair at all, and eyes like little blots of fire on a charred stick; and his arms were so long and gnarled and lean that he had a bestial look, like a laborious animal.

"'The baboons have killed the crop on the lower lands,' said Shadrach, smacking his leg with his sjambok. 'If they are not checked, they will destroy all the corn on this farm. What is the way to go about it?'

"The little yellow man was biting his lips and turning a straw in his hands, and gave no answer; but the other spoke.

"'I am from Shangaanland,' he said, 'and there, when the baboons plague us, we have a way with them, a good way.'

"He sneered sideways at his yellow companion as he spoke, and the look which the latter returned to him was a thing to shrink from.

"'What is this way?' demanded Shadrach.

"'You must trap a baboon,' explained the old Kafir,— 'a leading baboon, for choice, who has a lot to say in the government of the troop; and then you must skin him, and let him go again. The others will travel miles and miles as soon as they see him, and never come back again.'

"'It makes me sick to think of it,' said Shadrach. 'Surely you know some other way of scaring them?'

"The old Kafir shook his head slowly, but the yellow man ceased to smile and play with the straw, and spoke:

"'I do not believe in that way, baas. A Shangaan baboon' — he grinned at his companion — 'is more easily frightened than those of the Drakensberg. I am of the bushmen, and I know. If you flay one of those up yonder,

the others will make war, and where one came before, ten will come every night. A baboon is not a fat, lazy Kafir; one must be careful with him!'

"'How would *you* drive them away, then?' asked Shadrach.

"The yellow man shuffled his hands in the dust, squatting on his heels. There, there! See — the baboon in the yard is doing the very same thing!

"'If I were the baas,' said the yellow man, 'I would turn out the young men to walk round the fields at night, with buckets to hit with sticks, and make a noise. And I — well, I am of the bushmen.' He scratched himself and smiled emptily.

"'Yes, yes?' demanded Shadrach. He knew the wonderful ways of the bushmen with some animals.

"'I do not know if anything can be done,' said the yellow man, 'but, if the baas is willing, I can go up to the rocks and try.'

"'How?'

"But he could tell nothing. None of these wizards that have charms to subdue the beasts can tell you anything about it. A Hottentot will smell the air and say what cattle are near, but if you bid him tell you how he does it, he giggles like a fool and is ashamed.

"'I do not know if anything can be done,' the yellow man repeated. 'I cannot promise the baas, but I can try.'

"'Well, try, then,' ordered Shadrach, and went away to make the necessary arrangements to have the young Kafirs in the fields that night.

"They did as he bade, and the noise was loathsome — enough to frighten anything with an ear in its head. The Kafirs did not relish the watch in the dark at first, but when they found that their work was only to thump buckets and howl, they came to do it with zest, and roared and banged till you would have thought a judgment must descend on them. The baboons heard it, sure enough, and came down, after a while, to see what was going on. They sat on their rumps outside the circle of Kafirs, as quiet as people in a church, and watched the niggers drumming and capering as though it were a show for their amusement. Then they went back, leaving the crops untouched, but pulling all the huts in one kraal to pieces as they passed. It was the kraal of the old white-tufted Shangaan, as Shadrach learned afterwards.

"Shadrach was pleased that the row had saved his corn, and next day he gave the twisted man a lump of tobacco. The man tucked it into his cheek and smiled, wrinkling his nose and looking at the ground.

"'Did you get speech of the baboons last night among the rocks?' Shadrach asked.

"The other shook his head, grinning. 'I am old,' he said. 'They pay no attention to me, but I will try again. Perhaps, before long, they will listen.'

"'When they do that,' said Shadrach, 'you shall have five pounds of tobacco and five bottles of dop.'

"The man was squatting on his heels all this time at Shadrach's feet, and his hard fingers, like claws, were picking at the ground. Now he put out a hand and began fingering the laces of the farmer's shoes with a quick, fluttering movement that Shadrach saw with a spasm of terror. It was so exactly the trick of a baboon, so entirely a thing animal and unhuman.

"'You are more than a baboon yourself,' he said. 'Let go of my leg. Let go, I say! Curse you, get away — get away from me!'

"The creature had caught his ankle with both hands, the fingers, hard and shovel-ended, pressing into his flesh.

"'Let go!' cried Shadrach, and struck at the man with his sjambok.

"The man bounded on all fours to evade the blow, but it took him in the flank, and he was human — or Kafir — again in a moment, and rubbed himself and whimpered quite naturally.

"'Let me see no more of your baboon tricks,' stormed Shadrach, the more angry because he had been frightened. 'Keep them for your friends among the rocks. And now, be off to your kraal.'

"That night again the Kafirs drummed all about the green corn, and sang in chorus the song which the mountain Kafirs sing when the new moon shows like a paring from a finger-nail of gold. It is a long and very loud song, with stamping of feet every minute, and again the baboons came down to see and listen. The Kafirs saw them, many hundreds of humped black shapes, and sang the louder, while the crowd of beasts grew ever denser as fresh parties came down and joined it. It was opposite the rocks on which they sat that the singing-men collected, roaring their long verses and clattering on the buckets, doubtless not without some intention to jeer at and flout the baffled baboons that watched them in such a silence. It was drooping now to the pit of night, and things were barely seen as shapes, when from higher up the line, where the guardians of the crops were sparser, there came a discord of shrieks.

"'The baboons are through the line!'

they cried; and it was on that instant that the great watching army of apes came leaping in a charge on the main force of the Kafirs. Oh, but that was a wild, a haunting thing! Great, bull-headed dog-baboons, with naked fangs and clutching hands alert for murder; bounding mothers of squealing litters that led their young in a dash to the fight; terrible, lean old bitches that made for the men when others went for the corn,— they swooped like a flood of horror on the aghast Kafirs, biting, tearing, bounding through the air like uncouth birds; and in one second the throng of the Kafirs melted before them, and they were amid the corn.

"Eight men they killed by rending, and of the others, some sixty, there was not one but had his wound — some bite to the bone, some gash where iron fingers had clutched and torn their way through skin and flesh. When they came to Shadrach and woke him wearily, with the breathless timidity of beaten men, it was already too late to go with a gun to the corn-lands. The baboons had contented themselves with small plunder after their victory, and withdrew orderly to the hills; and, even as Shadrach came to the door of the homestead, he saw the last of their marshaled line, black against the sky, moving swiftly towards the kloofs.

"He flung out his hands like a man in despair, with never a word to ease his heart, and then the old Shangaan Kafir stood up before him. He had the upper part of his right arm bitten to the bone and worried, and now he cast back the blanket from his shoulder and held out the quivering wound to his master.

"'It was the chief of the baboons that gave me this,' he said, 'and he is a baboon only in the night. He came through the ranks of them, bounding like a boulder on a steep hillside, and it was for me that his teeth were bared. So, when he hung by his teeth to my arm and tore and snarled, I drew my nails across his back, that the baas should know the truth.'

"'What is this madness?' cried Shadrach.

"'No madness, but simple deviltry,' answered the Shangaan, and there came a murmur of support from the Kafirs about him. 'The leader of the baboons is Naqua, and it was he who taught them the trick they played us to-night.'

"'Naqua?' repeated Shadrach, feeling cold and weak.

"'The bushman,' explained the old man; 'the yellow man with the long, lean arms who gave false counsel to the baas.'

"'It is true,' came the chorus of the Kafirs; 'it is true. We saw it.'

"Shadrach pulled himself together and raised a hand to the lintel of the door to steady himself.

"'Fetch me Naqua!' he ordered, and a pair of them went upon that errand. But they came back empty: Naqua was not at his hut, and none had news of him.

"Shadrach dismissed the Kafirs to patch their wounds, and at sun-up he went down to the lands where the eight dead Kafirs still lay amid the corn, to see what traces remained of the night's work. He had hoped to find a clue in the tracks, but the feet of the Kafirs and the baboons were so mingled that the ground was dumb, and on the grass there remained, of course, no sign of the baboons' return. He was no fool, my stepsister's first husband, and since a wild and belly-quaking tale was the only one that offered, he was not ready to cast it aside till a better one were found. At any rate, it was against Naqua that his preparations were directed.

"He had seven guns in his house for which ammunition could be found, and from among all the Kafirs on the land he chose a half-dozen Zulus, who, as you know, will always rather fight than eat. These were only too ready to face the baboons again, since they were to have guns in their hands; and a kind of ambush was devised. They were to lie amid the corn so as to command the flank of the beasts, and Shadrach was to lie in the middle of them, and would give the signal when to commence firing by a shot from his own rifle. There was built, too, a pile of brushwood lying on straw soaked in oil, and this one of them was to put a light to as soon as the shooting began.

"It was dark when they took their places, and then commenced a long and anxious watch amid the corn, when every bush that creaked was an alarm, and every small beast of the veldt that squealed set hearts to thumping. From where he lay on his stomach, with his rifle before him, Shadrach could see the line or ridge of rocks over which the baboons must come, dark against a sky only just less dark; and, with his eyes fixed on this, he waited. Afterwards he said that it was not the baboons he waited for, but the yellow man Naqua, and he had in his head an idea that all the evil and pain that ever was, and all the sin to be, had a home in that bushman. So a man hates an enemy.

"They came at last. Five of them were suddenly seen on the top of the rocks, standing erect and peering round for a trap; but Shad-

rach and his men lay very still, and soon one of these scouts gave a call, and then was heard the pat! pat! of hard feet as the body of them came up. There was not light enough to tell one from another, except by size, and as they trooped down amid the corn, Shadrach lay with his finger throbbing on his trigger, peering among them. But he could see nothing except the mass of their bodies, and, waiting till the main part of them was past him, so that he could have a shot at them as they came back, should it happen that they retired at once, he thrust forward his rifle, aimed into the brown, and fired.

"Almost in the same instant the rifles of the Zulus spoke, and a crackle of shots ran up and down their line. Then there was a flare of light as the bonfire was lit, and they could see the army of baboons in a fuss of panic dashing to and fro. They fired again and again into the tangle of them, and the beasts commenced to scatter and flee, and Shadrach and his men rose to their full height and shot faster, and the hairy army vanished into the darkness, defeated.

"There was a guffaw of laughter from the Zulus, but, ere it was finished, a shout from Shadrach brought their rifles leaping up again. The baboons were coming back: a line of them was breaking from the darkness beyond the range of the fire, racing in great leaps towards the men. As they came into the light they were a sight to terrify a host, all big tuskers, and charging without a sound. Shadrach, aiming by instinct only, dropped two as they came, and the next instant they were upon him. He heard the grunt of the Zulu next him as a huge beast leaped against his chest and bore him down, and there were screams from another. Then something heavy and swift drove at him like a bullet, and he clubbed his rifle. As the beast flew, with hands and feet drawn in for the grapple, he hewed at it with the butt and smashed it to the ground. The stock struck on bone, and he felt it crush and fail, and there was the thing at his feet.

"How they broke the charge, with what a frenzy of battle they drove the baboons from them, none of the four who spoke again could ever tell; but it must have been very soon after Shadrach clubbed his rifle that the beasts wavered, were beaten, and fled screaming, and the farmer found himself leaning on his weapon, and a great Zulu, shining with sweat, talking to him.

"'Never have I had such a fight,' the Zulu was saying, 'and never may I hope for such another! The baas is a great chief; I watched him.'

"Something was picking at Shadrach's boots, and he drew back with a shudder from the form that lay at his feet.

"'Bring a stick from the fire,' he ordered. 'I want to see this — this baboon.'

"As the man went, he ran a cartridge into the breech of his rifle, and, when the burning stick was brought, he turned over the body with his foot.

"A yellow face mowed up at him, and pale-yellow eyes sparkled dully.

"'Tck!' clicked the Zulu, in surprise. 'It is the bushman Naqua. No, baas,' as Shadrach cocked his rifle, 'do not shoot him. Keep him and chain him to a post; he will like that less.'

"'I shoot!' answered Shadrach, and shattered the evil grin that gleamed in the face on the ground with a quick shot.

"And, as I told you, my stepsister's first husband, Shadrach van Guelder, was afraid to be alone in the dark after that night," concluded the Vrouw Grobelaar. "It is ill shooting baboons, Frikkie."

"I'm not afraid," retorted Frikkie; and the baboon in the yard rattled his chain and cursed shrilly.

ONE HUNDRED CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CURES

BY RICHARD C. CABOT, M. D.

WHAT are we to think of the miraculous cures reported in Christian Science "experience meetings" and in the columns of the Christian Science journals? Are we to consider them as genuine and accurate records of fact, or are we to reject them as fabrications?

It would be easy to deal with the subject by driving Christian Scientists into a corner and logically refuting their claims; for if it is true, as stated on page 120 of "Science and Health," that "health is not a condition of matter but of mind, *nor can the material senses bear reliable testimony on this subject*," of course "the material senses" cannot be trusted when they testify that cancer, consumption, broken bones, or locomotor ataxia have been cured by Christian Science. There is no such thing as the diagnosis of these diseases without reliance on the testimony of "the material senses."

But although it is easy thus to refute the Christian Scientists, such refutation satisfies no one and proves nothing except their logical bankruptcy. The victory over their weak-kneed theory is a barren one, for is it not notorious that people's practice may be better than their theory? Skill in logic and in the accurate statement of one's principles may be very slight, and yet the successful application of these misstated or absurd principles may be a fact and a blessing.

I shall therefore undertake to examine and to discuss Christian Science cures, not from the point of view of logic or consistency, but by a study of the written testimonials and of my own experience gained in the attempt to verify the claims of those who pronounce themselves cured.

Some years ago I followed up, so far as was possible through personal interviews and through letters, all the Christian Science "cures" of which I could hear any details in or near Boston. Within a short time I have returned to the subject and studied one hundred of the cases recorded in the recent volumes of the *Christian Science Journal* under the caption, "Testimonies from the Field." Putting together this evidence and comparing it with my experience regarding the accuracy of my own patients' statements about their own diseases, past and present, my conclusions are, first, that most Christian Science cures are probably genuine; but, second, that they are not the cures of organic diseases.

In my own personal researches into Christian Science "cures," I have never found one in which there was any good evidence that cancer, consumption, or any other organic disease had been arrested or banished. The diagnosis was usually either made by the patient himself or was an interpretation at second or third hand of what a doctor was supposed to have said.

As I have followed up the reported cures of "cancer" and other malignant tumors, I have found either that they were not tumors at all, or that they were assumed to be malignant without any microscopic examination. In other words, the diagnosis was never based upon any proper evidence.

I have never seen any reason to believe that lies were told by the persons concerned. Their claims were the result of mistake or intellectual mistiness, and not of intentional deception. The cures no doubt took place as they asserted, but they were not cures of organic disease.

Now, before going further, something must be said in explanation of the terms "organic" and "functional" which I shall use throughout this paper. By organic disease is meant one that causes serious, perhaps permanent deterioration of the tissues of the body; by functional disease is meant one due to a perverted action of approximately normal organs. Functional diseases are no more imaginary than an ungovernable temper or a balky horse is imaginary. They are often the source of acute and long-continued suffering; indeed, I believe that there is no class of diseases that gives rise to so much keen suffering; but still they do not seriously damage the organs and tissues of the body. Organic disease, on the other hand, may run its course accompanied by much less suffering, but

the destruction of tissue is serious, perhaps irreparable.

The sharpness of this distinction between organic and functional troubles is somewhat blurred by the fact that a functional or nervous affection, such as insomnia, may lead, both directly and through loss of appetite, to a loss of weight or to a considerable deterioration in the body tissues. Here we have what might be called *organic disease produced by functional disease*, and such organic disease as this is often cured by Christian Science or by some more rational method of mental healing. We must also recognize the fact that there are a few rare diseases which we cannot certainly assign either to the organic or the functional class. Yet, despite these reservations, the distinction which the words indicate is still a clear one in the vast majority of cases.

Analysis of 100 "Cures"

Having made this definition of terms, I will go on to present herewith a table in which I have analyzed one hundred consecutive "testimonies" from the *Christian Science Journal*. I have grouped these cases in four classes:

First, seventy-two cases in which I find, on careful study, reasonably good evidence for the diagnosis of functional or nervous disorder.

Second, seven cases of what appears to be organic disease.

Third, eleven cases very difficult to class, but probably belonging in the functional group.

Fourth, ten cases, regarding the diagnosis of which no reasonable conjecture can be made.

These cases, arranged in the first three groups, are as follows:

GROUP I — FUNCTIONAL OR NERVOUS DISORDERS.

"Nervous trouble"	17 cases
"Trouble with eyes"	12 cases
"Kidney and bladder trouble"	7 cases
"An abnormal growth"	5 cases
"Stomach trouble"	4 cases
"Lung trouble"	4 cases
"Rheumatism"	3 cases
Drug habit	3 cases
Tobacco habit	2 cases
Alcoholism	2 cases
"Asthmatic trouble"	2 cases
"Irritable disposition"	1 case
"The blues"	1 case
Headache	1 case
"Hardening of the spine"	1 case
"Spinal trouble"	1 case
"Weak back"	1 case
"Sciatic trouble"	1 case
"Chest and throat trouble"	1 case
"Blindness"	1 case
"Bowel trouble"	1 case
"Heart trouble"	1 case
Total	72 cases

GROUP II — APPARENTLY ORGANIC DISEASES.

"Tuberculosis of bowels"	1 case
"Seventeen bruises, cuts and breaks"	1 case
Insanity	1 case
Locomotor ataxia	1 case
Loose elbow-joint	1 case
Necrosis of the jaw	1 case
Rupture	1 case
Total	7 cases

GROUP III — PROBABLY FUNCTIONAL DISORDERS.

"Lost use of the right limb"	1 case
"What seemed to be a malignant sore on the face"	1 case
"Strangely obstinate malady of 20 years' standing"	1 case
"An incurable disease"	1 case
"Serious abdominal trouble"	1 case
"Lung, spinal and hip trouble" (wore dark glasses 20 years)	1 case
"Catarrhal, bowel and rheumatic trouble"	1 case
"Internal disorder of 15 years' standing"	1 case
"Heart, ovarian, and serious nervous troubles" (8 years)	1 case
"Debility, constipation, gout, piles, and prolapsus"	1 case
"Bright's disease, liver and lung complaint, and other ailments too numerous to mention"	1 case
Total	11 cases

Of the second group, that of cases of apparently organic disease, the case of insanity was taken out of an insane asylum by Christian Science friends, but apparently is still insane; the diseased jaw slowly recovered, as such cases sometimes do, without any treatment. The same is very possibly true of the case of tuberculosis of the bowels (peritoneum), though the diagnosis is not certain. The cuts, bruises, and breaks healed rather slowly under ordinary surgical treatment in a hospital. Of the locomotor ataxia, the rupture, and the loose elbow-joint, nothing more can be said without knowing whether the diagnoses were correct — a point on which no opinion can be formed, owing to the scantinesss of the facts recorded.

Unreliability of "Home-Made Diagnoses"

In the analyses of these cases I am guided by my experience with the diagnoses naïvely given by patients entering my office for treatment — diagnoses based either upon their own unguided observation or upon what they suppose their own physician to have said to them. In such instances there is no possible motive for deception or for exaggeration; the patient is saying exactly what he believes; and yet, I have rarely found his statement to be even approximately correct. For example, when a patient comes to me with the statement that he has "kidney

and bladder trouble," I generally find both the kidneys and the bladder sound. The patient has pain in his back in the region where he supposes his kidneys to be; he interprets his symptoms in the light of what he has read in the newspaper advertisements and what he has been told by his kind friends, and arrives at what is (to his mind) a perfectly solid conclusion. He has no doubts of the diagnosis, states it as a fact, and asks only for treatment.

So it is with patients coming for "spinal trouble," "hardening of the spine," "inflammation of the spine," or "spinal meningitis." They almost always turn out, on careful examination, to be suffering from some form of nervous prostration. In the interpretation of their sufferings and in the names which they attach to them they have been guided quite innocently by hearsay.

Similarly when patients come to me for what they call "heart trouble" and turn out on examination to be suffering from pain in the left side of the chest without any heart trouble at all, I accuse them of no deception but only of incapacity for the accurate appreciation of the value of evidence.

Certain other statements recur very often in the histories given in all good faith by patients, whether in the doctor's office or in a Christian Science experience meeting. I will quote some of these:

"I have had a great many doctors, and each has made a different diagnosis."

"I am suffering from a complication of diseases, Bright's disease, liver and lung complaint, and other ailments too numerous to mention."

"I have had a great many operations performed on me."

Experience shows us that when a person has had many doctors, many diagnoses, many "diseases," or many operations, he usually turns out to be suffering from nervous prostration or some other form of functional nervous trouble. For these troubles are just those which most often puzzle the physician, leading him to change his diagnosis and the patient to change his doctor very frequently. Again, it is just these functional nervous disorders which, affecting as they do every part of the body and every organ, give rise to the false idea of "many diseases"— an idea based on the patient's multitudinous sufferings.

Organic disease often runs its course accompanied by very little suffering, or with a very definite localization of the malady in one part of the body. The patient with a genuine complication of diseases does not often live to tell the story in a doctor's office or in a Christian Science experience meeting. In the majority of the reported cases the complication is in the patient's mind, not in his diseases.

For a similar reason the patient who has had "many operations" is usually one whose (nervous) sufferings are so manifold and so various that physicians are driven to seek relief by one measure after another, and finally by a variety of surgical procedures.

It is a striking fact that, as one listens to the recital of Christian Science "cures," one hears little or nothing of the great common organic diseases, such as arterio-sclerosis, phthisis, appendicitis — and still less of the common acute diseases, such as pneumonia, malaria, apoplexy. Chronic nervous (that is, mental) disease is the Christian Scientist's stock in trade.

Similarity of Christian Science Testimony

No one can study the printed records of Christian Science cures without noting a remarkable similarity running through many hundreds of them, a similarity in style, in phraseology, and in the general structure of the letters.

For example, Mrs. Eddy's name was mentioned *within five lines of the end* in fifty-six out of seventy-five letters which I have recently examined. I have excluded here all cases in which Mrs. Eddy's name was mentioned earlier in the letter. It seems hardly likely that all these writers would spontaneously bring in the name of their leader precisely in this position in the letter.

In twelve out of seventy-five letters the rather unusual phrase *materia medica* occurs.

The price of treatment under Christian Science and under the previous medical care is mentioned in a large proportion of these letters.

Not one of these letters mentions the name of any doctor connected at any time with the case. From personal experience with similar stories heard from my own patients and from the lips of Christian Scientists, I know that doctors' names are usually mentioned. It seems unlikely that in one hundred consecutive testimonies the physicians' names should have been spontaneously omitted.

For these reasons one cannot help believing either that these letters have been liberally edited, or that their writers have been much influenced by reading or hearing of similar cases. This does not necessarily imply any charge of intentional deception, but weakens very considerably their value as evidence.

"Natural Selection" in the Christian Science Clinic

The persistence of Christian Scientists in the belief that they can cure organic disease, a belief

which I consider genuine in the majority of cases, is probably due to the following reason: By a curious process of "natural selection," a patient suffering from organic disease rarely consults a Christian Scientist, just as he rarely consults an osteopath. Being ignorant of diagnosis, the Christian Scientist is not aware of this fact and supposes that he is treating, not a selected group of cases of functional disease, but all disease. This mistake is all the more natural because the Christian Scientist, with the natural credulity of the half-educated, accepts the patient's own diagnosis at its face value or trusts the hearsay report of what some doctor is supposed to have said.

The same interesting process of "natural selection" accounts for the fact that Christian Scientists are so rarely the cause of death to those whom they treat. It is undoubtedly true that deaths occasionally occur (for example, from diphtheria) which are directly traceable to the fatal inactivity and ignorance of a Christian Scientist. But such deaths are in my opinion rare. They are pretty sure to give rise to newspaper notoriety and so to become widely known, yet one does not hear of many such in the course of a year, for common sense steers the great majority of sufferers from organic disease away from the parlors of the Christian Scientist.

"Doctors Who Flood the World with Disease"

It is impossible to study the evidence for and against the so-called Christian Science cures without crossing the track of many an incapable doctor. Indeed, there can be no candid criticism of Christian Science methods that does not involve also an arraignment of existing medical methods. It is not difficult to perceive, as one studies the testimonies recorded in the *Christian Science Journal*, that many patients have been driven into Christian Science by a multitude of shifting and mistaken diagnoses, by the gross abuse of drugs, especially of morphine, and by the total neglect of rational psychotherapy on the part of many physicians. No doubt these causes account only for a certain fraction of the desertions to Christian Science. There are many patients who have so little patience and so much credulity that they desert their doctors for no good reason whatever; but I believe that these cases are in the minority, and that the success of the Christian Science movement is due largely to the ignorance and narrow-mindedness of a certain proportion of the medical profession.

I can see some foundation even for such an exaggerated charge as that the doctors "are flooding the world with disease" — a favorite expression of Mrs. Eddy's. No one who has seen much of the nervous or hysterical affections following railway accidents and of the methods not infrequently used, not only by lawyers, but by doctors, to make the sufferers believe that they are sicker than they really are, can deny that there is some truth in Mrs. Eddy's charge. Even in her irrational denunciations of hygiene, one cannot help seeing some grain of truth when one reads or hears of the multitude of petty prudences and "old womanish" superstitions not infrequently exploited by school teachers, parents, and teachers of physical culture, under the name of "hygiene."

The Classic Methods Used by Christian Science

Believing, then, as I do, that most Christian Science cures are genuine — genuine cures of functional disease — the question arises whether the special methods of mental healing employed by Christian Scientists differ from other methods of mental healing, such as are employed by the best neurologists, both in this country and in Europe.

Of the classical methods of psychotherapeutics, namely, explanation, education, psychoanalysis, encouragement, suggestion, rest-cure and work-cure, the Christian Scientists use chiefly suggestion, education, and work-cure, though each of these methods is colored and shaped by the peculiar doctrines of the sect.

The quack who sells magic handkerchiefs supposed to be endowed with miraculous healing powers by the touch of his sacred hand, the priests who exploit the "healing springs" at Lourdes, and the doctor who gives a bread pill or a highly diluted homeopathic drug, may cure a patient by what is known as "suggestion," that is, by producing in the patient a strong belief that he will get well. Christian Science suggestion takes the form of "silent treatment" and "absent treatment," in which the patient is influenced by the auto-suggestions of health which the silent pressure of the "practitioner" or the knowledge of the "absent treatment" leads him to make.

Christian Science education consists in the reading of "Science and Health," of the Bible, as interpreted by Mrs. Eddy (after Quimby), and of the teachings received at the hands of Christian Science practitioners. Although there is much that is false and harmful in the education thus received, I believe that a good many warped minds do find in it the corrective twist which they need — just as a certain type of crooked spine may be helped by a violent twist in the other direction.

Work-cure is, I think, the sanest and most helpful part of Christian Science, as of all other types of psychotherapy. The Christian Scientists do set idle people to work and turn inverted attention outward upon the world. This is a great service — the greatest, I think, that can be done to a human being. By setting their patients to the work of healing and teaching others, Christian Scientists have wisely availed themselves of the greatest healing power on earth.

I believe that suggestion, education, and work-cure can be used in far safer and saner ways by physicians, social workers, and teachers or clergymen properly trained for the work than by the Christian Scientists. Heretofore these last have held the field of psychotherapy largely without competition. American physicians have confined themselves mostly to physical and chemical methods (diet, drugs, and surgery), which have a place in the cure of functional disease, but not, I think, the chief place.

Now that scientific psychotherapy is being taken up by physicians, social workers, and educators (including the clergy), not instead of, but in conjunction with physical and chemical treatment, I think it is reasonable to expect that Christian Science will have to stick closer to the truth if it is to hold its ground in competition.

SOUTH STREET

BY FRANCIS E. FALKENBURY

AS I came down to the long street by the water, the sea-ships drooped their masts
like ladies bowing,
Curtseying friendly in a manner olden,
Shrouds and sails in silken sunlight flowing,
Gleaming and shimmering from silvern into golden,
With the sea-winds through the sunlit spaces blowing.

As I came down to South Street by the glimmering, tossing water, the sweet wind blew,
oh, softly, sweetly blew
O'er the lean, black docks piled high with curious bales,
Odorous casks, and bundles of foreign goods,
And all the long ships with their fair, tall sails,
Lading the winey air with the spices of alien woods.

As I came down by the winding streets to the wondrous green sea-water, the sounds along the
water-front were tuned to fine accord;
I heard the racket of the halliards slapping,
Along the bare poles stabbing up aloft;
I saw loose men, their garments ever flapping,
Lounging a-row along each ruined wooden stair:
Their untamed faces in the golden sun were soft,
But their hard, bright eyes were wild, and in the sun's soft flare
Nothing they saw but sounding seas and the crash of ravening wind;
Nothing but furious struggle with toil that never would end.
The call of mine ancient sea was clamoring through their blood;
Ah, they all felt that call, but nothing they understood,
As I came down by the winding streets to South Street by the water.

As I came down to South Street by the soft sea-water, I saw long ships, their mast-heads ever
bowing:
Sweet slender maids in clinging gowns of golden,
Curtseying stately in a fashion olden,
Bowing sweetly — each a king's fair daughter —
To me, their millionth, millionth lover,
I, the seventh son of the old sea-rover,
As I came down to South Street by the myriad moving water.

THE INABILITY TO INTERFERE

BY

MARY HEATON VORSE

TO myself I could be articulate enough about it. Indeed, I held long conversations about it, mainly in the darkness of the night, with my bolder self, who advised me so cleverly and who told me all the tactful things and all the forceful things that I ought on occasion to say. Then there came, with that other self, a conversation which settled things. It went something in this way:

"You have let things go far enough."

"Yes," I admitted guiltily, "I know it."

"It's time you took a stand."

"I know it," I again admitted forlornly.

"Why don't you do it then?" sternly asked the bolder self. He could afford to be bold, it wasn't he who had the talking to do. "Why don't you explain to Felicia the way you feel about it and how it looks and all about it——"

This time it was myself who grew bold. I said:

"You great ass! Do you think I'm going to let you make me make Felicia cry?"

"Better have her cry," grumbled the other self, "than let her expose herself unthinking to — well, all sorts of things." (One would have thought to hear him that Monty Saunders was the measles.)

We were silent a while, and in my imagination I saw again the distressing spectacle of Felicia weeping. I suppose there is no man who has been married a year who has not made his Felicia cry.

You cannot explain how the terrible thing came about. It may be you had a moment of surface impatience. Generally it's something less definite than that — a bit of chaff at an untimely moment, an indiscreet question put forth in a spirit of the friendliest curiosity.

"Why," for instance you may have said, "isn't dinner ready?"

You didn't mind its not being ready in the least, but, not being used to having dinners of your own, you were amused and interested to know the cause of its lateness. And there before your eyes the unbelievable has happened, Felicia is in tears, and it is your fault.

You are like a landsman who has pulled an innocent-looking plug out of the bottom of a boat and sees it fill and founder before his eyes; you feel like a man who lights a match and lo! his house is in flames; with such horror and bewilderment does the sight of a weeping Felicia fill you. Guilt and bewilderment struggle with one another, as her mouth quivers pitifully and her eyes fill with slow tears. She turns away to battle with them, and, instead of holding your tongue, you choose from among all the silly, inadequate things there are in the world to say, "What's the matter, dear?"

"I — I — left — a book in — my room," answers Felicia, and she pushes past you and goes out of the door, and, though you don't know it at the time, she is as bewildered as you are.

You walk up and down the floor two or three times, you open the door and shut it, finally you can't stand it any longer, you must find out how Felicia does. You go up to your room, and there on the bed is what is left of the gallant, saucy Felicia you know. It is a crumpled little heap, and you can see only a knot of disordered hair and shaking shoulders, and as if this wasn't bad enough, there is added the sound of muffled sobs. You go up to her and put a beseeching hand on her shoulder.

"Felicia," you implore. Then from the depths of the pillow come the broken words:

"Go — away — go — away — and — leave — me — alone." Nor is the tone all anguish, anger finds its place there as well, and this bewilders you still more. You could not know, of course, that Felicia is angry at you for having seen her cry.

"I can't go away and leave you like this," you say.

The shoulders shake still harder, the sobs are louder, for sympathy is hard to bear in such moments of humiliation — but this too you find out later.

You walk across the room, helplessly, hopelessly. You murmur forth apologies, though

you don't know for what you are apologizing, and words of endearment and of sympathy, though you can't tell what it is you are sympathetic about. You would do anything, abase yourself to any degree, to stop the noise of sobbing which is slowly sapping your manhood.

You stand looking down on poor Felicia — what *is* the matter with her? What has happened?

"I don't believe you can be well, my darling," you are fool enough to say. Inside you your other self is grumbling:

"Well, I'm hanged if *I* understand women!"

If only she would stop; she must have been crying ten minutes, and you have aged years. If only you understood why, how much easier it would be! The only thing you do understand is that whatever you say and whatever you do, or whether it's sympathy or silence, it's wrong.

There is a knock on the door.

"Dinner is served," says a voice, and you (feeling like a quitter, but you can't stand the sight of her any longer) say:

"Felicia, I'm going down. I don't seem to be doing you any good ——"

Felicia raises her head.

"You're not!" says she spitefully. They're the first words she has spoken since she pleaded with you in agonized tones to "let her be."

Then, as you sit down to the mockery of oysters and soup, anger rises in you. What creatures women are! Hasn't a man a right to ask why dinner isn't ready in his own house without the sky falling? You look at your watch; more than half an hour late. Well, why wasn't it ready? Why? When a man comes home tired from the office, he has a right to expect his dinner to be ready. Yes, by Jove! and a right to ask "Why?" and a right, too, to expect a cheerful, pleasant wife! What struck Felicia, anyway? and in spite of your anger, pity sweeps over you for poor little Felicia crying upstairs, and you rise and go to the door, angry and distressed, while your inner self tells you pity is unmanly. You feel abused and bruised; how scenes take it out of one, you think resentfully, and just here you pause, for there are footsteps on the stairs. It can't be Felicia, you think. But it is Felicia, who comes into the room, beautifully dressed. Why, she must have got up and dressed, tears and all, the instant you left the room! She comes in gallantly, carrying the powder on her nose with effrontery, denying her eyes, which still show the ravages of tears, by the gay smile on her lips; and as dinner progresses, excellent, and with Felicia all as natural and gay as possible, you wonder more than ever what the devil it was all about anyway. But at night, as you ponder it over again, you get a certain blurred vision of what it meant. You are too young in marriage to put it into words, but you have an intuition that marriage, after all, is a very new country for Felicia, full of a thousand details you know nothing about, whose A, B, C she must learn slowly and painfully — and all alone, there is no one to help her. You can't. She's got to grope her way about by herself in this unfamiliar land. All you can do is to be very, very considerate and very, very careful not to make her cry.

But hang it all, if she's going to cry every time you ask if dinner is ready, how are you going to help making her? And all at once the vision of how careful you have got to be makes you feel bowed down with care. You will never, you are sure, speak another natural word in her presence. Who would have believed she would cry so easily? How awful to consider you made her! Then you hear Felicia give a little breath of a sigh, like a child which has sobbed itself to sleep.

"Felicia," you say impulsively, "I was a brute."

"I was a goose," she protests, "an awful little goose," and deep down in your heart you agree with her, though you declare again it was your fault, and you have an uneasy feeling that she is at one with you about your being a brute, and you fall asleep at last thinking that things never again can have the same glamour between you two, that somehow Felicia's tears have cried away the bloom of marriage. But in the morning you wake up and wonder what it was you thought had happened, for nothing has — things haven't changed. You merely resolve that you will try to understand, mere man that you are, the finer creature the Lord has trusted you with. But oh, why can't women be reasonable?

This scene flitted through my mind as the silence fell between my two selves; the other one of me brooded over my inertia in the matter in hand. At last he broke the silence and my awful vision of Felicia in tears with:

"A man ought, you know, to look after his young wife. He shouldn't let her make herself conspicuous with men, especially with a silly young ass. It isn't being jealous," he concluded virtuously.

"Oh, no, we're not jealous," I agreed eagerly.

"You must speak to her."

"I can't."

"Why?" he demanded. And then it came out. Why? It had been staring me in the face all along. I had known why, but I had shirked, as long as I could, putting my confession of weakness into words. If I had never seen

Felicia cry it would have been different. I might have talked to her as man to man, but now:

"I can't, because it's impossible for me to interfere with Felicia."

I told him. There it was. It was constitutionally impossible for me to interfere, in words anyway. It was like a sense lacking, but there where my Felicia-preventing faculties should have been there was a blank.

"Do you mean you would let her do anything?"

"Anything," I assented.

"Let her drift from you and not reach out your hand for her?"

"I couldn't raise my hand," I confessed sadly. There it was. I couldn't do the disagreeable task known as "bringing her to her senses." If Felicia couldn't feel that I didn't like what she did, I couldn't, for the life of me, or even the life of Felicia, open my mouth. And I believe there are a great many men like me in the world, and more women, too. A certain kind of pain makes us dumb. A certain pride freezes back the words that would come. The men of us have perhaps seen our Felicias cry. And there's no use saying afterwards, Why didn't you tell me? What, after all, is the use of words, when it's written all over you in the very set of your coat that you're hurt?

So now it was all settled. There was no use in my lying awake at night any longer while my other self tickled his vanity by making up admonitory conversations with Felicia, that went this way:

"Felicia," I was to say tenderly yet seriously, "I have something I want to talk over with you."

Felicia would be impressed by my manner, and even a little frightened, and she would murmur:

"Yes?" expectantly, meekly.

"Felicia," I was to continue, "I do not want you to think I am blaming you. I am blaming myself for letting things go so far, for not explaining things to you before; you are young, you do not understand the world."

"That is true," Felicia would reply with adorable meekness, as she lifted questioning eyes to mine. Then I was to sit down beside her and taking both her hands in mine:

"Dear," I was to continue, "when a young girl has received as much attention as you have, it is natural for her to imagine that after she is married men can go on courting her as they did before. But this is not true. A man's devotion, especially the devotion of an insolent, useless pup of a young ass like Saunders" (it slipped out in spite of ourselves, and we put the blue pencil through it, supplying "a fellow like Saunders") "has a very different meaning when given to a young girl than to a young married woman. You do not dream this, I know. I have every confidence in you, dear, and I am speaking now purely to save you from an unpleasant scene as well as to stop malicious tongues."

At this Felicia would keep silent, contemplating the abyss pointed out to her. Indeed, my words have so impressed her that my heart smites me, but better she should learn from me than in some other way.

"May a married woman have no friends then?" she cries at last.

"All she likes of *friends*," I am to say with a touch of severity. "But she should take care not to make herself conspicuous with any one man. For you know, Felicia, you have been making yourself conspicuous. At the Jarvis week-end party you talked to no one else; last night you sat an hour in a secluded corner with him. You walk with him, and he sends you violets. I have no feeling about Saunders, of course. I merely see these things as the world sees them. Only I know how innocent you are, that you are accepting these attentions as simply as you would have before you were married, but, O Felicia, the world does not know that! Already they are putting you down as a married flirt; already they are wondering what I am about to let things go on so, and as for Saunders, his attentions to you are an insult."

"You should have told me before," Felicia murmurs. "You should have told me!"

Just then the maid would of course bring a card. Felicia would glance at it, her brows arch themselves with displeasure.

"Tell Mr. Saunders I am not at home," she would say haughtily.

You see, according to that other self, it was all as easy as rolling off a log. The trouble with him is that he has no practical knowledge of the world; but at the moment of telling, he would put the glamour of his ideas over me. It seemed too seductively easy, and it was hard for me to point out to him that, excellent and satisfactory as this conversation was, it had the fatal defect of not being the way Felicia and I talked. This didn't impress him at all; he merely invented another conversation which didn't put Felicia in nearly as pleasing a light, but gave me scope for firmness and dignity. I appeared really very well in the face of her perverseness. Proud of myself, I was to end by saying, without anger, but with decision:

"And, Felicia, if you can find no way of stopping this objectionable young man's attentions, I *can!*"

Now all these pleasant plays of fancy were

ended forever by my acknowledging my weakness.

Felicia is fond of saying, "Men differ, but all husbands are alike." I think she believes this to be an epigram. But O, Felicia, all husbands are not alike; there are those who can take care of their wives, and those who can't,— those who can say the word in time, and those who must sit back weakly silent, morosely sucking their paws while their wives burn their fingers.

Well, after all, I thought, perhaps it was better so. There would be negative benefits. This way, at least, I shouldn't make Felicia cry. I wouldn't say anything I should be sorry for afterwards, if I said nothing. I had only to sit pusillanimously quiet until Saunders was guilty of some impertinence, then there would be no more Saunders. I ground my teeth and thanked God I was not jealous.

But I was soon undeceived if I thought that things were going along as they had been. First there came a little, tiny, malformed, wordless doubt, which I strangled as it was born; then a suspicion I wouldn't see. I closed my eyes. In my loyalty I lied even to myself, but my bolder self in his inexorable fashion made me look at it at last.

"Felicia," he asserted, "is keeping something from you. Felicia is unhappy about something."

It was true, I couldn't deny it, I had ever so many proofs :

(1) I had caught Felicia watching me with melancholy, speculative eyes. When I asked her what was the matter, she replied "Nothing."

(2) She had bursts of feverish unnatural gaiety.

(3) She didn't look well.

(4) Several times she started to tell me something, but decided not to.

(5) She had moments of unwonted affection for me, I thought, as if she were trying to make up to me for something.

Then came, more serious and more conclusive than anything else :

(6) I waked up in the night and was sure I heard Felicia crying softly and cautiously. As I moved, the sobs stopped and Felicia feigned a deep sleep.

So for a week a secret walked between us. We put out our hands toward each other, and its invisible presence kept them from meeting. We felt the constraint as of a third person always with us, and that third person was the Secret. We asked mute, unintelligible questions of each other.

A less subtle mind than my own would have put it crudely that things were strained and uncomfortable at home.

Meantime, if the Secret sneaked around us, silent, malignant, invisible, Monty Saunders, for this was his horrid name, was obvious in every way. It seemed to me that his loud laugh rang perpetually through my house, that Felicia was always coming in or going out with him, that wherever we went he was already waiting for us, and that all the time he was engaged in eating up our happiness, Felicia's and mine, as fast as ever he could.

I believe now that his ubiquitousness was partly due to my excited imagination.

This, as I have said, was the situation for one week after I had acknowledged my Constitutional Inability to Interfere — and on the eighth evening Felicia and I were to go to a large studio dance. I dressed with all the groans common, I believe, to the male animal out of temper. I interspersed my dressing with such remarks as:

"Felicia, I wish you would have them change the laundry man, this waistcoat's beastly."

I spoiled three ties in tying, I was sceptical of my clothes having been pressed, while Felicia proceeded unerringly, even with a certain pleasure, through the intricacies of her own toilet, looking more disturbingly lovely every minute.

Finally she remarked contemplatively:

"How do you suppose you ever got dressed in time for anything before you were married?" which was insulting, for I had only asked where two things were.

She put her head back through the door to say to me with an impertinent grin:

"Your hat, you know, is in its box on the shelf where it always is," and she looked so pretty that an unreasonable desire arose in me to kill Monty Saunders, and I thought how terrible it must be to feel jealous, if one could feel as I did when one was only sore and sorry.

I mention this episode only to throw in greater relief what happened later that evening.

For later that evening a gay little person in fluffy green clothes danced inside the circles of our lives, and before she passed out she had cleared up the mist which encompassed us, unloosed my tongue, and softened Felicia's heart, and all without being so much as aware of our existence.

Felicia and Lydia Massingbyrd and Cecilia Bennett and I were all sitting together on a commodious window-seat watching the dancers. It was significant of the uncomfortable state of our affairs that Felicia and I only recovered our gaiety and our naturalness toward each other when we had some one to serve as buffer between us; I was talking and laughing with the best, while deep down within me my other self gloomed, fairly smacking his lips over his dismalness, "How little do Felicia and Lydia

dream of the trouble gnawing our vitals," when out of the midst of our chaff and gossip popped a word that hit me square in the solar plexus.

"Look," said Lydia, "how well the little woman in green dances. She has danced all the evening with the same man." And my little fairy godmother in fluffy green flew past us, as gay and young and happy a little person as I had seen in a month of Sundays. She was so buoyant and pretty that she did one good to see, and my foolish inner self had made a romance about her and the good-looking young fellow, her partner of a whole evening, before little Cecilia Bennett had time to say primly:

"That is Mrs. So-and-So."

"And that is not, I take it, Mr. So-and-So?" Lydia remarked.

"Mr. So-and-So is the big, red-haired man talking with the woman in white lace," replied Cecilia, while disapproval fairly oozed from her.

"So there you are, and every one is satisfied," Lydia brushed it aside lightly.

"That is how we look to outsiders!" croaked my other self.

Then little Cecilia Bennett piped up virtuously, "Even if I didn't love my wife any longer, I should look after her! Until I was engaged, I was *never* allowed to dance a whole evening with one man ——"

And as we laughed, she went on with some warmth:

"I don't care, I think a man ought to take care of his wife; don't you, Felicia?"

"And a little child shall lead us," sententiously remarked my inner self. But Felicia only said flippantly:

"If I acted badly, I should expect to be beaten."

"Well," said Cecilia, also flippantly, following with disapproving eyes the little person in green, who danced happily by us (it is Cecilia's first season, and such spectacles make her cynical), "Bobby will never beat you, Felicia, however much you need it. Bobby's too kind. He would not even have beaten Lydia!"

"Wouldn't you beat me, no matter what I did?" Felicia appealed to me. Then for one second my heart stopped and then raced on again, for the fantastic explanation of her question that came to me was that this was one of the things she had been trying to ask me; that perhaps she had wanted me to beat her and storm and take on, and that I had failed her.

"No, Felicia," I replied sadly, "I shall never beat you." I thought she looked disappointed. I wondered if I had really found a light in the darkness that had surrounded us.

Meantime the little lady and her companion had sat down, and in that crowded place they were talking as eagerly and unconsciously as if they had been all alone in the Garden of Eden.

"I hate an ostrich," remarked Lydia.

"Her husband doesn't see her, anyway," said Felicia lightly; but there was an edge of bitterness in her voice; and again I wondered if through all our meaningless talk Felicia was signalling to me in a cipher code of her own invention.

"Perhaps he does see just the same, perhaps he cares, and can't find the words to tell her in," I ventured.

"She may," Felicia speculated, "be keeping on and on, just waiting for the word from him. She may not be able to stop all by herself — she may have no way of stopping herself." The corners of her mouth drooped. I felt she had told me all — everything that had saddened her, all the things she had tried to say and couldn't. For few of us can stop all of ourselves, there must be some warning voice to call "halt" to each of us, and I had been leaving it to Monty Saunders' first impertinence. Now I had to tell her I was unable to do anything else.

"He may have tried and tried to tell her and found that he couldn't. He may have found he was constitutionally unable to interfere," I told her.

"It seems so easy to me," Felicia murmured, "to say 'I'm jealous'— just two little words like that ——"

And the dull other fellow inside me had kept me awake nights inventing long-winded lectures for me, when all I needed to say was two little words. But a groan burst from him, and he made me say it.

"But, O Felicia," my unwilling lips repeated, "those two words are the hardest words in the whole language." For by the light of Felicia's words I had found him out, the hypocrite. He had been jealous all along.

Felicia looked at me with curiosity.

"I suppose they would be hard words to say if one really felt them," she said comprehendingly.

"But I'm not jealous!" I longed to shout, but before we could say anything further, Monty Saunders and a girl danced past us.

"So you brought it off?" said Lydia, looking after the receding pair.

"How did you know?" Felicia demanded.

"He told her," explained little Cecilia Bennett, "when Lydia asked him how you could stand him around so much, he told her you were helping him out with Mildred — telling him what to do and keeping his courage up. He told me, too," pursued Cecilia, with the importance one naturally feels when one is in the thick of the battle of life. "He says it's awful to see a

proposal before you, and the only way really is to stumble on it before you know you've made up your mind."

"Poor boy," remarked Lydia. "I should find Mildred formidable myself. Six feet and muscle!"

"Poor boy!" Felicia exclaimed resentfully. "Poor tattle-tale, going around telling everybody when he made me promise not to tell a soul. That's the last time I keep a secret."

That is all the others heard Felicia say, but to me her words meant golden music, and they told me a hundred different things; they healed my wounds, they dispelled the clouds from my soul; but, above all the tumult of my heart, I shouted down to that stupid inner fellow words of self-congratulation, of how well, how wisely, temperately, I had acted throughout, and I thanked Heaven that I was constitutionally unable to make a fool of myself, whatever evil counsellors lodged in the house I call my "self." But, Felicia, a word from you would have put forty hours more of sound sleep between me and old age! And what business, after all, had Felicia "helping out" that silly boy? A married woman has her home and her husband to think about — besides Felicia is too pretty — and that I was right is abundantly shown by the first thing Felicia said to me in the carriage.

"The idiot," she confessed, "told me before he went off to propose to Mildred that he didn't care whether she accepted him or not!" And I only held Felicia's hand very tight.

"I didn't think," Felicia went on in a wan little voice, "that you cared."

There was something she wanted me to answer very much, and not being quite sure what it was, I still kept silence — not wanting to say the wrong thing.

"*I'm* not proud anyway," she went on bravely. "Couldn't you say them just once — the words that are so hard to say?"

"Oh, I was, Felicia," I cried, "awfully jealous!" And I knew, now that it was all over, that I had never spoken a truer word. Felicia breathed a long sigh.

"I hoped you were," she said.

"Couldn't you *see?*" I asked.

"Not until you told me," she answered, always in her meek little voice, as meek and submissive as ever it was in the conversations I invented. "I hoped you might be, but you never *said* anything."

"There you are," said my other self, as smug and satisfied as if he had done nothing but advise that all along, "there are some things you have to tell women in words to make them happy — it won't do to act them."

And for once I believe he was right.

EDITORIAL

DR. MÜNSTERBERG ON PROHIBITION AND SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, in this number, publishes an article by Dr. Hugo Münsterberg entitled "Prohibition and Social Psychology." It presents this essay with the full knowledge that it will meet with strong criticism. But it finds ample justification for doing so in the fact that Dr. Münsterberg brings to this age-long problem a viewpoint which is really new; the contribution of one of the most recent of sciences to a discussion whose chief current arguments were old in the time of Confucius.

The last word concerning the alcohol question will certainly be said by modern science. Experiments concerning the physical effect of that stimulant, conducted in the exact and dispassionate modern spirit, have been in progress for years — practically all, by the way, reaching the result that the direct effect of alcohol is injurious to the healthy human body. Now the inquiries of social psychology open a new field for debate.

Does society, in its still crudely developed condition, demand and always secure a stimulant of some kind? If so, are the stimulants it obtains in default of alcohol more harmful, broadly considered, than is alcohol itself? These questions are novel and striking ones; and Dr. Münsterberg brings to their discussion perhaps the highest skill available for his view of the subject.

It is unnecessary to say that, by presenting this view, McClure's Magazine does not therefore endorse it. And it is still more unnecessary to say that the opinions and conclusions of Dr. Münsterberg do not need the endorsement of any publication or individual to make them of general interest and consequence to the American public.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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BEGINNING GENERAL KUROPATKIN'S SECRET HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN-JAPANESE WAR

S. S. McCLURE COMPANY
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STATE COUNCILLOR ALEXANDER MIKHAILOVICH BEZOBRAZOFF

WHO ACQUIRED HIS EXTRAORDINARY POWER IN THE FAR EAST BY MEANS OF HIS KOREAN TIMBER COMPANY, AN ENTERPRISE IN WHICH HE INTERESTED THE TSAR OF RUSSIA TO THE EXTENT OF 2,000,000 RUBLES. RATHER THAN SACRIFICE THE FAMILY INVESTMENT IN THIS ENTERPRISE, THE TSAR ALLOWED RUSSIA TO BE DRAGGED INTO A WAR WITH JAPAN

I have chosen, as the subject for this article, General Kuropatkin's narrative of the events which preceded the rupture with Japan, in February, 1904, and which may be regarded, historically, as the causes of the war that ensued. It contains many new facts, and throws a flood of light upon Russian governmental methods, upon Russia's Asiatic policy, and upon the character of the monarch who now sits on the Russian throne.

Kuropatkin begins this part of his work with a review of Russia's policy and territorial acquisitions in the Far East, which may be briefly summarized as follows: The question of obtaining an outlet on the Pacific Ocean was theoretically considered in Russia long ago; and the conclusion reached was that, in view of the sparseness of Russia's population east of Lake Baikal, and the insignificance of her commerce, foreign and domestic, in that part of the world, the task of getting access to the Pacific, which might involve a serious struggle, ought not to be imposed upon the existing generation. An outlet was not needed at that time, and it is not needed yet. The Russian War Department, moreover, has always regarded with apprehension, and as far as possible combatted, the opinion that "Russia is the most western of Asiatic states, not the most eastern of European," and that all her future lies beyond the Urals.

Prior to the Japanese-Chinese war, nobody questioned that the trans-Siberian railway should follow a route inside of Russian territory; but the weakness shown by China in 1894-5 suggested a new project, namely, to carry the road through Manchuria and thus shorten it by five hundred versts. General Dukhovski, governor-general of the Pri-Amur and commander of the forces in that territory, opposed this project, and pointed out that a line crossing the boundaries of China would not connect the Pri-Amur with European Russia securely, and would benefit the Chinese rather than the Rus-

ADMIRAL ALEXEIEFF

WHO SECRETLY SUPPORTED BEZOBRAZOFF IN HIS EFFORTS TO DELAY THE EVACUATION OF SOUTHERN MANCHURIA AND TO BRING THE RUSSIAN ARMS INTO KOREA FOR THE EXPLOITATION OF HIS TIMBER ENTERPRISE. IN RETURN FOR ALEXEIEFF'S SERVICES, BEZOBRAZOFF USED HIS INFLUENCE WITH THE TSAR TO GET ALEXEIEFF APPOINTED VICEROY

sian population. His opinion was not approved, and this railroad, which had for Russia such immense importance, was carried through a foreign country. This change of route, which proved to be so unfortunate, was the first striking proof of the fact that Russia, in the Far East, had begun a policy of energetic action. The occupation of Port Arthur, the foundation of Dalny, the construction of the southern branch of the railway, the formation of a commercial fleet on the Pacific, and the timber enterprise of State Councillor Bezobrazoff on the Yalu River in northern Korea, were all links of one and the same chain, which was to unite permanently the destinities of Russia and the destinies of the Far East — and thus bring gain to Russia.

"There is a prevalent opinion," says Kuropatkin, "that if we had confined ourselves to the construction of the main trans-Siberian road, even though we built a part of it through northern Manchuria, there would have been no war; that the war was caused by our occupation of Port Arthur and Mukden, and, more particularly, by the Bezobrazoff timber enterprise in Korea. There is also an opinion, held by others, that the building of the main line through northern Manchuria should be regarded not merely as the first of our active enterprises in the Far East, but as the basis and foundation of them all, because if we had carried the road along the Amur, through our own territory, we should never have thought of occupying the southern part of Manchuria and the province of Kwang-tung."

After reviewing the Boxer uprising, the occupation of Manchuria by Russian troops for the protection of the railway, and the treaty agreement with China to evacuate southern Manchuria by April 8, 1903, and northern Manchuria within six months thereafter, General Kuropatkin, who was at that time Minister of War, begins his narrative of later events as follows:

THE SECRET CAUSES OF THE WAR WITH JAPAN

BY

GENERAL KUROPATKIN

PRIOR to the conclusion of the treaty with China, in April, 1902, there was a difference of opinion between the commander of Kwang-tung (Admiral Alexeieff) and myself, as to the expediency of evacuating Manchuria, and the importance to us of the southern part of that country. I believed that occupation of southern Manchuria would bring us no profit, but, on the contrary, would involve us in trouble with Japan on one side, through our nearness to Korea, and with China on the other, through our possession of Mukden. I therefore regarded the speedy evacuation of southern Manchuria and Mukden as a matter of extreme necessity. Admiral Alexeieff, on the other hand, as the commander of Kwang-tung, had reason to contend that occupation of southern Manchuria was important because it insured the safety of railroad communication between Kwang-tung and Russia.

SERGIUS DE WITTE

FORMER RUSSIAN MINISTER OF FINANCE, WHO BUILT UP EXTENSIVE RUSSIAN INTERESTS IN MANCHURIA, AND CREATED THE PORT OF DALNY, AN ACT WHICH KUROPATKIN CLAIMS TO HAVE WEAKENED THE STRENGTH OF PORT ARTHUR

This difference of opinion, however, ended with the ratification of the Russo-Chinese treaty of March 26, 1902 (April 8, N. S.). By the terms of that convention, our troops — with the exception of those guarding the railway — were to be removed, within specified periods, from all parts of Manchuria, southern as well as northern. This settlement of the question was a great relief to the War Department, because it held out the hope of a "return to the West" in our military affairs. In the first period of six months, we were to evacuate the western part of southern Manchuria, from Shan-hai-kuan to the river Liao; and this we punctually did. In the second period of six months, we were to remove our troops from the rest of the province of Mukden, including the cities of Mukden and Yinkow (New Chwang).

The War Department regarded the agreement to evacuate the province of Mukden with approval, and made energetic preparations to carry it into effect. Barracks for the soldiers to be withdrawn were hastily erected between Blagovestchensk and Vladivostok, in the Pri-Amur country; plans of transportation were drawn up and approved; the movement of troops had begun; and Mukden had actually been evacuated; when, suddenly, everything was stopped by order of Admiral Alexeieff, the commander of Kwang-tung, whose reasons for taking such action have not, to this day, been sufficiently cleared up.* It is definitely known, however, that the change in policy which stopped the withdrawal of troops from southern Manchuria corresponded in time with the first visit to the Far East of State Councillor Bezobrazoff, retired. Mukden, which we had already evacuated, was reoccupied, as was also the city of Yinkow (New Chwang). The Yalu timber enterprise assumed

* Documents throwing light upon the action of Admiral Alexeieff will be found at the end of General Kuropatkin's historical narrative, although they are not a part thereof. These documents will also explain the important part that State Councillor Bezobrazoff played in the Far East, and indicate the source of his extraordinary power.

COUNT LAMSDORFF

FORMER RUSSIAN MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, WHO COÖPERATED WITH WITTE AND KUROPATKIN IN TRYING TO PREVENT WAR WITH JAPAN

more importance than ever, and in order to give support to it, and to our other undertakings in northern Korea, Admiral Alexeieff, commander of Kwang-tung, sent a force of cavalry with field guns to Feng-wang-cheng.* Thus, instead of completing the evacuation of southern Manchuria, we moved into parts of it that we had never before occupied. At the same time, we allowed operations in connection with the Korean timber enterprise to go on, despite the fact that the promoters of this enterprise, contrary to instructions from St. Petersburg, were striving to give it a political and military character.

There is good reason to affirm that the unexpected change of policy that put a stop to the evacuation of the province of Mukden was an event of immense importance. So long as we held to our intention of withdrawing all our troops from Manchuria (except the railway guard and a small force at Kharbin), and so long as we refrained from invading Korea with our enterprises, there was little danger of a break with Japan; but we were brought alarmingly nearer to a rupture with that Power when, contrary to our agreement with China, we left our troops in southern Manchuria, and when, in the promotion of our timber enterprise, we entered northern Korea. The uncertainty, moreover, with regard to our intentions, alarmed not only China and Japan, but even England, America, and other Powers.

Witte Creates the Port of Dalny

In the early part of 1903, our situation in the Far East became very much involved. The interests of the Pri-Amur were thrown completely into the background, and General Dukhovski, the military commander and governor-general of that territory, was wholly ignored in the consideration and decision of the most important questions of Far Eastern policy. Meanwhile, in Manchuria—on Chinese territory—enterprises involving many millions of rubles were undertaken and carried on by virtue of authority that was wholly special. The Minister of Finance (M. Witte) was building and managing there a railroad about two thousand versts in length; he had the direction of a whole army corps of railway guards; he was trying to increase the economic importance of the railway by running in connection with it a fleet of sea-going steamers; he had on the Manchurian rivers a flotilla of smaller vessels, some of which carried guns and gunners; and in military matters he was so independent of the War Department that, without consulting the latter, he even selected and purchased abroad the artillery for the railway guard. Vladivostok, as a terminus, no longer seemed to satisfy the requirements of an international transit line, so, regardless of the fact that the province of Kwang-tung was subject to the authority of the provincial commander, M. Witte, without consulting either the latter or the Minister of War, located and created therein the spacious port of Dalny. The enormous sums of money spent there only lessened the importance and weakened the strength of Port Arthur, because it was necessary either to fortify Dalny, or prepare to have it seized by an enemy and used as a base of operations against us — a thing that afterward happened. Finally, the Minister of Finance managed the affairs of the Russo-Chinese Bank, and had at Peking, Seoul, and other points, his own agents (in Peking, Pokotiloff).

Incredible Schemes of Promoter Bezobrazoff

It thus appears that in 1903 M. Witte controlled or directed in the Far East not only railroads, but corps of troops, a fleet of commercial steamers, armed river boats, the port of Dalny, and the Russo-Chinese Bank. At the same time, Bezobrazoff and his company were developing their enterprises in Manchuria and Korea, and promoting, by every possible means, their

* A town on the road from Mukden and Liao-yang to the mouth of the Yalu River in northern Korea.

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TWO VIEWS OF PORT ARTHUR

LOOKING ACROSS THE OLD TOWN OF PORT ARTHUR AND ACROSS THE NAVAL BASIS, FROM A HIGH HILL TO THE NORTH OF THE CITY

timber speculation on the Yalu. One incredible scheme of Bezobrazoff followed another; and in the summer of 1903 there was submitted to me for examination a project of his which provided for the immediate concentration in southern Manchuria of an army of 70,000 men. His aim was to utilize the timber company as a means of creating a sort of "screen," or barrier against a possible attack upon us by the Japanese, and in 1902 1903 his activity, and that of his adherents, assumed a very alarming form. Among the requests that he made of Admiral Alexeieff were, to send into Korean territory six hundred soldiers in civilian dress; to organize for service in the same locality a force of three thousand Khunkhuzes*; to give the agents of the timber company the support of four companies of chasseurs (six hundred mounted riflemen) to be stationed at Shakhedze, on the Yalu; and to occupy Feng-wang-cheng with a body of troops capable of acting independently. Admiral Alexeieff denied some of these requests, but, unfortunately, he consented to station one company of chasseurs (one hundred and fifty mounted riflemen) at Shakhedze, and to send a regiment of Cossack cavalry, with field guns, to Feng-wang-cheng. These measures were particularly serious and injurious to us, for the reason that they were taken at the very time when we were under obligations to evacuate the province of Mukden altogether.

The Ministers of Finance, Foreign Affairs, and War (Witte, Lamsdorff and Kuropatkin) all recognized the danger that would threaten us if we continued to defer fulfilment of our promise to evacuate Manchuria, and, more especially, if we failed to put an end to Bezobrazoff's activity in Korea. These three Ministers, therefore, procured the appointment of a special council, which assembled in St. Petersburg on the 5th of April, 1903 (April 18, N. S.), and took

* Mounted Manchurian bandits.

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TAKEN AT THE TIME OF THE WAR

ON THE TERRACE JUST ABOVE THE WHARVES. THE HIGH PROMONTORY AT THE LEFT IS PART OF THE GOLDEN HILL, WHERE THERE ARE IMMENSELY STRONG FORTIFICATIONS, AND WHERE THE RUSSIANS MAINTAINED AN IMPORTANT SIGNAL STATION UNTIL STOESSEL'S SURRENDER

into consideration certain propositions which Bezobrazoff had made to its members separately in writing. These propositions had for their object the strengthening of Russia's strategic position in the basin of the Yalu. All three of the Ministers above designated expressed themselves firmly and definitely in opposition to Bezobrazoff's proposals, and all agreed that if his enterprise on the Yalu were to be sustained, it must be upon a strictly commercial basis. The Minister of Finance showed conclusively that, for the next five or ten years, Russia's task in the Far East must be to tranquilize the country and bring to completion the work already undertaken there. He said, furthermore, that although the views of the different departments of the Government were not always precisely the same, there had never been — so far as the Ministers of War, Foreign Affairs, and Finance were concerned — any conflict of action. The Minister of Foreign Affairs pointed out, particularly, the danger involved in Bezobrazoff's proposal to stop the withdrawal of troops from Manchuria.

The Tsar Takes Action

It pleased His Imperial Majesty to say, after he had listened to these expressions of opinion, that war with Japan was extremely undesirable, and that we must endeavor to restore in Manchuria a state of tranquillity. The company formed for the purpose of exploiting the timber on the river Yalu must be a strictly commercial organization, must admit foreigners who desired to participate, and must exclude all ranks of the army. I was then ordered to proceed to the Far East, for the purpose of acquainting myself, on the ground, with our needs, and ascertaining what the state of mind was in Japan. In the latter country, where I met with the most cordial and kind-hearted reception, I became convinced that the Government desired to avoid a rupture with Russia, but that it would be neces-

sary for us to act in a perfectly definite way in Manchuria, and to refrain from interference in the affairs of Korea. If we should go on with the adventure of Bezobrazoff & Co., we should be threatened with conflict. These conclusions I telegraphed to St. Petersburg. After my departure from that city, however, the danger of a rupture with Japan, on account of Korea, had increased considerably — especially when, on the 7th of May, 1903 (May 20, N. S.), the Minister of Finance announced that "after having had an explanation from State Councillor Bezobrazoff, he (the Minister) was not in disagreement with him, so far as the essence of the matter was concerned."

In the council that was held at Port Arthur, when I arrived there, Admiral Alexeieff, Lessar,* Pavloff,† and I cordially agreed that the Yalu enterprise should have a purely commercial character, and I said, furthermore, that, in my opinion, it ought to be abandoned altogether. I brought about the recall of several army officers who were taking part in it, and suggested to Lieutenant Colonel Madritoff, who was managing the military and political side of it, that he either resign his commission or give up employment which, in my judgment, was not suitable for an officer wearing the uniform of the General Staff. He chose the former alternative.

In view of the repeated assurances given me by Admiral Alexeieff that he was wholly opposed to Bezobrazoff's schemes; that he was holding them back with all his strength; and that he was a convinced advocate of a peaceful Russo-Japanese agreement, I left Port Arthur for St. Petersburg, in July, 1903 (O. S.), fully believing that the avoidance of a rupture with Japan was a matter entirely within our control. The results of my visit to the Far East were embodied in a special report to the Emperor, submitted July 24th, 1903 (August 6, N. S.), in which, with absolute frankness, I expressed the opinion that if we did not put an end to the uncertain state of affairs in Manchuria, and to the adventurous activity of Bezobrazoff in Korea, we must expect a rupture with Japan. Copies of this report were sent to the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Minister of Finance, and met with their approval.

Kuropatkin's Protest Criticised

By some means unknown to me, this report was given publicity; and on the 11th of June, 1905 (June 24, N. S.), the newspaper *Raŝsvet* printed an article, by one Roslavleff, entitled "Which is the Greater?" the object of which was to prove that I must be included among the persons responsible for the rupture with Japan, because, through fear of Bezobrazoff, I signed the minutes of the Port Arthur council which put the Yalu enterprise under the protection of Russian troops and thus stopped the evacuation of Manchuria.* This article has been reprinted by many Russian and foreign journals, and there has never been any refutation of the misstatements that it contains with regard to my alleged action in signing certain fantastic minutes. M. Roslavleff quotes from my report to the Emperor the following sentences and paragraphs:

"Our actions in the basin of the Yalu and our behavior in Manchuria have excited in Japan a feeling of hostility to us, which, upon our taking any incautious step, may lead to war. . . . State Secretary Bezobrazoff's plan of operations, if carried out, will inevitably lead to a violation of the agreement that we made with China on the 26th of March, 1902 (April 8, N. S.), and will also cause, inevitably, complications with Japan. . . . The activity of State Secretary Bezobrazoff, toward the end of last year and at the beginning of this, has practically brought about already a violation of the treaty with China and a breach with Japan. . . . At the request of Bezobrazoff, Admiral Alexeieff sent a force of chasseurs to Shakhedze (on the Yalu) and kept a body of troops in Feng-wang-cheng. These measures put a stop to the evacuation of the province of Mukden. . . . Among other participants in the Yalu enterprise who have given trouble to Admiral Alexeieff is Actual State Councillor Balasheff, who has a disposition quite as warlike as that of Bezobrazoff. If Admiral Alexeieff had not succeeded in intercepting a dispatch from Balasheff to Captain Bodisco, with regard to 'catching all the Japanese,' 'punishing them publicly,' and 'taking action with volleys,' there would have been a bloody episode on the Yalu before this time.† Unfortunately, it is liable to happen any day, even now. . . . During my stay in Japan, I had an opportunity to see with what nervous apprehension the people regarded our activity on the Yalu, how they exaggerated our intentions, and how they were preparing to defend, with arms, their Korean interests. Our active operations there have

* The Russian minister in China.
† The Russian minister in Korea.

* The documents at the end of General Kuropatkin's narrative will explain why an officer as powerful even as the Minister of War might be supposed to fear Bezobrazoff—a retired official of the civil service who, personally, had no importance whatever.

† In June, 1903, there was a good deal of friction between the employees of the Bezobrazoff company and those of a Japanese-Chinese syndicate which had obtained from the Korean Government, in March, a timber concession in this same region. Two Chinese were shot by the Russians, and the rafts of the syndicate were seized. Balasheff's dispatch probably referred to this or some similar incident, and the Captain Bodisco to whom it was addressed was probably an officer in the service of the Bezobrazoff company on the Yalu —G. K.

convinced them that Russia is now about to proceed to the second part of her Far Eastern program — that, having swallowed Manchuria, she is getting ready to gulp down Korea. The excitement in Japan is such that if Admiral Alexeieff had not shown wise caution — if he had allowed all the proposals of Bezobrazoff to go through — we should probably be at war with Japan now. There is no reason whatever to suppose that a few officers and soldiers, cutting timber on the Yalu, will be of any use in a war with Japan. Their value is trifling in comparison with the danger that the timber enterprise creates by keeping up the excitement among the Japanese people. . . . Suffice it to say that, in the opinion of Admiral Alexeieff, and of our ministers in Peking, Seoul, and Tokio, the timber enterprise may be the cause of war; and in this opinion I fully concur."

After quoting the above sentences and paragraphs from my report, M. Roslavleff says: "Thus warmly, eloquently, and shrewdly did Kuropatkin condemn the Yalu adventure, and thus clearly did he see, on the political horizon, the ruinous consequences that it would have for Russia. But why did not this bold and clear-sighted accuser protest against the decision of the Port Arthur council? Why, after making a few caustic remarks about Bezobrazoff, did he sign the minutes of the council which put the Yalu adventure under the protection of Russian troops, and thus stopped the evacuation of Manchuria? Why? Simply because, at that time, everybody was afraid of Bezobrazoff."

Such accusations, which have had wide publicity, require an explanation.

The council held at Port Arthur, in June, 1903, was called for the purpose of finding, if possible, some means of settling the Manchurian question without lowering the dignity of Russia. There were present at this council, in addition to Admiral Alexeieff and myself, Actual State Councillor Lessar, Russian minister in China; Chamberlain Pavloff, Russian minister in Seoul; Major General Vogak; State Councillor Bezobrazoff; and M. Plançon, an officer of the diplomatic service. We were all acquainted with the will of the Emperor that our enterprises in the Far East should not lead to war, and we had to devise means of carrying the Imperial will into effect. With regard to such means there were differences of opinion; but upon fundamental questions there was complete agreement. Among such fundamental questions were:

1. The Manchurian question.

On the 20th of June (July 3, N. S.) the council expressed its judgment with regard to this question as follows: "In view of the extraordinary difficulties and enormous administrative expenses that the annexation of Manchuria would involve, all the members of the council agree that it is, in principle, undesirable; and this conclusion applies not only to Manchuria as a whole, but also to its northern part."

2. The Korean question.

On the 19th of June (July 2, N. S.) the council decided that the occupation of the whole of Korea, or even of the northern part, would be unprofitable to Russia, and therefore undesirable. Our activity in the basin of the Yalu, moreover, might give Japan reason to fear a seizure by us of the northern part of the peninsula. On the 24th of June (July 7, N. S.) the council invited Actual State Councillor Balasheff and Lieutenant Colonel Madritoff, of the General Staff, to appear before it, and explain the status of the Yalu enterprise. From their testimony it appeared that the business was legally organized, the company holding permits from the Chinese authorities to cut timber on the northern side of the Yalu, and a concession from the Korean Government covering the southern side. Although the enterprise lost, to some extent, its provocative character, after the conclusions of the St. Petersburg council of April 5, 1903 (April 18, N. S.) became known in the province of Kwang-tung, its operations could not yet be regarded as purely commercial. Its affairs were managed by Lieutenant Colonel Madritoff, of the General Staff, although that officer was not officially in service.

After consideration of all the facts presented, the members of the council came to the conclusion that "although the Russian Timber Company really appears to be a commercial organization, its employment of officers of the active military service to do work that has military importance undoubtedly gives to it a politico-military aspect." The council, therefore, acknowledged the necessity of "taking measures, at once, to give the enterprise an exclusively commercial character, to exclude from it officers of the regular army, and to commit the management of the timber business to persons not employed in the service of the Empire." On the 24th of June (July 7, N. S.) these conclusions were signed by all the members of the council, including State Councillor Bezobrazoff.

It is evident, from the facts above set forth, that the statement in which M. Roslavleff charges the members of the council with signing minutes of proceedings that gave the Bezobrazoff adventure a place among useful imperial enterprises is fiction. Upon what it was based we do not know. The duty of immediately carrying into effect the conclusions of the council rested upon Admiral Alexeieff, by virtue of the authority given to him. The thing that he had

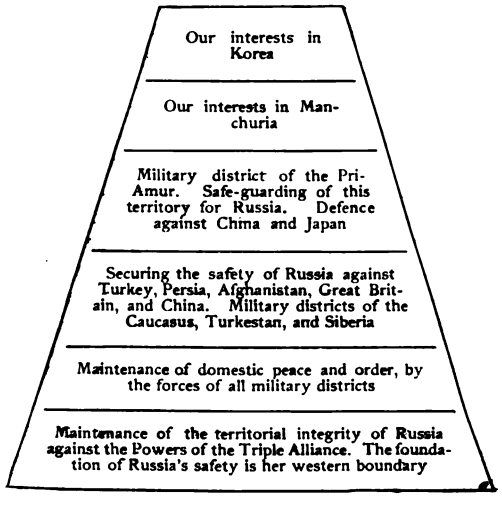
to do, first of all, and that he was fully empowered to do, was to recall our force from Feng-wang-cheng and the company of chasseurs from the Yalu. Why this was not done I do not know. Personally, I did not allow Lieutenant Colonel Madritoff to continue his connection with the timber company as an officer of the General Staff, and I may add that he and other officers who associated themselves with the enterprise did so without consulting me.

But no matter how effective might be the measures taken by Admiral Alexeieff to give the Yalu enterprise a purely commercial character, I still feared that this undertaking, which had obtained world-wide notoriety, would continue to have important political significance. In my report of July 24, 1903 (August 6, N. S.), which was presented to the Emperor upon my return from Japan, I therefore expressed the opinion that an end should be put to the operations of the timber company, and that the whole enterprise should be sold to foreigners.

"Must We Break the Russian Empire?"

The thought that our interests in Korea, which were of trifling importance, might bring us into conflict with Japan, caused me incessant anxiety during my stay in the latter country. On the 13th of June, 1903 (June 26, N. S.), when I was passing through the Inland Sea, on my way to Nagasaki, I wrote in my diary:

"If I were asked to express an opinion, from a military point of view, with regard to the comparative importance of Russian interests in different parts of the Empire, and upon different frontiers, I should put my judgment into the form of a pyramidal diagram, placing the least important of our interests at the top and the most important at the bottom, as follows:


Our interests in Korea
Our interests in Manchuria
Military district of the Pri-Amur. Safe-guarding of this territory for Russia. Defence against China and Japan
Securing the safety of Russia against Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, Great Britain, and China. Military districts of the Caucasus, Turkestan, and Siberia
Maintenance of domestic peace and order, by the forces of all military districts
Maintenance of the territorial integrity of Russia against the Powers of the Triple Alliance. The foundation of Russia's safety is her western boundary

"This diagram shows clearly where the principal energies of the Ministry of War should hereafter be concentrated, and what direction, in future, should be given to Russia's main powers and resources. The interests that lie at the foundation of our position as a nation are: (1) the defence of the territorial integrity of the Empire against the Powers of the Triple Alliance; and (2) employment of the forces of all our military districts for the preservation of internal peace and order. These are our principal tasks, and in comparison with them all the others have secondary importance. The diagram shows, furthermore, that our interests in the Pri-Amur region must be regarded as more important than our interests in Manchuria, and that the latter must take precedence of our interests in Korea. I am afraid, however, that, for a time at least, our national activity will be based on affairs in the Far East, and, if so, the pyramid will have to be turned bottom side up and made to stand on its narrow Korean top. But such a structure on such a foundation will fall. Columbus solved the problem of making an egg stand on its end by breaking the egg. Must we, in order to make our pyramid stand on its narrow Korean end, break the Russian Empire?"

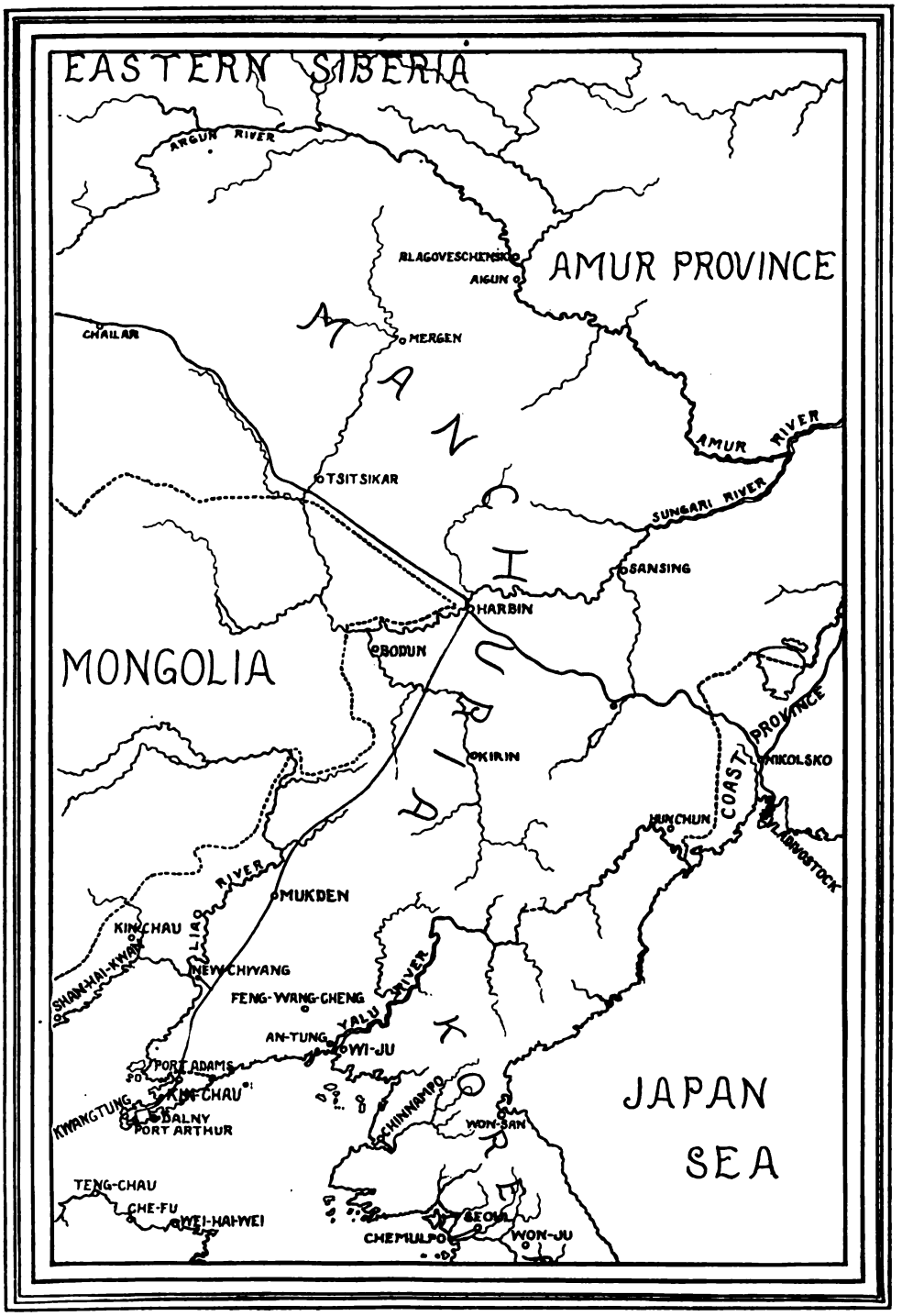
Upon my return from Japan, I showed the above diagram to M. Witte, who agreed that it was correct.

Kuropatkin Asks to be Relieved

The establishment of the Viceroyalty in the Far East was for me a complete surprise. On the 2nd of August, 1903 (August 15, N. S.) I asked the Emperor to relieve me from duty as Minister of War, and after the great manœuvers I was granted an indefinite leave of absence, of which I availed myself with the expectation that my place would be filled by the appointment of some other person.

In September, 1903 (O. S.) the state of affairs in the Far East began to be alarming, and Admiral Alexeieff was definitely ordered to take all necessary measures to avoid war. The Emperor expressed his will to this effect with firmness, and did not limit or restrict in any way the concessions that should be made in order to avert a rupture with Japan. All that had to be done was to find a method of making such concessions that should be as little injurious as possible to Russian interests. During my stay in Japan, I became satisfied that the Japanese Government was disposed to consider Japanese and Korean affairs calmly, with a view to arriving at an agreement upon the basis of mutual concessions.

In view of the alarming situation in the Far



MAP SHOWING FIELD OF THE OPERATIONS THAT LED TO THE WAR BETWEEN RUSSIA AND JAPAN

East, I cut short my leave of absence, and, in reporting to the Emperor for duty, I gave this threatening state of affairs as my reason for returning. The Emperor, on the 10th of October, 1903 (October 23, N. S.), made the following marginal note upon my letter: "The alarm in the Far East is apparently beginning to subside." In October I recommended that the garrison of Vladivostok be strengthened, but permission to reinforce it was not given. Meanwhile, there was really no reëstablishment of tranquillity in the Far East, and our relations with Japan and China were becoming more and more involved.

On the 15th of October, 1903 (October 28, N. S.) I presented to the Emperor a special report on the Manchurian question, in which I showed that, in order to avoid complications with China and a rupture with Japan, we must put an end to our military occupation of southern Manchuria, and confine our activity and our administrative supervision to the northern part of that territory. My report was, in part, as follows:

The Great Advisability of Evacuation

"If we do not touch the boundary of Korea, and do not place garrisons between that boundary and the railway, we shall really convince the Japanese that we have no intention of first taking Manchuria and then seizing Korea. In all probability, they will then confine themselves to the peaceful promotion of their interests in the peninsula, and will neither take possession of it with troops, nor greatly increase the strength of their army at home. This will relieve us of the necessity of strengthening our forces in the Far East, and of supporting the heavy burden of an armed peace — even should there be no war. If, on the other hand, we annex southern Manchuria, all the questions that now trouble two nations and threaten to bring about an armed conflict will assume a still more critical aspect. Our temporary occupation of certain points between the railway and Korea will become permanent; our attention will be more and more attracted to the Korean frontier; and our attitude will confirm the suspicion of the Japanese that Russia intends to seize the peninsula.

"That our occupation of southern Manchuria will lead to Japanese occupation of southern Korea there can be no doubt. Beyond that, all is dark. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that if Japan takes this step, she will be compelled to increase rapidly her military strength, and we, in turn, shall respond by enlarging our Far Eastern force. Thus two nations whose interests are so different that they would seem destined to live in peace will begin a contest in which each will try to surpass the other in military resources and power. And we Russians shall do this at the expense of our fighting readiness in the West; at the sacrifice of the interest of our native population; and for the sake of portions of Korea which, so far as Russia is concerned, have no serious importance. If, moreover, other Powers take part in this rivalry, the struggle for military supremacy is liable to change, at any moment, into a deadly conflict, which may not only retard, for a long time, the peaceful development of our Far Eastern possessions, but check the growth and progress of the whole Empire.

Japan a Dangerous and Warlike Enemy

"Even if we should defeat Japan on the mainland (in Korea and Manchuria) we could not destroy her, nor obtain decisive results, without carrying the war into her territory. That, of course, would not be impossible, but to invade a country where there is a warlike population of forty-seven millions, and where even the women participate in wars of national defence, would be a serious undertaking, even for a Power as mighty as Russia. And if we do not destroy Japan utterly — if we do not deprive her of the right and the power to maintain a navy — she will wait until we are engaged in war in the West, and will then avail herself of the opportunity to attack us, either alone, or in coöperation with our Western enemies.

"It must not be forgotten that Japan can not only put quickly into the field, in Korea or Manchuria, a well organized and well trained army of from 150,000 to 180,000 men, but can do this without drawing at all heavily upon her population. If we take the German ratio of regular troops to population, namely, one per cent, we shall see that Japan, with her forty-seven millions of people, can maintain a force of 400,000 soldiers in time of peace, and 1,000,000 in time of war. And we must bear in mind the fact that, even if we reduce this estimate by two thirds, Japan, in a comparatively short time, will be able to oppose us in Korea, and march into Manchuria, with a regular army of from 300,000 to 350,000 men. If we make it our aim to annex Manchuria, we shall be compelled to increase our military strength to such an extent that, with our Far Eastern force alone, we can withstand the Japanese attack in the annexed territory."

From the above lines it will be seen how seriously the War Department regarded such an antagonist as Japan, and how much anxiety it felt concerning possible complications with that Power on account of Korea. At the time when

this report was presented, and later, in November, the negotiations that Admiral Alexeieff was carrying on with Japan not only made no progress, but became more critical, the Admiral still believing that to show a yielding disposition would only make matters worse.

Insignificance of Russia's Eastern Interests

Bearing in mind the clearly expressed will of the Emperor that all necessary measures should be taken to avoid war, and not expecting favorable results from Alexeieff's negotiations, I presented to His Majesty, on the 26th of November, 1903 (December 9th, N. S.) a second report on the Manchurian question, in which I proposed that we return Port Arthur and the province of Kwang-tung to China, securing, in lieu thereof, certain special rights in the northern part of Manchuria. In substance, this proposition was that we admit the untimeliness of our attempt to get an outlet on the Pacific and abandon it altogether. The sacrifice might seem a grievous one to make, but I showed the necessity for it by presenting two important considerations. In the first place, by surrendering Port Arthur (which had been taken away from the Japanese) and by giving up southern Manchuria (with the Yalu enterprise), we should escape the danger of a rupture with Japan and China. In the second place, we should avoid the possibility of internal disturbances in European Russia. A war with Japan would be extremely unpopular, and would increase the feeling of dissatisfaction with the ruling authorities. My report was, in part, as follows:

"The economic interests of Russia in the Far East are extremely insignificant. We have as yet, thank God, no over-production in manufactures, because even our domestic markets are not yet glutted. There may be some export of articles from our factories and foundries, but it is largely due to artificial encouragement and will cease — or nearly cease — when such encouragement is withheld. Russia, therefore, has not yet grown up to the melancholy necessity of waging war in order to get markets for her products. As for our other interests in the Far East, the success or failure of a few coal or timber enterprises in Manchuria and Korea is not a matter of sufficient importance to make it worth while for Russia to run the risk of war on their account.

"The railway lines that we have built through Manchuria do not change the situation, and the hope that these lines will have world-wide importance, as avenues of international commerce, is not likely, in the near future, to be realized. Travelers, the mails, tea, and possibly some other merchandise, will go over them, but the great masses of heavy international freight which, alone, can give world-wide importance to a railway, will go by sea, simply because they cannot bear railway charges. Such is not the case, however, with local freight to supply local needs. This the roads — and especially the southern branch — will carry more and more, deriving from it most of their revenue, and, at the same time, stimulating the growth of the country, and, in southern Manchuria particularly, benefiting the Chinese population. But if we do not take special measures to direct even local freight to Dalny, that port is likely to suffer from the competition of Yinkow (New Chwang). Port Arthur has no value for Russia as the defence and terminus of a railway, unless that railway is part of an international transit route. The southern branch of the Eastern Chinese road has only — or chiefly — local importance, and, from an economic point of view, Russia does not need to protect it by means so costly as the fortifications of Port Arthur, a fleet of warships, and a garrison of 30,000 soldiers.

"It thus appears that the retention of a position of an aggressive character in Kwang-tung is no more supported by economic than it is by political and military considerations. What, then, are the aims that may involve us in war with Japan and China? Are such aims important enough to justify the great sacrifices that war will demand? The Russian people are powerful, and their faith in Divine Providence, as well as their devotion to their Tsar and their country, is unshaken. We may trust, therefore, that if Russia is destined to undergo the trial of war at the beginning of the twentieth century, she will come out of it with victory and glory. But she will have to make terrible sacrifices — sacrifices that may long retard the natural growth of the Empire.

"In the wars that we waged in the early years of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, the enemy invaded our territory, and we fought for the existence of Russia — marched forth in defence of our country and died for faith, Tsar, and Fatherland. If, in the early years of the twentieth century, war breaks out as the result of controverted questions arising in the Far East, the Russian people and the Russian army will execute the will of their Monarch with as much devotion and self-sacrifice as ever, and will give up their lives and their property for the sake of attaining complete victory; but they will have no intelligent comprehension of the objects for which the war is waged. For that reason there will be no such exaltation of spirit — no such outburst of patriotism — as that which accompanied the wars

that we fought either in self-defence or for objects dear to the hearts of the people.

"We are now living through a critical period. Internal enemies, aiming at the destruction of the dearest and most sacred foundations of our life, are invading even the ranks of our army. Large groups of the population have become dissatisfied, or mentally unsettled, and disorders of various sorts — mostly created by a revolutionary propaganda — are increasing in frequency. Cases in which troops have to be called out to deal with such disorders are much more common than they were even a short time ago. We must hope, however, that this evil has not yet taken deep root in Russian soil, and that by strict and wise measures it may be eradicated.

"If Russia were attacked from without, the people, with patriotic fervor, would undoubtedly repudiate the false teaching of the revolutionary propaganda, and show themselves as ready to answer the call of their revered Monarch, and to defend their Tsar and country, as they were in the early years of the eighteenth and particularly in the nineteenth century. If, however, they are asked to make great sacrifices in order to carry on a war whose objects are not clearly understood by them, the leaders of the anti-Government party will take advantage of the opportunity to spread sedition. Thus there will be introduced a new factor which, if we decide on war in the Far East, we must take into account.

"The sacrifices and dangers that we have experienced, or that we anticipate, as results of the position we have taken in the Far East, ought to be a warning to us when we dream of getting an outlet on the unfreezing waters of the Indian Ocean at Chahbar. It is already evident that the English are preparing to meet us there. The building of a railroad across the whole of Persia, and the establishment of a port at Chahbar, with fortifications, a fleet, etc., will simply be a repetition of our experience with the Eastern Chinese Railway and Port Arthur. In the place of Port Arthur, we shall have Chahbar, and instead of war with Japan, we shall have a still more unnecessary and still more terrible war with Great Britain.

"In view of the considerations above set forth, the questions arise: Ought we not to avoid the present danger at Port Arthur, as well as the future danger in Persia? Ought we not to return Kwang-tung, Port Arthur, and Dalny to China, give up the southern branch of the Eastern Chinese Railway, and get from China, in place of it, certain rights in northern Manchuria and a sum of, say, 250,000,000 rubles as reimbursement for expenses incurred by us in connection with the railway and Port Arthur?"

Further on in my report I considered fully the advantages and disadvantages of such a decision, and set forth the principal advantages as follows: "(1) We shall escape the necessity of fighting Japan on account of Korea, and China on account of Mukden. (2) We shall be able to reëstablish friendly relations with both Japan and China. (3) We shall give peace and tranquillity, not only to Russia, but to the whole world."

Russia's Fatal Unpreparedness

Copies of this report were sent to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Minister of Finance, and Admiral Alexeieff. Unfortunately, my views were not approved, and meanwhile the negotiations with Japan dragged along and became more and more involved. The future historian, who will have access to all the documents, may be able, from study of them, to determine why the will of the Russian Monarch to avoid war with Japan was not carried into effect by his principal co-workers. At present, it is only possible to say, unconditionally, that although neither the Emperor nor Russia desired war, we did not succeed in escaping it. The reason for the failure of the negotiations is evidently to be found in our ignorance of Japan's readiness for war, and her determination to support her contentions with armed force. We ourselves were not ready to fight, and resolved that it should not come to fighting. We made demands, but we had no intention of using weapons to enforce them — and, it may be added, they were not worth going to war about. We always thought, moreover, that the question whether there should be war or peace depended upon us, and we wholly overlooked Japan's stubborn determination to enforce demands that had for her such vital importance, and also her reliance upon our military unreadiness. Thus the negotiations were carried on by the respective parties under unequal conditions.

Then, too, our position was made worse by the form that Admiral Alexeieff gave to the negotiations intrusted to him. References were made that offended Japanese pride, and the whole correspondence became strained and difficult as a result of the Admiral's unfamiliarity with diplomatic procedure and his lack of competent staff assistance. He proceeded, moreover, upon the mistaken assumption that, in such a negotiation, it was necessary to display inflexibility and tenacity. His idea was that one concession, if made, would inevitably lead to another, and that a yielding policy would be more likely, in the end, to bring about a rupture with Japan than a policy of firmness. On the 25th of January, 1904 (February 6, N. S.)

diplomatic relations were broken off by the Japanese, and a few days later war began.

My opinions with regard to the relative importance of the tasks set before the War Department of Russia made me a convinced opponent of an active Asiatic policy.

1. Recognizing our military unreadiness on our western frontier, and taking into account also the urgent need of devoting our resources to the work of internal reorganization and reform, I thought that a rupture with Japan would be a national calamity, and I did everything in my power to prevent it. Throughout my long service in Asia, I was an advocate of an agreement with Great Britain there, and I was satisfied that there might also be a peaceable delimitation of spheres of influence in the Far East between Russia and Japan.

2. I regarded the building of the main line of the trans-Siberian railway through Manchuria as a mistake. The decision to adopt that route was made without my participation (I was then commander of the trans-Caspian territory); but it was contrary to the judgment of the War Department's representative in the Far East — General Dukhovski.

3. The occupation of Port Arthur took place before I became Minister of War, and I had nothing to do with it. I regard it as not only a mistake, but a fatal mistake. By thus acquiring, prematurely, an extremely inconvenient outlet on the Pacific, we broke up our good understanding with China and made an enemy of Japan.

4. I was always opposed to the timber enterprise on the Yalu, because I foresaw that it might bring about a rupture with Japan. I therefore took all possible measures to have it made an exclusively commercial affair, or to have it suppressed altogether.

5. So far as the Manchurian question is concerned, I made a sharp distinction between the comparative importance to us of northern Manchuria and southern Manchuria. At first, I was in favor of removing our troops as quickly as possible from both; but after the Boxer uprising, in 1900, I recognized the necessity of keeping on the railway at Kharbin three or four battalions of infantry, a battery, and a hundred Cossacks, as a reserve for the boundary guard.

6. When our position in the Far East became difficult, and there seemed to be danger of a rupture with Japan, I was in favor of decisive measures, and proposed that we avert war by admitting the untimeliness of our attempt to get an outlet on the Pacific; by restoring Port Arthur and Kwang-tung to China; and by selling the southern branch of the Chinese Eastern Railway.

When Adjutant General Daniloff returned from Japan, he told me that, at the farewell dinner given him there, General Terauchi, the Japanese Minister of War, said that General Kuropatkin and he had done everything in their power to avert war. And yet, even now, I sometimes ask myself doubtfully, "Did I do everything that was within the bounds of possibility to prevent it?" The strong desire of the Emperor to avoid war with Japan was well known to me, as it was to his other co-workers, and yet we, who stood nearest to him, were unable to execute his will.

THE ROYAL TIMBER COMPANY

[EDITOR'S NOTE.]—Among the first questions suggested by General Kuropatkin's narrative and the editorials, reports, and official proceedings that he quotes, are: Who was State Councillor Bezobrazoff? How did he acquire the extraordinary power that he evidently exercised in the Far East? Why was "everybody" — including the Minister of War — "afraid of him"? Why did even the Viceroy respond to his calls for troops, and why was his Korean timber company allowed to drag Russia into a war with Japan, against the opposition and resistance, apparently, of the Tsar, the Viceroy, the Minister of War, the Minister of Finance, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Port Arthur council, and the diplomatic representatives of Russia in Peking, Tokio, and Seoul?

No replies to these questions can be found in General Kuropatkin's record of the events that preceded the rupture with Japan, but convincing answers are furnished by certain confidential documents found in the archives of Port Arthur and published, just after the close of the war, in the liberal Russian review *Osvoboždenie* at Stuttgart.* Whether General Kuropatkin was aware of the existence of these documents or not, I am unable to say; but as they throw a strong side-light on his narrative, I shall append them thereto, and tell briefly, in connection with them, the story of the Yalu timber enterprise, as it is related in St. Petersburg.

In the year 1898, a Vladivostok merchant named Briner obtained from the Korean Government, upon extremely favorable terms, a

* "Osvobozhdenie," No 75, Stuttgart, August 19, N. S., 1905. No question has ever been raised, I think, with regard to the authenticity of these letters and telegrams; but if there were any doubt of it, such doubt would be removed by a comparison of them with General Kuropatkin's history.—G. K.

concession for a timber company that should have authority to exploit the great forest wealth of the upper Yalu River.* As Briner was a promoter and speculator, who had little means and less influence, he was unable to organize his company, and in 1902 he sold his concession to Alexander Mikhailovich Bezobrazoff, another Russian promoter and speculator, who had held the rank of State Councillor in the Tsar's civil service, and who was high in the favor of some of the Grand Dukes in St. Petersburg.

Bezobrazoff, who seems to have been a most fluent and persuasive talker, as well as a man of fine personal presence and bearing, soon interested his Grand Ducal friends in the fabulous wealth of the Far East generally, and in the extraordinary value of the Korean timber concession especially. They all took stock in his enterprise, and one of them, with a view to getting the strongest possible support for it, presented him to the Tsar. Bezobrazoff made upon Nicholas II. an extraordinarily favorable impression and, in the course of a few months, acquired an influence over him that nothing afterward seemed able to shake. That the Tsar became financially interested in Bezobrazoff's timber company is certain; and it is currently reported in St. Petersburg that the Emperor and the Empress Dowager, together, put into the enterprise several million rubles. This report may, or may not, be trustworthy; but the appended telegram (No. 5) sent by Rear Admiral Abaza, of the Tsar's suite, to Bezobrazoff, in November, 1903, indicates that the Emperor was interested in the Yalu enterprise to the extent, at least, of the two million rubles mentioned. Bezobrazoff's "Company," in fact, seems to have consisted of the Tsar, the Grand Dukes, certain favored noblemen of the Court, Viceroy Alexeieff, probably, and the Empress Dowager possibly. Bezobrazoff had made them all see golden visions of wealth to be amassed, power to be attained, and glory to be won, in the Far East, for themselves and the Fatherland. It was this known influence of Bezobrazoff with the Tsar that made "everybody" in the Far East "afraid of him"; that enabled him to enlist in the service of the timber company even officers of the Russian General Staff; that caused Alexeieff to respond to his call for troops to garrison Feng-wang-cheng and Shakhedze; and that finally changed Russia's policy in the Far East and stopped the withdrawal of troops from southern Manchuria.

General Kuropatkin says that the Russian evacuation of the province of Mukden "was suddenly stopped by an order of Admiral Alexeieff, whose reasons for taking such action have not, to this day, been sufficiently cleared up." The following telegram from Lieutenant Colonel Madritoff of the Russian General Staff to Rear Admiral Abaza, the Tsar's personal representative in St. Petersburg, may throw some light on the subject.

(No. 1.)

TO ADMIRAL ABAZA,
HOUSE NO. 50, FIFTH LINE,
VASSILI OSTROFF, ST. PETERSBURG.

Our enterprises in East meet constantly with opposition from Dzan-Dzun of Mukden and Taotai of Feng-wang-cheng. Russian officer-merchants have been sent East to make reconnoissance and examine places on Yalu. They are accompanied by Khunkhuzes whom I have hired. The Dzan-Dzun, feeling that he is soon to be freed from guardianship of Russians, has become awfully impudent, and has even gone so far as to order Yuan to begin hostile operations against Russian merchants and Chinese accompanying them, and to put latter under arrest. Thanks to timely measures taken by Admiral, this order has not been carried out; but very fact shows that Chinese rulers of Manchuria are giving themselves free rein, and, of course, after we evacuate Manchuria, their impudence, and their opposition to Russian interests, will have no limit. *Admiral (Alexeieff) took it upon himself to order that Mukden and Yinkow (New Chwang) be not evacuated.** To-day it has been decided to hold Yinkow, but, unfortunately, to move the troops out of Mukden. *After evacuation of Mukden, state of affairs, so far as our enterprises are concerned, will be very, very much worse which, of course, is not desirable.** To-morrow I go to the Yalu myself.

(Signed) MADRITOFF.

Shortly before Lieutenant Colonel Madritoff sent this telegram to Admiral Abaza, Bezobrazoff, who had been several months in the Far East, started for St. Petersburg, with the intention, evidently, of seeing the Tsar and persuading him to order, definitely, a suspension of the evacuation of the province of Mukden, for the reason that "it would inevitably result in the liquidation of the affairs of the timber company." From a point on the road he sent back to Madritoff the following telegram, which bears date of March 26, 1903 (April 8, N. S.) — the very day when the evacuation of the province of Mukden should have been completed, in accordance with the Russo-Chinese agreement of March 26 (April 8, N. S.), 1902:

(No. 2.)

To MADRITOFF,
PORT ARTHUR.

There will be an understanding attitude toward the affair after I make my first report. I am only afraid of being too late, as I shall not get there until the 3rd (April 16, N. S.) and the Master (Khozain) leaves for Moscow on the 4th (April 17, N. S.). I will do all that is possible and shall insist on manifestation of

* Asakawa, who seems to have investigated this matter carefully, says that the original contract for this concession dated as far back as August 26, 1896, when the Korean king was living in the Russian legation at Seoul as a refugee.—"The Russo-Japanese Conflict," by K. Asakawa, London, 1905, p. 289.

* The italics are my own.—G. K.

energy in one form or another. Keep me advised and don't get discouraged. There will soon be an end of the misunderstanding.

(Signed) BEZOBRAZOFF.

On April 11, 1903 (April 24, N. S.), Bezobrazoff sent Madritoff from St. Petersburg a telegram written, evidently, after he had made his first "report" to "the Master." It was as follows:

(No. 3.)

To MADRITOFF,
PORT ARTHUR.

Everything with me is all right. I hope to get my views adopted in full as conditions imposed by existing situation and force of circumstances. I hope that if they ask the opinion of the Admiral (Alexeieff), he, I am convinced (sic), will give me his support. That will enable me to put many things into his hands.

(Signed) BEZOBRAZOFF.

General Kuropatkin says that Admiral Alexeieff gave him "repeated assurances that he was wholly opposed to Bezobrazoff's schemes, and that he was holding them back with all his strength"; but the Admiral was evidently playing a double part. While pretending to be in full sympathy with Kuropatkin's hostility to the Yalu enterprise, he was supporting Bezobrazoff's efforts to promote that enterprise. Bezobrazoff rewarded him, and fulfilled his promise to "put many things into his hands" by getting him appointed Viceroy. Kuropatkin says that this appointment was a "complete surprise to him," and it naturally would be, because the Tsar acted on the advice of Bezobrazoff, von Plehve, Alexeieff, and Abaza, and not on the advice of Kuropatkin, Witte, and Lamsdorff. It will be noticed that von Plehve — the powerful Minister of the Interior — is never once mentioned by name in Kuropatkin's narrative. Everything seems to indicate that von Plehve formed an alliance with Bezobrazoff, and that, together, they brought about the dismissal of Witte, who ceased to be Minister of Finance on the 16th of August, 1903 (August 29, N. S.). Anticipating this result of his efforts, and filled with triumph at the prospect opening before him, Bezobrazoff wrote Lieutenant Colonel Madritoff, on the 12th of August, 1903 (August 25, N. S.), as follows:

(No. 4.)

The great saw-mill and the principal trade in timber will be transferred to Dalny, and this in copartnership with the Ministry of Finance. The Manchurian Steamship Line will have all our ocean freight, amounting to twenty-five million feet of timber, and the business will become international (mirovava). From this you will understand how I selected my base and my operating lines.

In view of the complete defeat of such clear-sighted statesmen and sane counsellors as Kuropatkin, Witte, and Lamsdorff, there can be no doubt that Bezobrazoff's "base and operating lines" were well "selected."

The document that shows most clearly the interest of the Tsar in the Yalu timber enterprise is a telegram sent to Bezobrazoff at Port Arthur, in November, 1903, by Rear Admiral Abaza, who was then Director of the Special Committee on Far Eastern Affairs, over which the Tsar presided, and who acted as the latter's personal representative in all dealings with Bezobrazoff and the timber company. In the original of this telegram, significant words, such as "Witte," "Emperor," "millions," "garrison," "reinforcement," etc., were in cipher; but when Bezobrazoff read it, he (or possibly his private secretary) interlined the equivalents of the cipher words, and also, in one place, a query as to the significance of "artels" — did it mean chasseurs, or artillery? The following copy was made from the interlined original:

(No. 5.)

From Petersburg, Nov. 14–27, 1903.

To BEZOBRAZOFF,
PORT ARTHUR.

Witte has told the Emperor that you have already spent the whole of the two millions. Your telegram with regard to expenditures has made it possible for me to report on this disgusting slander and, at the same time, contradict it. Remember that the Master counts on your not touching a ruble more than the three hundred without permission in every case. Yesterday I reported again your ideas with regard to the reinforcement of the garrison and also with regard to the artels (chasseurs or artillery?) in the basin. The Emperor directed me to reply that he takes all that you say into consideration and that, in principle, he approves. In connection with this, the Emperor again confirmed his order that the Admiral telegraph directly to him. He expects a telegram soon, and immediately upon the receipt of the Admiral's statement, arrangements will be made with regard to the reinforcement of the garrison, and, at the same time, with regard to the chasseurs in the basin. In the course of the conversation, the Emperor expressed the fullest confidence in you.

(Signed) ABAZA.

General Kuropatkin refers, again and again, to the Tsar's "clearly expressed desire that war should be avoided," and he regrets that His Imperial Majesty's "co-workers" "were unable to execute his will." It is more than likely that Nicholas II. did wish to avoid war — if he could do so without impairing the value of the family investment in the Korean timber company — but from the above telegram it appears that, as late as November 27, 1903 — only seventy days before the rupture with Japan — he was still disregarding the sane and judicious advice of Kuropatkin, was still expressing "the fullest confidence" in Bezobrazoff, and was still ordering troops to the valley of the Yalu.

THE AMERICANIZING OF ANDRÉ FRANÇOIS

BY

STELLA WYNNE HERRON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR G. DOVE

"I WONDER," said Andrew F. Biron, manager of the White Star Mine, to his sister, as he watched, with drawn brows, André François, immaculate in a white flannel suit, bare-kneed and sailor-hatted, go down the street attended by the ministering Angélique, "what Providence had against me when it picked me for the father of Andrew François?"

"He is certainly the strangest child I have ever known," answered his sister irrelevantly, "and I have had experience with a good many — an old maid always does, you know."

"What he needs is to mix up with the other boys — to become Americanized. There is too much European varnish on him. It needs to be rubbed off so that the real boy underneath will show through."

"He needs something," assented his sister shortly, for she had looked with none too gracious an eye upon the advent of André François and his *bonne*, the volatile Angélique. "He thinks of nothing except how he is dressed — a miniature fop! He is now ten years old and he is absolutely helpless. He seems never to have learned to do anything for himself. There is no manliness nor independence in him — nothing but a head full of foolish, old-world notions about what is due a gentleman of his standing. As for Angélique, one moment she runs his errands and the next bullies him. Who ever heard of a big boy of ten with a nurse, anyway?" Miss Biron stopped a moment to catch her breath, then continued:

"To be frank with you, Andrew, I think you have been little less than criminal to take so little interest in him as to leave him for eight years in an environment of which you knew nothing. You should have had him home immediately after your wife's death, and not have waited until his grandmother died and the responsibility of your son was literally forced upon you."

"The responsibility of his son." All through a busy morning at the office the phrase remained subconsciously in Mr. Biron's mind. At noon hour, when the work slackened up, he set himself to face and thresh it out, for it was his policy to face and thresh out at the first opportunity any difficulty which confronted him.

For half an hour he paced his office, his hands thrust hard down into his pockets, in his mouth a black, unlighted cigar of the stogie species, upon which he chewed with all the concentrated violence which he would have liked to expend upon the problem in hand. His son — how well he remembered the little two-year-old codger, with his serious blue eyes and his fleece of yellow hair, whom he had taken tight in his arms and told not to forget his daddy, as he bid goodby on the steamer to his pretty, pale French wife going back on a visit to her native land.

After her death, little André François had at once found snug quarters in the home of his aristocratic Parisian grandmother, Madame Fouchette, a grand dame of the old régime. She wrote and begged to keep him. She said he would be placed in a good school — the best, indeed, in France — where, as a rule, none except the sons of noblemen were admitted. Year after year had drifted by, and the busy mine-manager in Colorado, occupied with a thousand and one matters of daily importance, had sent a monthly check of generous figure, together with a quarter-page of hurriedly typewritten, kindly words, accompanied at Christmas, and at what he approximately made out to be André François' birthday, by a great miscellaneous box of toys. He religiously selected these as his wife had advised him to select them on that first Christmas — for he instinctively

mistrusted his own judgment in such matters — and varied them only in the matter of quantity, which he increased each year in allowance for the boy's growth.

Perhaps it was because he always pictured him as a tyro of two, unsteady on his legs, principally experimental in his speech, that he was so unprepared for the real André François, the above, plus eight formative years of growth in the French capital, an aristocratic grandmother's idolatry, and the training of a school where, "as a rule, only the sons of noblemen were received."

Mr. Biron recalled with a rueful smile that first meeting with his son and heir. André François, self-possessed, slim, and aristocratic, cultivating already the airs and graces of the young boulevardier, greeted the manager of the White Star with a careful — for he was none too sure of where the accent fell in his mother-tongue ——

"I am delighted, my father," and kissed him ceremoniously, first on one cheek, then on the other. After which he devoted himself to directing Angélique — who had been his *bonne* ever since his mother's death and in whose care he had come across the ocean — in the disposal of his four trunks. Madame Fouchette, during her life, had spared neither time nor attention in providing André François with as many new suits and caps as his blue-blooded playmates.

The little raw town of fifteen hundred inhabitants, still half mining-camp, was not prepared for the youthful scion of the Old World, and regarded him as a huge joke. As for Angélique, in her high heels and infinitesimal aprons, with her coquettish airs and her showers of exclamations, nothing like her had ever been seen, except in an overnight show, where the traditional French maid, between a song and dance, whisked imaginary dust off parlor chairs.

At school André François was under a double disadvantage. In the class-room, he not only knew more than any other boy, but frequently and authoritatively corrected the teacher. In the yard his white flannel sailor suit, with its embroidered anchor and immense soft, red silk bow in front, his jaunty round sailor hat and dainty shoes — it had become the mode in Paris at that time to follow the English style in children's dress — were regarded with derisive and hostile looks by the sturdy blue- and brown-overalled town boys. Indeed, the little transplanted Parisian, as he stood in line with his fellows, looked very much like a lonely orchid in a bunch of dusty field-flowers.

In the yard André François did not shine. His attitude was marked in the eyes of the indigenous youth by a supercilious stupidity. He neither knew nor cared for baseball, football, or any of the lesser sports which excite young America at playtime. He had, indeed, at first extended tentative invitations to a chosen few of his class-mates to engage in a fencing bout, but, finding that art entirely unknown, he contented himself, during recess, with sitting on the bench and reading from a French book, over the top of which he sometimes stared at his hot, excited school-mates with insolent superiority.

They returned his contempt with full measure. One and all looked upon André François as a special brand of "Dago" — under which general head they classified all things Latin — protected from their scorn and patriotism by an arbitrary higher power in the form of a father who was a mine manager.

André François, in turn, confided to his father that nobody but ignorant peasants, with whom no gentleman could associate, attended the school.

So matters stood without a change in either direction two weeks after André François' arrival in town. No change of environment seemed strong enough to move him from his accustomed ways of thought. Every morning he started out for school at a quarter of nine, followed by the omnipresent Angélique. Every afternoon he returned at three o'clock, still followed by Angélique.

"Angélique! A nurse! A *bonne!*" As the manager of the White Star thought of her, he nearly bit the cigar, upon which he was chewing, in half. All the militant Americanism in him rose in revolt. He remembered his own bare-footed, swaggering youth, independent as the wind, insolent as a king. And now his son —— He stopped short in his pacing and stared wrathfully out into the street, which, like all the streets of the town, ended abruptly, without any preliminary slopes, in a sheer wall of rock which went up and up and up into a rugged mountain peak.

It chanced that school had just let out for the noon hour, and down the middle of the street, whistling to the full of his lungs, swinging in a circle around his head a long leather strap with a blue calico-covered book at the end for a weight, swaggered a sturdy specimen of young America. Mr. Biron gazed at him with an envious eye and sighed. Then a thought, sudden and sharp, popped into his head. He hesitated for a moment. But why not? Anything was worth trying.

The manager of the White Star was a man of action, so, without wasting further time in debate with himself, he beat a loud tattoo with his knuckles on the window glass. The whist-

"'I'D BE GLAD TO DO IT AS A FAVOR,' HE SAID"

ling stopped. He crooked his finger and motioned, and the deed was done. A moment later the ground-glass door opened, and a chunky, red-haired boy, with a belligerent eye, stood expectantly before him. The newcomer placed himself so that the big iron office safe furnished a background for him, and as he stood there with his feet wide apart, his hands in his pockets, he seemed as solidly planted as it. A shaft of noonday sunlight, coming through a side window, struck his hair and made a rubescent halo around his freckled face. The manager of the White Star looked him up and down, and the boy eyed him back look for look. At length Mr. Biron cleared his throat.

"What is your name, my lad?" he asked.

"James Joseph McCarthy," answered the boy, in the same quick, phonographic monotone that he had used on his first day at school, when the teacher had asked him the same question.

"Ah, yes — do you know my son, Andrew Francis Biron?"

"Sure. Most everybody knows Andray Franswa."

"And what do you think of — er — André François?"

The boy looked at him searchingly. "You oughter know — he's your kid," he said tersely.

"I know what *I* think," said Mr. Biron, "but I want to know what you think. That's what I brought you in for. I want to get some data on the subject."

The boy ran his hand through his hair, and his brow puckered, as he struggled to find a phrase by which to sum up his impression of André François. Then he said:

"Ah, gee——" he made an abortive effort, out of regard for parental feelings, to mitigate the vast contempt in his voice, "he's just a darn sissy."

"Um — I see. Are there any more sissies in town?"

"Nope. Not now. There uster be one onest, about a year ago, but he's all right now. We licked him till he got all right."

"And do you intend to lick André François until he gets all right?"

The scion of the McCarthys looked at him suspiciously for a moment, but seeing in his face rather a desire for honest information than the guile of a parent, he answered:

"Nope. Nobody dast to touch him."

"Why?" asked Mr. Biron with a gleam of hope, "would he fight?"

"Who? Him? Him *fight?* I guess *not.* It's cause you're his dad. My dad, he said that if I dast to lay a finger on Andray Franswa, he'd skin me alive — an' the rest o' the kids, their dads told 'em the same thing."

"I see," said the manager of the White Star, and he saw also that a certain disadvantage went with being the employer of nearly every man in the town.

He took a thoughtful turn around the office, for his conscience gave him a twinge at the critical moment, then stopped abruptly in front of James Joseph and took from his pocket a bright, new silver dollar.

"See this, Jimmie?" he asked, balancing it seductively on the tip of his index finger, "I will give you this, and further, I will see that no complaint is made to your father — if you lick André François."

Each of Jimmie's eyes grew as big and as round as the dollar.

"Sure? D' yer mean it? Gee, that'd be fine. There's goin' to be a circus next week in Briggs' lot, and us fellows is savin' up. Say — is that what you just said on the dead square?"

"On the dead square," said André François' father solemnly.

Jimmie held out his hand for the dollar. "Sure," he said, "I'll lick Andray Franswa. I'll lay low till that crazy Angélique is out of the way. Burbank, the assayer's assistant, is soft on her, and she stops to talk to him every afternoon, an' Andray Franswa walks as far as from school to the assayer's office alone. I'll get him then. I'm boss o' the gang, an' I kin lick fine. Onest I licked a kid an' he wasn't able to be out fer a week."

"Wait," said Mr. Biron, a little alarmed at the enthusiasm he had invoked. "Remember — you are acting under orders, and your orders are not to hurt him. Just roll him around in the mud good and plenty — and, Jimmie, spoil that white sailor suit."

Jimmie's eyes filled with fellow feeling. For the first time during the interview he and the White Star manager were equals.

"I guess you was a pretty nice kid yourself onest," he said, "an' I know how you must feel 'bout Andray Franswa."

He hesitated a moment, his face twitched with a fierce internal struggle, then he thrust out his arm straight from the shoulder and handed back to Mr. Biron the price of his service.

"I — I'd be glad to do it as a favor," he said.

"Thank you," said André François' father gravely, and he took and pocketed the dollar.

As Jimmie was about to leave the office he put out a detaining hand.

"Oh, by the way," he remarked, with elaborate casuality, "you said something of a circus in Briggs' lot — I can't get away myself, at present, but if you'd take this and go, and let me know if there is anything good, you'd oblige me greatly."

Jimmie McCarthy left the office of the White Star with his ethics and his honor satisfied, and with a dollar in the pocket of his blue overalls.

Thus was enacted the preliminary part of the plot to Americanize André François, *fils.*

The following afternoon the manager of the White Star sat at his office desk, a file of papers before him. But his attention wavered, and the nearer the clock hands drew to three, the less grew his concentration upon the file. At last the expected happened. The ground-glass door burst open, and in rushed the immaculate Angélique, her entire person in such dishevelment as the Rue St. Honoré had never seen. Her cap hung by one pin from her black hair, her ruffled swiss apron was under one arm. By the hand she dragged after her the panting André François. His hat was gone, his hair wet, his white sailor suit streaked terra cotta from the clayey mud of the street. His red tie, however, still made a brave flare of color under one ear.

"Father," he said in a high, excited voice, "I have been attacked!"

Angélique motioned him to be quiet.

"Oh, Monsieur Bir-on, oh, sair," she burst out, her round eyes becoming perfect spheres in her excitement, "Monsieur André François have been attack'. I have jus' stop to spik to a gentleman for a so leetle moment — when I look a-r-r-ound and zee thees so ter-r-ible boy make the tackle at Monsieur André François' legs. And nex'— O, *ciel!* I zee Monsieur André François high in the air, and then — splash! *Quelle horreur!* down in the depths of the mud pud-dle, and thees boy r-r-ool heem r-round an' r-round an' r-r-round. *Barbare! Sauvage!*" Angélique's voice broke, and she buried her face in her abbreviated apron to shut out the memory of a sight so uncivilized.

"Father," said André François, trembling with passion, "you will have him punished at once — publicly, so that every one may know that the indignity has been wiped out?"

"My boy," said Mr. Biron quietly, placing his hand on his son's shoulder, "I am not lord of a feudal principality. I cannot interfere. You will have to fight your own fights."

"But," said André François, angry tears

rushing to his eyes, "I cannot fight this peasant — I am a gentleman." And he drew himself up with a jerk, in his drabbled sailor suit, to his full three feet eight. This assumption of dignity was not without discomfort, for the muddy water from his over-long hair dripped down his neck in the back and into his eyes in the front.

"Of a certainty," affirmed Angélique with finality, "he is a gentleman. Madame Fouchette so raised heem."

"You will have to settle it your own way, Andrew. If you are too good to fight him, and he is not too good to fight you, I do not see what you can do — except run."

"I will *not* run," cried André François, his voice becoming shrill and childish with impotent rage. "I want him punished."

"I can do nothing for you," said his father shortly. "You had better go home now to your aunt and have your suit changed."

"*Allons*," said Angélique indignantly, and, catching André François by the hand, she started out. At the door she paused long enough to say devoutly, fixing the so unnatural father with a basilisk glance.

"*Dieu vous garde, mon pauvre enfant.*"

The manager of the White Star even thought he heard a "*Bête!*" as the door was closed so decisively that one would almost say it was slammed. All of which the so unnatural parent endured with equanimity, and turned to his delayed files with a patient if dubious smile, for he had begun to do his parental duty as he saw it, and anything he began, whether it was a lockout, a new policy, or the training of his son, he saw through to the bitter end.

The next morning, when the White Star manager reached his office — and he got there early, for he began his day's work when his office boy was still comfortably snoring — he found a small boy leaning against the door in the stiff and resigned position of a guard waiting to be relieved from duty. The only parts of him which moved were the toes of his bare legs, and these nimble members dibbled the clayey earth in front of the door-step.

As soon as this apparition caught sight of Mr. Biron, it straightened up into life.

"Kin I see you, Mr. Biron?" asked the boy eagerly, "on a matter o' business?"

"'I CANNOT FIGHT THIS PEASANT—I AM A GENTLEMAN'"

"Certainly," said the manager of the White Star, "just step into the office."

The boy followed him in through the ground-glass door, shifted from one bare foot to the other, cleared his throat, then without further preliminary said:

"Say — d' you want Andray Franswa licked to-day?" Then, fixing him with a bargaining eye, "I'll do it dandy fer seventy-five cents. I kin fight 'most as good as Jimmie — I uster be the biggest kid here before he come an' licked me," he added, with reminiscent pride in a past glory.

Mr. Biron looked at him thoughtfully a moment, then said:

"I engaged Jimmie for the first job, and he did it satisfactorily. I think there may be a tacit contract existing between us that I give him, at least, the refusal of the rest."

"Nope," said the boy. "Jimmie, he ain't no pig. He told the bunch, 'You fellers go 'round an' see if yer kin git nuf for the circus what's comin'.' I bin waitin' a long time so's to be early nuf."

"I see," said Mr. Biron, "Jimmie does not believe in monopolies. He is a despot, but an enlightened one."

"Kin I have the job, then?"

"Very well," said Mr. Biron, "I engage you to lick André François — but with this reservation — mind you do not hurt him, and I will pay you the standard rate of one dollar for a first-class job."

"'IT WAS OF A SUDDENNESS,' SAID ANGÉLIQUE BLUSHING"

This was the first but not the last of the manager's visitors. It was Saturday, and that whole morning the office of the White Star was besieged by applicants for a "job." Mr. Biron had his pick of the entire bellicose population of the town between the ages of nine and thirteen, and several more nefarious bargains were secretively struck in the shadow of the big iron safe, behind the discreet ground-glass door of the White Star office.

That afternoon Mr. Biron found it difficult to concentrate on the work before him, for, reasoning from cause to effect, and having produced the cause, he was subconsciously expectant of another visit from André and Angélique. Nothing, however, occurred to disturb him and, as he closed up his desk and safe, preparatory to leaving, he smiled grimly to himself.

"I never was stumped by a proposition yet," he muttered half aloud, as he walked home in the sunset, "and André François isn't going to be the first. He *must* have some red blood in his veins — his grandfather fought at Gettysburg, and I could fight my weight in wildcats at his age."

As he ate his dinner, half an hour later, his sister recounted to him the events of the day.

"Andrew Francis was attacked again," she said, casually nodding toward André François, who ate in silence — for she was a woman of sense. "He came home again covered with mud from head to foot. Angélique says he refused to run and she could do nothing——"

"But no," interrupted the *bonne* eagerly, and her words came like a string of firecrackers exploded by a small boy on the Fourth of July, "he came with a quickness — like *zat!*" and she clapped her hands. "Before I know, he have come behin' and trip Monsieur André François up from his legs. Zen I try to grab thees boy, but he is of a so great slipperiness as an eel! He have hit Monsieur André François — *whack!* He have poke heem an' make heem to fall into the mud. Zen he is away with a quickness — *zipp!* No person is of a similar quickness to catch heem."

During this display of wordy pyrotechnics, the son and heir of the house sat in sullen silence and broke his bread into small pieces. When it ended, he suddenly looked up.

"Father," he said, "I do not want Angélique to take me to school any longer. She is a fool."

"Sank you, sair," said the lady referred to sarcastically, "you have a great gratitude when I protec' your life." Then she turned to the manager of the White Star:

"Sair, I have the pleasure to inform you of somesing. In one month I am about to marry myself to the Mr. Bur-bank — he who makes known what is in the rocks."

"Kind of sudden, wasn't it, Angélique?" asked Mr. Biron.

"It was of a suddenness," said Angélique blushing. "I was greatly of a desire to go back to France, but I could not, an' the nex' bes' zing — zat is to marry myself. I mus' have a protector in thees so savage land where even

"THAT FIGHT WILL LONG BE REMEMBERED IN THE ANNALS OF THE GANG"

the children are bloodthirsty. I am not of a nervousness to stan' everysing. *Voilà!*"

The next morning André François went to school minus his familiar. During the week and a half that followed he was "attacked" with startling frequency and regularity. Almost every afternoon he came home with his clothes muddy and torn.

He was grimly silent about the details of these mishaps.

Angélique was in despair.

"Ah, Madame," she said to Miss Biron, "in one short month he will not have a stitch to wear — out of the largesse of four trunks full. And the las' command of Madame Fouchette, it was 'Angélique, always make Monsieur André François to look like the little prince.' *Ciel!* how can one make heem to look like the little prince when thees so savage boys tear off his clothes? But I do my ver' bes' — I darn and darn and darn heem."

André François made no one his confidant, but day by day he grew more somber and silent. His early garrulity was quite gone. Instead of the air of hauteur which characterized him on his entrance to the town, he now had a pathetic droop. He even became careless about his clothes.

"He used to be so proud, so debonair," said Angélique sadly, "when he have the clean, white suit on, he is like the peacock, he know he is beautiful — but now — he does not care what he have on. No!"

"What can be the matter?" asked Miss Biron anxiously, for she was really worried by André François' looks; "he has never been seriously hurt in these little school-boy fights."

"*Eh, bien!* Madame! Is it not of a seriousness to be wound' in the pride? To be insult'? Monsieur André François has been made the gross insult many times. Those insult, they knaw heem in his heart. He zink. He zink all the time now. He zink of those many insult'! Some day he will have his revengement — you see."

About this time the manager of the White Star noticed a falling off in the number of applicants for his peculiar variety of "job." There was a slump in the André François market. One morning he called in a youngster whom he saw going early to school, stated his terms, and

made his usual proposal. The boy hesitated a few moments, then said:

"It'll cost yer a dollar an' a quarter now, Mr. Biron. Yer see, 'taint so easy as 'twas at first. 'Course Andray Franswa never runs, an' it's easy t' git him, but he's growin' awful savage. He kicks an' bites somethin' fierce, sir. He nearly chewed Harry Peters' finger offer him day 'fore yesterday."

The manager paid the extra quarter without any demur.

It was about this time also that Mr. Biron made a discovery which gratified him. He found, secreted under a pillow in the window-seat where André François usually sat, a dusty, copiously diagrammed book entitled, "The Manly Art of Self-Defense." It was an edition of twenty years ago, and had been used by Mr. Biron himself during his college days.

He put it back carefully and held his silence.

The following evening he proceeded in an experimental, roundabout way to get into a conversation with his son.

"Andrew," he said, with sociable casualness, to his heir, who now always ensconced himself in the window-seat directly after dinner, and kept a moody silence until Angélique took him off to bed, "you have never told me about your school days in France."

Accepting this remark as the statement of an irrefutable fact, André François merely remained politely silent.

"What do you do for recreation? What sport do you have now, for instance?"

"We fence, father," said André François, listlessly.

"Ah, yes," said the White Star manager, introducing his subject in as elaborately casual a way as a politician about to ask for a favor, "just so. Well, you see we don't do much fencing in America, not very much. Boxing, now, is more in our line."

A gleam of interest, which was not lost upon his father, shot into André François' weary eyes.

"Father," he asked timidly, "are you familiar with the manly art of self-defense?"

"I-am, my son," answered the manager of the White Star gravely.

André François gazed at him questioningly a moment, then drew the manual from under the sofa cushion.

"I have been practising some of the things described in this book," he said, slowly opening it and disclosing diagrams of a heavy-muscled individual ecuting a wonderful curve along a dotted line marked "a——a——a," "but I am unable to make out the explanations attached to most of these figures. If you could show me the rudiments ——" he finished tentatively.

It was at this point that the manager of the White Star joyously threw diplomacy to the winds.

"You bet I will," he cried enthusiastically, "we will have our first lesson to-night in the attic," and grasping his son's arm he started off.

Miss Biron and Angélique, sedately sewing by the fire in the next room, were electrified to see, a moment later, the manager of the White Star and André François rush madly through, banging a door at either end in their flight, and laughing at the top of their voices. They also stayed awake that night beyond their usual retiring time, for strange noises emanated from the attic long after the hour when a well-conducted father and son should have been in bed.

The next morning the manager of the White Star let the applicant in waiting know that no further business would be transacted, and the word went forth among the members of the gang that he would pay for no more André François lickings, and would tolerate no unpaid-for ones.

So, by the ultimatum of his father, André François went whither he would, unmolested except by word of mouth. But he underwent such martyrdom as only a small boy can receive at the hands of others of his kind.

Not only did the gang remember and resent his former attitude of superiority, but they looked on him as a source of revenue taken from them. His presence irritated them as the presence of a government-owned railroad might irritate a company of magnates shorn of their profits. His first position had been marked at least by a certain uniqueness and dignity. He *had* never been licked, even if he could have been.

Now, however, he was the lowest of the low. In the democracy of the gang, where might was right, he was a pariah, a proven coward, licked by each and every member, and ought, by the law of the survival of the fittest, to be kicked out. He was only allowed to intrude his presence on suffrance, because a higher power artificially protected him.

At recess, in school, he sat on the well-worn bench that ran around the yard and watched the others play or fight. No one ever spoke to him, except now and then to throw a taunt his way.

"Where's nursie, Annie?"

"Hello, sissy — are yer lost?"

"Where'd yer git that suit?" and similar personalities greeted him when one of the boys

chanced to notice his presence. Sometimes, as he walked home, pebbles and bits of hardened mud were sent richochetting after him, but this was the extent of any assault, for the manager of the White Star, sitting behind his ground-glass door, had it within his power to speak a potent word to the father of any boy who disobeyed him.

André François seldom spoke back, but his silence had something grim in it, and there was a portentous light in his eye.

At home he never complained, and Angélique, rejoiced that the régime of physical violence was over, snatched the time between stitches on a wonderful, beruffled trousseau, to make him "look like the little prince." Only his father knew how he spent his time every evening in the attic, and what passionate energy he put into his work. Neither alluded to it, but both knew that the lessons had an ultimate object.

And, one day, three weeks from the time he took his first boxing lesson, this object was unexpectedly accomplished.

It was a Saturday afternoon, and the gang, freed from the tyranny of school and the irritation of Saturday morning chores, were joyously disporting themselves in a vacant lot at the corner of the street. The first inning of a baseball game was just over, and the overalled players were lying on the ground disputing certain fine points of the play with the audience.

André François stopped, leaned on the top rail of the fence, and gazed at them a trifle wistfully. Jimmie McCarthy's roving eye discovered him, and he yelled out:

"You'd better run along, Annie — nursie will be out lookin' fer yer in a minnut."

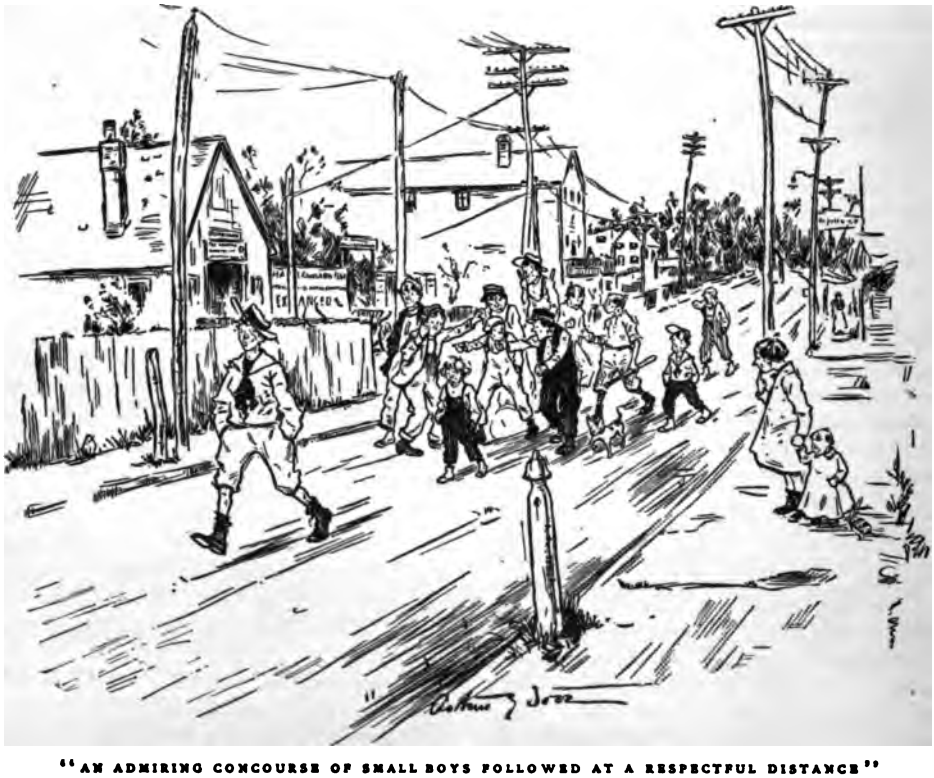
The gang laughed flatteringly at the subtle wit of their leader. André François' face flushed a vivid crimson and his eyes darkened. Then he electrified the gang by leaping over the fence and rushing straight up to the redoubtable Jimmie.

He thrust out his chin and yelled up into the face of the surprised leader:

"I'll show you if I'm an Annie or not. D' you want to fight?"

Jimmie stood dumb with amazement a moment, then he laughed long and loud, for his sense of humor was Irish; and the whole gang joined in.

"S-a-a-y," he said, "yer wanter git licked again, d' yer? You must'er got inter the habit. I tell yer what — I got a baby brother two years



"AN ADMIRING CONCOURSE OF SMALL BOYS FOLLOWED AT A RESPECTFUL DISTANCE"

old ter home. I'll go fetch him, and the two o' yez kin have it out."

It was here that André François' early training enabled him to make an impression. He stood up on his toes, as he had once seen the Marquis de Boissé stand up on his toes, and slapped Jimmie McCarthy across the mouth with his open palm, as he had seen that noble marquis slap a count of France.

But what followed was not an exchange of ultra courteous priorities to a duel. It was a good American fight in the middle of a ring of small boys, and what happened is what always happens when natural and scientific force stand up before each other. That fight will be long remembered in the annals of the gang, which, like the records of the great Homeric fights or the sagas of the primitive Northmen, are first handed down by word of mouth.

"I wished yer'd seen it, kid," said Charlie Brown, to his wide-eyed, freckled-faced junior, whom he was trying to bring up in the right way. "It'd bin an eddycation fer yer. Andray Franswa jumped round jest like he was made o' rubber. Every time that Jim grabbed fer him, he was on the other side an' had landed him one on the nose. Gee, yer oughter seen it bleed — it was worse'n the time Jim beat Buck Paxell. Now, Teddy, yer want ter keep yer eye on Andray Franswa, an' do same as yer see him doin' — 'cause he's goin' ter be a great man some day like Jim Jeffries — see?"

That afternoon the manager of the White Star chanced to look out of his window, and he saw André François, with his white sailor hat, fashioned after that of Prince Edward, set rakishly over one ear, his hands in his pockets, whistling at the top of his lungs, come down the street. His face was muddy and bleeding, a great scratch cut across it from ear to ear, his hair was wild and tangled, but his swagger was that of a conqueror, and he took the middle of the road. An admiring concourse of small boys followed along at a respectful distance.

Mr. Biron smiled to himself. Then he took down his ledger, for he was a careful man of business, and read over a certain page. On it was written fourteen times:

"To Andrew Francis, licking...$1.00"

"Um," said the manager of the White Star softly at the end of the addition, "fourteen dollars." Then he took another look out of the window:

"I never made a better bargain in my life."

AIN'T YOU GWINE TO COME?

BY

EDMUND VANCE COOKE

De debbil done ast me to be his chile;
De debbil he's allus a follerin';
I run de debbil foh mos' a mile;
Don' you hear de debbil a-hollerin'?
I'se gwine to jine de fambly of de Lohd;
I'se gwine to glory in de mawnin';
I'se gwine to be bohn in de grace of Gohd;
Ain't you gwine to come to my bohnin'?

Come along-a sisteh, come along-a bruddeh,
Come along-a one an' a come along de uddeh,
Bring along a frien' an' a-bring along anuddeh;
Ain't you gwine to come to my bohnin'?

De debbil done temp' me to visit his roof;
De debbil he's allus a follerin';
I stomp my foot on de debbil's hoof;
Don' you hear de debbil a-hollerin'?
I'se gwine to jine de fambly of de Lohd;
De debbil's done quit his harryin';
I'se gwine to be married to de son of Gohd;
Ain't you gwine to come to my marryin'?

Come along-a sisteh, come along-a bruddeh,
Come along-a one an' a come along de uddeh,
Bring along a frien' an' a-bring along anuddeh;
Ain't you gwine to come to my marryin'?

De debbil done beg me to sail his ship;
De debbil he's allus a follerin';
I smack my han' on de debbil's lip;
Don' you hear de debbil a hollerin'?
I'se gwine to sail in de ship of de Lohd
Dat's a runnin' to glory at de ferryin';
I'se gwine to be buried in de grace of Gohd;
Ain't you gwine to come to my buryin'?

Come along-a sisteh an' a come along-a bruddeh,
Come along-a one an' a come along de uddeh,
Bring along a frien' an' a bring along anuddeh;
Ain't you gwine to come to my buryin'?

JUNGLE BLOOD

BY

ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER JACK DUNCAN

HE was a coal-black, box-headed negro, of a bulk and stature never before admitted to the dining-room of the Bluegrass Hotel. The blacks preferred by the management of that fastidious hostelry were agile, under-sized fellows with round heads and small hands; and Moss Harper would assuredly never have effected an entrance to the dining-room, had it not been for a waiters' strike, which made almost any kind of help welcome.

The lynx-eyed head waiter, prejudiced from the start against his gigantic underling, quickly discovered that salt-cellars and other small objects eluded Moss' clumsy fingers like drops of quicksilver; also, that the channels between the tables were wholly inadequate for the safe navigation of a vessel of this draft. Hence Moss' term of service would doubtless have been a very brief one, had it not been for an unforeseen event. On his way home the very first night, he broke the heads of half a dozen union pickets who had waylaid him in a dark alley, and this feat gave the strike a shock from which it died the next day.

Out of gratitude, and possibly also a desire to give the recalcitrant negroes an object-lesson, the management decided to tolerate Moss for a month. It was clearly a case of toleration. He broke more dishes than any four of the other waiters; he forgot orders; he trod on toes; and, although he was of a singularly peaceful disposition, never taking part in the multitudinous squabbles of the dining-room, the incessant gibes, sneers, and threats of his unionized associates would occasionally prove too much for even his equanimity. Then, like an infuriated gorilla, he would spring upon his tormentors, regardless of their number, and dearly indeed would they pay for their sport.

He was, moreover, a silent fellow; and his silence was not that of the well-bred waiter, but a solemn, profound, brooding, depressing thing, acquired, one could almost believe, in the African jungles where his forefathers had crept like wild beasts or squatted in superstitious terror. People, consequently, were a little afraid of him. It was told that he had once carried a piano up three flights of stairs on his back; and when he would pass down the dining-room with a seventy-pound tray balanced on the tips of three fingers as lightly as if it were a pie-pan, a certain bald-headed, white-waistcoated, pink-faced old bachelor, who made his home at the hotel, never tired of observing to strangers, with his dry little chuckle: "How'd you like to meet that boy on a lonely road, suh, afteh dark, with your gun at home?" And, in truth, Moss' huge black paw, suddenly appearing over their shoulders from behind, as he served a meal, was a trifle disconcerting to ladies with delicate nerves.

There was, however, a force of some kind, a sort of dumb nobility about the fellow, which made itself felt; and, in spite of his manifold shortcomings, he had, when his month was up, made a fairly favorable impression. Still, his fate was hanging in the balance when Fortune once more intervened in his behalf. An imaginative reporter on one of the Louisville papers, being hard pressed for a Sunday story, concocted an article entitled "A Congo King," in which he solemnly averred that the herculean waiter at the Bluegrass was the grandson of an African prince who had been captured by slavers on the upper Congo, after a desperate fight, and landed in Charleston in 1832.

From that hour Moss became a show-piece which the proprietors of the Bluegrass would not willingly have parted with. Guests almost daily asked to be shown the "Congo King." A German ethnologist who was touring the country ran down from Chicago to get some exact measurements of the royal descendant's head. An artist of State reputation painted him in what was alleged to be his grandfather's court costume — a strip of leopard-skin around his loins; and a photograph from this painting

made the most popular souvenir post-card which the hotel's news-stand had ever handled.

Curiously enough, his fame did not spoil him. Indeed, for any change in him, he might have been unaware of his fame, and possibly was unaware of it. At all events, he continued to pursue the simple routine of his life. He worked seven days in the week, from six in the morning until nine at night, with a respite from two till six. Most of the hotel negroes spent this recess in shooting craps and guzzling beer in an adjacent dive, but Moss devoted it to the prosecution of an enterprise very near to his heart. He was learning to read! He could already read a bill-of-fare, of course, to any near-sighted guest who had chanced to forget his glasses; but this was merely a mnemonic trick, assisted by the position of the words on the card. He yearned to be able to read "really and truly," out of a newspaper or a book.

One afternoon, after laying off his dining-room livery and getting into his own shabby clothes, — in which few of the Bluegrass guests would have recognized their Congo King! — he set off with unusual alacrity. At the street door he paused to turn up his collar and draw down his hat-brim, and then indifferently stepped out into a pelting shower. A block away he entered a second-hand book-store and bought a greasy, dog-eared Second Reader which he had priced the day before. Stowing his purchase in an inside pocket to keep it dry, he longingly eyed a passing street-car, for he was tired; but he put the temptation aside — five cents would buy a loaf of bread or two quarts of buttermilk — and stepped out into the rain again.

A walk of ten blocks brought him to the head of an ill-smelling, narrow alley, dotted with foul pools of water and bordered with tumble-down shanties. The rain had now ceased, and the sun, beating down more fiercely than ever, was raising a pestilential reek which had brought the black denizens of the alley to their tiny stoops for a breath of comparatively fresh air. Children, the smaller ones quite naked, pattered about like ducks in the black mud.

The number of men present, considering it was midday, would have surprised any one not familiar with the fact that the residents of Goosefoot Lane plied their varied trades mostly by night. Oily-skinned and bleareyed from heat, drink, and loss of sleep, these gentlemen of color somewhat resembled the animals of an over-traveled menagerie, blinking stupidly, staring morosely into vacancy, slapping viciously at flies, and occasionally exposing their red mouths and gleaming teeth in a wide, fierce, carnivorous yawn. Some few, in a better humor, were drinking pailed beer and shooting craps. The women held their babies and chatted with their neighbors, while now and then some fat old mammy would waddle out into the lane to settle a row among the youngsters.

It was into this atmosphere that the student took his way, nodding at an acquaintance here and there, until he reached the shanty which the payment of four dollars a month in advance entitled him to call home. An old darky sat drowsing on the stoop. There was something ape-like about his long arms, his flat, wide-nostriled nose, and the mat of gray wool which crept down his forehead to within two inches of his eyebrows. Yet, on a closer inspection, his face was human, kindly, and benevolent, and even lit with a shrewd humor.

"This you' Secum Reader, sonny?" asked old Benjy, starting from his doze as Moss thrust the book into his hand. He fumbled in his pocket for his silver-rimmed spectacles, — cherished memento of better days,— pinched the book between his thick, knotted fingers, and opened it about as gracefully as a bear would open an oyster. Then he squinted at the page with an owl-like expression, moving the book now nearer, now farther, and turning it this way and that for a better light. For he was Moss' teacher, and it would be highly injurious to his prestige for him to show any flustration over this new volume. Nevertheless, he was not quite at ease.

"Yass — book-store man di'n' cheat you. He Secum Reader," he observed astutely, after moving his lips inaudibly for a moment. "Says so — right theh — top o' the page — in plain print. An' print don' lie! 'Member that, sonny, — print don' lie. Men lies, women lies, clouds lies — say it's gwine rain when it don' do nothin' but blow up a li'l' dust — but print neveh lies. 'Cause why? 'Cause the Good Book is print. But, sonny, if you gwine git an educashum, you gotter strike out for it — strike out — strike out."

"Ain't I strikin' out?" asked Moss in an aggrieved tone.

"Shuh, sonny, shuh. But this yere vollum make you scratch you' haid. Yass, indeed, sonny, — make you scratch you' haid. Purt' near makes me scratch mine!" The last, however, was accompanied by a low chuckle to indicate that it was only a joke; after which he adjusted his glasses afresh and again fixed his gaze on the book. "Wuds in heah, sonny, you neveh seen befo'. I done seen 'em, of co'se,

'cause ole Mis' tuk me mos' through the Thud Reader befo' the Wah broke out. But, of co'se, my eyesight ain't what it was — no, sonny, 'tain't what it was." He stared harder than ever, shutting first one eye, as though squinting along his old coon-gun, then the other, blinking, and moving his lips. Finally his black face lighted.

"Heah's an ole devil I used to wrastle with!" he exclaimed shrilly. "Lawd, Lawd, how I used to wrastle with that ole devil! *Succumstance! Succumstance!* That's the ole devil!"

"Lemme see 'im," said Moss curiously, bending nearer.

"Right theh," answered Benjy proudly, pointing with his stub forefinger. "That long, crinkly, twis'ed feller. Looks a good 'eal like a dried fish-wum. Sonny, when you kin read a wud like him, easy-like, same as I do — *succumstance* — see! — *suc-cum-stance* — you' educashum mighty neah complete."

Satisfied with this feat, however, the old man turned from the text to the pictures, which were less trying, he declared, to his eyesight. His attention was at once caught by a little girl, in an old-fashioned pinafore, driving a hoop amid a fairly Edenic profusion of butterflies, flowers, and birds, with a squirrel eating a nut overhead. For a moment he stared fixedly through his grimy lenses, and then his hands trembled with excitement.

"Sonny," he almost shouted, "dis the same Secum Reader ole Mis' done learn *me* out of! Dar's li'l' gull with her hoop, and squ'ull up above. An' dar" — turning a page — "is li'l' boy with pony — spotted pony with a collah 'stid of breas'-strap. An' dar anudder li'l' boy with white rabbits. I 'members 'em all. I 'members what ole Mis' said about 'em all," he ran on eagerly, while Moss' own eyes grew large with wonder at the strange coincidence. "I 'members de day ole Mis' guve me de book. I done driv' her back that day fum the Law'ences', where she spend the day with ole Mis' Lutie. She spend lots of days with ole Mis' Lutie, 'cause ole Mis' Lutie's husband killed in Mexican Wah, same as ole Mistis'. An' as we driv' up the ca'ige-way, Miss Pen and Marse Willie Hahpeh, her cousin, come kitin' by us on theh hosses, makin' sich a clatter, my hosses shied in the blackberry-bushes. But Miss Pen juss larf, like she always do when Marse Willie with her, and neveh slowed up a bit. Ole Mis' kind of sighed and sayed: 'Benjy, that gull gwine breck her neck some day on that hoss.' An' I say, 'Mis' Judie, neveh while Marse Willie aroun'. He got better use for her neck than breckin' it.' An' she say, 'Shut up, Benjy; you fohget they fust cousins.' So we kim on up to the po'ch. Then she han' me a book an' say, 'Benjy, that's Secum Reader. You done learn all they is in the Fust.' An', sonny, it's the same book, the same book."

For a moment he was lost in reverie. His faded, age-filmed eyes, lifted to an archipelago of fleecy cloudlets, grew dreamy as his mind wandered back to the shady driveways of the old Harper mansion; the spacious, rose-curtained veranda; the cool, high-ceiled rooms within; Old Marse and Old Mis', Miss Pen and Miss Patty, and the troops of guests who kept the great house ringing with merriment, with few intermissions, from January till December.

"Times is change, sonny," he murmured plaintively. "Ole Mistis been grave-dust fo' thutty yeahs, eenamost, I reckon. Miss Pen done mah'd Marse Willie, spite of bein' fust cousins; de Wah kem on, an' Benjy — fool Benjy — run away with the Linkum sojers. Yass, ole fool Benjy run away with the Linkum sojers, an' been livin' on 'taters and sow-belly eveh since."

The new Second Reader was forgotten, and he rambled on with the tale of the old days — a tale which had neither beginning nor end, whose characters and events grew sharper with each repetition, and of which the old man never grew weary.

It was a tale of which Moss never grew weary, either. In his childhood it had served him in lieu of the fairy-tales which a white child hears at its mother's knees, and throughout his later years it had served him in lieu of books, pictures, music — in short, had been the sole food of his esthetic nature. At Harper Hall, before the War, according to Benjy, it was never too hot or too cold; birds and flowers were present throughout the year; the grass was always green, the streams were always full of water; nobody ever worked very hard; there was always time to fish and hunt, to dance and play the banjo; there was always plenty to eat. Best of all, there was always love. In that Garden of Eden, a broken head or a broken heart was equally sure of healing balm. Old Mis', Miss Pen, and Miss Patty were little lower than the angels.

Moss had heard of slavery, of course. He even knew that his father had been a slave. But the word conveyed little meaning to him. The war of which his father so often spoke was equally vague. The only clear thing about it was that it had ended the old times and begun the new. How vastly superior those old times had been to the new! What possible com-

"MOST OF THE HOTEL NEGROES SPENT THIS RECESS IN AN ADJACENT DIVE"

parison could there be, for instance, between Harper Hall and Goosefoot Lane? What a fallen creature was the landlord at the Bluegrass, compared with Benjy's old master! How miserable a thing was Moss' daily fare beside the feasts to which his father habitually used to sit down!

The old man was still muttering reminiscently, and Moss was still sitting with his chin buried in his hands, when an apparition appeared at the head of the Lane. It was a lady, with a white parasol and broad-brimmed white hat, daintily lifting a fluffy, many-ruffled white skirt, and exposing a pair of white shoes and stockings. She nodded amiably at the blacks on either side as she picked her way along, and halted once for a bit of chat; but at last she bore airily down on Moss Harper's stoop, where she folded her parasol as a dove might fold its wings on reaching its ledge.

It was then, and not till then, that a stranger, unless a Southerner, would have discovered that black blood flowed in her veins — that she was, in the vernacular of the South, a "nigger"— no more so and no less so than her thick-lipped, ebon-hued husband, Moss Harper.

She paused for a last covetous glimpse of the stream of life flowing past the head of the Lane, out there in the white man's world, and then, with a careless nod at her husband, she passed through the squat doorway of the musty den — a butterfly entering a rat-hole.

Moss had not spoken, — with elemental human nature mere words count for little, — but his mind glided from Benjy's broken recital to his wife. He never thought of her as half white, for she had been suckled at a black breast; she had played with black pickaninnies; her present associates were black, like her husband; and she spoke the jargon of the blacks. He preferred, in fact, to think of her as of his own race. Yet her undeniable beauty, her fair skin and her wavy hair, were facts to be reckoned with. And beneath that fair skin and wavy hair were other things to be reckoned with — yearnings and ambitions unknown to an Ethiopian, a taste for fine clothes, a discontent with her present state, and

a blind groping for something better in the way of life, all handed down in her white father's blood.

It is true that the ladies for whom Estelle formerly acted as maid had pronounced her worthless — vain, frivolous, and dishonest. And they were right. She was a thief. The beautiful skirt which she had this day flaunted in the envious eyes of the wenches of Goosefoot Lane had been stolen from the laundry at which she worked three days in a week, and many a neat job of shoplifting had she done. Yet, after all, these were only mistaken means to a great End — means which, if history speaks true, were not unknown to a far-distant generation of our own race when they were groping *their* way out of the darkness of barbarism.

Of these means Moss, fortunately, knew nothing; for old Benjy, rigidly drilled in honesty by his mistress, had done the same for his son. But the End he saw, mistily and uncertainly, for Estelle had handed over to him a great deal of that which her father had handed down to her; and it was toward this end that he himself was now making his slow and painful way, with a Second Reader in his hand.

Estelle laid off her scented finery lingeringly and lovingly, put on a calico wrapper, and passed into the diminutive lean-to which they called a kitchen. Five minutes later she appeared at the front door, shot a searching glance up the Lane for anything of interest, and coolly announced supper. Then the man who, for eleven hours of seven days in the week, served other men with every luxury which the four quarters of the globe could supply, sat down to a meal of buttermilk, cold potatoes, and dry bread.

When Moss got home again that night, Estelle was sitting on the stoop alone, old Benjy having gone to bed with the chickens, as usual. His eyes brightened, for very often she was summoned to the laundry at night to take care of "immediate" work from the hotels, she being an expert at ironing women's fine fabrics. He sat down beside her on one of the benches which flanked the stoop, and she rested her head on his arm, as if weary.

"You done paid Fitzpatrick the rent today?" he finally asked.

"Yass."

"You show him that hole in the flo'?"

"Yass." She dropped her long dark lashes for an instant, and then added: "I *tole* him about it. He di'n' come here. I took the money to his saloom. You know, he sayed if he haved to come here again fo' that money, he th'ow us out in the alley."

"He ain' neveh tried to th'ow *me* yet," observed Moss quietly. "We'll th'ow ourseffs out befo' long. We ain' gwine to live in this hawg-pen all the time." He paused, and added more gently: "I don' want you to go to his saloom no mo', 'Stelle."

"I went in the side do'," she explained. "Nobody di'n' see me. An' I di'n' go no furder than the do'. But I won' go no mo' ef you don' want me to."

"I don' want you to," he repeated definitely. "I don' want him to insult you like he did me when I axed him to fix that hole what you could th'ow a bull thoo."

"Why, Mossie, you neveh tole me about that! What he say?" There was an indescribable undertone — possibly of amusement — in her velvety voice.

"He sayed he'd hoss-whip me ef I eveh come to his saloom again beggin' for repai's."

Estelle's lashes again quivered slightly, and her lips parted in the shadow of a smile — just enough to reveal the straight, faultless joint between her two rows of glistening teeth. She reached for the great black hand which rested on his knee and laid it in her lap, covering it with her own. It was as if she recognized in that member of sledge-hammer size and hardness a sure defense from all harm. Yet the light which played in her eyes, as she lazily turned her face toward his, was still half-ironical. Was it Caucasian fleering at Ethiopian — white blood mocking black?

"Moss, I'd lak to see him try to hoss-whip you." She laughed at the thought.

"You mus'n' want me to fight," he rebuked her quietly. "I don' lak to fight. I want to git where I won' never have to fight. When I gits awdained as preacher, we gwine live in the country, an' have a li'l' house with a gyahden, where dad kin potter roun' and raise us veg'tables. You won' have to wuk in no laundry then, or live in a hawg-pen lak this."

Estelle was quiet for several minutes, with her large eyes fixed reflectively on the stars.

"When you think you gwine be awdained?" she finally asked.

"Pretty soon, now; soon's I learns to read a li'l' better."

But in his heart he was not so sure. Old Benjy was of the opinion that he would at least have to go through the Third Reader to qualify for ordination, and he was only beginning the Second.

"You think you lak the country better as you do the city?" asked Estelle hesitatingly.

"Don' you?" he demanded in astonishment.

"Oh, *I* do," she hastened to assure him. "But I was juss wunnerin' ef you wou'n'

make mo' money in a big chu'ch in the city as you would in a li'l' chu'ch in the country."

"Got to take li'l' chu'ch fust," he observed astutely.

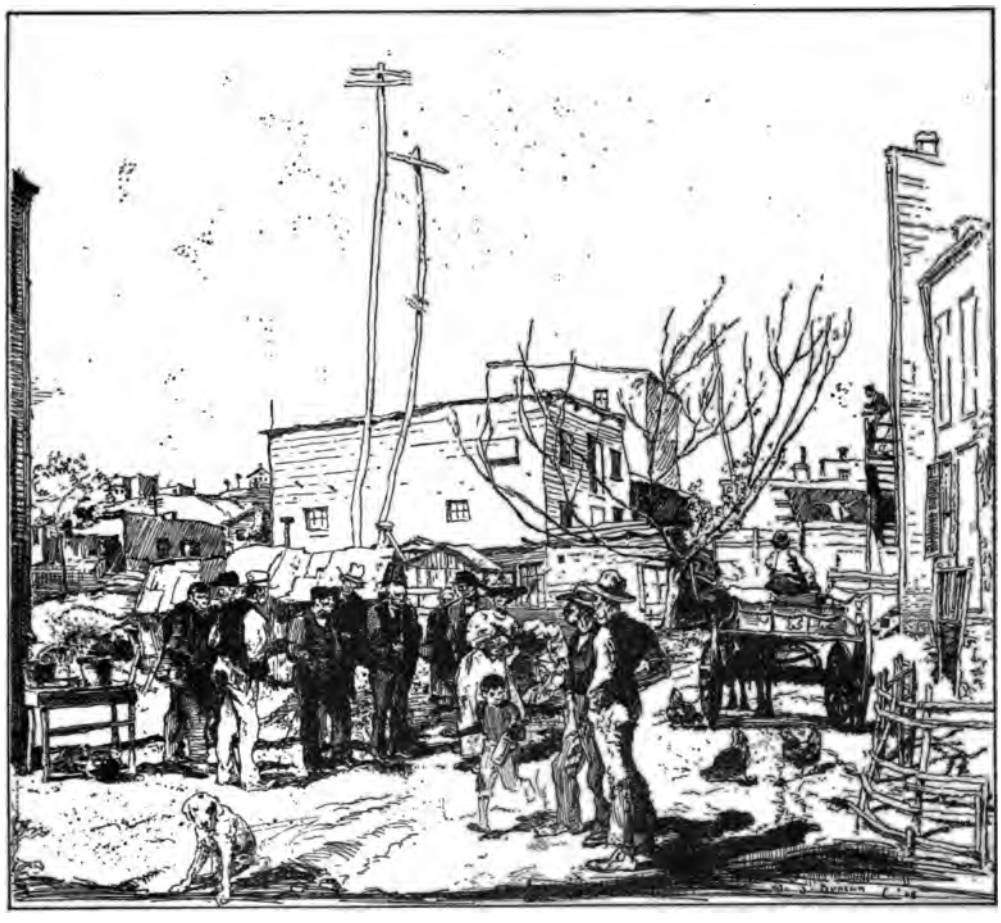
That he was still dissatisfied with her question, Estelle seemed to detect by some sixth sense, for she ran on suavely: "You know, I neveh lived in the country, lak you. Tha's why I axed you what I did. I reckon I don' know how sweet the country is. Moss, I wish we gwine the country to-mo'ow to live!" She flung her arms about his neck and let herself settle down upon his broad chest.

Tears filled the giant's eyes. "I wish you was, honey. But I cyarn take you — juss yit. Got to wait a li'l' while — juss a li'l' while."

In that moment Estelle probably meant what she said. In that moment her love for the man whose name she bore was probably uppermost in her foolish heart. In that moment her impulse toward a higher life may have carried her beyond her love of finery, and she may have been willing to give up the city and the very questionable means which it afforded for securing that finery.

II

We drift along the placid stream of Time, complaining of the monotony of the voyage, when already the murmur of rapids which are to try every muscle and thrill every nerve might be heard if we but stilled our peevish notes long enough to listen. A week after the above events a party of four ladies from central Kentucky arrived one evening at the Bluegrass. The register showed them to be mother and daughters; and their gentle manners and soft voices, added to the beauty of the girls, had



"IT WAS INTO THIS ATMOSPHERE THAT THE STUDENT TOOK HIS WAY"

put the clerk on his mettle, spurring him to an exhibition of his choicest Kentucky gallantry. He had just promised them a large, cool room on the second floor, containing two beds, and, in answer to their laughing, half-ironical request that they might be shown the Congo King, he had assured them that they should be seated at that royal scion's table.

"You certainly are entitled to the privilege," he added blandly, "for his real name is the same as yours."

"Harper?" queried the mother of the pretty trio, with some surprise.

"Yes; Moss Harper."

The four ladies exchanged quick glances.

"Why, our carriage-driver, long before the War, was an old negro named Moss. He had a son named Benjy, who ran away during the War. I don't want to impeach the genealogy of your King, but I wonder —" She stopped, as if recalling that her auditor was a stranger, then added, with a smile: "Anyhow, we *must* be waited on by him, now."

Moss was aware that the ladies at his table were scanning him with more interest than even his size and legendary history usually evoked, and he was not much surprised, therefore, when the eldest of them said: "Excuse me, please, but is your real name Moss Harper?"

"Yassum," he answered, halting instantly in his employment, as old Benjy had taught him to do, and dumbly waiting the lady's further pleasure.

"Do you know your father's name?"

"Yassum. Ole Benjy."

"Is he still living?"

"Yassum; livin' with me."

The lady's small white hand closed rather quickly on the table-cloth.

"Do you know what county he came from?"

"Yassum. Ole Bubbon; he done live at Hahpeh Hall." Then the lady's lighting eyes encouraged him to volunteer a word or two, contrary to his habit. "The Hahpehs all daid and gone now, though. All killed in the Wah."

One of the girls shot her sisters an amused glance, but Penelope Harper's lips quivered. In a voice which struck Moss as the sweetest he had ever heard, she continued: "I think I shall ask you to come to our room — No. 120 — as soon as you are through with your duties here. I have something of interest to tell you."

To Moss, with the childish impatience of his race, it seemed as if he would never escape from the dining-room that night; for when he was on the point of leaving, at a little after nine, he was detailed to help take care of a party of a dozen or more that had just come in. It was, therefore, after ten when he gently tapped on the door of No. 120.

He had been too well bred by his father to sit down; and Mrs. Harper, not wishing to disturb his conception of propriety, though some laxity on the present occasion would have been permissible, let him stand just inside the door, with his greasy old hat clutched awkwardly between his hands and the shrunken sleeves of his butternut suit exposing four or five inches of muscular black wrist.

"In the first place, Moss," she began, after ascertaining a little more of his history, "I want to tell you that the Harpers are not all dead. I am a Harper myself. I am the Miss Pen that old Benjy must have often told you about."

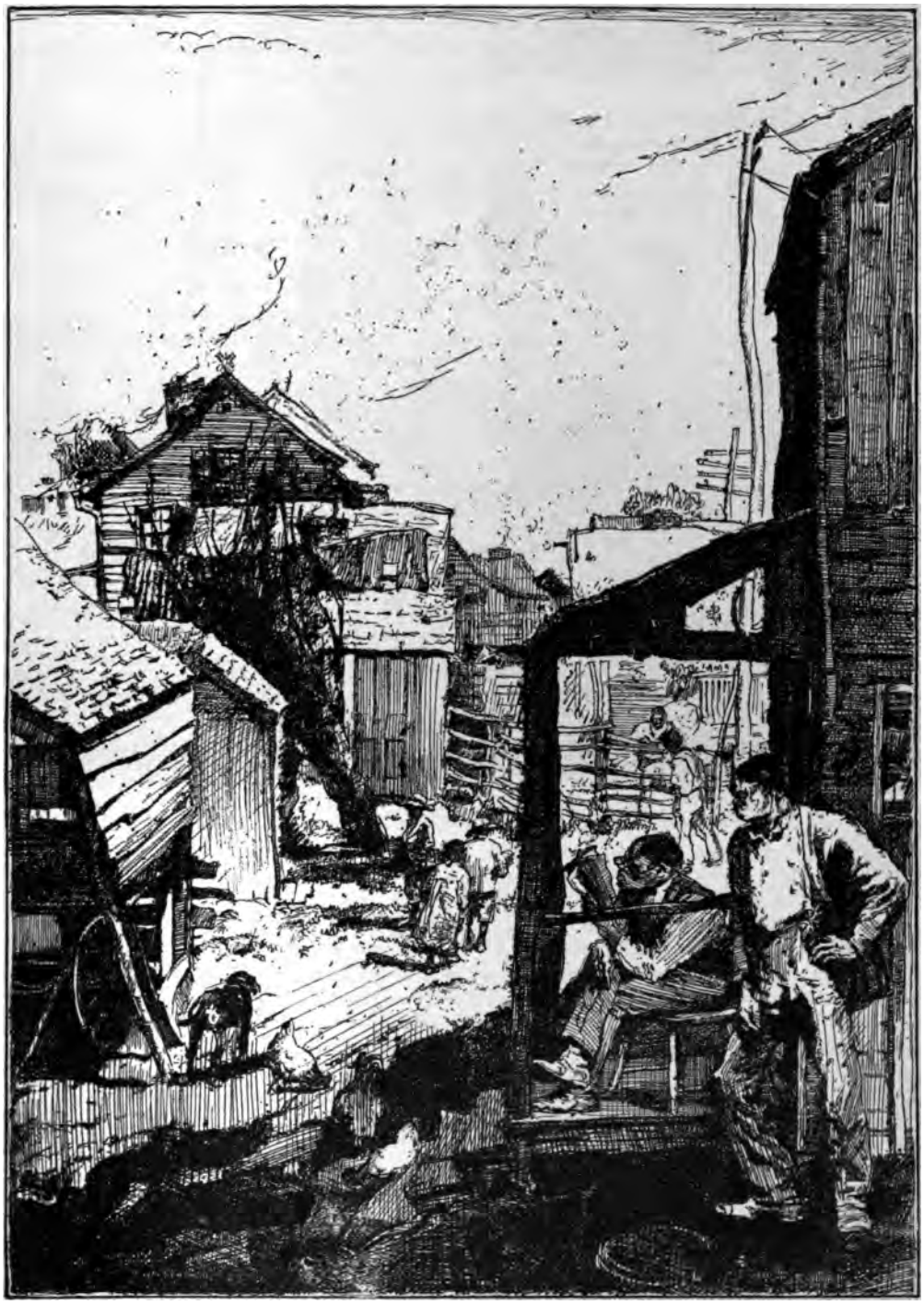
"Not Miss Pen!" exclaimed Moss, with starting eyes, as if beholding an apparition. "Not the one that mah'd Marse Willie Hahpeh?"

"The very same," she assured him, smiling. "And these are my daughters. But Marse Willie is dead; he died a long time ago, during the War."

Verily, it was as if some magician had rung up the curtain on the past — that beautiful past of which his father had told him so much. He listened to Mrs. Harper's story in something like a trance, with his blue-black eyes half lost in reverie. And, thus forgetting himself, his awkwardness passed; his hands fell naturally by his side, his chest came out, his head rose, and he stood before the ladies in all the splendor of physique which Nature had invested him with.

"Now, Moss," Mrs. Harper concluded, "no Harper could ever neglect a descendant of our faithful old Moss, even though his son did run away during the War. We want to take care of you and Benjy. We'll give him a cabin by himself, and we'll give you and your wife another cabin. As fast as you learn the plantation work, you shall be advanced. With your strength and intelligence, I am sure that you can soon be earning good wages, and you will be much happier and better off than you are here. To-morrow afternoon, when you are at home, we'll drive out to see old Benjy, as he is probably too feeble to come here, and you can then tell us what you have decided to do. Meanwhile, to relieve any immediate needs, accept this." And she handed him a ten-dollar bill.

Just how he expressed his thanks, or how he got out of the room, Moss never clearly recalled, for his brain was whirling. But when he found himself in the street, with the cool



"'HEAH'S AN OLE DEVIL I USED TO WRASTLE WITH,' HE EXCLAIMED SHRILLY"

evening air on his heated brow, he started for home on a run. It was a rather dangerous thing for a black man to do, too, at that hour of the night, in a Southern city, since a policeman was likely to stop him with a tap on the head from a " billy."

But the first thing that stopped Moss was the glowing front of a pawnshop, near the head of Goosefoot Lane. In the window was a brooch which Estelle had paused to gaze at, with covetous eyes, every day for weeks. Moss had looked at it himself a good many times, dreaming rather than hoping to carry it home some day as a surprise for Estelle. Now he had the money, and, without a thought of the prodigality of his course, he entered the shop.

His heavy breathing did not escape the sharp eyes of the Hebrew proprietor, who would not have been at all surprised to see a pursuing policeman heave in sight. But when Moss showed his bill and asked for the brooch, the pawnbroker quickly went forward for the article, and, after taking into consideration his customer's evident hurry, he set a price of five dollars on it. Estelle would have got it for half that sum, but Moss paid the price without a murmur, and then sped on down the Lane, leaving the Hebrew well pleased with the transaction and fully convinced that his customer was a thief.

Estelle was not at home, to Moss' keen disappointment, and, though he took it that she was at the laundry, he woke his father to make sure. Old Benjy, as torpid as a woodchuck in January, was not easily roused; but Moss' repeated shouts and by no means gentle thumps finally brought him to his elbow, blinking dazedly.

"Daddy, Miss Pen's alive! She's at the hotel, and she's foun' us out, and gwine to teck us all back to Hahpeh Hall!"

Old Benjy continued to blink silently, and was evidently of the opinion that he had been dreaming. But when Moss had repeated the news twice or thrice, and the facts had finally filtered through Benjy's thick skull, he let out a yelp that would have shamed a coyote.

"Halleluyer! Halleluyer! Glory to Gawd! Bress de Lam'! Bress de Lam'!"

Moss, after confirming his supposition as to Estelle's whereabouts, did not wait for the broadside of questions which his father was sure to fire at him, but ran out to the stoop. Should he wait for her? Should he pin the brooch on her night-dress, and then, when she discovered it, overwhelm her with the good news? That would be fine, but it was far too severe a tax upon his patience. The next moment he was on the wing again.

No negroes were allowed to enter the laundry by the front door, or, indeed, by any door, unless employed about the place. But Moss stole in through the engine-room at the rear, and managed to make his way as far as the ironing-machines without challenge. Estelle was nowhere in sight, however; and, raising his voice above the clatter, he inquired as to where she was of a mulatto girl whom he had often seen with his wife.

"She done gone to git some medicine fur a haidache," answered the girl.

"How long 'go?"

"Juss li'l' while — not ten minutes."

At this, a wrinkled old negress, who had bent her head forward to catch the colloquy, showed her half-dozen yellow teeth in an evil grin.

"Sonny," she volunteered maliciously, "she been gone two hou's by the clock. The medicine that gull gwine arfter don' come fum no drug-sto'."

Moss had no time for further parley, for the threatening voice of the foreman warned him to depart without loss of time, and he glided swiftly out again; but in the starlight outside he paused, with the mist from the exhaust-pipe drifting into his upturned face.

Some of the joy had gone out of his eyes. Did the old woman mean that Estelle drank? Once or twice, recently, he thought he had detected liquor on her breath, but he had immediately dismissed the suspicion. Drinking, of course, was no heinous offense in his eyes; he daily saw too many white women drinking to hold such an opinion as that. Nevertheless, he himself had forgone liquor for years — old Benjy had preached him many a temperance sermon; and Estelle had allowed him to believe that she, too, never drank.

But now that the accursed maggot of doubt was in his brain, he could not cast it out, and its foul progeny multiplied thick and fast. With feverish haste he made the round of all the drug-stores in the vicinity; but Estelle was not to be seen. Twice he returned to the cabin; but the measured snoring of old Benjy, who had swallowed the good news as a child would a sugar-plum, and then calmly fallen asleep again, was the only sound that greeted his ears.

How quiet the cabin was! A chill solitude already seemed brooding over it, and the familiar objects of the room had taken on a strange appearance. With an unnamed, unnamable fear compressing his heart and making breathing difficult, he took his way back to the head of the Lane. After standing there a moment, straining his eyes in either direction, he

"OLD BENJY CONTINUED TO BLINK SILENTLY"

began to wander slowly and a little wearily up and down the avenue, scrutinizing every woman who came within his range of vision.

He finally found himself, by mere chance, in front of his landlord's saloon. A passing thought brought his leaden feet to a standstill. If Estelle *should* have gone out for a drink, and had had no money,— as he believed to be the case,— would she not have come to Fitzpatrick's? It would have been the last place to which he would have gone to ask credit for a drink, for, in the first place, no negroes were allowed to drink at Fitzpatrick's bar; in the second place, Fitzpatrick was no friend of his. Yet Estelle had gone there once with the rent! Maybe she had gone more than once; maybe ——

A sound in the gloomy hallway along one side of the saloon suddenly made his steady-going heart give one great bound. It was Estelle's voice in silly, tipsy laughter, followed by a profane admonition, in a masculine voice, to keep still. Next came the cautious closing of a door and guarded footsteps. As rigid as iron, with his great fists clenched and his nostrils spread like an angry bull's, Moss waited for the pair to appear. But, instead of coming nearer, their footsteps receded until he heard them ascending the stairs at the other end of the hall; then they ceased.

One — two — three — four — five minutes Moss stood there, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, a film over his eyes, a noise like rushing waters in his ears. His sensations were very similar to those he had felt when a careless carpenter had once dropped an oak two-by-four on his head from the second story of a building; and now, as then, he automatically raised his hand to his scalp.

But at last he came out of the curious ob-

session; he saw the twinkling arc-lights, heard the humming of the trolley-cars, and was conscious of people passing to and fro. With a strange smile, he took the packet containing the brooch from his pocket, slowly unwrapped it, and dropped the trinket to the sidewalk, after which he ground it under his heel. Then he crossed the street to a negro saloon — that is, a saloon for negroes, run by a white man. He poured himself a big drink. The villainous liquor trickled pleasantly through his interior, and he immediately ordered a second drink — then a third — then a fourth. This time the bartender, after an uneasy glance at the herculean shoulders and muddy eyes of his patron, substituted a weaker mixture for the fiery stuff he had been setting out. He also shifted a revolver beneath the bar into a slightly handier position.

But Moss walked quietly out and recrossed the street, with no hint of unsteadiness in his gait, in spite of his unusual potations. He softly entered Fitzpatrick's hallway, and in the dark recess behind the stairs he took his stand — a silent, grim, fearsome statue of obsidian hue and almost heroic size.

He waited for what seemed hours; but, queerly enough, he was not impatient, nor was he in the least excited. Occasionally a policeman sauntered past the entrance; at intervals a trolley-car thundered by; the bartender of the saloon slammed and locked the back door. Finally, a tower clock began to boom out the hour, and Moss, in the absence of anything else to do, counted the strokes.

Only twelve! He would have guessed that it was at least two o'clock. Then, having counted to twelve without much effort, he began to count his fingers over and over, to see how far he could go. At thirty-nine, being a little uncertain of the next number, he paused. During the pause he heard the swish of a skirt in the hall above. They were coming!

A woman's agonized shriek, a man's curse, a chance shot into the dark from his ever-ready revolver, a scuffle,— a very brief scuffle, — and then all was as still as before. Estelle had told her last lie; Fitzpatrick had dispensed his last drink.

Moss walked forward to the doorway, waited quietly until an officer who had heard the report of the revolver came running up, and then surrendered himself.

"I done kill 'em," he explained laconically.

Ten minutes later, in heavy manacles, he stepped down from the police ambulance at the entrance to the jail — a huge brick building, covering an entire block, with its barred windows rising story on story, a somber architectural jest at Civilization.

Some two months later, the governor of Kentucky was standing with his hands in his pockets at the window of his office, in the quaint capitol building at Frankfort, and gazing idly at the tablet in the sidewalk which marks the spot where William Goebel fell, the victim of an assassin's ball. He turned, at the rustle of a lady's skirts.

"Why, Pen! What angel sent you?" he exclaimed, pushing forward his easiest chair. "Pen, do you know you're just in time to save the gov'neh of Kentucky from a spell of the blues? It's a fact. I read a book last night, by a man named Buckle, about civilization and that sawt of thing, and the pesky thoughts stick to me like a nightmare. I was standin' by that window theh, just reviewin' the events which have taken place in our deah old State in the past quarter of a century, and I was askin' myself which way we were headed — up or down."

"Up, surely," answered Mrs. Harper. She looked at him with that candor and seriousness which is permitted only between old friends, and then continued: "Wilbur, I have a problem, too, and I want you to help me solve it. I want you to pardon a negro who was convicted last June in Louisville of a double murder, and who is now here in the penitentiary. He is the son of that Benjy of ours that ran off during the War, and the grandson of our old Moss. You remember them both. I never knew either of them to be guilty of a vicious act, and this boy — he's only twenty-five — killed his wife and the white man who had debauched her."

The governor sat playing with his penknife for some time after she had finished her story.

"I wish this Moss of yours had killed only the man, Pen," he observed. "That's what a white man would have done, and everybody would have applauded. But, then, a niggeh ain't a white man — never will be a white man. Pen, being gov'neh is a terribly responsible job. Now, you, for instance, ask me, one man, to set aside the findings of twelve men appointed by the people to determine this niggeh's guilt. Yet the pahdoning power was certainly given me for a purpose, and I intend to use it when I see fit. I'll take your word for it, Pen, that Moss is a good niggeh; I'll look into his case, and if you are not mistaken as to the facts, and will take him out to the Hall and keep him theh, I'll pahdon him. But I can't do it right away. In the

first place, a little punishment will do him good. In the second place, theh's politics. Politics, Pen! To pahdon that niggeh now, my dear Pen, while the events are still so fresh, would make an awful row. The press would froth at the mouth. But in a year, mind you, or eighteen months at the most, I'll turn him loose."

"Oh, Wilbur, a year is such a long time!" exclaimed Mrs. Harper plaintively.

"Is it, Pen,— to you — at fifty-five?" he asked whimsically.

"Alas, no, not to *me!* I'm not in a cell. But I understand your position, Wilbur, and I'll submit to the inevitable. It is so much better than it might have been, and I am very, very grateful. But can I not intimate the good news to him, just to keep up his courage?"

"If you do it very diplomatically, Pen, and do not mention me."

Then, after she had left, he sat chuckling in his chair at the idea of asking a woman to be diplomatic under such circumstances.

The warden, after reading the Governor's note, turned to a guard. "Put a coat on 1610 and bring him to the reception-room."

"If you please," interposed Mrs. Harper, "I should like to see him just as he is, at his work."

She followed her conductor through the stifling prison-yard, cut off by the encircling hills from every current of air. On the hillside, where the convicts were breaking stone, it seemed even hotter, the oven-like breath of the dog-day sun rebounding into one's face in almost palpable pulsations. Moss was one of a gang of fifty. He was naked to the waist, and his broad, sweaty back glistened in the sunlight like the skin of a porpoise; yet, in spite of the heat, his sledge rose and fell with the regularity of machinery.

"Has he given you any trouble?" asked Mrs. Harper of the guard.

"No'm. He ain't that kind. He's the kind that gits gloomy and either dies or goes nutty. But after a year or two we'll probably make a trusty of him, and then he'll be happier. Murderers generally make the best trusties."

When Mrs. Harper, after going forward a few steps alone, with a quickened pulse, spoke his name, Moss' sledge hung in mid-air, and he hearkened without looking up, as if doubting his ears. It was not until she repeated his name that he turned toward her. His face was neither bitter nor vindictive, but dull, oh, unutterably dull, as if he had said farewell forever to hope. He did not speak — to speak was against the rules. He did not even smile, but simply touched the brim of his wool hat.

Mrs. Harper, with a catch in her breath, stepped still nearer.

"Moss, I remain your friend," she began tremulously. "Benjy is with us, and we are taking the best care of him. And, listen, Moss! This is what I came to tell you. I am authorized to say, positively, by a power that is supreme, that, if your behavior is good, your detention here will not be more than eighteen months, and I hope only twelve. You can stand the work that long, can't you, knowing that we are waiting for you, ready to give you a home?"

Still his expression did not change, and still he did not speak.

"Don't you — don't you understand, Moss?" she asked, with quivering lips, fearful that his mind had already been shocked.

His slow words then came:

"Yassum, I kin stan' it. I could stan' it foreveh. But *she's* daid," he cried hoarsely. "I kill her — I choke her — with that han'!" thrusting out the member. "The same han' she used to put her li'l' han's roun' and hole so tight — same han' I used to pat her cheek with — same han' —" A shudder passed over his huge form until his teeth chattered.

"Oh, I know it's hard!" exclaimed the tender woman, suffering only less than he. "You have sinned, and you must do penance. But we've all sinned, and all done penance, and yet happiness comes again. Believe me, Moss, some day you'll be happy again. Be brave, and one month from to-day I'll be here to see you again. Meanwhile, can I do anything for you — take any word to Benjy?"

His lusterless eyes seemed to brighten a little.

"Mis' Pen, will you sot up a li'l' tombstone on her grave? Juss a li'l' one, so I kin fine it some day, when I gits out?"

And Penelope, with blinding eyes, promised.

AN AMERICAN MASTER OF LANDSCAPE

BY

T. M. CLELAND

A STRIKING reversal of attitude may be noticed today toward innovations in the field of art. Time was, we are told by the biographers of the Old Masters, when the painter who dared to step beyond the pale of conventions current in his day, suffered the neglect and bitter scorn of his contemporaries. From the earliest period of artistic endeavor, the innovator has been on the defensive; whereas the cardinal sin in the modern artist is rather the *failure* to innovate or to startle us by some new form of disregard for the principles established by tradition. In the place of knowledge and patient scholarship, we find sophistication and a restless, conscious craving to produce an effect sufficiently startling to command the instant attention of a busy world. In the art of landscape painting particularly this desire to be effective at any cost has led many of the younger generation of artists to adopt for themselves hastily formed theories regarding the phenomena of light and air and to devote their lives to these, forgetting all else.

The result of all this is a modern school of landscape, the aims of which seem strangely more allied to scientific investigation than to artistic study, and a class of pictures which expound, frequently with great skill, the theories upon which they are accomplished; but which are rarely intelligible to any one not directly concerned with the study of art.

So it is with some sense of relief that we may turn our attention upon the achievements of an artist like Thomas R. Manley, whose drawings are reproduced here, not that they may be the subject of a written discourse, but that of themselves they may give pleasure to a wider public than it has hitherto been their fortune to command. They are the product of a quiet and orderly development carried on outside the clamor of the modern movement, simple masterpieces of landscape drawing as it has been practised since the days of Claude Lorrain. They present no "theory" upon which we may base a philosophical discussion, and there is nothing "new" about them at all beyond a simple technical invention of the artist's, whereby his line is rendered more soft and pliable than by the ordinary mediums of crayon or pencil. What they do possess, however, and to a high degree, is the evidence of a mastery of the technique of design plus a finely trained intelligence and feeling. This technical mastery of design is perhaps the rarest of accomplishments at the present day, because it is the most difficult to acquire and makes too great a demand upon patience. And yet it is this which should and does satisfy most directly the unconscious esthetic sense in us all; for who cannot experience some inward pleasure in the form and movement of the hills and trees as they are expressed to us in these drawings? It is not essential to our enjoyment of these things that we should ourselves have knowledge of the technical means whereby they are conveyed; but it is these studied accomplishments which we are enjoying nevertheless; because through them our own sense of harmony is aroused. Let us note, for instance, the character of the lines used to represent the foliage in the first drawing reproduced, and see with what beautiful, rythmic precision they produce at one and the same time the required tone and the movement of the thing represented. And again, in the trunks of the trees how fully the firm lines record the upward growth and the vicissitudes of weather suffered in their struggles to attain the majestic heights to which they rise. This method of drawing, in which light and shade is produced by lines which at the same time follow the form and movement of the objects represented, is perhaps the oldest and most conventional; but in the hands of a master like Mr. Manley it is more fully expressive and beautiful in its results than any other.

If to dwell upon points as technical as this seems a contradiction to the statement already made, to the effect that these reproductions are presented for what pleasure they may give the layman, it should be said that it is for the reason that such technicalities as are pointed out may well be within the understanding of all intelligent persons and that their elucidation may assist greatly toward a fuller appreciation of the more intellectual merits. And if we fail to consider sufficiently here those more poetic qualities and to attempt some description of the meanings and sensations conveyed to us by the pictures themselves, it will be because it seems that these are matters best left to the individual

FOUR DRAWINGS
OF
AMERICAN LANDSCAPE
BY
THOMAS R. MANLEY

T.R. Manley

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·ver. This is what might be called the rary" side of pictures, and one upon which riticism has come too largely to dwell. If, e other hand, the discussion of pictures were :nt to confine itself to the pointing out of constitutes the "art" of the work, might we erive each for himself a more intimate pleas- n undisturbed enjoyment of those intellec- :onceptions, which, though produced by the picture, are, in no two of us, precisely alike? ere are represented in the four drawings selected (from a collection so interesting any selection at all was difficult) several :s of the artist's ability, each so well de- :trated that it is scarcely possible to choose een them. This versatility of mood is a worthy evidence in itself of the well ıded mastery of the artist and of his ability al with nature at all points. It is, in other s, no mere trick or specialty which he has ed as one might pick out note for note and by heart a tune upon the piano; but the of a hand and eye and mind turned in ct accord, like a single instrument capable infinite range of expression.

the first of the drawings, that of the piece ɔodland through which a path winds off to e it is lost to view among the trees, carry- ıur imagination with it to the contempla- ɔf scenes still farther on, we find virtues of a uncommon type than in the others. The nobility — the *monumental* quality — is an :t of nature wholly out of fashion in our day. ïrm bed of earth we can feel under our feet a sense that it is good to stand upon, and the ɔattern of trees and clouds swayed in com- movement stirs one with that martial sense tivity, that vitality of impulse which recalls nemory of some high-winded, keen-aired mn day. We have considered already the ed and skilful drawing of the trees in this re; but it is difficult to turn from it with- ıgain noting some of those qualities of line h are particularly well displayed in these of the composition. To render those long, sinuous stems, growing upward with their unmistakably planted in the ground and o that they have the appearance of hang- own from the clouds, is a feat of no small ulty, to judge from the frequent instances neets with of failure in this regard. This established feeling of the growth from the ıd upward of the trunks of the trees and pringing from the branches outward of the ge, this complete and harmonious develop- of the whole structure from the seed, as re, is the product of an exhaustive study, of its stages, of the life and characteristics e tree itself.

We are confronted in the second drawing with a striking contrast to the first, in that the merits of vigorous and harmoniously balanced line and form are supplanted by the more tender effects of atmosphere, and the vigorous stroke becomes gentle in its handling of the delicate trees worn by the winds and but half seen through the uncertain twilight. Here, perhaps, the man is more in evidence than the draftsman, and the sensitive and sympathetic spirit of the artist seems abstracted for a time from the more tangible qualities which are the chief glory of the former work. But like the first drawing it possesses a carefully built up unity of sentiment and notes no point in the scene not concerned with the impression of loneliness and neglect it seems intended to convey.

The third and fourth drawings are more remarkable for skilled and accomplished draftsmanship than for the expression of any distinctive feature in the varying moods of nature. Our delight in them comes more from the beautiful precision of aim whereby a single stroke is made to record a number of interesting facts at the same time. In the drawing of the barn and shed over-topped by a rugged tree and with a middle ground filled by lively detail, we are reminded of the great masters of etching in the clever abbreviation of each of those details and the manner in which they are grouped or merged one into the other. And then, in the last one, note the contour of the earth, how well it is rendered by that cleverly foreshortened winding line of half obliterated roadway leading up the hill and into the fresh mass of foliage which crowns it. This ability to draw the solid ground so that it appears solid is a rare gift in any draftsman, and it may well be taken as an evidence of the fullness of his talent and training.

Like Constable, Mr. Manley has been content to draw his inspiration from the small section of the world in which circumstances have placed him, the quiet New Jersey country where Inness worked out for himself the distinguished place his name holds among American landscape painters. These drawings by no means represent the full range of Mr. Manley's activities, for he has won high esteem as a painter and an etcher and holds a position of importance as a miniaturist; but they are, perhaps, the things in which his rarest talents are displayed, as they are also the closest to his own pleasure in his art. They are the pastimes of an uncommonly sincere and scholarly master who shows integrity in play as well as in work, and who has carried on his career with an earnestness and a humility and modesty of character which all but deprived us of any sight of his achievements at all.

THE HOUSE OF MUSIC

BY

GERTRUDE HALL

ONE elating, blue and white April morning saw a cheerful company of six assembling in a railroad-station waiting-room. There were the manager of the tour, Duprez — gray-haired in comparative youth, at once careworn and accommodating looking — the foreign stamp on him not entirely obliterated by the stamp of the country; and his wife, the popular Pearl Wharton-Duprez, whose habit of facing the world as an audience must have found its way into her features; she was recognizable at sight for a singer. Her brilliant face, while not precluding the possibility of a heart, suggested less remotely a temper.

There was one Milen Odiesky, gripping a black violin-box; who listened to a hilarious conversation he but half understood, with a fixed smile, revealing a marked division between his two broad, white front teeth,—disagreeable, for some reason, though he might pass for handsome in a dark, hairy, Oriental way.

Then there was one who at first glance looked in the group as if he must be an aquaintance come to see them off. He was tall and proportionately broad, with stalwart shoulders, a deep chest, and a big neck; superlatively well groomed and dressed. The gloss of his silk hat was not broken by the wilfulness of one hair. He carried himself a trifle more than erect, and swept his limited horizon with a calm, kingly eye. His face was close-shaven, a smooth coppery rose, shading easily into the color of his close-cropped hair. His features were of the rather thick, round, good-natured type, and time was beginning to divide up his face into heavier masses than occur in the forties; but these facts did not prevent his presence on the whole from impressing an observer with the sense that he looked at something really very fine. This was Bronson, whose name on the program would occupy the most room: the great Bronson, Anthony, the tenor of long sustained fame — sustained, indeed, so long that these appearances in parts that knew him only by that fame had now been projected.

Then there was a little plump woman, the one who kept the others laughing; and she carried, besides what one is accustomed to see on the arms of travelers, all the things she had forgotten to put into her trunk; among which were an alarm-clock, a sponge-bag, a pink flannel dressing-sacque, and a little image of the Virgin. She bubbled on, in a voice as impossible to forget or mistake for another's as her face; which face, however, was not pretty, but so faithfully reflected a nature as to be memorable for its want of all malice, concealment, or suspicion. It was not that her features were child-like which accounted for her face bringing to mind a child's, but that it shared some quality inclining one on shortest acquaintance, without fear of rebuff, to treat its winsome, unsevere, uncritical owner familiarly and affectionately. She was not pretty, but certainly her dark-edged, misty, pale blue eyes, with their capacity in the same measure for humor and sentiment, under eyebrows sympathetically working with her thoughts, and lids stained a tender bistre, had an attaching sweetness; and the clear spaces of her face, the forehead and temples, something cool and rare, like the stamp of talent; while just beside her ear, where a faint lock of silken black hung an inch or so down a soft, sallow cheek, was a spot creating an instant desire to kiss it. This was Miss Nevers, the pianiste; Nevers, they briefly called her in speaking of her, pronouncing the name like an English one; Marie-Aimée they called her in speaking to her, all excepting Odiesky, who did not yet know her well enough; except, too, the sixth member of the party, who could never take it into his head to do so. The latter was a homely, thin man, neither young nor old, of the name of Snell, who was engaged to play common accompaniments, and tune the pianos. He stood near the others, but only ventured a smile where they laughed.

Yet he with the rest, as they trooped to the train, was conscious of a lift to his spirits. The tour was a turning the back upon the old and known. It had the charm of beginnings; it

opened to life, with this new combination, new possibilities. Hard work and wearing travel were a certainty in the prospect, but it showed nevertheless like a holiday, enlivened by daily change of scene, faces, food.

Beside these general justifications of a reasonable elation on starting, there was excuse for the festive jollity which made people turn to look after our friends as they progressed down the platform — the stately Bronson now carrying a bulging rubber sponge-bag, impossible to conceal — in the brilliant artistic auspices under which these musical peregrinations were undertaken, and the discovery, now that the artists were come together *en troupe*, that they severally brought elements promising uncommon liveliness and fun.

About five years had passed since the laurel-laden return of the Duprez Concert Company, when Marie-Aimée one morning, rather earlier than it is customary to make a call, rang the door-bell of a certain large impressive house.

Whether the explanations were hurry in dressing or absence of mind, she looked, on this occasion, somewhat as if her clothes, as the saying is, had been thrown at her. The velvet of her little bonnet needed brushing; and her little gloves, alas, mending. She wore no veil, and wisps of her hair had been blown on end. But this effect of disorder culminated in her face itself, where the colors were out of their places; her cheeks being pale, her poor small nose and her eyelids red. She had grown stouter since our last sight of her, and on this day was carrying herself so without pride or heed as to look fairly round-shouldered.

As she stood waiting, she must have forgotten that she was in a public street, or else felt bad beyond caring; two or three times she openly mopped her eyes. When, however, she faced the tall butler who opened the door, she appeared to have nothing worse the matter with her than a bad head-cold. She asked if Miss Cheriton were in, gave her card, and was shown into a vast hushed drawing-room. There, as soon as she had been left alone, she looked at herself in the mirror; after which she chose a seat with its back to the windows. She had occupied this but a moment, when, lest the thoughts stealing back upon her should drive her again to tears, she crossed over to the grand-piano glimmering in the half-light with liquid reflections of gilt moldings, brocade, and palms. She lifted the lid to peer at the name of the maker, and tried its tone with a scarce audible chord. Then she took up piece after piece of the music in the rack, questioning it as to Miss Cheriton's title to her high reputation as an amateur pianist.

On hearing a rustle, she hurriedly laid down the music, and got up, her heart rushing. Miss Cheriton had shaken hands, with expressions of pleasure in making her aquaintance, had offered her a seat, and taken one, before Marie-Aimée had been able to do more than clear her throat.

Miss Cheriton had allotted her a seat well in the lights; her curiosity about this caller could do no less; wherefore Marie-Aimée's reddened eyes at first refused a square encounter. But shortly, while Miss Cheriton was forcing a dullish conversation, Marie-Aimée forgot herself, and looked Miss Cheriton in the face; full as interested as she in the looks of the other at close range.

Marie-Aimée saw a well-grown young woman of eight or nine and twenty; faultlessly dressed in a fawn colored cloth matching her perfectly arranged abundant hair. Her face was entirely fine, if a little cold. She gave an impression of great self-poise; she could be imagined to have always thought and decided for herself, and had the fortune to see everything go as she wished, which no doubt she laid to the firm and just management she looked so capable of exercising. She had a beautiful calm complexion and calm dark-blue eyes, which weighed you thoughtfully, and would with difficulty, you fancied, alter their conclusions about you. But at least, Marie-Aimée felt with relief and hope, they were windows into a mind where there was room to breathe.

She began abruptly, in a suggestive pause occurring in Miss Cheriton's small talk, "You must be wondering what brought me."

The expression of Miss Cheriton's face, her only answer to this, signified that though she hoped she had not seemed to be wondering rudely, she would in effect be pleased to know.

Marie-Aimée picked at her glove. "It is this. I was told that I had been making mischief. And I came, wishing if possible to remedy it."

Miss Cheriton's eyebrows moved upward just enough to start a ripple in the beautiful smoothness of her forehead, and she waited, her eyes inquiring of Miss Nevers' troubled face; in their depths had flashed a prevision of what might be coming.

"I know I talk a dreadful lot," Marie-Aimée burst forth in disgust, "I tell everything I know. I can't keep to myself even stories that are against myself. Whatever is on my heart, I say it. I have been making a dreadful fool of myself — which is bad enough, but I feel worse about having given annoyance to others. . . . Mr. Bronson came to see me yesterday evening."

She paused, as after a piece of news. Miss Cheriton waited in silence, her face expressing nothing beyond polite attention.

"And he said that my doing as I have been doing made a lot of gossip, which inevitably reached you, and was calculated to give you a mistaken impression of our relations in the past——" Marie-Aimée's voice stuck.

After a moment, "Please, please, don't be distressed," murmured Miss Cheriton; and as if her uneasiness at the sight of tears had made her restless, left her seat, and went to stand beside the mantle-piece, leaning on it with one elbow, ornaments at choice within reach, to pick up and play with.

Marie-Aimée laughed through a sob. "You see? Was there ever such a fool? And this is the way I have been ever since I heard of his engagement. But I want you to understand, Miss Cheriton, that *that's just me*. How can he help it, unhappy man, if I am made this way? I have cried like a pump. I have cried upon the shoulder of every one who would stand it. But I had no right, no possible right, to lament in the highways like that. It was only — when my heart was full, I let it run over. But I never in the least meant it as a reproach to anyone, — any more, put it this way, than a sunflower going draggled and crazy at sunset. But he told me last night I made him ridiculous. Oh, he was gentle. For all that, the things he said troubled me horribly; and I made up my mind, after he had left, to come directly to you and explain, so that if reports have vexed you, you should not mind them after this."

Miss Cheriton said quietly, not looking at Marie-Aimée, but at an ivory Chinaman she held: "It is not necessary, Miss Nevers. I did indeed hear something, but I did not give it much thought."

Upon which Marie-Aimée, as if these words had contained all the encouragement necessary, proceeded eagerly, "We never, never were engaged. You will believe me, whatever you may hear. We merely have been friends for years. I had known him slightly a long time already, when we went on a tour together, with Madame Wharton-Duprez. It was then we became such chums. . . . Mercy on me, that tour! Shall I ever forget it? Will any of us?" She smiled, with a sudden drenched reflection of sunshine on her tear-bedabbled face.

"I know!" Miss Cheriton smiled too. "Mr. Bronson has spoken of it to me."

"Has he?" asked Marie-Aimée, brightening still further, rainbow-like, and immediately at greater ease with Miss Cheriton, from a responsiveness she felt in her smile when the ever fertile subject of the tour was broached, dear in its time to Anthony Bronson's heart. "That's good. For it will in part explain. . . . Don't you agree with me that laughing together makes a stronger bond than even weeping? Well, on that tour, what we did best and chiefly, was to laugh. Did he ever tell you——" She dropped her voice like a person having something good to relate, and fun played over her face in ripples, "the adventure of the water-melon? Yes, of course! I suppose he has told you everything. And the adventure of the face-wash and the curling-irons? And the night of the great thunderstorm? Oh, make him tell you that one. It is incredible, the number of things, and the description of things, that happened to us in those six months. It was as if we had been a sort of lightening-rod attracting all the incongruous, ludicrous, delicious happenings that should have been distributed over the country. Or else, it is that we were in a disposition of mind to find everything funny. Of course, it may have been that. But still — imagine our arriving once at a little place where we had never been heard of. There is a mistake. And no one expects us. And there is no hotel. And it ends in our being obliged to sleep in the empty jail, we women, a dovecote of a jail, with just two wee cells; oh, slumbers of sweetness and safety, after our many nights in strange hostelries. No need for once to look under the bed for burglars; and the men in a barn. Odiesky didn't get the hayseed out of his hair that season. And imagine — imagine having along with you a man who has a nightmare every time he drops off to sleep. A poor Mr. Snell who went with us was like that, and we used to run into one another in the lobbies, in curl-papers, at dead of night, flying to knock him up, he made such awful, such blood-curdling sounds, which could be heard all over the hotel. It is unkind to laugh at an infirmity, but the sounds he made, could you have heard them, would excuse me to you. And imagine — but try to — imagine the six of us, six people who feel themselves not a little famous, going fourteen miles in a single-seated wagon, that, or miss our connection, and complications without end. I don't believe I stopped laughing the whole way. You see it? We two, the grace and beauty of the party, enthroned upon the laps of *ces messieurs* — no other way, no other way possible, none. Wharton-Duprez in the arms of her own husband; and Odiesky astride the horse, postilion, having to drive; and poor little Snell on the floor with his knees over the dash-board; and the danger at any moment of the wagon breaking down——" She pieced out that fourteen-mile long ecstasy of merriment with more of a singularly rich, unaffected laugh, in the midst of which her face fell blankly seri-

ous, and she held up, as if she had never seen it before, the hand which in the heat of her description she had been waving.

"Will you look at my glove?" she said; promptly closing which parenthesis she continued, "As I was saying, it may have been that circumstances really justified us, or our mood, which was exceptional. For myself, I never enjoyed myself so much. Oh, I was impressionable then, and ready to be pleased. Every day a new place, every night a new triumph. It was Mr. Bronson's triumph, but his glory fell upon us all. We lived in an atmosphere of success; and people were so nice to us, we were entertained everywhere like king and court. It was then, you see, when we were together from morning until night, we grew to know each other so well. And, you know him, you know how kind he would be to a little person traveling as I was doing; kind does not express it, and thoughtful and considerate. And you know the charming companion that he is, even-tempered, easy-going, good fellow. And in traveling like that you know the thousand little services a man can render you, and, among artists, the good turns. He, you will have discovered, has not a touch of that queer jealousy so common among artists.

"But there was even more than all that. Before the end of our engagement, Wharton-Duprez had taken the most cattish dislike to me; I have never known why. And everything that woman could do to make things uncomfortable for me she took pains to do, even, will you believe it, contriving that my luggage should be left behind, and I forced to appear on the stage in the filthiest little coal-begrimed traveling-suit — at the fag end of the season, you understand. Ferdinand, her husband, did not dare to say a word. It would have been past endurance for me then, had it not been for Mr. Bronson's invariably showing himself my friend, and keeping her within limits. I had reason to be grateful to him, you see. I should have had to be a monster not to become devoted to him. You can put yourself in my place, can't you? And then, add to everything else his singing. Never, never, never, to me, has there been anything like it."

Miss Cheriton bowed her head, slowly, in agreement.

"*If with all your heart ye truly seek me,*" murmured Marie-Aimée, looking as if she listened to a voice singing in her memory.

"*In manly worth and honor clad,*" murmured the other, likewise.

"It opens a door, doesn't it," Marie-Aimée spoke low, as if they had entered a church, "into a world where it is all beautiful, calm, eternal — the only world — where whoever breathes its air must worship and must love; just his mere voice, when it is what I call his ballad-voice, doesn't it contain all romance? Moonlight, boats on lonely seas, lattices with roses; and when it is his anthem-voice, it contains, doesn't it, all aspiration, cathedrals, matin-bells, arch-angel's choirs ——"

Again Miss Cheriton nodded dreamily; then, raising her eyes, which in listening she had dropped, forgot the one of whom they were speaking for interest in the face of the speaker, who looked ahead with eyes which clearly did not see what was before them, but the cloudy white pillars, one might have surmised, and dim glimmering splendors of some temple of Music and Love.

Marie-Aimée swept her hand across her forehead. "And I," she continued, raising her voice in a tone of plaintive exculpation, "I was born mad for music! A voice has power over me like a spell. And I am flesh and blood! And so ——" she ended feebly, "do you wonder?"

Silence, while Marie-Aimée turned her face wholly from the light. But even while she made application of her little damp pocket-handkerchief, a stealing sense warmed her in all her woe that she had somehow made a friend of Miss Cheriton. The exemplary piece of tranquility there felt drawn to her; something communicated this unimaginable fact directly to her heart; and it melted her, as the hint of kindness always did, and inclined her now verily to make no more circumstances about it, but show her whole heart in abandoned frankness, repeating just once more the fault she was here to confess. But simultaneously with gratitude for that liking, rose in Marie-Aimée the need to repay it greatly; whence a caution to herself to proceed more than ever guardedly with the truth.

"And after we were come back," she took up again, "we naturally continued seeing a great deal of each other. I won't say we would not have done so from choice, but it was inevitable, too. Our profession threw us together, concerts, rehearsals; he used, besides, to bring every bit of new music to learn at my house, with me to play it over for him. And so on, for years; and to me, I tell it frankly, that light-hearted, unconventional comradeship of ours gave its principal charm to life. In the last year I have seen less of him, and latterly very much less. He was not singing much, he was under treatment for his throat, and often out of town by his doctor's directions. I missed him, but I am busy from morning until night, the week round, work and a thousand things. I thought

nothing of it. Do old friends need to see each other constantly to be assured nothing is changed? Then I hear of his engagement to you. I am thunderstruck! For never, never, never, had I dreamed of such a possibility. You see my folly? He was not bound to me by any promise, or by what you would call a moral obligation. There never had been any question of our marrying, not even at the beginning when we first got home, not even in my own mind —" Native honesty and poor human nature would not permit but that she should add, though in a tone that made little of it — "any definite, immediate, formulated idea of it. My poor sweet mother was living then, a sufficient reason against it. And when she was no longer there, all had got into a groove, and remained as it had been. And it seemed natural. I have nothing but what I earn. He was having bothers about money. He put all his in a mine, you know. We called ourselves poor working-people. But still! There it is! That's where you discover my bird's brain. That's me! The way I am! I flatly refused to believe it, and when I saw him again, I did not even ask. But I daresay I looked as he had never seen me look. Then he himself told me of it, as one tells such a thing to an old friend. And the past stood suddenly in a new light; and I saw clearly, in a flash, that just this and nothing else was to have been expected. And I knew that it was altogether the most fortunate thing that could happen to him; and, after the first, I acquiesced.

"Only, I followed my nature in making the outcry of one who has received a wound and is bleeding dreadfully. I have no dignity, Miss Cheriton. Discretion and I have never so much as been acquainted. I go around with my heart in my face. I forget my face, you see, in thinking of what has befallen me. And I run into some sympathetic woman who is fond of me, and she cries out 'Marie-Aimée, my poor child, what is the matter with you?' and I bend feebly upon her shoulder, and tell. And then I suppose she goes off and tells too. Hence, you see, the ground of Mr. Bronson's remonstrances with me yesterday evening. And in consequence of them I am here. I didn't know what else to do, Miss Cheriton. I hope it was best. And you do see, don't you? I have made the whole thing plain? I have made it all right? You know how he is, and now you have seen how I am, the inference will be simple! And I beg both your pardons. Oh, he is right, he is quite right, to feel put out with me, but not —" she forced a little watery smile, as she rose to take her leave — "not because it has ever seemed so terribly to a great singer's discredit that, when the whole world goes after him, among them should be a silly woman who does not manage to conceal her *grande passion*. It only makes him like Mario and others; you must not let it trouble you, Miss Cheriton. You must think of me in a thought of the same strain you bestow upon the thousands of photographs of him that have been sold in the course of his career, and are cherished and given places of honor in young ladies' rooms; and the sentimental follies school girls have committed in the way of sending him flowers and notes. Let these tributes to him merely increase your pride of possession. He is free from all blame, all, that is what I have wished you to feel assured of, or all —" she put out her hand in farewell — "except just a little, little bit. You don't mind? A little bit he certainly was to blame, though I suppose it can be laid to the account of his modesty, in not taking it home to himself that he could not be so nice, so consistently, persistently dear and nice to a person, without her falling to stupidly adoring him."

She stopped, and stood, vaguely shaking her head, prolonging her faint, watery, bitter-sweet smile; and would have withdrawn her hand, but Miss Cheriton retained it, by a firmer pressure, in the warm, kind clasp of hers. Marie-Aimée lifted her eyes, touched and full of thanks, to the fine calm eyes above her; and in their unclouded light read Anthony Bronson's unqualified exoneration, and that she herself had been impartially examined, and now stood classed, past appeal, among those soft, sweet, idiotic women who will fall into unwarranted love with any man of whom they see much, and are by their own passion made incapable of discerning the fact that he is not in love with them. The glance was full of honest sympathy for a sorrow so real; but it was not untinged with as much contempt as would be implied in the prayer, "I thank thee, my God, I am not as these women are!" Under which Marie-Aimée humbly bowed her head and waited but for the release of her hand to go. But Miss Cheriton, whom stiffness or delicacy kept from saying a word in reference to what she had heard, yet found herself utterly unwilling that her visitor should leave so uncheered. Still holding her hand, she told her, in a voice full of the suggestion of sincerity, the deep pleasure she had always had in hearing her; she amplified, tactfully, understandingly, upon all she had discovered of exquisite in her playing.

Marie-Aimée's face lightened a little; she had never become callous to praise. Miss Cheriton spoke of friends they had in common, from whom she had heard so much of her, of a sort that had long made it one of her most eager

wishes to know her. Whereupon Marie-Aimée, as ever responsive, gave herself into Miss Cheriton's hands, to be known. And the two were shortly making acquaintance as they might have done had they been presented to each other at the house of those mutual friends. One could not have dreamed, to hear them, what had gone before. They talked of music mostly, and musicians, wholly forgetful of time. To illustrate some point, Marie-Aimée went to the piano and played a bar or two; after which, as she would have risen, Miss Cheriton entreated against it; and when Marie-Aimée, who never resisted, asked what she should play, suggested a composition of Miss Nevers' own, which the latter had imagined so obscure, she said, as to be almost her only secret. And she found, to her astonishment, that Miss Cheriton, whether moved by genuine musical congeniality, or a vulgarer curiosity, had procured everything ever published of Marie-Aimée's. Afterwards, Miss Cheriton took the place at the piano of Marie-Aimée urgent. Then Marie-Aimée begged leave, and supplanted her, to show how a different sequence of chords would be better; and the woman of talent and the woman of cultivation spent a long hour, delightful to both; in the course of which Miss Cheriton found the quaint enthusiasm for Marie-Aimée felt by her innumerable friends accounted for; and Marie-Aimée came to disdain, as paltry praise, the definition "very fine girl" which one was accustomed to hear joined to the name of Kate Cheriton.

Smiting her brow, aghast, at the recollection of an appointment missed, Marie-Aimée jumped to her feet. By running she might still be in time to apologize. They shook hands again, warmly; and Marie-Aimée said, all her heart in her voice, "I hope you will be very happy."

In the street, Marie-Aimée, as she hurried along, could think of nothing but Miss Cheriton. She would send her as a wedding-gift the French great-grandmother's rococo cross, the choicest bit of jewelry she owned.

Her heart might have been so much dusty, worm-eaten wood; remarking its astonishing lightness and insensibility, she reverted in thought, almost flippantly, to the horrors besetting her when she left home that morning. Surely, if it were possible that with Tony's marriage brought as close as a visit to his intended brought it, she should feel as she felt, she might still hope to put on a good face about it to the world.

In this mood she went about a good part of that day; and talked to some with so much of a return to her old spirit that they disguised their surprise by a greater cheerfulness than really their mystification allowed them to feel. Meeting an old aquaintance who put on the face of a sympathizer to say, "My dear, I *did* feel for you when I heard of his engagement, you know whose I mean," she looked as if not sure she understood; and the old aquaintance, after a searching look at her, dropped her mournfulness, to proceed, "It seems to be a fine thing for Bronson, this marriage. I hear that Miss Cheriton will be a millionaire. People exaggerate, you think? But she *has* bought a superb place out of town?"

By the late afternoon, that curious, unseasonable, baseless good cheer was wearing off, like the effects of wine, and the world, through its fading fumes, was returning to look like the world of yesterday. Weariness was overtaking her; but her heart had not recommenced its clamorous aching; it was only a little sick, when she went into a music-store for a score she needed. She was looking this over, with her eyes rather than her mind, when her attention became fixed in memory upon that expression of Miss Cheriton's face from which she had judged her mission successful—Tony cleared. Suddenly, as in the middle of the night she had sometimes known that in a letter sent off there was a word misspelled, she felt that triumph of confidence in Miss Cheriton's eyes not to have been the work of her own explanations. She herself had been fully explained to Miss Cheriton before ever she set foot in her house. How could it have been otherwise?

Marie-Aimée's ghost-seeing eyes became fixed upon nothingness. She sat so a long time, her chin dropped in dolorous absorption; a figure which struck discomfort in the beholder. Another woman buying music bent over the counter and whispered to the clerk, who whispered back, and both stole glances at the unconscious, rigid, dumpy profile, stamped with tragedy, of the well-known pianiste, whose most intimate sorrow had become town-talk.

She went out at last into the hubbub of the streets, which seemed a cruelty of men, under the gorgeous sunset sky, which seemed a cruelty of Heaven's, and, as much as a great heaviness would allow, hurried home and to bed and the dark. It was no use! no use! Though Tony's conduct to her admitted of the face she had put on it to Miss Cheriton, and though the world's jury, upon full evidence, might have acquitted him, he not being the last shade of black, she herself knew, and something of incorruptible justice in the bottom of her heart would not let her blink it, that she had been badly, badly treated. But that was not the most woeful, that she should have been badly treated, or that she must live her days hereafter without him;

but that he, Tony, should have been capable of doing this thing to her, to her, who would have shed her blood for him, and he knew it.

In the days following, as she went about her crowded occupations, she did not, as she had allowed herself to do before, seek relief in speaking of what weighed upon her heart. But human strength did not suffice to keep the matter out of her face; her cheek was leaden, her eyes were in a fog.

But it was useless now, her avoiding Anthony Bronson's name. She had spoken too much before. Besides, too many remembered the soft, radiant, enamored face with which she had been used to beam up at him in those earliest days after their return from touring, and down upon which he had benignantly beamed, like a big, gratified idol. Furthermore, this gossip concerning persons so well known had too many of the elements which ensure a thing being repeated till everyone knows. Reports of "scenes" made by Marie-Aimée were still spreading after she had placed the seal upon her lips; and those who got them last did not know that they were old news; and as it was the least interested in her personally who last became *au fait* of her affairs, some among them took the view that little Nevers was disgracing herself; which sentiment once in the air, certain of Marie-Aimée's closer friends saw the matter more nearly in that light, experienced a reaction from too complete sympathy with her. One heard it said with a touch of impatience, "Some one ought to talk to Marie-Aimée!" Even those who loved her most, this, as it seemed, insistent and protracted harping upon an unfortunate attachment at last came near disgusting. And she did receive scoldings and lectures, of which she abjectly owned the justice; and she tried to keep herself more out of sight. Only so far as the necessity to earn a living made it imperative did she go about. Wherefore some whose invitations she refused said, "Nevers is moping. It is a pity she can't behave like the rest who have to suffer from the fickleness of man!"

A critical, less friendly attitude of the world toward her was beginning at last, through her dismal preoccupation, to penetrate her heart with its novel chill, and make the city where she had always lived seem not like home any more. She looked about, bewildered, for escape. The day of the Bronson-Cheriton wedding, too, was close at hand; but before it had arrived, there descended upon her from a distance a stern older married sister, whom rumors at last had aroused.

No one saw Marie-Aimée after the coming of this sister. To everyone's astonishment, in the busiest time of the season, Marie-Aimée's rooms were empty of her. It was thought that the sister had carried her off to keep her under surveillance: till it became known from Marie-Aimée herself, writing to her old friends, that she was in a convent of the Sacred Heart, hundreds of miles removed, and there proposed to remain until she had become free from the faintest taint of the folly that had made her a scandal and a laughing-stock,—yes, if she remained there until she died. Her time was profitably spent in study, and the giving of piano-lessons to the young girls receiving their education in the holy house. And she enjoyed the inestimable privilege, accorded to her by the Mother Superior, of weeping as much as she pleased.

II

To that little portion of the busy world-in-general which concerned itself with her, one may be sure it seemed very soon after her disappearance that it began to be said Nevers might be looked for again. Already? Yet, when one had grumbled that love, after all, does not last very long, he made calculations, and these told him that three years and more had slipped past since the tragico-comic retreat of the poor crossed-in-love. Certainly, something may be expected of three years.

She was really coming back? There was excitement. She was coming, no longer any doubt of it; there was glee, there was expanding of the heart. She was come; there was a rush to see her. Affection accounted for much of this; for the rest, curiosity to see the result of her three years. But when she had been seen, delight knew no reserve; each felt as if he had won a bet.

A movement arose, as a breeze comes up, and gradually gained force, till it resulted in a concert given for Marie-Aimée, a testimony of the regard felt for her, and the joy at her return. The occasion was made a magnificent one; the house was crowded, and contained such a proportion of personal friends of Marie-Aimée that the affair took the character of a huge family festivity. But the applause resounding when Marie-Aimée herself appeared to perform her little task at the piano was in excess of all the rest. In the sound, in the faces, in the air, one felt "How she is beloved!"

She came forward in the childlike manner one remembered of her, with that adorable absence of self-consciousness which touches more than grace, bowing from side to side with the moved air which infallibly moves, half in tears, yet smiling. To gratify her faithful, she had gone

into hearty extravagance, and appeared wonderfully encased in a warm delicious pink, worthy of the event, much of it rustling off far from her heels, not much of it at all troubling her dimpled arms and shoulders. She held her sweet little black head on one side, like a tender bird; it looked as if dragged over by the weight of a big rose in her hair. And the people could not be satisfied with clapping their hands. The public was for the occasion become romantic, and, as much as the artist, was applauding the woman who had loved and, by this token, triumphed over a villainous deserter. They kept it up *ad absurdum*, intoxicated by the noise they made, more and more touched by their own loyalty to the old favorite, wishing to proclaim it still more loudly; and so expressing at last, it is sad to say, far more than any one felt. But it had been a goodly demonstration, and all thought better of themselves when finally those who were eager to hear the playing began hushing, and silence gradually came about.

Then she played, and it was to many what they were pleased to call a revelation. It was at all events a fresh, delicate, inspirating, moving music. There were those who listened with eyes upturned, and thought of sunrise upon Eden; there were those who nodded surprise and commendation, and spoke of technique.

Marie-Aimée was one of those persons about whom all who know them talk. She offered opportunity for it, certainly, by herself talking; her manner of being and her ways were fertile in food for comment; but her modest ray of fame was also accountable, being felt to brighten all who could claim sufficient nearness to her to know her affairs.

Had she changed? was the capital question in the discussions of her following upon her return. Most said not in the least, except, the presumption was, toward Bronson. She was open-hearted as ever, merry once more as she had used to be when her star first rose among them. She was still the one that so lent herself to be loved and gently, almost enviously, laughed at. But if she were changed, as some maintained, it was for the better. She looked younger, rested; her face was clear and untroubled now. If, after the first, one missed something in her, she explained that it was her old faults.

"When I began to see glimmering ahead of me in the distance a triumphal re-entrance among you," she held forth to a little group, "I began to prepare for it. I tried to fit myself better to please you. For the *bon Dieu's* sake, I had tried to obtain a clean soul; but for the world's sake — your sake, my dears — I tried to become thin! I did gymnastics, I walked, I dosed myself, I gave up eating everything I liked, and you see the result? Honor my beautiful shape, will you? and do not press upon me sponge-cake and plum-cake, as you used to do. Then I became orderly. Haven't you noticed? All my buttons there, all my hooks and eyes. And every little spot at once rubbed out with cologne. When did you know such things of me before? But look at my head! I tell you I hunt up mirrors expressly to see myself in them; and I set my bonnet straight, and tuck in my loose ends. Then I became prudent. I always think before I act, now, and before I speak, and before I spend my money. And punctual! I catch trains, and I keep appointments. I look at my watch, like the rest of you, and see that it is time to go, and I *go*. I no longer, like some one I remember, sit down and play and play and play, or talk and talk and talk, till it is dinner time, and I have to be invited. And then I am not a chatter-box now, no, not what you could call a chatter-box."

Her joy at being again among her old friends softened and won them; and no less did the humility of her attitude toward the past. In regard to that she was shame-faced, apologetic, reformed.

So much of the story of her exile filtered through those who received it at first hand, that a legend of it was before long public property; and such a character was given the event, Marie-Aimée's own view perhaps initially tinging it for all, that, without fear of being thereby unacceptable, the multitude of those who stood with Marie-Aimée on a footing of good-humored comradeship neglected, even in speaking to her, to disguise their familiarity with what concerned her. It was common, on the ground of a perfect understanding with her, and a supposition of at least some small degree of that enmity which often succeeds love and takes satisfaction in hearing of Fortune's disparaging turns on the ex-beloved, to entertain her with late accounts of Bronson. And though she merely listened, as she would have done to anything well-intentioned, her unoffended air left a feeling that encouragement had not been wanting. One irresponsible, feather-brained youth, of the baritone variety, reached such recklessness, while regaling her with good stories as they stood waiting for her cab, as to inquire, "Have you heard the latest joke about old Bronson?" He brought his lips near her ear, and breathed through a chuckle: "They say it takes two years and seven months to get over being in love with Bronson, but if you marry him it doesn't take so long!" And as he laughed heartily, she let her bright laugh ring out companionably alongside of his. Having got into

her cab, she repeated the joke carefully over to herself, to apprehend the point of it.

It was not to have been expected that the peculiar extreme enthusiasm for Marie-Aimée, with the exaggerated form of tribute to her, should continue long unabated. Still, with discretion on her part, it might have had the ordinary length of such things. As it was, alas, there soon seemed occasion to believe that the public mind is ruled by the law of reaction. By so much as the public had gone beyond rational appreciation, it seemed now threatening to fall below it.

Those who watched Marie-Aimée's fortunes with most interest, with a sinking of the spirit began to note a decrease in her social popularity. As they witnessed this trifling evidence of it and that, these lifted their eyebrows and pushed out their chins, with the expression which one interprets, "But what can be done about it?" Whenever there was reference to her now, it seemed to bring about in the atmosphere a vague fall of temperature. A just appreciable effect of disappointment, disapproval, regret, followed the long-loved name.

Those fondest of her could scarcely be brought to speak of it; when they did speak, it was not frankly and openly, as everyone had used to discuss her affairs once, shaking the head amusedly. They talked in dreary undertones, and ended asking each other "Now, can you understand it?"

Presently, she was by certain ones avoided, because of an awkwardness they felt in meeting her, with a consciousness of what were best not mentioned — disagreeable to those accustomed to dealings with her of a perfect candor. When met, she was at best in these days indifferent fun, preoccupied, unlike herself, with little to say.

At last, as an increasing coldness takes a definite pattern of frost, certain persons refrained from calling upon her, explaining privately that they had heard it said that it was possible to come upon Anthony Bronson in her little drawing-room. This refraining did not signify by any means in all a wish to express condemnation; on the part of most it really expressed a good-humored wish not to be in the way.

It was as winter was waning, that, reversing somewhat the order of the day, one who had never called on her resolved to do so. With her clothes and her hair and her eyes full of March, she ascended to Miss Nevers' little flat. The door was opened by Marie-Aimée herself, who stood looking up, uncertain, inquiring.

"I fear you do not remember me," the visitor said. "May I come in?"

"Your voice," Marie-Aimée faltered, "is familiar — but the light — the light is behind you. Do, I pray, come in."

She hurried ahead into the drawing-room, which was unexpectedly light, from the reflection upon its ceiling of the snow on lower neighboring roofs. She turned and looked at the visitor who was entering; she uttered an exclamation, unfollowed by any word.

"I see you have recalled me," said the visitor. "Mrs. Bronson? Kate Cheriton that was?"

"Take a seat, I pray!" said Marie-Aimée faintly.

Mrs. Bronson looked around her for once. Though her eye confessed no more scrutiny than accords with good breeding, it missed little in the tiny room, warm-colored, crowded, a bit untidy, but genially so, as where a pair of evening gloves and a crumpled play-bill lay on a chair, and a lace bonnet saddled a green bronze lion. The walls were covered with gimcracks and pictures, among which in profusion photographs of the celebrated, overscrawled with their various calligraphies. The piano stood open, littered with music; a tea-table, ready for service, the kettle steaming, was drawn close to the fire; a faint smell of macaroons mingled in the air with the smell of violets, whereof a big double handful was fading in a bowl. A well-worn leather chair, deep and wide, patriarchal, was on one side of the fire-place; and, suggestively at its elbow, matches and an ash-tray.

In this seat, after her casual circular glance, Mrs. Bronson quietly arranged herself; and Marie-Aimée took the rocker on the opposite side of the fire. She dropped back in it, leaning, and loosely folded her hands; which no sooner had she done, than she sat upright, and moved forward to the edge of her chair.

There was a longer silence than is often suffered by persons of the world. To attempt "carrying off" anything whatsoever was not in Marie-Aimée's *moyens*.

"Do you know why I have come, Miss Nevers?" Mrs. Bronson asked.

Marie-Aimée regarded her with eyes as steady as they were inwardly frightened. Her whole face expressed what one had never expected to see in it, something very near hostility; its like could be imagined in the look of a tame animal uncertain whether harm is meant to its young.

"I judge you have come here to find Mr. Bronson," she answered, "I expect him at any moment."

It was plain there would be no delicate fencing this afternoon.

Mrs. Bronson shook her head, and laughed in spite of herself at this unheard-of directness. "Oh, no! I scarcely think he will come to-day, I mentioned at lunch that I should call on you."

This was spoken without the hint of a sneer, yet Marie-Aimée flushed.

"You are quite mistaken if you think he makes love to me," she blurted out, her breath coming quick.

Mrs. Bronson lifted her hand in deprecation. "And you are mistaken, my dear Miss Nevers, if you think I have come to make a vulgar scene about him. I am here, and solely, because I like you!"

Marie-Aimée stared, doubt in her eyes; then, expressing wonder by the faintest possible effect of a shrug, looked down in her lap, all her face slowly relaxing to a plaintive look of trouble. Her lips composed themselves to lines of such stiff stillness, it might be guessed that if she tried to speak they would tremble; she picked at the folds of her tea-gown, readjusting them, smoothing the fabric across her knees.

"I don't believe you have any idea how much I felt myself attracted to you that single time we met, Miss Nevers. You made my conquest completely, and I am not one who takes fancies. Though you are so contrary to all I am, it seemed to me I understood you better than all the others did, just as I had always felt that I appreciated your work more truly at its worth. I don't know what I would not have given to have you for a friend."

Marie-Aimée put out her hands, to stop her, her kindness at that moment hurt so much. But Mrs. Bronson went on eagerly. "You are not made right for this low world. Your very virtues have the effect of faults, and bring calamity upon you. There you are, one piece of honesty, lovingness, unselfishness; and the consequence,— you have no chance among us who are nothing of the sort. Being as you are would be all right in a world peopled with angels, but here ——!"

Marie-Aimée, with a deepening look of dejection and a vast returning softness, slowly shook her head; rather as if she were trying to make these notions of herself fit into place, than in denial of what she heard.

"And now I find you doing something dreadfully foolish," Mrs. Bronson continued, with a remonstrative mother's persuasive inflections, "something, I am afraid, which will prove the deadliest mistake. I cannot resist the impulse to come and warn you of it, to try to drag you back into the safe path — all, I do assure you, because I so sincerely like and respect and admire you. Of those in question, believe me, it is you, you, who are the one I care about."

There was a pause. Marie-Aimée sat as if considering a proposition; but in reality she was only groping after thoughts among emotions. She made a gesture of resignation, casting up her hands and letting them drop again. "Well? I am listening, but is it not likely that I know already all you are intending to say?"

"No, no, it is not possible!" Mrs. Bronson said emphatically. "You cannot see clearly for yourself, else you would have turned back long ago. Mind you, I know how easy it will be for you to misunderstand me in this. Almost necessarily, you will imagine that it is myself I have principally in view, that I am jealous, perhaps, or anxious about appearances, concerned in the figure I myself cut in all this. But you would be wrong. To all that I am highly indifferent. Jealous! For jealousy there must be some remnant of the folly of fondness. And, for the rest, I refuse to grant that anything Mr. Bronson does can either lift or lower me. No, what he chooses to do affects me not at all. But for you, I tell you, I am sorry."

"If it is as you say," said Marie-Aimée, regaining a little life, "you need be troubled about nothing. It is all so much simpler than one thinks, than, I find, one is willing to think. Because once or twice a caller has found him here, a caller likewise, it has been taken for granted that he spends I don't know how much of his time with me, which is particularly false and unfair. He comes from time to time; I will be quite honest, perhaps once or twice in the week, when he happens to be in town. Then we try over music, and I tell him the gossip of the world which used to be his as well as mine, and we laugh together as we used to do. You know that I always had a knack of cheering him. And I give him tea, and let him smoke, and that is all. And is it not truly innocent enough?"

"I believe you perfectly, Miss Nevers. And for that you are willing to give up all that I know you are losing?"

Marie-Aimée repeated her little French gesture of resignation. "When it comes to contending with the evil mind of the world, how can one hope to do it? I used to believe in the world, I loved it. I have lately discovered it to be such that I care very little what I lose with it. Its good opinion? I don't want it any more!"

"Quite right, Miss Nevers. You are as right as possible in valuing the opinion of the world lightly. Still, the loss of all that comes to make life pleasant, from being on good terms with it, is serious. There should be something to counterbalance it, in that for the sake of which one renounces it. And you, will you tell me what you are getting? You are ruining your life, Miss Nevers, no other word serves, for a man who is perfectly willing to let you do it, for the satisfaction he derives from his occasional afternoons here of gossip and tea, music and smoke."

Marie-Aimée kept her eyes unflinchingly upon

Mrs. Bronson's, eyes full of resentment and denial, but she was too moved now to speak.

"He spoiled the best years of your life," Mrs. Bronson went on, her nostrils sharpening till their edges were white, a cold fire in her eyes. "Oh, how well I see now, now that I know him better, what his conduct would be with you. But when the moment came in which it was convenient, he set you aside without one second's hesitation. You patiently take the broken pieces of your life out of sight, you manage to put them together again, you reappear bravely patched up, poor child; oh, I saw you. To me, you were pathetic — and again, because it is convenient, just a little bit convenient, he takes you up, calmly, to break you into pieces a second time."

"You don't understand him!" burst forth Marie-Aimée, in her tone the deepest hopelessness that the other ever could understand.

"I don't understand him? I don't?"

"No, no, no!"

"Then you think three years of marriage not instructive?" Mrs. Bronson asked rapidly. "Or do you think him complicated? The truth is, he is as simple as simplicity. Suppose a man with one instinct, one motive, heretofore and forever: to do that which is at the moment easiest and pleasantest and most profitable for himself, and you have him. But you must, to have him exact, accommodate this tendency with a brain the most elementary; and must suppose his objects always of the lowest and most ordinary: little common satisfactions, material or mental, good wine and cigars, or the flattery of some woman's silly admiration. And, for I will do him justice, you must accommodate it with a constitution completely healthy, like a prize animal's, without any more viciousness than he has imagination. For the rest, ideas?" continued the coldly indignant woman, reaching a fearful fluency, "he has none. All the fine things which his singing brings to our minds have no existence in himself. Talent? I do you the credit, Miss Nevers, to suppose you with me in the secret of his musical talent. Talent he has none, nor ever had any, nor the least real love or appreciation of music. But a God-given voice he had, and an instinct for using it to perfection which he shares with nightingales and mocking-birds; and, besides these, what you call *a presence*, combined with an enormous vanity and an equal hatred of hard work!"

"Why do you say all this to me?" gasped Marie-Aimée, choking.

"Because I cannot conceive but that you misrepresent him to yourself, but that you still have illusions about him. If I were removed to-morrow, do you imagine he would by any chance marry you? If my removal left him wealthy, he would not marry at all; if it left him poor, you can be sure he would not marry you."

After another gesture of warding off, Marie-Aimée, shuddering, buried her face in her hands, as if blinding herself might deaden hearing too.

Mrs. Bronson at once accorded the respite for which this action seemed to entreat. She sat in silence, critically regarding the top of Marie-Aimée's bent head, as if one could hope to see through it into her brain.

"Can you tell me that all this is not so?" she asked at last, heat and anger conspicuously absent from her voice, speaking in that reasonable tone of debate which seems to lay a compulsion of reasonableness upon others. The question sounded genuine, as if, for plain human curiosity's sake, she would like to know if there could be two points of view about Anthony.

Marie-Aimée raised her face, all sickened protest and repudiation. "Everything you have said, and have made to sound so heinous, might, differently worded, fit perfectly into one's description of a nice normal boy. And is a boy unworthy of one's love? Say that Anthony Bronson remained all his life a boy, and who will contradict you? It is the same nature, that reaches out so simply toward what pleases him, that wants what it wants without thought of afterwards. But you must add to this, in his case, that sort of native kingliness of the great, who have never a doubt but theirs is the first right, and that others will be glad to yield for them. He has never meant to hurt anyone, one could not be further from cruel. He merely, in order to go where he would be, must drive steadily onward. He would be sorry if his wheels crushed anything, but that it should stop him could never enter his brain. Call it an incapacity, it is that of most strong, healthy big boys."

"It must have likewise characterized arboreal man."

"Don't, Mrs. Bronson!" Marie-Aimée cried, and rose whole-heartedly at last to the encounter, bringing to bear the most piercing of her arguments, "He is not happy now! He wants things as much as ever, but he no longer can get what he wants. He can't sing any more. His voice is gone. You think he doesn't care, but he does, indeed, he does! He feels so dreadfully out of it. The public is ungrateful. His friends are not yours, they scarcely any longer seem his own; your friends are not his. Everything has turned out wrong. Don't sneer at him. Nothing can brighten his life to what it was before. And he feels helpless against it,

just as the boy we were speaking of would feel. Oh, he is blue — blue! You have not made him happy!"

"Has he made me happy?"

"He has meant to!" Marie-Aimée said earnestly. "Your quarrel is with his whole manner of being. One must take him as he is."

"Yes! And whatever he is is to be enough, so he thinks in his calm Jovian babyhood. How could he but satisfy any woman? How should any but feel honored to be his servant and worshipper? the great, heavy, self-pleased, all-sufficient Male!"

"You married him!"

"You are right. My stupidity deserves exactly what I have got. But I didn't come here to speak of myself, or to complain of him. It has been vulgar enough, as it is. I beg your pardon and I beg you to believe, Miss Nevers, that I speak to no one — no one, I assure you — as I have spoken to you. I go my way, with my chin high, my eyes well above the heads of the scandal-mongering crowd. It was by accident I discovered his renewed visits to you; and the brazenness, the heartlessness of it, revolted even me, prepared for anything, God knows, in the way of calm, colossal selfishness. My first thought was the most common one — that he acted from pique, that his vanity could not quite stand having it blazed abroad that you had recovered. But I know him better than that, after all. I am just. It was simpler. It was nothing more than a big dog wanting to be petted. He felt in need of consolation, sympathy, condolence, some one to talk to about me — oh, I know it — and never stopping a moment to think of you, poor woman, he turned to the quarter where he felt surest of getting it. But what puzzles me beyond everything is that he should have guessed right. Pardon me, Marie-Aimée, but in those three years at the convent, what were you doing? You seem to have wasted your time. What was that far-spread anecdote that you had come out because it was all over, lived down, you were cured, immune? Did others make up this fable, or did you?"

"Ah, don't speak of it! I was in good faith."

"You really thought it was all done with? You honestly felt sure of yourself?"

"But certainly! More than sure! How otherwise would I have come back?"

"And then?"

"Then at the rehearsal for Mrs. MacDougal's charity concert I met him again. He had consented to sing, you remember, but afterwards withdrew. And I had scarcely more than seen him, when the three years might as well not have been. But to whom — dear me, to whom am I saying this?"

Mrs. Bronson leaned forward till she could touch Marie-Aimée's knee. "It's all right," she said gently. "Don't mind because it's I. I can understand," and as she saw tears springing into Marie-Aimée's eyes, she patted the knee, and murmured in her most soothing note, "You poor darling!"

"Oh, you needn't pity me at all!" Marie-Aimée laughed harshly through her tears. "When I think that I might — that there could have been the possibility — that those three years should so have changed me, that I should have grown so cold and dry-hearted, and proud of my dry-hearted coldness, and supposed it a virtue, and called it morality, that when he turned to his old comrade for a little cheer against the thickening shadows, the fast-coming gray hairs, the lost voice, the domestic *misères*, I might have refused, I am glad and grateful for the ill-name and the snubs that may follow me the rest of my life because I didn't." Whereupon her voice came utterly to wreck; she subsided into soft unrestrained weeping.

Mrs. Bronson with a distressed frown left her seat for the corner of a divan which was nearer Marie-Aimée. After listening helplessly a moment, fidgeting, embarrassed by her life-habit of undemonstrativeness, she put out her hands, quick as darting swallows, and enclosed one of Marie-Aimée's, pressing it, stroking it, murmuring, "Don't! Don't! You are a dear!"

Without a word Marie-Aimée turned her wet face to kiss the cheek of the consoler. Mrs. Bronson pressed closer to her; and the two sat crushed against each other with interlocked hands — and so, silently drifted into a different relation. It was as if the thoughts of their blood had communed through their hands, and there were no need more to conceal anything.

"Imagine," Marie-Aimée said, in a voice cracked with rueful laughter, "that when I was in the convent I had reached the point of believing that it was one of the laws of nature which was being accomplished in me! I said that love was like a plant, and if it got neither sunshine nor rain, it perished. I was not in the least happy over it, you know. But I became philosophical about it, and was glad, as one might be over something one owned which was not beautiful, but had a practical use. When I went into that place, you know, I honestly believed I should never come out of it again; and I used to read his old letters, and pore upon photographs of him, and play over and over all the music associated with him.

"But one day I found them flatly wearying me. I shall never understand it! I could pic-

ture seeing him again, meeting him in company with you at his side, and not minding. I could picture meeting him again, free, and anxious that all should be as before, and I could be calm over it, inclined, if anything, to refuse. I was worn out, I suppose. I imagined it was my illusion about him which had worn out. I judged him! But in the same breath I judged myself, as likewise incapable of any but shallow feelings; and I despised us both equally, and forgave him, as one forgives offences one no longer suffers from. And so, foolhardily, I come forth again. And when I see him, all I know is that it is he, the same one, who was all the romance of life to me once; that the same door is still open between our eyes through which we come and go familiarly into each other. All that I had thought dead and buried comes to life again. And I know that I may go into a convent for twenty years, that I might be buried and dust as many more, but when Anthony Bronson comes by, and we are face to face again, it will be all as nothing. And the marvel is that though it can only mean a return to suffering, I can only be glad. Isn't it strange?"

"Oh, yes!" Mrs. Bronson pressed one of her hands across her tearless eyes; her cheek was pale. "Strange, and beautiful. But terrible too!"

She got up abruptly, as if to escape an oppression from the atmosphere down on Marie-Aimée's level; she made a motion with her head as if to disengage it; and walking to the window, stood looking out across the snowy roofs and the steepies, to the dull distance, the bank of purplish dun hanging at the horizon over the enormous city, her eyes full of gloomy distances too.

In the long silence ensuing there developed small homely noises of tea-making, over yonder, near the fire.

"But it's all really wasted!" Mrs. Bronson exclaimed unexpectedly, as if in expostulation with herself as much as with Marie-Aimée, "I know it! You saw him again, he had grown older, it shocked you. His hair had turned — it is his time of life — it saddened you. You say he has lost his voice. That is a manner of speaking; nothing is wrong with his throat. But he has never cared to sing since he was married. A little careful practice, and he could sing very acceptably still — I won't say in public, but for his own pleasure — if he cared anything for music, and for that of others who have had a cult for his singing. You have thought him blue, and it has moved you. I understand it. But do believe me that he is a little bit of a humbug. Why should he be so blue? Everything is his own fault. Do you really believe that I have never tried? He is blue when he is with you, just because it will move you. He is not so very blue when among others. I can imagine circumstances, with which you would have nothing to do, you, nor music, nor the past, but simple, sordid, material circumstances, in which he would be perfectly happy, perfectly content——"

She had said this staring out of the window. She turned, feeling Marie-Aimée at her elbow. Marie-Aimée held toward her a cup of tea and a piece of thin bread-and-butter. Mrs. Bronson let her stand there, apparently not seeing these things, while she searched her little shut overclouded face, which showed plainly enough a resolve to say no more about it. "But to you, I do believe, all this makes no difference!" Mrs. Bronson pursued. "Let him be, let him do, what he pleases, you will care just the same, just as much. Are you completely a fool, my dear, and blind as a mole, or — do you see more than we do? That's what I can't make out. I beg your pardon!"

She accepted the cup from her, and helped herself to the bread, and took a seat on the music-stool. She drew the gloves off her beautiful milk-white hands liberally begemmed with diamonds and sapphires, and mechanically folded her bread. She tasted the tea, and continued looking off out of the window. Marie-Aimée brought a cup of tea for herself, and stood in the window-place too, looking off, drinking.

What Mrs. Bronson thought in her long stare at the grave distance from which the light was beginning to depart, she may, as her eye caught the silhouette against it of the other woman's meek, set profile, have perceived the futility of saying. "You have a beautiful view," was her next remark.

Marie-Aimée deplored its not being to-day at its best; she described it by touches, when finest. And they talked a while like parties to the most ordinary call, of views, flats, and so forth, but in intonations so curiously detached and melancholy that they might have been ghosts talking over a tragedy that had its end three centuries ago.

Suddenly, over the roofs, flashed an arc of light, splendid; strings of lamp-like jewels, red and green and golden, publishing to earth and sky the name of an actor and of a melodrama. Mrs. Bronson looked at her watch, set down her cup, and rose.

"So I shall go as I came," she said; "I had thought I had such things to say to you, Miss Nevers, so to the point, so irrefutable, that you could not but listen to me. I thought that the fact that it was I who came to you and said

them would have its weight. I meant, at a pinch, Miss Nevers, to demand of you to leave, at all events to break off relations with Anthony. But now, see, I am going, and I have demanded nothing. I am all adrift. You have taken me out beyond my depth. You shall do as you feel right. As for me, I don't know. I have not a heart to lead me, as you have. I have only my common share of hard worldly sense, and you have made me feel that it might be unsafe sometimes to trust it. Do as you please. I don't know! I don't know! Perhaps it is you who are right, you who love him, and all we who are fools."

In Marie-Aimée's face, which her eyes were intently interrogating as she spoke this, Mrs. Bronson could not fail to read a perplexity equal to her own, but coupled with a forlornness such as her own nature could never match, no, not if Fate should place her alone on a storm-beaten rock in mid-ocean — as Marie-Aimée might have been imagined standing, with that face. Marie-Aimée drew in the air through her lips, till her shoulders were lifted, and let it out in a great sigh.

"Ah, we are poor things all!" Mrs. Bronson agreed, with an echo of the sigh; and repeated that gesture of pressing her hand to her eyes, not to hide tears, but as part of an attempt to concentrate the mental vision upon those mysteries in life which offer the effect of blank impenetrable walls. She tore away her hand almost at once, her brief pantomime declaring the uselessness of trying to understand anything, verily, of all that happens in this sorrowful world; and whether in mockery of it, or of herself, or in the wish merely to effect a change in the current of their thoughts, struck a startling, brilliant chord on the piano under her hand; and while it still vibrated, another, and another, and executed a cadenza that seemed to laugh aloud and shake fool's-bells.

"Do you remember," she sat fairly down before the keyboard, and preluded while she talked, "the last time? After that scene of blood and tears, you poor sweet thing, how you played for me, so dearly obliging as you were? And polonaises and waltzes you played; as well as elegies and nocturnes. And then I played and then you played. You played and played, my dear, till you had missed an engagement. I shall miss one now if I don't hurry off instantly, but let it be missed. I shall count it well done, if you will sit down here a moment and play for me."

"Oh," moaned Marie-Aimée, putting up the ever-willing hands, like a martyr in prayer, "don't ask me. And don't take it ill if I can't. It's not the same thing any longer." She let her head hang; "I haven't the heart for it tonight."

"I am a beast!" said Mrs. Bronson heartily, and without adding a note further to the musical phrase she was in the middle of, jumped up, sick at herself. And feeling of so little importance before depths of woe such as she suspected near her that it mattered nothing whether she apologized, she pressed Marie-Aimée's hand with all her strength, and murmuring, "I will take myself away," made haste to be gone.

Mrs. Bronson was conscious of a vast relief, by which she first learned in what suspense she had been living, when a few days later she recognized Marie-Aimée's hand-writing on a letter to her. She read:

"I went, you see, after all. I am at my sister's, to remain with her and the dear children until I have thought further what I had better do. You were right in wishing me to go, though not perhaps for the reasons you gave. My thoughts are not at all clear upon the subject of the rightness or wrongness of what I was doing then, or what I have done since. I felt sure I was justified against the whole world, and even now I find no good argument against it. Only, it came home to me that I who used to love everyone and have only feelings of kindness towards others, was fast coming to hate everybody, myself most, and it seemed a sufficient sign. But you won't think that was quite all. I did also think of you, who perhaps — which of us knows her own heart? — care more than you believe. Very likely not. But on the barest possibility of the sort, how could I continue obstinately fixed in my position?

"And now, lest the sympathy you showed me be troubled on my account, I want you to be sure that I shall not be unhappy. For one thing, because there is something strangely compensating in the assurance a person may gain that the one she loves is never, to the edge of doom, to lack the whole love of at least one heart; and then, because I believe you will grant a request I am about to make, oh, more humbly and supplicatingly than pen and ink can show: which is that you will try to see him more truly, to discern what is good and lovable in him; and that — I find it difficult. Yet why? Let me seem brazen and indelicate, I will finish. I have thought I divined that he is a pensioner of yours, and sometimes a straightened one. It cannot be but that you are by nature as generous as you are kind, nothing else would accord with your forehead and eyes. I can only think that you have imagined things about him, that his marriage perhaps was mercenary, and this has been your revenge. Do

differently hereafter. Show him and yourself this respect. Grudge him not the independence and the honors that beseem the state of the lion growing old. For, do not deceive yourself, he has been great. Those upon whom God bestows such a gift are marked for the reverence of others.

"You will forgive my meddling and will do what I ask? You asked me to go, and I went. You could not demand it, nor can I demand this. Yet let it be as a bargain between us, will you?

"For your infinite kindness and gentleness and generosity to myself, receive the assurance of my utmost gratitude; and for the affection you were so good as to say you feel for me, a return of affection which is of sufficient strength, I believe, to outlast all that divides us.

Marie-Aimée."

Mrs. Bronson kissed the name, like a schoolgirl; but glancing back over the letter could not repress a laugh tinged with disdain as the thought presented itself: "She wishes to provide against his missing her. Oh, the poor child, how well she knows him, after all!" Rising to the noblest height of her nature, she determined to set the figure of Anthony Bronson's income, as near as her fortune permitted, at what should represent her own estimate of his loss in Marie-Aimée; at the same time reflecting that very much less — but very much less, indeed — would quite as effectually have kept him from missing her overmuch.

VERSES

BY

A. E. HOUSMAN

There pass the careless people
  That call their souls their own:
Here by the road I loiter,
  How idle and alone.

Ah, past the plunge of plummet,
  In seas I cannot sound,
My heart and soul and senses,
  World without end, are drowned.

His folly has not fellow
  Beneath the blue of day
That gives to man or woman
  His heart and soul away.

There flowers no balm to sain him
  From east of earth to west
That's lost for everlasting
  The heart out of his breast.

Here by the laboring highway
  With empty hands I stroll:
Sea-deep, till doomsday morning
  Lie lost my heart and soul.

From "A Shropshire Lad."

MY ELECTION TO THE SENATE

BY

CARL SCHURZ

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

WHEN I arrived in the United States again, the impeachment trial was over and President Johnson had been acquitted. There had indeed not been any revolutionary disturbance, but the public mind was much agitated by what had happened.

I had, since I left Washington, been quietly engaged in editing the Detroit *Post*, when one day in the spring of 1867 I received, quite unexpectedly, a proposition from the proprietors of the *Westliche Post*, a daily journal published in the German language in St. Louis, Missouri, inviting me to join them, and offering me, on reasonable terms, a property interest in their prosperous concern. On further inquiry I found the proposition advantageous, and accepted it. My connection with the Detroit *Post*, which, owing to the excellent character of the persons with whom it brought me into contact, had been most pleasant, was amicably dissolved, and I went to St. Louis to take charge of the new duties.

A particular attraction to me in this new arrangement was the association with Dr. Emil Preetorius, one of the proprietors of the *Westliche Post*. He was a native of the Bavarian Palatinate, the same province in which in 1849 the great popular uprising in favor of the National Constitution of Germany had taken place, and of the town of Alzei, which, according to ancient legend, had been the home of the great fiddler among the heroes of the Nibelungenlied—"Volker von Alzeien," grim Hagen's valiant brother in arms. The town of Alzei still carries a fiddle in its coat of arms. Mr. Preetorius was a few years older than I. He had already won the diploma of Doctor of Laws when the revolution of 1848 broke out. With all the ardor of his soul he threw himself into the movement for free government and had to leave the Fatherland in consequence. But all the idealism of 1848 he brought with him to his new home in America. As a matter of course, he at once embraced the anti-slavery cause with the warmest devotion and became one of the leaders of the German-born citizens of St. Louis, who, in the spring of 1861, by their courageous patriotism, saved their city and their State to the Union. He then remained in public life as a journalist and as a speaker of sonorous eloquence.

The Convention of 1868

In the winter of 1867–8, as I have said, I made a visit to Germany. Not long after my return to St. Louis, the Republican State Convention was held for the purpose of selecting delegates for the Republican National Convention which was to meet at Chicago on the 20th of May. I was appointed one of the delegates at large, and at its first meeting the Missouri delegation elected me its chairman. At Chi-

DR. EMIL PRETORIUS

ONE OF THE PROPRIETORS OF THE WESTLICHE POST, THE NEWSPAPER WITH WHICH CARL SCHURZ BECAME ASSOCIATED IN 1867

cago a surprise awaited me which is usually reckoned by men engaged in politics as an agreeable one. The chairman of the Republican National Committee, Mr. Marcus L. Ward, informed me that his committee had chosen me to serve as the temporary chairman of the Republican National Convention. It was an entirely unexpected honor, which I accepted with due appreciation. I made as short a speech as is permissible on such occasions, and, after the customary routine proceedings, surrendered the gavel to the permanent president, General Joseph R. Hawley of Connecticut.

That General Grant would be nominated as the Republican candidate for the presidency was a foregone conclusion. As to the nomination for the vice-presidency, there was a rather tame contest, which resulted in the choice of Schuyler Colfax, the Speaker of the National House of Representatives, who at that time enjoyed much popularity and seemed to have a brilliant future before him, but was fated to be wrecked on the rocks of finance.

When the Committee on Resolutions made its report, I observed with surprise that the proposed platform contained nothing on the subject of an amnesty to be granted to any of the participants in the late rebellion. This omission struck me as a grave blunder. Should the great Republican party go into the next contest for the presidency without, in its profession of faith and its program of policy, holding out a friendly hand to the erring brethren who were to return to their old allegiance, and without marking out for itself a policy of generosity and conciliation? I resolved at once upon an effort to prevent so grievous a mistake by offering an amendment to the platform. Not knowing whether the subject had not been thought of in the committee, or whether a resolution touching it had been debated and voted down there, and deeming it important that my amendment should be adopted by the Convention without a discussion that might have let loose the lingering war passions of some hotheads, I drew up a resolution which did not go as far as I should have liked it to go, but which would substantially accomplish the double object I had in view — the encouragement of well-disposed Southerners and the commitment of the Republican party — without arousing any opposition. It was as follows:

"That we highly commend the spirit of magnanimity and forbearance with which men who have served in the rebellion, but who now frankly and honestly coöperate with us in

From the collection of F. H. Meserve

SCHUYLER COLFAX

WHO WAS ELECTED VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES ON THE REPUBLICAN TICKET OF 1868

ULYSSES S. GRANT

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1869, THE YEAR OF HIS FIRST INAUGURATION

restoring the peace of the country and reconstructing the Southern State governments upon the basis of impartial justice and equal rights, are received back into the communion of the loyal people; and we favor the removal of the disqualifications and restrictions imposed upon the late rebels in the same measure as the spirit of disloyalty will die out, and as may be consistent with the safety of the loyal people."

The resolution received general applause when it was read to the Convention, and, as I had hoped, it was adopted and made a part of the platform without a word of adverse debate.

Grant, the Candidate of the Whole Republic

The presidential campaign of 1868 was not one of uncommon excitement or enthusiasm.

The Republican candidate, General Grant, was then at the height of his prestige. He had never been active in politics and never identified himself with any political party. Whether he held any settled opinions on political questions, and, if so, what they were, nobody could tell with any assurance. But people were willing to take him for the presidency, just as he was. It is quite probable, and it has frequently been said, that, had the Democrats succeeded in "capturing" him as their candidate, he would have been accepted with equal readiness on that side. He was one of the most striking examples in history of the military hero who is endowed by the popular imagination with every conceivable capacity and virtue. People believed in perfectly good faith that the man who had commanded such mighty armies, and conducted such brilliant campaigns, and won such great battles, must necessarily be able and wise and energetic enough to lead in the solution of any problem of civil government; that he who had performed great tasks of strategy in the field must be fitted to accomplish great tasks of statesmanship in the forum or in the closet.

HORATIO SEYMOUR

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT IN THE CAMPAIGN OF 1868

FRANCIS PRESTON BLAIR

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT IN THE CAMPAIGN OF 1868

General Grant had the advantage of such presumptions in the highest degree, especially as he had, in addition to his luster as a warrior, won a reputation for wise generosity and a fine tact in fixing the terms of Lee's surrender and in quietly composing the disagreements which had sprung from the precipitate action of General Sherman in treating with the Confederate General Johnston. On the whole, the country received the candidacy of General Grant as that of a deserving and a safe man.

On the other hand, the Democratic party had not only to bear the traditional odium of the sympathy of some of its prominent members with the rebellion, which at that time still counted for much, but it managed to produce an especially unfavorable impression by the action of its convention. Its platform stopped but little short of advocating violence to accomplish the annulment of the reconstruction laws adopted by Congress, and it demanded the payment of a large part of the national debt in depreciated greenbacks. The floundering search for a candidate and the final forcing of the nomination upon the unwilling, weak, and amiable Horatio Seymour presented an almost ludicrous spectacle of helplessness, while the furious utterances of the fiery Frank Blair, the candidate for

the vice-presidency, sounded like the wild cries of a madman bent upon stirring up another revolution when the people wanted peace. The Democrats were evidently riding for a fall.

I was called upon for a good many speeches in the campaign, and had large and enthusiastic audiences. One of the experiences I had in this campaign I remember with especial pleasure. The movement in favor of paying off national bonds, not in coin, but in depreciated paper money, which found advocacy in the Democratic platform, was in fact not confined to the ranks of the Democratic party. Although the Republican Convention had in its platform sternly declared against any form of repudiation, yet that movement found supporters among the Republicans, too, especially among people of confused moral notions, small politicians eager to win a cheap popularity by catering to questionable impulses, and politicians of higher rank nervously anxious to catch every popular breeze and inclined to bend to it whenever it seemed to blow with some force.

An Appeal to the Plain People

In the early part of the campaign I was asked

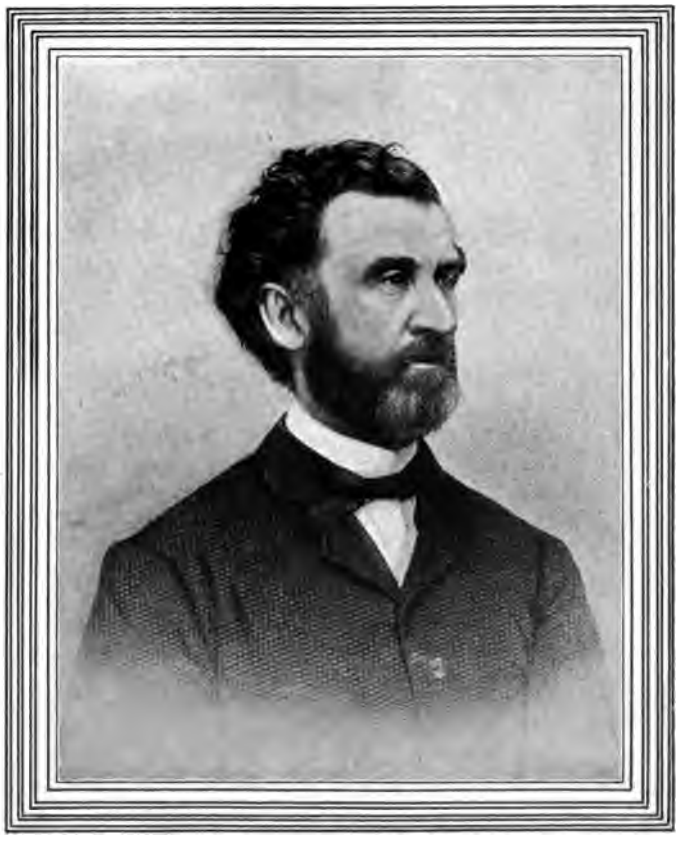
JOHN B. HENDERSON

ONE OF THE SEVEN REPUBLICAN SENATORS WHOSE VOTES DEFEATED THE IMPEACHMENT OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON. HE WAS SUCCEEDED IN THE SENATE BY CARL SCHURZ

to make a series of speeches in Indiana, and to begin with an outdoor mass-meeting at a little place — if I remember rightly its name was Corydon — near the Illinois line, at which a large number of farmers were expected. While a great crowd was gathering, I dined at the village hotel with the members of the local committee. They seemed to have something on their minds, which finally came forth, apparently with some hesitation. One of them, after a few minutes of general silence, turned to me with a very serious mien, as if he had to deliver an important message, saying that they thought it their duty to inform me of a peculiar condition of the public mind in that region: that the people around there were all, Republicans as well as Democrats, of the opinion that all the United States bonds should be paid off in greenbacks and that an additional quantity of greenbacks should be issued for that purpose; that there was much feeling on that question, and that they, the committee, would earnestly ask me, if I could not conscientiously advocate the same policy, at least not to mention the subject in my speech.

Having been informed that there had been a good deal of greenback talk in that neighborhood, I was not surprised. But I thought it a good opportunity to administer a drastic lesson to my chicken-hearted party friends. "Gentlemen," I said, "I have been invited here to preach Republican doctrines to your people. The Democratic platform advocates the very policy which you say is favored by your people. The Republican platform emphatically condemns that policy. I think it is barefaced, dishonest, rascally repudiation. If your people favor this, they stand in eminent need of a good, vigorous talking to. But if you, the committee managing this meeting, do not want me to speak my mind on this subject, I shall not speak at all. I shall leave instantly, and you may do with the meeting as you like."

It was as if a bombshell had dropped among my committee-men. They were in great consternation and cried out accordingly. I had



SENATOR CHARLES D. DRAKE

WHOM CARL SCHURZ MET IN JOINT DEBATE, WHILE RUNNING AGAINST DRAKE'S CANDIDATE FOR THE MISSOURI SENATORSHIP

been announced as the principal speaker. A large number of people had come to hear me. If I left, there would be a great disappointment which would hurt the party. But I did not mean it — did I?

I assured them that I was in dead earnest. I would stay and speak only on condition that I should feel at perfect liberty to express my convictions straightforwardly and impressively. They looked at one another as if in great doubt what to do, and then, after a whispered consultation, told me that, of course, if I insisted, they must let me have my way; but they begged me to "draw it mild." I replied that I could not promise to "draw it mild," but that I believed they were mistaken in thinking that their people, if properly told the truth, would favor the rascally policy of repudiation. They shook their heads and sighed, and "hoped there would be no row."

The meeting was very large, mostly plain country people, men and women. The committee-men sat on the platform on both sides of me, with anxious faces, evidently doubtful of what would happen. I had put the audience in sympathetic temper when in the due order of my speech I reached the bond question. Then I did not "draw it mild." I described the circumstances under which the bonds were sold by our government and bought by our creditors: the rebellion at the height of its strength; our armies in the field suffering defeat after defeat; our regular revenues sadly insufficient to cover the expenses of the war; our credit at a low ebb; a gloomy cloud of uncertainty hanging over our future. These were the circumstances under which our government called upon our own citizens and upon the world abroad for loans of money. The people whom we then called bondholders lent their money upon our promise that the money should be paid back in coin. They did so at a great risk, for if we had failed in the war, they might have lost all or much of what they had lent us. Largely owing to the help they gave us in our extremity, we succeeded. And now are we to turn round and denounce them as speculators and bloodsuckers, and say that we will not give them in the day of success and prosperity what we promised them in the day of our need and distress? Would not that be downright knavery and a crime before God and men?

When I had advanced thus far, cries of "shame! shame!" came from the audience. Then I began to denounce the vile politicians who advocated such a disgraceful course, first the Democrats who had made such an ignominious proposition a part of their platform, and then the Republicans who, believing that such a movement might develop some popular strength, had cowardly bent their knees to it. By this time my hearers were thoroughly warmed up, and when I opened my whole vocabulary of strong language, in all parts of the crowd arose such cries as "You are right!" "Bully for you!" "Give it to them!" "Hit them again!" and other ebullitions of the unsophisticated mind; and when I added that I had been told the whole population of this region were in favor of that crime of repudiating the honest debts of the republic, and that I had in their name repelled the charge as a dastardly slander, my hearers broke out in a storm of applause and cheers lasting long enough to give me time to look round at my committee-men, who returned my gaze with a smile of pitiable embarrassment on their faces.

The Moral Cowardice of Politicians a National Danger

When my speech was over, I asked them what they now thought of the repudiation sentiment in their neighborhood. Ah, they had "never been so astonished in their lives." One of them attempted to compliment me upon my "success in so quickly turning the minds of those people." But I would not let them have that consoling conception of the facts, and answered that I had not turned the minds of those people at all; that their feelings and impulses were originally honest; that I had only called forth a manifestation of that original honesty; and that if the local political leaders had believed in the original honesty of the people and courageously stood up for truth and right instead of permitting themselves to be frightened by a rascally agitation and of pusillanimously pandering to it, they would have had the same experience.

In fact, the same experience has repeated itself in the course of my political activity again and again until a late period. I have had an active part in a great many political campaigns and probably addressed as many popular meetings as any man now living; and I have always found that whenever any public question under public discussion had in it any moral element, an appeal to the moral sense of the people proved uniformly the most powerful argument. I do not, of course, mean to say that there were not at all times many persons accessible to selfish motives and liable to yield to the seduction of the opportunity for unrighteous gain, and that such evil influences were not at times hard to overcome. But with the majority of the people, notably the "plain people"— using the term in the sense in which Abraham Lincoln was wont to use it — I found the question "is

this morally right?" to have ultimately more weight than the question "will this be profitable?"

We have, indeed, sometimes witnessed so-called "crazes" in favor of financial policies that were essentially immoral, such as the 'inflation craze" and the "silver craze," gaining an apparently almost irresistible momentum among the people. But that was not owing to a real and wide-spread demoralization of the popular conscience, but rather to an artful presentation of the question which covered up and disguised the moral element in it, and so deceived the unsophisticated understanding, and also to the cowardice of politicians of high as well as low rank, who, instead of courageously calling things by their right names, would, against their better convictions, yield to what they considered a strong current of opinion, for fear of jeopardizing their personal popularity. I have seen men of great ability and high standing in the official world do the most astonishing things in this respect when they might, as far as their voices could be heard, have easily arrested the vicious heresies by a bold utterance of their true opinions. The moral cowardice of the politicians is one of the most dangerous ailments of democracies.

ALEXANDER T. STEWART

IN WHOSE BEHALF PRESIDENT GRANT ASKED CONGRESS TO SUSPEND THE ACT ESTABLISHING THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT

Missouri Retires Senator Henderson

To me the Republican victory brought a promotion which I had not anticipated while I was active in the campaign. One of the United States Senators from Missouri, Mr. John B. Henderson, had voted in the impeachment trial for the acquittal of President Johnson. He was a gentleman of superior ability and of high character, but he had voted for the acquittal of

Andrew Johnson. He had done so for reasons entirely honorable and entirely consistent with his principles and convictions of right, but in disregard of the feelings prevalent among his constituents and in spite of a strong pressure brought upon him by hosts of Republicans in his own State; and as his term as a Senator was just then expiring, this clash was fatal to his prospects of a reëlection. The warmest of his friends frankly recognized the absolute impossibility of keeping him in his place.

Indeed, all the Republican Senators who had voted for Johnson's acquittal found themselves more or less at variance with their party in their respective States; but Republicanism in Missouri was in one respect somewhat different from Republicanism elsewhere. In Missouri a large part of the population had joined the rebellion. The two parties in the Civil War had not been geographically divided. The Civil War had therefore had the character of a neighborhood war — in Missouri it was not only State against State, or district against district, but house against house. The bitter animosities of the civil conflict survived in Missouri much longer than in the northern States, and any favor shown to "the traitor" Andrew Johnson appeared to the great mass of Missouri Republicans simply unpardonable.

The immediate consequence of Mr. Henderson's course was that his colleague in the Senate, Mr. Charles D. Drake, obtained a directing influence in the party which for the moment seemed to be undisputed. Senator Drake was an able lawyer and an unquestionably honest man, but narrow-minded, dogmatic, and intolerant to a degree. He aspired to be the Republican "boss" of the State — not, indeed, as if he had intended to organize a machine for the purpose of enriching himself or his henchmen. Corrupt schemes were absolutely foreign to his mind. He merely wished to be the recognized authority dictating the policies of his party and controlling the federal offices in Missouri. This ambition overruled with him all others.

Senator Drake was of small stature, but he planted his feet upon the ground with demonstrative firmness. His face, framed with grey hair and a short, stubby white beard and marked with heavy eyebrows, usually wore a stern and often even a surly expression. His voice had a rasping sound, and his speech, slow and peremptory, was constantly accompanied with a vigorous shake of the forefinger which meant laying down the law. I do not know to what religious denomination he belonged; but he gave the impression that no religion would be satisfactory to him that did not provide for a well-kept hell-fire to roast sinners and heretics. Still, he was said to be very kind and genial in his family and in the circle of his intimate friends. But in politics he was inexorable. I doubt whether, as a leader, he was ever really popular with the Republican rank and file in Missouri. But certain it is that most of the members of his party, especially in the country districts, stood much in awe of him.

How Schurz Became a Candidate

Mr. Drake, very naturally, wished to have at his side, in the place of Mr. Henderson, a colleague sympathizing with him and likely to shape his conduct according to Senator Drake's wishes. He chose General Ben Loan of the western part of the State, a gentleman of excellent character, and respectable but not uncommon abilities. Senator Drake permitted it to go forth as a sort of decree of his that Mr. Loan should be elected to the Senate, and, although the proposition did not seem to meet with any hearty response in the State, he would have been so elected, had not another candidacy intervened.

It happened in this wise: I was a member of a little club consisting of a few gentlemen of the same way of thinking in politics, who dined together and discussed current events once or twice a month. At one of those dinners, soon after the presidential election of 1868, the conversation turned upon the impending election of Senator Henderson's successor and the candidacy of Mr. Drake's favorite, General Loan. We were all agreed in heartily disliking Mr. Drake's kind of statesmanship. We likewise agreed in disliking the prospect of seeing Mr. Drake duplicated in the Senate — indeed fully duplicated — by the election of Mr. Loan. But how prevent it? We all recognized, regretfully, the absolute impossibility of getting the Legislature to reëlect Mr. Henderson. But what other candidate was there to oppose to Mr. Loan? One of our table turned round to me and said: "You!" The others instantly and warmly applauded.

The thought that I, a comparative newcomer in Missouri, should be elected senator in preference to others, who had been among the leaders in the great crisis of the State only a few years ago, seemed to me extravagant, and I was by no means eager to expose myself to what I considered almost certain defeat. But my companions insisted, and I finally agreed that a "feeler" might be put out in the *Globe-Democrat*, the leading Republican journal in St. Louis, of which Colonel William M. Grosvenor, a member of our little table-company, was the editor in chief. The number of Republican papers in the State which responded

approvingly was surprisingly large, and I soon found myself in the situation of an acknowledged candidate for the senatorship "in the hands of his friends." It seemed that when "stumping" the State in the last campaign, I had won more favor with the country people than I myself was aware of. Still, my chances of success would have been slim, had not my principal adversary, Senator Drake, appeared in person upon the scene.

When he learned that my candidacy was developing strength, he hurried from Washington to Jefferson City, the capital of Missouri, to throw the weight of his personal influence with the Legislature into the scale against me. By his side appeared General Loan. There was then perfect justification for me to be on the ground with some of my friends. My manager was Colonel Grosvenor, the editor of the *Globe-Democrat*, an uncommonly bright, genial, active, and energetic young man. I could not have had a more efficient and more faithful champion, or a more skilful tactician. In their talks with members of the Legislature my opponents were reckless in the extreme. They denounced me as a foreign intruder, as a professional revolutionist, as a "German infidel," as a habitual drunkard, and what not.

Our plan of campaign was very simple: Not a word against my competitor, General Loan; no champagne or whisky, nor even cigars; no noisy demonstrations; no promises of offices or other pledges in case of my election; but a challenge to General Loan and also to Senator Drake, if he would accept it, to meet me in public debate before the day when the caucus of the Republican majority for the nomination of a senatorial candidate was to be held. The campaign attracted much attention throughout the North and was commented upon in the newspapers, mostly in my favor. There were some symptoms of friendly zeal in my behalf. My friend Sigismund Kaufmann in New York telegraphed to me that if I needed any money for my campaign he would put $10,000 at my disposal. I telegraphed back my thanks, but declined the money, since I had no use for it. My reliance was upon the public debate.

A Joint Debate for a Senatorship

Senator Drake accepted the challenge for himself and General Loan. Arrangements were made for two meetings on two consecutive evenings. On the first evening I was to open with a speech of a certain length, and on the second evening Loan and Drake were to answer me, and I was to close. The announcement, as it went over the State, attracted from the country districts—as well as the cities—so many of the friends of the two candidates who wished to witness what they considered a great event, that the hotels of the State capital were crowded to the utmost.

Remembering the debate between Lincoln and Douglas at Quincy, Illinois, to which I had listened ten years before, I kept my opening speech in a calm, somewhat tame defensive tone, reserving my best ammunition for my closing argument and putting forth in a somewhat challenging manner only a few sharp points which I wished Drake to take up the next evening. The effect of my speech was satisfactory in a double sense. My supporters were well pleased with the courtesy and moderation with which I had stated my position and repelled certain attacks, and Mr. Drake was jubilant. He could not conceal his anticipation of triumph. Before a large crowd he said in a loud voice: "That man was described to me as a remarkable orator, something like Cicero and Demosthenes combined. But what did we hear? A very ordinary talk. Gentlemen, tomorrow night about this hour General Carl Schurz will be as dead as Julius Cæsar!" When I heard this, I was sure that his speech would be as bitter, overbearing, and dictatorial as I could wish, and that thus he would deliver himself into my hands.

The next evening the great hall of the assembly was crowded to suffocation. General Loan spoke first. His speech was entirely decent in tone but quite insignificant in matter. Its only virtue was its brevity. It received only that sort of applause which any audience will grant to any respectable man's utterance which is not too long and not offensive, even if uttered in a voice too low to be heard.

Senator Drake then mounted the rostrum with a defiant air, as of one who would make short work of his antagonists. After a few remarks concerning his attitude on the negro question, he took me in hand. Who was I, to presume to be a candidate for the Senate? He would, indeed, like to inquire a little into my past career, were it not that he would have to travel too far — to Germany, and to various places in this country, to find out whether there was not much to my discredit. But he had no time for so long a journey, however instructive such a search might be. This insinuation was received by the audience with strong signs of displeasure, which, however, stirred up Mr. Drake to greater energy. Then he launched into a violent attack on the Germans of Missouri, for whose political character and conduct he made me responsible. He denounced them as an ignorant crowd, who did not understand

English, read only their German newspapers, and were led by corrupt and designing rings; as marplots and mischief-makers who could never be counted upon, and whose presence in the Republican party hurt that party more than it helped it. Finally, after having expressed his contempt for the newspapers and the politicians who supported my candidacy, he closed with an elaborate eulogy of General Loan and of himself, the length of which seemed to tire the audience, for it was interrupted by vociferous calls for me coming from all parts of the house. The immediate effect of Mr. Drake's speech was perceptibly unfavorable to him and his candidate — especially his bitter denunciation of the Germans and of a large part of the Republican party which advocated my election, for many members of the Legislature remembered how important an element of their constituency those same Germans formed, and how much their political standing depended on those same newspapers.

When I rose, the audience received me with a round of uproarious cheers. I succeeded in putting myself into relations of good humor even with my opponents by introducing myself as "a young David who, single-handed and without any weapon except his sling and a few pebbles in his pouch, had to meet in combat two heavily armed Goliaths at once." The audience laughed and cheered again. I next brushed away Mr. Loan's "harmless" speech with a few polite phrases and "passed from the second to the principal."

I then proceeded to take the offensive against Mr. Drake in good earnest. To the great amusement of my hearers I punctured with irony and ridicule the pompous pretence that he was the father of the new constitution with which Missouri was blessed. I took up his assault upon the Germans. I asked the question, "Who was it that at the beginning of the war took prisoners the rebel force assembled in camp Jackson and thus saved St. Louis and the State to the Union, and who was foremost on all the bloody fields in Missouri?" The whole audience shouted "The Germans! The Germans!" I asked where Mr. Drake was in those critical days, and answered that having been a Democrat before the war, pleading the cause of slavery, he sat quietly in his law office, coolly calculating when it would be safe for him to pronounce himself openly for the Union, while the Germans were shedding their blood for that Union. This was a terrible thrust.

My unfortunate victim nervously jumped to his feet and called my friend, General McNeil, who was present, to witness that the General himself advised him to stay quietly at home, because he could do better service there than twenty men in the field. Whereupon General McNeil promptly answered: "Yes, but that was long after the beginning of the war" — an answer which made Mr. Drake sink back into his chair, while the meeting burst out in a peal of laughter. Soon he rose again to say that I was wrong in imputing to him any hostility to the Germans, for he was their friend. My reply instantly followed that then we had to take what he had said of them to-night as a specimen of Mr. Drake's characteristic friendship. The audience again roared with laughter.

But the sharpest arrow was still to be shot. I reviewed the Senator's career as a party leader — how he had hurled his anathema against every Republican who would not take his word as law, thus disgusting and alienating one man after another, and was now seeking to read out of the party every man and every newspaper, among them the strongest journal in the State, that supported me. Almost every sentence drew applause. But when I reached my climax, picturing Mr. Drake as a party leader so thinning out his following that he would finally stand "lonesome and forlorn, surrounded by an immensity of solitude, in desolate self-appreciation," the general hilarity became so boisterous and the cheering so persistent, that I had to wait minutes for a chance to proceed. I closed my speech in a pacific strain. There had been talk that, if I were elected, the unseemly spectacle would be presented of two Senators from the same State constantly quarrelling with one another. I did not apprehend anything of the kind. I was sure that if we ever differed, Senator Drake would respect my freedom of opinion, and I certainly would respectfully recognize his. Our watchword would be: "Let us have peace."

When I had finished there was another outbreak of tumultuous applause and a rush for a handshake, the severest I have ever had to go through. With great difficulty I had to work my way to my tavern and to bed, where I lay long awake hearing the jubilant shouts of my friends on the streets. The first report I received in the morning was that Mr. Drake had quickly withdrawn from last night's meeting before its adjournment, had hurried to his hotel, had asked for his bill and the washing he had given out, and when told that his shirts and collars were not yet dry, had insisted upon having them instantly whether wet or dry, and then had hurried to the railroad station for the night train East. The party-dictatorship was over, and its annihilation was proclaimed by the flight of the dictator.

The Republic's Crowning Honor to an Adopted Son

That same day the caucus of the Republican members of the Legislature took place. I was nominated for the senatorship on the first ballot, and on motion the nomination was made unanimous. My election by the Legislature followed in due course. No political victory was ever more cleanly won. My whole election expenses amounted only to my board bill at the hotel, and absolutely unencumbered by any promise of patronage or other favor I took my seat in the Senate of the United States on the 4th of March, 1869. My colleague, Mr. Drake, courteously escorted me to the chair of the president of the Senate where I took the oath of office.

I remember vividly the feelings which almost oppressed me as I first sat down in my chair in the Senate chamber. Now I had actually reached the exalted public position to which my boldest dreams of ambition had hardly dared to aspire. I was still a young man, just forty. Little more than sixteen years had elapsed since I had landed on these shores, a homeless waif saved from the wreck of a revolutionary movement in Europe. Then I was enfolded in the generous hospitality of the American people, opening to me, as freely as to its own children, the great opportunities of the new world. And here I was now, a member of the highest law-making body of the greatest of republics. Should I ever be able fully to pay my debt of gratitude to this country, and to justify the honors that had been heaped upon me? To accomplish this, my conception of duty could not be pitched too high. I recorded a vow in my own heart that I would at least honestly endeavor to fulfil that duty; that I would conscientiously adhere to the principle "*Salus populi, suprema lex*"; that I would never be a sycophant of power nor a flatterer of the multitude; that, if need be, I would stand up alone for my conviction of truth and right; and that there would be no personal sacrifice too great for my devotion to the republic.

My first official duty was to witness, with the Senate, the inauguration of General Grant as President of the United States. I stood near the same spot from which, eight years before, I had witnessed the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln. It was a remarkable contrast — then the anxious patriot, in the hour of stress, with pathetic tenderness appealing to the wayward children of the nation; now the victorious soldier speaking in the name of the restored national authority. General Grant's inaugural address, evidently his own work, was somewhat crude in style, but breathed a rugged honesty of purpose. With particular rigor it emphasized our obligations to the national creditor — in striking contrast to Mr. Johnson's last annual message, which had stopped little short of advising downright repudiation.

On the whole, General Grant's accession to the presidency was welcomed by almost everybody with a sense of relief. It put an end to the unseemly, not to say scandalous brawl between the executive and the legislative branches of the national government, which at times came near threatening the peace of the country. It was justly expected to restore the government to its proper dignity and to furnish, if not a brilliant, at least a highly decent and efficient business administration. As General Grant had really not owed his nomination to any set of politicians, nor even, strictly speaking, to his identification with a political party, he enjoyed an independence of position which offered him peculiarly favorable possibilities for emancipating the public service from the grasp of the spoils politician, and the friends of civil service reform looked up to him with great hope.

It was not unnatural that in the absolute absence of political experience he should not only have had much to learn concerning the nature and conduct of civil government, but that he should also have had much to unlearn of the mental habits and the ways of thinking he had acquired in the exercise of almost unlimited military command. This was strikingly illustrated by some remarkable incidents.

A. T. Stewart and the Law of the Treasury

As usual, the nominations made by the President for Cabinet offices were promptly ratified by the Senate without being referred to any committee. But after this had been done, it was remembered and reported to President Grant that one of the nominees so confirmed, Mr. A. T. Stewart of New York, whom President Grant had selected for the secretaryship of the treasury, as a person engaged in commerce, was disqualified by one of the oldest laws on the statute-book — in fact, the act of September 2, 1789, establishing the Treasury Department. That this law, which provided that the Treasury Department, having the administration of the custom houses under its control, should not have at its head a merchant or importer in active business, was an entirely proper, indeed, a necessary one, had never been questioned. The next morning, March 6th, I had occasion to call upon President Grant for the purpose of presenting to him a congratulatory message from certain citizens of St. Louis. I found him alone, engaged in writing something on a half-sheet of

note-paper. "Mr. President," I said, "I see you are busy, and I do not wish to interrupt you. My business can wait." "Never mind," he answered, "I am only writing a message to the Senate." My business was quickly disposed of, and I withdrew.

In the course of that day's session of the Senate a message from the President was brought in, in which, after quoting the statute of September 2, 1789, the President asked that Mr. Stewart be exempted by joint resolution of the two Houses of Congress from the operation of the law which stood in Mr. Stewart's way. There were some signs of surprise among Senators when the message was read, but Mr. Sherman at once asked unanimous consent to introduce a bill in accordance with the President's wish. But Mr. Sumner objected to the immediate consideration thereof because of its great importance. This stopped further proceedings, and the bill was laid on the table never to be heard of again. However, the President's message had evidently made an impression, and there was forthwith a little council held in the cloakroom, which agreed that some Senator should without delay go to see Mr. Elihu B. Washburn, the new Secretary of State, who was General Grant's intimate friend, and urgently ask him to suggest to the President that, while there was now perfect good feeling all round, it would be prudent for him to drop Mr. Stewart and to abstain from demanding the suspension or the repeal of good laws which he found in his way. Whether Mr. Washburn did carry this admonition to President Grant, I do not know. Probably he did, for Mr. Stewart was promptly dropped. Mr. Boutwell of Massachusetts was made Secretary of the Treasury in Mr. Stewart's place, and the repeal or suspension of the old law was never again heard of.

A Governor's Right to His Staff

So this incident passed, harmless. But the cloakroom of the Senate, where Senators amused one another with the gossip of the day, continued to buzz with anecdotes about President Grant's curious notions of the nature and functions of civil government. One of these anecdotes, told by a Senator who was considered one of the best lawyers in that body and one of the most jealous of the character of his profession, was particularly significant. He heard a rumor that President Grant was about to remove a Federal judge in one of the territories of the United States. The Senator happened to know that judge as a lawyer of excellent ability and uncommon fitness for the bench, and he went to the President to remonstrate against so extreme a measure as the removal of a judge unless there were cogent reasons for it connected with the administration of the office. President Grant admitted that, as far as he knew, there was no allegation of the unfitness of the judge, as a judge, "but," he added, "the governor of the territory writes me that he cannot get along with that judge at all, and is very anxious to be rid of him; and I think the governor is entitled to have control of his staff." The Senator closed his story by saying that he found it to be a delicate as well as a difficult job to make the great general in the chair of the President of the United States understand how different the relations between a territorial governor and a Federal judge were from those between a military commander and his staff officers. The anecdote was received by the listeners with a laugh, but the mirth was not far from apprehension. However, there being sincere and perfect goodwill on both sides, things went on pleasantly in the expectation that the military hero at the head of the government would learn what he needed to know and that the men in places of political power would treat him with due consideration and fairness.

Grant Presses for San Domingo Annexation

It was a few days later when I met President Grant at an evening reception given by Colonel Forney, the Secretary of the Senate. I was somewhat surprised when I saw the President coming toward me from the opposite side of the room, saying: "Senator, you have not called to see me at the White House for some time, and I have been wanting to speak to you." All I could say in response was that I was very sorry to have missed a conversation I might have had with him, but that I knew him to be a busy man who should not be robbed of his time by merely conventional visits. He repeated that he wished very much to see me. Would I not call upon him at my earliest convenience some evening? I put myself at once at his service, and went to the White House the next night. He received me in the library room and invited me to sit with him on a sofa. He plunged forthwith into the subject he had at heart. "I hear you are a member of the Senate committee that has the San Domingo treaty under consideration," he said, "and I wish you would support the treaty. Won't you do that?" I thought it would be best not to resort to any circumlocution in answering so pointblank a summons, but to be entirely frank. I said I should be sincerely happy to act with his administration whenever and wherever I conscientiously could, but in this case, I was sorry to confess, I was not able to do as he wished,

because I was profoundly convinced it would be against the best interests of the republic. Then I gave him some of my dominant reasons; in short, acquisition and possession of such tropical countries with indigestible, unassimilable populations would be highly obnoxious to the nature of our republican system of government; it would greatly aggravate the racial problems we had already to contend with; those tropical islands would, owing to their climatic conditions, never be predominantly settled by people of Germanic blood; this federative republic could not, without dangerously vitiating its vital principles, undertake to govern them by force, while the populations inhabitating them could not be trusted with a share in governing our country; to the difficulties we had under existing circumstances to struggle with in our Southern States, much greater and more enduring difficulties would be added; and for all this the plan offered absolutely no compensating advantages. Moreover, the conversations I had had with Senators convinced me that the treaty had no chance of receiving the two-thirds vote necessary for its confirmation, and I sincerely regretted to see his administration expose itself to a defeat which, as I thought, was inevitable.

The Liveryman and the Foreign Mission

I spoke with the verve of sincere conviction, and at first the President listened to me with evident interest, looking at me as if the objections to the treaty which I expressed were quite new to him and made an impression on his mind. But after a little while I noticed that his eyes wandered about the room, and I became doubtful whether he listened to me at all. When I had stopped, he sat silent for a minute or two. I, of course, sat silent too, waiting for him to speak. At last he said in a perfectly calm tone, as if nothing had happened: "Well, I hope you will at least vote for the confirmation of Mr. Jones, whom I have selected for a foreign mission."

I was very much taken aback by this turn of the conversation. Who was Mr. Jones? If the President had sent his nomination to the Senate, it had escaped me. I had not heard of a Mr. Jones as a nominee for a foreign mission. What could I say? The President's request that I should vote for Mr. Jones sounded so child-like and guileless, at the same time implying an apprehension that I might not vote for the confirmation of Mr. Jones, which he had evidently much at heart, that I was sincerely sorry that I could not promptly answer "Yes." I should have been happy to please the President. But I had to tell him the truth. So I gathered myself together and replied that I knew nothing of Mr. Jones, either by personal acquaintance or by report; that it was the duty of the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire into the qualifications for diplomatic service of the persons nominated for foreign missions and to report accordingly to the Senate, and that if Mr. Jones was found to possess those qualifications, it would give me the most genuine pleasure to vote for him. This closed the conference.

A few days later there was a meeting of the Committee on Foreign Relations. After having disposed of some other business, Charles Sumner, its chairman, said in his usual grave tone: "Here is the President's nomination of Mr. Jones for the mission to Brussels. Can any member of the committee give us any information concerning Mr. Jones?" There was a moment's silence. Then Senator Morton of Indiana, a sarcastic smile flickering over his face — I see him now before me — replied: "Well, Mr. Jones is about the most elegant gentleman that ever presided over a livery stable." The whole committee, except Mr. Sumner, broke out in a laugh. Sumner, with unbroken gravity, asked whether any other member of the committee could give any further information. There was none. Whereupon Mr. Sumner suggested that the nomination be laid over for further inquiry, which was done.

At a subsequent meeting the committee took up the case of Mr. Jones again. It was a matter of real embarrassment to every one of us. We all wished to avoid hurting the feelings of President Grant. There had been no malice in Senator Morton's remark about the elegant gentleman presiding over a livery stable. Morton was one of the staunchest administration men, but he simply could not resist the humor of the occasion. I do not recollect what the result of the "further inquiry" was. I have a vague impression that Mr. Jones turned out to be in some way connected with the street-car lines in Chicago, and to have had much to do with horses, which was supposed to be the link of sympathy between him and President Grant. However reluctant the committee was to wound the President's feelings in so personal a matter, yet it did not think it consistent with its sense of duty and dignity positively to recommend to the Senate to confirm the nomination of Mr. Jones. It therefore, if I remember rightly, reported it back to the Senate without any recommendation, whereupon the Senate indulgently ratified it.

THE FOREGOING ARTICLE WILL BE THE LAST OF THE CARL SCHURZ REMINISCENCES TO APPEAR IN MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE. THE WRITING OF THE MEMOIRS WAS BROKEN OFF AT THIS POINT BY MR. SCHURZ' DEATH, WHICH OCCURRED IN 1906. A CONCLUSION TO THE SERIES, COMPILED BY MR. FREDERIC BANCROFT FROM CARL SCHURZ' NOTES AND LETTERS, WILL APPEAR IN VOLUME III OF THE BOOK, WHICH WILL BE ISSUED IN THE FALL.

A CAVALRY PEGASUS

BY

WILL ADAMS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

THE orderly-room was quiet; only the clicking of the Troop Clerk's type-writer broke the stillness in sharp taps. Captain Campbell and Sergeant Stone were at their desks, absorbed in papers. Presently Stone pushed his work aside, and, hunting in a pigeonhole, brought forth a grimy bundle.

"Are you interested in poetry, sir?" he said. Captain Campbell, *alias* Shorty, sat up, with a snort, and peered over the piled-up findings of a court-martial case. "Am I a love-sick puppy? Do I *look* as if I were interested in poetry?" Shorty's hair was mussed and matted, his flannel shirt (he never wore a coat, if he could help it) was open at the throat, and the dust of the early-morning drill still adhered to his countenance, giving it a curiously gray-veiled appearance — he said he hadn't had time to wash. Stone was forced to admit that his appearance was not poetic.

"Well," he said, "I guess this isn't really poetry — just a stab at it. Shall I read ——"

"Sergeant Stone," interrupted his captain vehemently, "if you've been such an ass as to try to write poetry, I'll be condemned if I keep you as Top of *my* troop. No, don't attempt to explain; I know it all! There's a girl at the bottom of it: there always is. Poetry leads to everything and anything. Soon you'll be neglecting your duties, and then, I warn you, — *I warn you*, — you're busted! 'Member Sergeant Johnson? Good soldier, but very foolish man. Went and got married — what a fool! No good any more. Poetry will do the same for you."

Stone had been trying to stem the torrent. "For the Lord's sake, Captain, what do you take me for? I haven't been writin' any poetry."

"What do you mean, then, insinuating that you have? There's only one man living now who *can* write poetry, but be hanged if I'd want him in my troop."

"Still," said Stone, with his boyish, dimpling grin, "you've a poet in the troop, in spite of you. It's Teddy Ryan."

"Ryan! That freckled kid? Why, he's a pretty fair soldier. Reckon his poetry must be right rotten. Don't believe he knows enough to spell 'cat,' even. What you got there? Hand 'em over, only hurry up. I got to go to headquarters soon. Oh, this is goin' to be a picnic!" Shorty was chuckling over the soiled scraps.

The first one was ominously entitled "Destinny, by Prvt. T. Ryan 5th Mont. Inf. U. S. V. 1898," and set forth:

I do not like my tacks and bacon,
They allus sets my belly aken.
I do not like to tote a gun,
It seems like I was son of one.
And lots of other things they done
to me I do not like at all.

I wish I never had inlisted
My feet is allus gettin' blistered
It's allus drillin drillin drillin
And eating grub that isent fillin.
And that is why I do not wanter stay.
And O By jimminy dont i wish my time
was up and i could get away.

"You bet he did," laughed Shorty. "You read these?" turning to Stone.

"Sure. Aren't they rich? Read 'Soljer and Moskeeter' an' 'To My Hoss.' There's a horse on you in that last."

"Soldier and Mosquito" proved to be a dialogue.

SOLJER AND MOSKEETER

Soljer says:
"When we do go to bed
We do try to sleep instead
Of lyeing awake.
But we cannot for you kno
The pesky moskeeto
Our blood does take."

"'ARE YOU INTERESTED IN POETRY, SIR?' HE SAID"

Moskeeter says:

"When that feller goes to bed,
he covers up his head
In the dark.
i cannot cannot eat her
so I starve says poor moskeeter,
Grim and stark."

"Soldier seems to be a he an' a she too. An' he is sure impartial," remarked Captain Campbell. "Even a mosquito must have a point of view — darn little nuisances!"

"'Life is one long gorgeous sunset if your head-net works as planned,'" agreed Stone, quoting from the American Mandalay. "Go on an' read 'To My Hoss.' You'll appreciate that."

TO MY HOSS

My hoss is gentle has no fears,
And is slow if you dont ticcle his years.
He has fore long legs and a drawn out hed,
And so is cald a quadruped.

Saturday morning enspection time
i groom my hoss up clene and fine,
But if his saddel aint packed wel,
You bet Shorty gives me hel.

My hoss must be fed before the men,
Wen i dont do it I get hel agen,
My hosses tale is very long
the end of him and the end of my song.

"I know," chuckled Shorty, "what was the inspiration for that second verse. I jumped all over him one Saturday for havin' his canteen on the near side an' his picket-pin upside-down where it would blame well spit him if he should fall on it. He's right he got all that was coming to him. I only got time for one more now — a short one. What shall it be?"

"Try 'Fiting Joe And Dewey'; that's a bit different — might be classed under 'Poems of Ambition'."

Shorty shuffled the papers and read:

FITING JOE AND DEWEY

Theres heaps of places in the world men wud lik to been and see
But i tell you
And I tell you true,
That theres only 2 for me.
Ide like to have worn my Countrys blu
In the calvery riding or holding the tiller
With Fiting joe at San Wan Hill or with Dewey at Manilla.

And the old man says:
"Ive been in slews of battels and ime toting in my shin
A bullit from a johnny-rebils killer,
But I am hail and harty and i wish that I had been
With Fiting joe at San Wan Hill or Dewey at manilla."

"How in Tophet did you come by this stuff, Sergeant?" asked the Captain, as he got up to

put on his small coat, and, on tiptoe before a little hanging mirror, tried, ineffectually, to calm his upstanding hair with the ten-toothed comb of nature.

"Why, sir, Ryan gave 'em to me to read. He came into my room two or three nights ago an' asked me if I wouldn't like to see them. Said he'd written that 'Destinny' quite a time ago, but that all the others were just recently finished; that he'd been writing a lot lately, an' felt as if he just *had* to show 'em to somebody, an' he thought the other fellows would laugh at him. He said I might keep an' read them to anybody I thought would appreciate them. *He* thinks they're Shaksperean."

"Well," said Shorty, grabbing his hat and preparing to bolt, "I have sure appreciated 'em. But, you mark my words, there's a girl behind this. A fellow like Ryan doesn't go squanderin' rhymes for nothin', hombre. Adios." And off shot Shorty, with hands jammed deep in his pockets.

"He's smart, all right," said Stone to himself; "the girl's there. Where the deuce is that bloomin' ode, 'To my Lady-Frend'?" Finding it, he read:

Heaven meant things to go in 2s Cora,
Thats why i am alone unhappy single.
There won't be a bird or animal refuse Cora
Each with other folks to mingle.

So why do you give me the cold sholder Cora
Is it becaws youre shi or love another?
If youd only speak to your deer soljer Cora,
Ide fite a feller if he was my brother.

The moone is shining britely in the ski my Cora deer,
The nite is late the village clock strikes 2.
Yes everything says 2 my years can hear Cora,
And that is why i think of you.

"Poor kid, he seems to be up against it! Wonder where he got that about the village clock? Must have been doin' some promiscious readin'. He said that was the best 'piece' he'd written. I wonder if he — I wonder if she ——" Still wondering, Stone carefully put the precious manuscript away and turned back to work, resolving to corral Private T. Ryan at the first opportunity.

Private T. Ryan proved obliging, however, and came into Stone's room after supper to get his verses and the first sergeant's opinion of them.

"'HE USED LANGUAGE TO ME, SIR, AND I AM HISS SERGEANT'"

"What do I think about 'em, kid? Why, I think they're mighty interestin'. Take a chair. I didn't know you had it in you. But that one about your lady-friend, now; is that straight goods or is it a poet's pipe-dream?"

"It's true, all right. You know who she is, too. Cora Sheean — father's that retired chief trumpeter; lives over back o' the ridin'-hall."

"Cora Sheean! Why, yes, I know who *she* is." Mrs. Sheean did Stone's washing, and he had often seen red-haired Cora, and heard of her, too; for she was the belle of the post in "enlisted" circles. "She's a mighty pretty girl, Ted,— here's luck to you,— but she's so bloomin' popular it's liable to be heavy goin'. You tell me all about it, an' maybe I can help you some"; and Stone began a rapid-fire broadside of questions, in the midst of which arrived John Whitney.

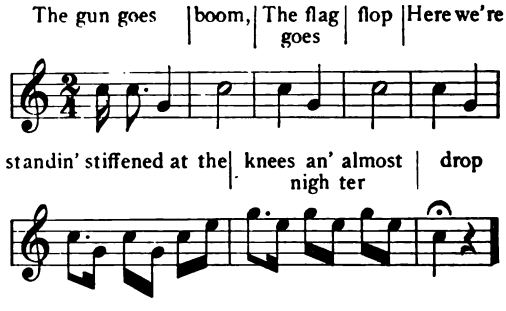
"Howdy," he remarked. "Say, yo' runnin' a pumpin'-station, Jerry?"

"No, I'm not. Now, either you clear out or come in an' help. I showed you Ryan's poetry — an' you remember that one about his lady-friend? Well, it's true, an' he's tellin' me about it. Do you mind his comin' in, kid? He can probably help you better than I can, as he's had so much more experience with Eliz——"

"Shut up! Yo'-all are mighty fond of refe'in' to that lady. I notice yo' get a letter every day yo'self!"

"Set down," said Ryan. "No, I don't mind, but don't you ever let on. There's Hansen, now. He'd devil me all over the place if he caught on."

And so he continued his recital. Yes, Cora had flirted outrageously with him. "But she says she ain't ever goin' ter marry no private; I got ter be a sergeant anyway, or she won't look at me." He was going to hold her to that; he was going to work hard, and there was a good chance, for there would be two non-coms to get their *dis*charge next week. No, he hadn't always been fond of poetry; only this last winter. Will Carleton was a fine poet. "'Member 'bout that feller who fell through the ceilin' into the butter-tub? — or was it a churn he fell in?" But Ella Wheeler Wilcox was the finest poet who ever wrote a line. "So all-fired hot," she was. He had two books full of her things. He always wrote verses when he felt sort of lonely or Cora had been making him mad. "I write 'em about everything. To-day, at Retreat, now, I thought they'd keep us standin' there till kingdom come; an' when them bugles was blowin' the last part, that goes down an' up an' down again twice, an' then has a little wiggle to it, yer know, why, the words to it just popped into my head. Like this": And he sang:



Rhymes came easy when he felt like it. Sometimes he could write 'em when he felt extra *good*, too. It had to be one way or the other; he couldn't write a bit when things were just common. And he was awfully fond of Cora. He'd give up 'most anything he had if

she'd only say she'd marry him. But Hansen was a Q. M. sergeant an' put on dog, an' had re-enlisted pay an' all, an' it cut a big figger with her. He wasn't worried about any of the other fellers; he could beat them out easy; but Hansen had him buffaloed. "An' I say, Sergeant, don't you tell Shorty I want ter get married or he won't do a blame thing for me."

"Sure thing," said Stone, "I won't tell him. But look here, kid; if I can work a pull for you, — an' I'll do the best I can,— will the lady have you, after all?"

"I think I can work it. I believe she's got a fondness for me, but she's that proud she wouldn't never marry nothin' but a sergeant; her father was chief trumpeter, yer know. Say, do please give me a recommend ter Shorty, an' I'll try mer very best ter do the work well an' be a good soldier."

"Glad to hear you say that; 'cause, I warn you, if you don't make a good non-com, you get busted. We can't run this troop on sentiment. Yes, I'll tell the captain I think you'll do for a corporal, if that'll ease your mind any; as for your getting a sergeancy, that's your own lookout later. It all depends on what sort you prove yourself to be. If it isn't the right sort, back you go."

"'I was a corporal wanst; I was rejuiced aftherwards,'" murmured Whitney. "Yes, Ted, I'll tell Shorty, too, that you'd make a good non-com. Will yo' leave yo' vuhses? I want to read 'em again. Goodnight. Next time I see Miss Cora, I'll make yo' ears bu'n." And, as Ryan departed with abject thanks, visibly cheered, Whitney stretched out his hand. "Speakin' of Kiplin', hand over that Lady-Friend yonder—want to learn her; she's a gem. Say, do yo' think Hansen's in earnest over that?"

"Ask me an' I say no. I know that Knudt down to the ground. He isn't the marryin' kind."

"Soldier of fortune, pyo' an' simple, he is," said Whitney; "always on the go; an' do yo' think he's goin' to pin himself down anywhere? Not he. He's only in this for the fun of the thing, an' it's a heap better fo' the little Cora girl if he stays out."

"I'm with you. He couldn't tie up to one girl, never in his bloomin' life. Between you an' me an' the lamp-post, he's goin' to the bad in more ways than one. 'Wine, women, an' song,' an' consequent mix-ups in his accounts. He's gettin' too crooked to stay quartermaster. Shorty's about decided to put him back in the line. Why, only yesterday he came over to me an' said, 'Say, make me out a afferdavid, will you? I lost my carbine.' I knew blame well he hadn't lost it, so I said right quick, 'That so? How much you get for it?'

"'Why,' he says, 'the man only gave me three-fif— Say, Stone, you're darn smart! But help a feller out a bit, won't you? I had to have the money.'

"'No,' I said, 'I won't. You get out of here. I'm not goin' to perjure my soul so's you can have any three-fifteen, or three-fifty, or whatever it was.' The big yap! An', you can bet your life, if it had come down to his carbine, he's been doin' some tall monkeyin' with the accounts an' the troop fund. An' yet, with it all, I can't help liking him; there's so many good things about him. If he's your friend once, he's your friend for always — never knew such a man to stick. He's been awfully good to me when there's no call to be, an' helped me in lots of little ways."

"Yes," said Whitney; "an' the things he's seen, an' the places he's been, an' the messes

he's been mixed up in — an' he knows how to tell it, too. That takes with the little Cora girl, of co'se. Better fo' her, though, if he'd keep away. I like him all right fo' myself, but he's liable to be crooked anywheres. Little Teddy Ryan's clean strain, but he wouldn't show up to much advantage beside Knudt. Dixon goes out to-mo'w; I s'pose that's what yo're thinkin' of fo' the kid. Who gets the sergeancy? Decided?"

"Yep. Melody's jumped, an' Sullivan gets it, but I don't think Shorty's thought of who'd be corporal. I'll try an' fix it in the mornin'."

Accordingly, next morning Stone nominated the poet to be Corporal Ryan.

"What the——!" said Shorty. "I've no use for a poet, I was thinkin' of Terry — what?"

"Well, only that Terry drinks an' Ryan never does. I don't think his verse-makin' will interfere with his duties; it hasn't hitherto, an' if he doesn't make good, we can try some one else."

"Have it your own way, then. The way you run this troop is scandalous. There's not another T. C. in the army who gets bossed by his Top the way I do." And off went Shorty chuckling, having decided two days before that Ryan was to be corporal, and well knowing that Stone would defy even the colonel before he would run counter to an order given by his adored captain.

Two nights later Stone and Whitney were again together.

"Well," said Whitney, "I've just seen the new co'poral goin', in all his glory, to the little Cora girl's. He didn't take long to get his stripes an' chevrons."

"To *get!* What you talkin' about? He had 'em all ready. Stevens saw him take 'em out of his locker already fixed on a new suit."

"That's what I call befo'handed. But the little cuss is so blame happy over it all."

"Yes," said Stone; "happy, an' wooin' the Muse again, too. Hope he don't mix her up with his Cora. Will you look at this? And the length of it? It's an ode to the troop, an' he hasn't left out anybody. Wonder where he got the time to do it all! Read the first three verses an' then the last; they're all you need to waste your time on."

So Whitney read:

OAD TO J TROOP

Come comrads come your carbeans load
While neer and far I sing my oad.
There never was a troop like owers
It does deserve all bueateous flowers.

Ower Captain in the army is the best
But he doesent give you any rest
And sergeants Stone and Whitny is very fine to,
The best sergeants who breth ever drew.

And now I come with unwiling pennence,
To tell you about ower 2 lootennence.
Lootenent Burns a Prints could be,
But Spurs isent neerly as educated as me.

. . . . . .

So galopp on my gallent troop,
Let no one to a bob-tale stoop,
Its prayses sound from East to West
For all agree J troop is best.

Signed,
Corporal T. Ryan
Poet Lariat of J troop
18th U. S. Cav.

"Lariat! Gee Wonder he didn't put 'an' picket-pin.' The second line of that last verse is mighty ambiguous. Do you s'pose he means a hawse or a dishono'able discharge?"

"Don't know," said Stone. "An' look at the last two lines:

Its prayses sound from East to West
For all agree J troop is best.

Sounds like a soap advertisement to me. An' up there about the lieutenants. Wonder if an' 'unwiling pennence' meant a reluctant pen 'cause he didn't care to mention Spurs an' had to have a rhyme?"

"It's likely. But look yere, Jerry. Yo' an' I don't breathe. Our breath draws *us.*"

"Pretty strong breath it must be, then."

"Hush, man! Yo' goin' to show these to Shorty?"

"I was thinkin' maybe he wouldn't like to think Ryan was still writin', now that he's a corporal."

"Ah, go on; show it. Shorty won't care."

And Shorty didn't. Only, after a delighted snort over the ode, he sent forth the order: "You tell him I say this has got to be the last. If I catch him writin' any more monkey-doodle verses, I'll bust him quick as a minute. If he wants to be a non-com in my troop, he's got to put his whole mind to it."

Ryan obeyed, and, unsaddling his Pegasus, set himself to work with such a will that as time went on he came to be one of the best non-coms in the troop, particularly where the instruction of recruits was concerned; for he seemed to have a special sympathy with them, and a knack of imparting the correct way to do things; His suit with Cora prospered, too, for she paid more attention to the corporal than she had to the private; but, being past grand mistress of the art of flirtation, she always contrived some little act or remark to chasten her lover's spirit and keep him sufficiently humble, as an offset

to any particular favoritism that might have uplifted his spirits; which manoeuver always successfully puzzled Teddy. "First she's all sweet as candy; next minute I get the throw-down." But he never despaired, and came back strongly on the rebound, inquiring periodically, "Say, Cora, you're goin' ter marry me when I get mer sergeancy, ain't yer?" And she would reply, laughing: "Yes, when you get to be a sergeant I'll marry yer; an' that'll be when the river catches fire."

Time wore on, and the summer drew to a close. Hansen was no longer the quartermaster-sergeant, so he was not such an impressive figure as he had been. One payday Captain Campbell instructed Stone to read the men a lecture on the sin of drunkenness. "Not that I mind a man's gettin' drunk so much, but when the whole troop goes on a booze, it's a blame sight too much of a good thing. We're not to have any such time in J barracks as we did last month. You tell 'em that, an' make it red-hot."

So Stone, translating liberally, read them a severe lecture, ending up with: "An' if any of you big yaps comes home drunk, don't care who he is, he gets put under arrest. Savvy? That's straight."

The troop paid honors to an ultimatum when it was paraded before them, and it was a straight-walking, sober crowd that rounded up at J barracks that night. But, shortly before reveille, sounds of song and hilarity disturbed the sleepers, and Stone was obliged to rise and place Sergeant Knudt Hansen under arrest. He had returned from town in an exceedingly talkative frame of mind, and was now tipsily enlightening his squad-room on the disgracefully small quantity of drinks that could be bought on a sergeant's pay.

"I hate to do it, old man," said Stone, "but I'll have to put you under arrest. You know what I said, and now you've gone an' done this deliberately."

"Aw right. 'Sh mer own fault — only 'sh bad exshample to 'resht shergeant before shquad-room o' privatshes; mosht demoralizin'."

"I'm sorry, Hansen, but I must do it. You are confined to quarters for two days." And Stone retired, grieved that Hansen, of all men, should have been the one to suffer for the sake of an example.

"Gee!" said Brown, "I never thought Stone'd do that!"

"Wouldn't he, though?" rejoined Ryan. "You bet your boots, a sergeant looks allsame buck to the Top."

"Hansen'll lay it up to him, you see," said Hickey, looking at the big man now sprawled out on his bunk in noisy slumber.

"Not on yer life, Dope," said Brown. "Hansen's too much sense fer that. He'll see the Top's side of it." And so it proved, for, after a few half-laughs, half-apologetic words from his first sergeant, Hansen agreed that there had been no other course to pursue.

"And, anyway," he said, with a grin, "I'll get a goot rest, yess. It iss about time I loafed some. I shall sleep."

Now, sleep was all very well for that day and part of the next, but by the afternoon of the second day Sergeant Knudt Hansen's active mind and body became saturated with rest and extremely bored. He had read everything he could lay his hands on, even including a vagrant copy of "Edgeworth's Moral Tales" that had wandered, Heaven knows how, into the troop library. While affording him food for sarcastically profane comment in the slimy sediment of at least six different languages, this estimable work had, if anything, increased his ennui. His body began actually to ache for action of some sort; almost anything would do at a pinch.

Strolling disconsolately through the hall, whom should he chance to see but Corporal Ryan, who was in charge of quarters for that day, busily cleaning his saber (for the next day was Saturday), and singing cheerfully, "'You're in the army now.'"

"Let up on that musical, you gamin; it iss not to the ear pleasant," growled Hansen. Besides his other grievance that Ryan's cheerfulness flicked on the raw, the little corporal had cut out the big sergeant several times lately with Cora.

"Ah, g'wan an' soak yer swelled head!" retorted Ryan respectfully, and, bending to his work, began to carol forth the delectable ballad of the "Rubber Dolly." Hansen advanced into the room.

"See here, Meester Freshie, that iss no way to speak to your sergeant! Oh, yess; I am knowing what you mean. You t'ank, because Cora go with you a leetle, you can come it ofer me here, too — not?"

"You leave her name out o' that," said Teddy, straightening up and reddening. "She's got nothin' ter do with it, an' you leave her be."

"Oho! The leetle man tank she iss so sweet and innocent a leetle girl, I am not fit to speak of her — yess? Why, she —" And Hansen started in to enumerate in no very choice language certain fabricated insinuations against the character of the popular Miss Cora Sheean. But they were barely out of his mouth before Teddy Ryan's fist was in it. Blindly the big

Swede struck back, catching Ryan on the nose and drawing the blood; and then they started in in earnest.

"Hello, hello! What's all this?" demanded Captain Campbell, popping in on the scene like a vibrant little jack-in-the-box. Hansen drew off. "He used language to me, sir, and I am hiss sergeant; it iss him that I am teaching hiss place," he explained sullenly.

"But, Cap'en," cried Ryan, "he said — he said — I can't tell yer what he said," he finished slowly.

"Well, I can tell what *I'll* say, an' pretty blame quick! Hansen, you're a bully, that's what. Next time tackle some one nearer your size; an' you get three days' confinement. Ryan (for heaven's sake get a handkerchief an' wipe your nose), I'll give you a day, too; for fightin' your sergeant an' for gettin' into a fight when you're left in charge of quarters." Thus it was that the Captain ended the fight, but the consequences stretched far beyond him and were in the hands of Cora.

"You oughter been ter J Troop yesterday," quoth Corporal Brown the next evening, while sitting on Miss Cora Sheean's front step. "Hansen an' Ryan had a fight. Hansen said somepin', an' Ryan went fer him, an' they had it hot. Nobody was by, an' Ryan won't tell, so we don't know what Hansen said."

Cora was staring at him with eyes wide with concern. "My Lord!" she gasped, "is he hurt?"

"Naw, Hansen ain't hurt none. He's a fighter, an' Ryan ain't big enough ter ——"

"*Stupid!* I mean Teddy Ryan. Is he hurt?"

"Naw; only a black eye an' a nose-bleed. Cap'en stopped 'em before Hansen had a chance ter do much."

"Thank Gawd!" sighed Cora, sinking back in relief. "Look here, Mr. Brown, will you do me a favor? Will you tell Mr. Ryan that if he can run over here early to-morrow mornin', I got somethin' I want ter give him?"

When the bearer of tidings had departed, Cora sat up very straight, with tightly clasped hands, repeating vacantly, with an ambiguous mixture of pronouns, "He might er killed him — he might er killed him!" For to her the fight between these men had only one meaning; intuitively she knew herself to be the cause. "He fought for me," she said, "I know he did. An' I want Teddy Ryan. *I want him!*"

Next morning she peeped out of the window and watched the approach of the sturdy, honest-faced little corporal before she went to open the door for him herself.

"You wanted ter see me?" he said, fingering his hat shyly.

"Yes; I — I heard you'd been in a fight. I — I wanted to read you a lecture. That's an awful eye you got, Mr. Ryan!"

"I'm sorry you don't like it, Miss Cora, but I had to; you'd have wanted me to if you'd known."

"Oh!" cried Cora, and her heart whispered: "Then it *was* about me, just as I thought, and the dear won't tell me." But aloud she said, "It ain't ever right to fight, an' I didn't think it of you, Mr. Ryan."

"I had to," he repeated awkwardly, and turned away. "Is that all you had ter say ter me? I must go back; but I thought Brown said that you had somethin' ter give me."

"Yes," said Cora in a very scared, small voice. "I have — *me!*"

"Cora! Do you mean it, girlie? Do you really mean it?" And two short but strong arms went round her. "But I ain't a sergeant yet, nor won't be for ever so long."

"Oh, Teddy!" said Cora, and hid her face right over his second button, "I ain't lovin' yer chevrons; I'm lovin' *you*."

Shorty received the joyous news in ominous silence. "When's the weddin'?" he demanded abruptly.

"Oh, sometime next month, I guess," said the proud husband-to-be.

"Nothin' of the sort. You get married next week; do you hear? No mañana about this business; get it over as quick as possible. You'll be worthless to me for long enough, as it is. A great poet *you* are! The whole thing was nothin' but the girl, just as I told Sergeant Stone."

So J Troop had a wedding, and the whole troop turned out in force, brave in full dress, from Shorty down to the latest junior rook — the only member not present being Sergeant Hansen, who had no interest in the proceedings. And the punch flowed so freely and so strongly that every man who tried to enlighten the absent one told a totally different story.

Spring had come again at Fort Hotchkiss, and one soft evening, as Stone and Whitney were sitting on the porch, Sergeant Theodore Ryan, now proudly sporting his three chevrons, came up to them, smiling a wide-mouthed, foolish smile.

"Well, what's up, hombre?"

"Recruits fer J Troop—over to my quarters."

"*Recruits!* You don't mean to say there's *two* of 'em?"

Ryan nodded. "Twins," he assented beamingly.

"'Heaven meant things to go in twos, Cora,'" quoted Whitney.

FROM LEWIS CARROLL TO BERNARD SHAW

BY

ELLEN TERRY

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

ONE of the best "audiences" that actor or actress could wish for was Mr. Gladstone. He used often to come and see the play at the Lyceum from a little seat in the O. P. entrance, and he nearly always arrived five minutes before the curtain went up. One night I thought he would catch cold — it was a bitter night — and I lent him my white scarf.

He could always give his whole great mind to the matter in hand. This made him one of the most comfortable people to talk to that I have ever met.

I contrasted his punctuality, when he came to see "King Lear," with the unpunctuality of Lord Randolph Churchill, who came to see the play the very next night with a party of men friends and arrived when the first act was over. Lord Randolph was, all the same, a great admirer of Henry Irving. He confessed to him once that he had never read a play of Shakespeare's in his life, but that after seeing Henry act he thought it was time to begin. A very few days later he astonished us with his complete and masterly knowledge of at least half a dozen of the plays. He was a perfect person to meet at a dinner or supper — brilliantly entertaining, and queerly simple. He struck one as being able to master any subject that interested him, and, once a Shakespeare performance at the Lyceum had fired his interest, there was nothing about that play, or about past performances of it, which he did not know. His beautiful wife, now Mrs. George Cornwallis West, wore a dress at supper one evening which gave me the idea for the Lady Macbeth dress, afterwards painted by Sargent. The bodice of Lady Randolph's gown was trimmed all over with green beetles' wings. I told Mrs. Comyns Carr about it, and she remembered it when she designed my Lady Macbeth dress.

The present Princess of Wales, when she was Princess May of Teck, used often to come to the Lyceum with her mother, Princess Mary, and to supper in the Beefsteak Room. In 1891 she chose to come as her birthday treat, which was very flattering to us.

A record of those Beefsteak Room suppers would be a pleasant thing to possess. I have such a bad memory. I see faces round the table — the face of Liszt among them — but when I try to think when it was, or how it was, the faces vanish. Singers were often among Henry Irving's guests in the Beefsteak Room — Patti, Melba, Calvé, Albani, and many others.

I once watched Patti sing from behind the scenes at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. My impression from that point of view was that she was actually a *bird*. She could not help singing. Her head, flattened on top, her nose, tilted downwards like a lovely little beak, her throat, swelling and swelling as it poured out that extraordinary volume of sound, all made me think that she must have been a nightingale before she was transmigrated into a human being. I imagine that Tetrazzini, whom I have not yet heard, must have this bird-like quality.

The dear, kind-hearted Melba has always been a good friend of mine. The first time I met her was in New York at a supper party, and she had a bad cold, and therefore a frightful speaking voice for the moment. I shall never forget the shock it gave me. Thank goodness, I very soon

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afterwards heard her again when she hadn't a cold, and she spoke as exquisitely as she sang. She was one of the first to offer her services for my Jubilee performance at Drury Lane, but unfortunately she was ill when the day came and could not sing. She had her dresses in "Faust" copied from mine by Mrs. Nettleship, and I came across a note from her the other day, thanking me for having introduced her to "an angel." Another note sent round to me during a performance of "King Arthur" in Boston I shall always prize:

"You are sublime, adorable, ce soir . . . I wish I were a millionaire — I would throw *all* my millions at your feet. If there is another procession, tell the stage-manager to see those imps of Satan *don't chew gum*. It looks awful.
Love. Melba."

I think at that time it was the solemn procession of mourners following the dead body of Elaine who were chewing gum, but we always had to be prepared for it among our American "supers," whether they were angels or devils or courtiers.

In "Faust" we "carried" about six leading devils for the Brocken scene and recruited the forty others from local talent in the different towns that we visited. Their general instructions were to throw up their arms and look fierce at certain music cues. One night I noticed a girl going through the most terrible contortions with her jaw, and thought I must say something. "That's right, dear. Very good, but don't exaggerate."

"How?" was all the answer that I got; and the girl continued to make faces as before. I was contemplating a second attempt, when Templeton, the lime-light man, who had heard me speak to her, touched me gently on the shoulder. "Beg pardon, miss, she don't mean it. She's only *chewing gum*."

An "Alice in Wonderland" Letter

One of my earliest friends among literary folk was Mr. Charles Dodgson — or Lewis Carroll — or "Alice in Wonderland." Ah, now you know what I am talking about. I can't remember when I didn't know him. I think he must have seen Kate act as a child, and having given her "Alice"— he always gave his young friends "Alice" at once by way of establishing pleasant relations — he made progress as the years went on through the whole family. Finally he gave "Alice" to my children.

He was a splendid theatre-goer, and took the keenest interest in all the Lyceum productions, frequently writing to me to point out slips in the dramatist's logic which only he would ever have noticed. He did not even spare Shakespeare. I think he wrote these letters for fun, as some people make puzzles, anagrams, or limericks.

Mr. Dodgson's kindness to children was wonderful. He really loved them and put himself out for them. The children he knew who wanted to go on the stage were those who came under my observation, and nothing could have been more touching than his ceaseless industry on their behalf. This letter to my sister Floss is characteristic of his "Wonderland" style when writing to children:

"My dear Florence:

"Ever since that heartless piece of conduct of yours (I allude to the affair of the Moon and the blue silk gown), I have regarded you with a gloomy interest, rather than with any of the affection of former years — so that the above epithet 'dear' must be taken as conventional only, or perhaps may be more fitly taken in the sense in which we talk of a 'dear' bargain, meaning to imply how much it has cost us; and who shall say how many sleepless nights it has cost me to endeavour to unravel (a most appropriate verb) that 'blue silk gown'?

"Will you please explain to Tom about that photograph of the family group which I promised him? Its history is an instructive one, as illustrating my habits of care and deliberation. In 1867 the picture was promised him, and an entry made in my book. In 1869, or thereabouts, I mounted the picture on a large card, and packed it in brown paper. In 1870, or 1871, or thereabouts, I took it with me to Guildford, that it might be handy to take with me when I went up to town. Since then I have taken it two or three times to London, and on each occasion (having forgotten to deliver it to him) I brought it back again.

"This was because I had no convenient place in London to leave it in. But now I have found such a place. Mr. Dubourg has kindly taken charge of it — so that it is now much nearer to its future owner than it has been for seven years. I quite hope, in the course of another year or two, to be able to remember to bring it to your house; or perhaps Mr. Dubourg may be calling even sooner than that and take it with him. You will wonder why I ask you to tell him instead of writing myself. The obvious reason is that you will be able, from sympathy, to put my delay in the most favourable light; to make him see that, as hasty puddings are not the best of puddings, so hasty judgments are not the best of judgments, and that he ought to be content to wait even another seven years for his picture, and to sit 'like patience on a monument, smiling at grief.'

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. McCLURE HAMILTON, DONE AT HAWARDEN CASTLE IN 1890

"This quotation, by the way, is altogether a misprint. Let me explain it to you. The passage originally stood, '*They* sit, like patients on the Monument, smiling at Greenwich.' In the next edition 'Greenwich' was printed short, 'Green*h*,' and so got gradually altered into 'Grief.' The allusion, of course, is to the celebrated Dr. Jenner, who used to send all his patients to sit on the top of the Monument (near London Bridge) to inhale fresh air, promising them that, when they were well enough, they should go to 'Greenwich Fair.' So, of course, they always looked out towards Greenwich, and sat smiling to think of the treat in store for them. A play was written on the subject of their inhaling the fresh air, and was for some time attributed to him (Shakespeare), but it is certainly not in his style. It was called 'The Wandering Air,' and was lately revived at the Queen's Theatre. The custom of sitting on the Monument was given up when Dr. Jenner went mad,

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LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

and insisted on it that the air was worse up there, and that the *lower* you went the *more airy* it became. Hence he always called those little yards, below the pavement, outside the kitchen windows, '*the kitchen airier*,' a name that is still in use.

"Sentimental Tommy" Writes Himself

No two men could be more unlike than Mr. Dodgson and Mr. J. M. Barrie, yet there are more points of resemblance than "because there's a 'b' in both!" If "Alice in Wonder-

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THE PRINCESS OF WALES

TO WHOM HENRY IRVING GAVE A BIRTHDAY SUPPER IN THE BEEFSTEAK ROOM OF THE LYCEUM IN 1891

"All this information you are most welcome to use, the next time you are in want of something to talk about. You may say you learned it from 'a distinguished etymologist,' which is perfectly true, since anyone who knows me by sight can easily distinguish me from all other etymologists.

"What parts are you and Polly now playing?

"Believe me to be (conventionally)

"Yours affectionately,

C. DODGSON."

land" is the children's classic of the library, and one perhaps even more loved by the grown-up children than by the others, "Peter Pan" is the children's stage classic, and here again elderly children are the most devoted admirers. I am a very old child, nearly old enough to be a "beautiful great-grandmother" (a part that I am sure Mr. Barrie could write for me), and I go and see "Peter" year after year and love him more each time. There is one advantage in

MELBA AS MARGUERITE IN "FAUST"

being a grown-up child — you are not afraid of the pirates or the crocodile.

I first became an ardent lover of Mr. Barrie through "Sentimental Tommy" and I simply had to write and tell him how hugely I had enjoyed it. In reply I received this letter from Tommy himself:

"Dear Miss Ellen Terry:

"I just wonder at you. I noticed that Mr. Barrie, the author (so-called), and his masterful wife had a letter they wanted to conceal from me, so I got hold of it, and it turned out to be from you, and *not a line to me in it!* If you like the book, it is *me* you like, not him, and it is to me you should send your love, not to him. Corp thinks, however, that you did not like to make the first overtures, and if that is the explanation, I beg herewith to send you my warm love (don't mention this to Elspeth), and to say that I wish you would come and have a game with us in the Den (Don't let on to Grizel that I invited you). The first moment I saw you, I said to myself 'This is the kind I like,' and while the people round about me were only thinking of your acting, I was wondering which would be the best way of making you my willing slave, and I beg to say that I believe I have 'found a way,' for most happily the very ones I want most to lord it over are the ones who are least able to resist me.

"We should have ripping fun. You would be Jean MacGregor, captive in the Queen's Bower, but I would climb up at the peril of my neck to rescue you, and you would faint in my strong arms; and wouldn't Grizel get a turn when she came upon you and me whispering sweet nothings in the Lovers' Walk. I think it advisable to say in *writing* that I would only mean them as nothings (because Grizel is really my one), but so long as they were sweet, what does that matter (at the time)? And, besides, *you* could love *me* genuinely, and I would carelessly kiss your burning tears away.

"Corp is a bit fidgetty about it, because he says I have two to love me already, but I feel confident that I can manage more than two.

"Trusting to see you at the Cuttle Well on Saturday when the eight o'clock bell is ringing,

"I am, Your Indulgent Commander,

"T. SANDYS.

"P. S.—Can you bring some of the Lyceum armour with you, and two hard-boiled eggs?"

Henry Irving once thought of producing Mr. Barrie's play "The Professor's Love Story." He was delighted with the first act, but when he read the rest he did not think the play would do for the Lyceum. It was the same with many plays which were proposed for us. The ideas sounded all right, but as a rule the treatment was too thin, and the play, even if good, on too small a scale for the theatre.

Mrs. Craigie's Great Promise

One of our playwrights from whom I always

MRS. CRAIGIE (JOHN OLIVER HOBBES)
From the painting by Miss Maud Porter

Lent by the Press Picture Agency.

C. L. DODGSON (LEWIS CARROLL)

WHO GAVE "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" TO ALL OF ELLEN TERRY'S FAMILY

expected a great play was Mrs. Craigie (John Cliver Hobbes). A little one-act play of hers, "Journeys End in Lovers' Meeting," in which I first acted with Johnston Forbes Robertson and Terriss at a special matinée in 1894, brought about a friendship between us that lasted until her death. Of her it could indeed be said with poignant truth, "She should have died hereafter." Her powers had not nearly reached their limit.

Pearl Craigie had a man's intellect, a woman's wit and apprehension. "Bright," as the Americans say, she always managed to be even in the dullest company, and she knew how to be silent at times, to give the "other fellow" a chance. Her executive ability was extraordinary. Wonderfully tolerant, she could at the same time not easily forgive any meanness or injustice that seemed to her deliberate. Hers was a splendid spirit.

I shall always bless that little play of hers which first brought me near to so fine a creature. I rather think that I never met any one who *gave out* so much as she did. To me, at least, she *gave, gave* all the time. I hope she was not exhausted after our long "confabs." I was most certainly refreshed and replenished.

Photograph by the London Autotype Co.

J. M. BARRIE

FROM THE PAINTING BY LESLIE BROOKE. BARRIE'S PLAY, "ALICE-SIT-BY-THE-FIRE," WHICH HE WROTE FOR MISS TERRY, WAS PRODUCED BY HER IN 1905

The first performance of "Journeys End in Lovers' Meeting" she watched from a private box with the Princess of Wales (our present Queen) and Henry Irving. She came round afterwards just burning with enthusiasm and praising me for work which was really not good. She spoiled me for other women.

Her best play was, I think, "The Ambassador," in which Violet Vanbrugh, who is now Mrs. Bouchier, played a pathetic part very beautifully, and made a great advance in her profession. There was some idea of Pearl Craigie writing a play for Henry Irving and me, but it never came to anything. There was a play on the same subject as "The School for Saints," and another about Guizot.

Feb. 11, 1898.

"My very dear Nell:

"I have an idea for a real four-act comedy (in these matters nothing daunts me!), founded on a charming little episode in the private lives of Princess Lieven (the famous Russian ambassadress), and the celebrated Guizot, the French Prime Minister and historian. I should have to veil the identity *slightly*, and also make the story a husband-and-wife story; it would be more amusing this way. It is comedy from

beginning to end. Sir Henry would make a splendid Guizot, and you the ideal Madame de Lieven. Do let me talk it over with you. 'The School for Saints' was, as it were, a born biography. But the Lieven-Guizot idea is a play.

"Yours ever affectionately,
"PEARL MARY TERESA CRAIGIE."

In another letter she writes:

"I am changing all my views about so-called 'literary' dialogue. It means pedantry. The great thing is to be lively."

"Captain Brassbound's Conversion"

It has always been a reproach against Henry Irving in some mouths that he neglected the modern English playwright; and of course the reproach included me to a certain extent. I was glad, then, to show that I could act in the new plays when Mr. Barrie wrote "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" for me, and after some years' delay I was able to play in Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." Of course I could not have played in "little" plays of this school at the Lyceum with Henry Irving, even if I had wanted to; they are essentially plays for small theatres and a single "star."

In Mr. Shaw's "A Man of Destiny" there were two good parts, and Henry, at my request, considered it, although it was always difficult to fit a one-act play into the Lyceum bill. For reasons of his own Henry never produced Mr. Shaw's play, and there was a good deal of fuss made about it at the time, 1897. But ten years ago Mr. Shaw was not so well known as he is now, and the so-called "rejection" was probably of use to him as an advertisement. "A Man of Destiny" has been produced since, but without any great success. I wonder if Henry and I could have done more with it?

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ELLEN TERRY AND HER SON, GORDON CRAIG, IN "THE DEAD HEART"

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ELLEN TERRY AS MISTRESS PAGE IN "MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR"

At this time Mr. Shaw and I frequently corresponded. It began by my writing to ask him as musical critic of the Saturday Review, to tell me frankly what he thought of the chances of a composer-singer friend of mine. He answered "characteristically," and we developed a perfect fury for writing to each other. Sometimes the letters were on business, sometimes they were not, but always his were entertaining, and mine were, I suppose, "good copy," as he drew the character of Lady Cecily Waynflete in "Brassbound" entirely from my letters. He never met me until after the play was written. In 1902 he sent me this ultimatum:—

"3rd April, 1902.

"Mr. Bernard Shaw's compliments to Miss Ellen Terry.

"Mr. Bernard Shaw has been approached by Mrs. Langtry with a view to the immediate and splendid production of 'Captain Brassbound's Conversion.'

"Mr. Bernard Shaw, with the last flash of a trampled-out love, has repulsed Mrs. Langtry ~~with~~ a petulance bordering on brutality.

"Mr. Bernard Shaw has been actuated in this ungentlemanly and unbusinesslike course by an angry desire to seize Miss Ellen Terry by the hair and make her play Lady Cecily.

"Mr. Bernard Shaw begs Miss Ellen Terry to answer this letter.

"Mr. Bernard Shaw is looking for a new cottage or house in the country and wants advice on the subject.

"Mr. Bernard Shaw craves for the sight of Miss Ellen Terry's once familiar handwriting."

ELLEN TERRY AS LADY CECILY WAYNFLETE IN "CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION"

"Mr. Bernard Shaw would be glad to know whether Miss Ellen Terry wishes to play Martha at the Lyceum instead.

"Mr. Bernard Shaw will go to the length of keeping a minor part open for Sir Henry Irving when 'Faust' fails, if Miss Ellen Terry desires it.

"Mr. Bernard Shaw lives in daily fear of Mrs. Langtry recovering sufficiently from her natural resentment of his ill manners to re-open the subject.

Isn't it Horace who says that there is nothing to prevent the man who laughs from speaking the truth? I think I have heard so, and I always remember it coupled with the name of Bernard Shaw. He laughs, but he speaks the truth.* The first time he came to my house I was not present, but a young American lady,

* Since I wrote this, a friend has supplied the quotation, but as I know no Latin, less Greek, and the least possible amount of bad French, I cannot answer for its correctness! "Quamquam ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?"

who had long adored him from the other side of the Atlantic, took my place as hostess. I had to be at the theatre, as usual, but I took great pains to have everything looking nice; I spent a long time putting out my best blue china, and ordered a splendid dinner, quite forgetting that the honoured guest usually dined off a Plasmon biscuit and a bean.

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GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

WHOSE PLAY, "CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION," WRITTEN FOR MISS TERRY, WAS PRODUCED BY HER IN 1906

Mr. Shaw—a Gentle Creature with "Brainstorms"

Mr. Shaw read "Arms and the Man" to my young American friend, Miss Sally Fairchild, without even going into the dining-room where the blue china was spread out to delight his eye. My daughter, Edy, was present at the reading, and appeared so much absorbed in some embroidery and paid the reader so few compliments about his play, that he expressed the opinion that she behaved as if she had been married to him for twenty years.

The first time I ever saw Mr. Shaw in the flesh — I hope he will pardon me such an anti-vegetarian expression — was when he took his call after the first production of "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" by the Stage Society. He was quite unlike what I had imagined from his letters.

When at last I was able to play in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" I found Bernard Shaw wonderfully patient at rehearsal. I look upon him as a good, kind, gentle creature whose "brainstorms" are due to the Irishman's love of a fight; they never spring from malice or anger. It doesn't answer to take Bernard Shaw seriously. He is not a man of convictions; that is one of the charms of his plays, to me, at least. One never knows how the cat is really jumping. But it *jumps*. Bernard Shaw is alive, with nine lives, like the cat.

Shakespeare's Rabelaisian Mood

On Whit Monday, 1902, I received a telegram from Mr. Tree saying that he was coming down to Winchelsea to see me on "an important matter of business." I was at the time suffering from considerable depression about the future.

The Stratford-on-Avon visit had inspired me with the feeling that there was life in the old 'un yet, and had distracted my mind from the

strangeness of no longer being at the Lyceum permanently with Henry Irving. But there seemed to be nothing ahead, except two matinées a week with him at the Lyceum, to be followed by a provincial tour in which I was only to play twice a week, as Henry's chief attraction was to be "Faust." This sort of "dowager" engagement did not tempt me. Besides, I hated the idea of drawing a large salary and doing next to no work. So when Mr. Tree proposed that I should play Mrs. Page (Mrs. Kendal being Mrs. Ford) in "Merry Wives of Windsor" at His Majesty's, it was only natural that I should accept the offer joyfully. I telegraphed to Henry Irving, asking him if he had any objection to my playing at His Majesty's. He answered: "Quite willing if proposed arrangements about matinées are adhered to."

I have thought it worth while to give the facts about this engagement, because so many people seemed at the time and afterwards to think that I had treated Henry Irving badly by going on playing in another theatre, and that theatre one where a certain rivalry with the Lyceum as regards Shakespearian productions had grown up. There was absolutely no foundation for the rumors that my "desertion" caused further estrangement between Henry Irving and me.

"Heaven give you many, many merry days and nights," he telegraphed to me on the first night, and after that first night, the jolliest that I ever saw, he wrote delighting in my success. It was a success, there was no doubt about it. Some people accused the "Merry Wives" of rollicking and "mafficking" overmuch, but these were the people who forgot that we were acting in a farce, and that farce is farce, even when Shakespeare is the author. The audience at first used to seem rather amazed. This thwacking, rough-and-tumble, Rabelaisian horse-play Shakespeare? Impossible! But as the evening went on we used to capture even the most civilized, and force them to return to a simple Jacobian frame of mind.

In my later career I think I have had no success like this. Letters rained on me — yes, even love-letters, as if, to quote Mrs. Page, it were still "the holiday-time of my beauty." As I would always rather make an audience laugh than see them weep, it may be guessed how much I enjoyed the hearty laughter at His Majesty's during the run of the madcap absurdity of "Merry Wives of Windsor."

MISS TERRY'S GARDEN AT WINCHELSEA; FROM A PHOTOGRAPH GIVEN BY HER TO MISS EVELYN SMALLEY

On the nineteenth of July, 1902, I acted at the Lyceum for the last time, although I did not know it then. These last Lyceum days were very sad. The reception given by Henry to the Indian princes who were in England for the Coronation was the last flash of the splendid hospitality which had for so many years been one of the glories of the theatre.

During my provincial tour with Henry Irving in the autumn of this year I thought long and anxiously over the proposition that I should play in "Dante." I heard the play read, and saw no possible part for me in it. I refused a large sum of money to go to America with Henry Irving, because I could not consent to play a part even worse than the one that I had played in "Robespierre." As things turned out, although "Dante" did fairly well at Drury Lane, the Americans would have none of it, and Henry had to fall back upon his repertoire.

Ibsen's "Vikings"

Having made the decision against "Dante," I began to wonder what I should do. My partnership with Henry Irving was definitely broken; most inevitably and naturally "dissolved." There were many roads open to me. I chose the one which was, from a financial point of view, madness. Instead of going to America, and earning £12,000, I decided to take a theatre with my son, and produce plays in conjunction with him.

I hope it will be remembered, when I am spoken of by the youngest critics after my death as a "Victorian" actress, lacking in enterprise, an actress belonging to the "old school," that I produced a spectacular play of Ibsen's in a manner which possibly outstripped the scenic ideas of to-day by a century; of which at any rate the orthodox theatre managers of the present age would not have dreamed. At the Imperial Theatre, where I spent my financially unfortunate season in April, 1903, I gave my son a free hand. Naturally I am not inclined to criticise his methods. When I worked with him I found him far from unpractical. It was the modern theatre which was unpractical when he was in it. It was wrongly designed, wrongly built. We had to disembowel the Imperial behind scenes before he could even start, and then the great height of the proscenium made his lighting lose all its value.

When his idea of dramatic significance clashed with Ibsen's, strange things would happen. Mr. Bernard Shaw, though impressed by Ted's work and the beauty that he brought on to the stage of the Imperial, wrote to me that the symbolism of the first act of "Vikings" was Dawn, youth rising with the morning sun, reconciliation, rich gifts, brightness, lightness, pleasant feelings, peace. On to this sunlit scene stalks Hiördis, a figure of gloom, revenge, of feud eternal, of relentless hatred and uncompromising unforgetfulness of wrong.

At the Imperial, said Mr. Shaw, the curtain rose on profound gloom. When you *could* see anything, you saw eld and severity — old men with white hair personating the gallant young sons of Ormulf; everywhere murky cliffs and shadowy spears, melancholy, darkness. Into this symbolic night enter, in a blaze of limelight, a fair figure robed in complete fluffy white fur, a gay and bright Hiördis, with a timid manner and hesitating utterance! The last items in the topsy-turviness of Ted's practical significance were entirely my fault.

I singed my wings a good deal in the Imperial limelight, which, although our audiences complained of the darkness on the stage, was the most serious strain on my purse. But a few provincial tours did something towards restoring some of the money that I had lost in management.

On one of these tours I produced "The Good Hope," a play by the Dutch dramatist, Heijermans, dealing with life in a fishing village. This was almost as new a departure for me as my season at the Imperial. The play was essentially modern in construction and development — full of action, but the action of incident rather than the action of stage situation. It had no "star" parts, but every part was good, and the gloom of the story was made bearable by the beauty of the atmosphere, of the *sea*, which played a bigger part in it than any of the visible characters. For the first time I played an old woman, a very homely old peasant woman, too. I flattered myself that I was able to assume a certain roughness and solidity of the peasantry in "The Good Hope," but although I stumped about heavily in large sabots, the critics said that I walked like a fairy instead of like a fisherwoman.

My last Shakespearian part was Hermione in "A Winter's Tale." By some strange coincidence it fell to me to play it exactly fifty years after I had played the little boy Mamilius in the same play. I sometimes think that Fate is the best of stage-managers. Hermione is a gravely beautiful part, well-balanced, difficult to act, but certain in its appeal. If only it were possible to put on the play in a simple way and arrange the scenes to knit up the ravelled interest, I should hope to play Hermione again.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE SCAFFOLD

BY

HARRY GRAHAM

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

"C'est le crime qui fait la honte, et non pas l'échafaud."

THE clock in the public gardens outside the Conciergerie had just struck the half hour. Richard, the prison warder, a rough old veteran whose patient face wore that air of tolerant kindliness which stamps the features of all whose duty it is to be the daily witness of human suffering, stirred uneasily in his hard wooden chair. Somewhere in the huge building a gate clanged noisily, and the old man opened his eyes with the guilty start of the day-dreamer and looked expectantly round towards the door.

The room in which he sat, with its simple wooden bed, its plain deal table in the center, its squalid jug and basin in the corner, was but one of a score or so of similar cells in the old Conciergerie prison. To Richard it had always seemed a dingy apartment enough, but even to his accustomed eye, as it fell upon the little white linen bonnet which hung from a peg beside the bed and looked so singularly out of place amid its surroundings, the gloom had never appeared so deep and joyless as it did upon this warm evening of July, in that time of bloodshed, of passion, and of terror, that sinister summer of 1793. The dazzling light which flooded the stone courtyard outside seemed reluctant to force its way through the high barred window of this dingy cage, as if timid of intruding its brilliance upon a scene whose atmosphere was already clouded by the shadow of death.

"Half-past five," said Richard to himself, with a yawn. "My little captive will soon be back."

He glanced up at the few simple garments that lay neatly folded on a low shelf beneath the window. "Poor little soul!" he murmured. "She was surely created for sunnier scenes than this! But there," he added, after a moment's reflection, "justice can't afford to make distinctions! Young and old, rich and poor, men and women, we all suffer alike — when we get found out!"

Richard's reverie was interrupted by a loud knock at the door, which was immediately flung open, and a short, middle-aged man, dressed almost entirely in faded black, entered the room.

The newcomer closed the door behind him with a swift, sinuous movement and, turning noiselessly, confronted the startled veteran with a malevolent expression in his small, beady eyes.

Richard could not conceal his astonishment.

"The Deputy Chabot!" he exclaimed, with an air of surprise.

"It is indeed the Deputy Chabot," replied the other.

The warder rose awkwardly to his feet.

"I am very sorry," he said apologetically, "but the prison regulations do not allow admittance to the public. It is against the rules." He crossed to the door as though to open it. With a quick gesture the Deputy stopped him.

"I am not of the public," he said in a pompous voice. "I am above regulations." He took a paper from the pocket of his coat. "See here, I have a pass signed by the Police Commissioner." And he handed the paper to Richard.

With great difficulty the old man retrieved a large pair of horn spectacles from his forehead and adjusted them on the very tip of his nose.

"'Admit Citizen Chabot,'" he read, spelling out each word laboriously, "'Deputy of the Department of Loir-et-Cher, member of the Legislative Assembly . . . um . . . um . . . ; signed Guellard, Police Commissioner.' That seems correct enough," he added, as he re-folded the document and handed it back to its owner.

The Deputy laughed shortly. "As you see," he said, "your regulations are of no great value where a man of my position is concerned."

Richard still hesitated. "Perhaps you are

"TERRIBLE TALES OF BLOODSHED AND INJUSTICE REACHED THE LITTLE SUN-KISSED VILLAGE OF CAEN"

not aware that this is the cell of the prisoner, Charlotte Corday."

"The criminal, Charlotte Corday?" corrected the other. "Yes, I am perfectly aware. I have just come from her trial, where I spent a very dull afternoon, and wasted much valuable time."

"You were at the trial?" exclaimed the warder, with a fresh note of anxiety in his voice. "Then you can tell me, citizen. What has happened?"

"What has happened?" repeated the Deputy scornfully. "The only thing that could possibly have happened, I am thankful to say. Justice has been done. Marat's, the martyr Marat's death will be avenged. The woman who struck so foul a blow at liberty and the Constitution has been sentenced!" He walked up and down the narrow cell in his excitement. Suddenly, stopping short in front of the old man, "She dies on the scaffold this evening," he ended in a quiet voice of triumph.

Richard sank heavily into a chair. A troubled look came over his face.

"Ah, I am sorry," he said, after a pause. "The wife will be sorry, too," he added thoughtfully, "and my little boy, my little Jean, he will be sorry. The wife has taken a great fancy to this Charlotte Corday," he explained; "and little Jean, he thinks the world of her. But there, she spoils him," he continued apologetically. "Well, well, citizen, I am indeed sorry."

Chabot had not moved during the old man's speech. "You are sorry for a murderess who receives her just deserts?" he asked.

"I am sorry for a lovely woman," replied the warder. "I am an old veteran of the Conciergerie," he went on. "I have had many prisoners pass through my hands; and I judge them by what they are, not by what they may have done; not by what they may be accused of doing.

"I know nothing of this Charlotte Corday," he continued, "nothing beyond what I have seen of her during the last few days. I have never questioned her as to her crime, nor as to her reasons for committing it. That is none of my business," with a shrug of his shoulders. "My duty is to keep her here, to take care that she does not escape, to see that she has whatever is necessary — which is little enough," he added with a smile. "I judge people as I find them; and I have found this girl gentle and well-behaved. The wife likes her, and my little Jean worships the ground she treads on. She gives me no trouble; she is more than grateful for any small kindness; and Heaven knows there is not much that I can do."

The old man was quite out of breath. He crossed over to the window, mopping his brow as he went.

"I see," said the Deputy bitterly; "like the rest of them, you are won over by her beauty!"

"I am too old for that," replied the warder. "I am won over by her charm, if you will; by her sweet nature. And the wife, too, and little Jean; and he is a good judge of character, I can tell you, is little Jean."

Chabot turned away with an expression of disgust.

"She is a devil," he exclaimed, with a tone of intense hatred in his voice, "she is a fiend in human form!"

Richard thought for a moment before replying.

"You may be right, citizen," he said, "but to me, at any rate, she seems a quiet, modest girl enough; and my little Jean, he ——"

"Modest!" interrupted Chabot. "Bah! is it modest to force one's way into a man's bedroom? Is murder, cold-blooded murder, a practice that commends itself to modest persons?" He turned round with an angry snarl. "I tell you," he said, "she is a devil!"

The old warder shrugged his shoulders, as he was wont to do when his powers of argument failed him — and argument was not his strong point.

"Well," he stoutly reiterated, "I am sorry for her, nevertheless. She is only a girl; so young, so frail, so delicate ——"

"Delicate!" burst in the indignant Deputy. "Why, after she had murdered Marat — and," he smiled sarcastically, "with what delicacy she performed the deed, eh? — when the porter, Laurent Basse, rushed in to seize her, it was only after twice striking her with a chair that he was able to overpower her. Oh, she is a delicate creature, truly!"

For the moment Richard seemed nonplussed.

"Well," he replied with determination, "I would not strike any woman with a chair myself. Ask the wife whether I would! Not —" he added, as though to explain this apparent idiosyncrasy of his — "not while the good God has given me two hands for the purpose."

"Nonsense!"

There was a brief silence, during which Richard's glance fell upon the few pathetic garments so carefully folded upon the narrow bed.

"So my poor little prisoner is to die to-day," he murmured sadly.

"Yes," answered the Deputy, "and I am glad of it. There is no room in France for such vermin. They must be exterminated, and the sooner the better. I know what I am saying, and I tell you that this woman Corday is a dangerous character. She has others behind

"AT LAST, TOWARD EVENING, SHE FORCED HER WAY IN"

her. She is but an accomplice. I am here this evening," he explained, "to try and find out from her the names of her confederates. She would give no satisfactory replies this afternoon, but perhaps, now that the fear of death is upon her, we may be more successful."

"Well," affirmed the veteran, with the stubbornness of his class, "whatever you may say, I cannot help pitying the girl. How I am to break the news to little Jean, I don't know!" he added pathetically. "Myself, I shall have no appetite for supper. Poor girl! My heart goes out to her in her time of trouble."

"Yes," said Chabot, with a sardonic smile, "and yours is not the only heart, my friend."

Richard looked puzzled.

"There is a young painter," continued the Deputy, "Hauer, by name. He has been sketching her in the court-house; yes, and speaking to her as well. He had better be careful," he added threateningly. "I have my eye on him; and so has the Committee of Public Safety." Chabot was standing by the window; he picked up one of the garments lying folded there on the shelf, examined it for a moment, and threw it down again in disdain.

"Yes, this Citizen Hauer is a fool. Like you," he turned to Richard, "and your little Jean, and the rest. His head has been turned by the woman's looks. He will lose it altogether if he is not careful."

To so simple a mind as that of the old warder, the Deputy's fierce and bitter hatred toward his prisoner seemed difficult to understand until he remembered certain stories connected with her arrest, stories in which his visitor had played an important, if not a very edifying part.

In early life Chabot had been a member of the priesthood, but renounced his vows in order to enter the sphere of politics. After the murder of Marat, when Charlotte Corday had been conveyed to the Abbaye prison, Chabot was among those who had helped to search her, a task in which his zeal had so far outrun his discretion as to induce him to retain a watch which he found upon the prisoner's person, until she somewhat sarcastically reminded him of his early and apparently forgotten vows of priestly poverty.

It was Chabot, too, who, suspecting Charlotte of having important papers concealed about her, had profited by the fact of her hands being tied to search for them. The wretched girl, supposing him to be bent upon some fresh outrage, sprang away with so violent a gesture, in her efforts to elude his touch, that the front of her dress burst open. With a natural and spontaneous movement of shame, she turned quickly away and stood with her face to the wall, begging to be allowed to rearrange her dress. So genuine was her emotion, and so strongly did her innocent modesty appeal to her jailors, that the request was immediately granted, and she was even permitted to draw down and arrange her sleeves in such a manner as to interpose them between her wrists and the cords that bound her none too tenderly.

Richard recalled those incidents, which had been related to him by Lafondée, the dentist, who lived opposite Marat's house, and who had been one of the first to rush to the scene of the murder; and he smiled knowingly to himself as he looked across the narrow space at the passionate, revengeful face of the ex-priest.

He was about to formulate some further arguments in defence of his little protégée, when a movement at the threshold of the cell attracted his attention, and in another moment the object of his thoughts stood framed in the open doorway.

What a child she looked, standing there, with her hands behind her back, wearing a simple country-made frock of some dark material, a white fichu crossed over her breast and fastened behind at the waist. Her auburn hair was tied back by a green ribbon, and a little white cap, the "bonnet" of the period, similar to that worn by Marie Antoinette in David's celebrated picture, rested lightly upon her small, girlish head.

There was nothing of the convicted criminal about her appearance, save the slight shade of pallor which these last few days of captivity had left upon her cheek; there was nothing of the prisoner in her bearing, save that her hands were bound behind her. Her wide gray eyes, fresh from the dazzling sunshine of the street, seemed to open wider still in an endeavor to pierce the prison gloom into which she was returning. But, as she saw the old warder's homely figure, standing there in a kindly attitude of welcome, an expression of relief, almost of happiness, illumined her face.

Two soldiers, who had accompanied her as far as the entrance, withdrew as soon as their prisoner had crossed the threshold, and the door closed upon them.

The old warder advanced to meet his captive.

"So you are back again, citizeness?" he said, with an assumed cheerfulness which he was far from feeling.

"Ah, my good friend," replied the girl, in a low voice, which bore signs of the long and fatiguing cross-examination to which she had just been subjected, "I shall not trouble you much longer."

Richard shrugged his shoulders, as though to deny that any trouble was involved in the care of so well-behaved a prisoner.

"'I KISS THE TIPS OF YOUR WINGS,' HE SAID"

"I will tell the wife of your return," he said. "You promised to take your supper with us, you remember."

"I fear I must break my promise," said Charlotte, with a sad smile. "There will be no time for supper to-night."

"But my little Jean is so looking forward——"

"Poor little Jean," she interrupted; "I am so sorry to disappoint him. But he will forgive me, I know. And by the by," she continued, "I am expecting a visitor this evening. Will you please see that he is admitted the moment he arrives?"

Chabot, who up to this time had been sitting unperceived in the corner of the cell, gave vent to a low chuckle.

Charlotte looked about at the sound, and as her eye fell upon the sinister figure of the ex-priest, she could not repress a shudder.

"You!" she exclaimed, starting back suddenly.

Chabot advanced toward her, with mock politeness, which the expression on his face belied. "At your service!" he said, with a low bow.

"But why are you here? What do you want with me?" asked the frightened girl.

"I am here to see you, on a little matter of — er — business. I want a few moments' conversation with you."

Charlotte turned an appealing glance upon the old warder. "Surely," she exclaimed, with a tone of passionate entreaty in her voice, "surely I have a right to ask that the short hour of life that is left to me shall be undisturbed?"

Richard made a weak, deprecating movement with his hands. "I am not to blame," he explained. "The Deputy has a pass, signed by the Police Commissioner."

He crossed over behind the prisoner, and was about to untie her hands. Chabot, noticing his intention, stopped him with a peremptory gesture.

"Leave that to me," he said. "I will see to it myself."

"But — citizen —" the old man began.

Chabot pointed sternly toward the door.

"Go!" he said. "Go! For time is short, and I have things to say to the prisoner in private."

Richard hesitated, as though about to refuse, but his natural weakness was no match for the firm attitude of the Deputy, and, after an uneasy glance at Charlotte Corday, he shambled clumsily to the threshold and went out.

Chabot crossed to the door and made sure that it was properly closed. Then he turned quickly and advanced to where Charlotte was still standing.

"And now," he said, "now that we are alone, quite alone together, you and I, let us for the moment forget our mutual — shall I say dislike?— our distrust of one another, eh?"

He approached and laid his hands upon her wrists, stooping to undo the cords with which the prisoner was bound.

At his touch Charlotte, who had been watching his movements with a look of terror on her face, sprang sharply back, as though she had been stung by some poisonous reptile.

"Don't come near me!" she exclaimed passionately. "I could not bear you to touch me!"

She retreated to the farthest end of the cell and stood at bay there with her back to the wall.

"As you will! as you will!" replied the other. "I merely thought that perhaps you would chat more freely if — but no matter."

"Will you not sit down?" he added, motioning her to a chair.

"I will stand!" she answered coldly.

"By all means," said Chabot, in an amused voice, "by all means. But I suppose you have no objection to my sitting?"

The girl made no reply.

Chabot ensconced himself as comfortably as possible in the hard wooden chair which the warder had vacated.

"Let us be sensible," he said, after a pause. "Your little game is over, you know. You have lost."

"I have won!" exclaimed Charlotte, with a touch of triumph in her voice.

"We will not discuss the point," said Chabot. "I do not argue with women. I wish you to tell me what you were unwilling, and very naturally unwilling, to admit at your trial — the true motive of your crime. I want to know the source from which came the inspiration. You have executed the deed alone, but you cannot have planned it alone. Others have helped you. You are to die, remember, alone; to suffer alone; and yet it is not you alone who are guilty. There are, there must be, others who have urged you to commit this crime. The Girondist Barbaroux, for instance," he suggested, "a friend of yours, who has just been arrested——"

"Had nothing whatever to do with it," exclaimed the girl, breaking in upon his unfinished sentence. "What I have done, I have done alone, and I am proud of it! I confided in none; I asked advice of none. The idea was my own; the conception was my own; and I carried it out by myself!"

There was in her voice a note of exultation, of glory, of triumph in the success of her crime; she seemed almost to boast of the solitude of her guilt, as though conscious of the fact that

one executes but ill that which another's brain has conceived.

"Oh, it is very loyal of you to try and conceal the identity of your accomplices," said Chabot, with a sneer.

"My loyalty is for my country alone. It was my love of her that inspired me to plan my project; my love of her that helped me to undertake it; my desire for her welfare that gave me strength to carry it out!"

"Indeed," said the Deputy sardonically. "And doubtless it required unusual strength to deal so fatal a blow, straight to the heart!"

The girl looked at him in surprise.

"The indignation in my own heart showed me the way," she said quietly.

"One would think," continued Chabot, "that you had practised with the knife before on some other——" He left the sentence unfinished.

The blood rushed to Charlotte's cheek. A fire of indignation and resentment burned in her usually tender eyes, making them blaze and flame until even the cold-blooded Deputy was moved to admire the beauty of this emotional woman, so fierce in the defence of her honor.

"You know well that I am no ordinary assassin," she exclaimed. "My hands are clean in the eyes of Heaven. My soul is guiltless before God."

The ex-priest took a step forward. "How dare you speak of God? You?"

"I dare speak of Him," replied the girl, in an impassioned voice, "because I believe that it was He who inspired me, as He inspired Judith of old, to make this sacrifice in the cause of liberty. I believe that He chose me to bear this message of His righteous vengeance to a people who have forgotten His name; that He nerved my arm to strike the blow at which you wonder. I have completed my task," she went on, in a quieter tone, "I leave the rest to others. I have avenged much innocent blood. I have prevented the shedding of much more." She turned proudly round and faced the Deputy with flashing eyes.

"I have killed one man," she said, "to save a hundred thousand!"

Chabot smiled grimly.

"Do you then imagine," he asked, "that you have murdered all the Marats?"

"I have destroyed one," she retorted. Her fearless gaze met the crafty eyes of her examiner, and they quailed before it.

"Perhaps the others will be afraid," she added meaningly.

"I must admit," replied the Deputy with a nervous assumption of jocularity, "I am relieved to think that for the moment I am beyond the reach of those pretty hands of yours. For I have no desire, believe me, to be added to the list of your victims!"

Charlotte smiled scornfully. "You need have no fears," she said. "Were my hands as free as yours, or my heart as black, you would still be safe. You surely cannot flatter yourself that the question of the life or death of such as you could be of any importance to the State."

The natural egotism of the man was wounded; his vanity was touched. Confident of Charlotte's helplessness, he approached to within a few feet of her.

"Are you not afraid to speak in such a tone to me?" he asked. "We are alone here—" he looked meaningly round at the empty cell. "The walls are thick. No one can hear us."

Charlotte looked him up and down with a slow, scornful gaze. "Afraid?" she asked. "Of you?" She smiled. "Do you think that one can look at you; at your shifty eyes — at your restless mouth —" involuntarily the Deputy's hand rose to his lips — "without discovering the secret which you conceal so badly behind a mask of insult and of bluster? Do you think I cannot see what a coward you are at heart?"

"Truly polite!" exclaimed the other nervously. "At any rate, I am no murderer!"

"Because you have not the courage!" replied the girl. "But be sure that however great the guilt of those who have shed all this innocent blood, you who have allowed it to be spilt will also have to answer for it."

Her face was transfigured by emotion as she spoke. She seemed to be gazing into the caverns of eternity with the eyes of some inspired prophetess. "I look forward into the future," she continued, "and I see you, and the other brigands who surrounded Marat, whom God only allows to live so as to make their fall the more terrible,— so as to frighten all who would attempt to establish their fortunes on the ruins of a misguided people,— I see you dragged by force up the scaffold steps — the ladder to Eternity which I scale so willingly — till your coward's eyes gaze forth flinching from that blood-stained casement, that is for me the window looking out on immortality!"

Chabot stared in amazement at this young girl, who seemed to speak with the assurance of a seer. He could not subdue his admiration of a woman who was so obviously fearless of death. "Come," he said, "I like your pluck." He inspected her with a critical eye. "You're not a bad-looking girl, either, for an aristocrat." He came very close to her, apparently unconscious of the loathing with which she regarded his approach. "Turn round and let me have a look

at you," he ordered. Charlotte did not seem to have heard him, but kept her head high in the air, and the same lofty look of disdain in her eye.

"Proud, are you?" said the deputy, with a snarl. "I suppose I'm not good enough to speak to you, eh?"

Charlotte still remained silent.

"Hoity toity!" continued Chabot, "with your fine airs and graces! You won't be so damned haughty in an hour's time, *I* know! You won't hold your head so high then, I'll be bound!" He came quite close and leered into her face. "Why do you treat me like this?" he asked. "Aren't I good enough for you?" There was no tremor of fear in the girl's attitude, but almost unconsciously she turned her head away. "Come here!" he said sharply. "Come closer!" Charlotte Corday did not move. Chabot stooped until his face was only a few inches from hers. "I've a good mind to take a kiss from you," he said, with an ugly smile. "What do you say to that, eh?" he asked. The girl moved her head still further away so as to avoid looking upon the hideous features which were now so close to her own pure lips.

"What's the use of making all this fuss?" said Chabot impatiently. Still no reply from the woman, who, beneath her appearance of calm and courage, could feel her heart beating wildly with terror and apprehension. "What?" continued the Deputy, "Look at me!" he commanded. Then, as Charlotte seemed to pay no attention to his orders, "Damn you!" he said, "you *shall* look at me!" And he placed his hands upon her shoulders and turned her quickly round so as to face him.

Then, and not till then, did her self-reliance give way. With the amorous touch of his hateful fingers upon her neck, she realized the helplessness and horror of her position. With a convulsive movement she tried to free her hands. The face of her enemy came closer and closer to hers, and she read the coarse desires of his vicious soul in the lustful brightness of his eyes. In a perfect agony of disgust and terror she fought desperately to fling herself out of his reach.

"Let me go!" she appealed, "let me go! Ah, God!" she cried, in a strangled voice, "Let me go!"

Her cry must have been loud enough to pentrate the thick prison door, for in a moment it was flung open, and two men, Richard and another, rushed into the room, and Charlotte was aware that the old warder had interposed his burly person between her and the man she loathed.

"I should have known better than to leave you alone with a man of his character," exclaimed the veteran, glowering at the ex-priest. "The wife will never forgive me."

Chabot had recovered his self-possession, and was regarding the old man's perturbation with evident amusement.

The stranger who had entered the cell with Richard was a young man of about thirty, cleanshaven, with dark, almost black hair shading a high, intellectual brow and eyes of unusual brilliance. He was dressed in the uniform, such as it was, of the National Guard, but his appearance was not that of a soldier, and the artist's block and sketching materials which he carried in his hand proclaimed him to be, what indeed he was, a portrait painter.

He had heard the woman's agonized cry. The scene that he had witnessed on entering the room had shown him the cause of her distress, and, with the blind, impetuous rage which the sight of any act of violence or injustice towards the weak or helpless rouses in a young and chivalrous soul, he rushed to where Chabot was standing and seized that worthy violently by the shoulder.

"What the devil are you doing?" he demanded furiously.

"That is no business of yours," retorted Chabot, coolly disengaging himself from the other's grasp. "You evidently do not know who I am, young man."

"I have no wish to. It does not interest me. But I do know that you are not wanted here!"

"I am the Deputy Chabot, of the Department of Loir-et-Cher!"

"Indeed," replied the young man, apparently unabashed by so much distinction. "Well, I am Jean Jacques Hauer! And to the devil with your 'deputy'!"

"So you are the fortunate Citizen Hauer," said Chabot, with a dark smile of comprehension. "I see, I see!"

"What do you mean?" asked the artist threateningly.

Chabot turned to Charlotte Corday with a bow.

"I congratulate you, mademoiselle," he said, with meaning in his voice, "I congratulate you on the possession of so well-bred, so well-mannered a lover!"

Hauer sprang forward with a cry of rage, and would have hurled himself upon the Deputy, had not Charlotte's quiet voice stopped him.

"Leave him alone," she begged. "Let him be, I pray you. He is not worthy of your anger."

Chabot moved toward the entrance slowly. "Good-by, mademoiselle," he said, "and

thank you" — ironically — "thank you for a very pleasant chat, which I shall always remember, when you are — what shall we say?— forgotten!"

Charlotte faced him with quiet dignity.

"I may be forgotten," she replied, "and that soon. But what I have done shall not readily be forgotten."

With a sarcastic laugh the Deputy crossed the threshold and was gone.

Richard watched his departure with evident relief, and then turned to address his prisoner.

"There is a priest without," he said, "who asks whether you desire his services."

Charlotte shook her head. "Will you thank him on my behalf for his kindness. But I do not need the offices of the Church."

She crossed to the table and leaned one hand upon it.

"The blood that I have spilt, and my blood that I am about to shed, are the only sacrifices that I can offer to God," she said. "I have no fears. He knows all, and will forgive."

The warder bowed his head, took a last look round the cell to see that all was well, and left the room.

II

As the door closed Charlotte sank into a chair and buried her face in her hands. The long trial and the incidents that had followed it had been very tiring. She was young and lonely, and her last hour had come. Small wonder then that for a moment she should give way to emotion or that her eyes should brim with the bitter tears of fatigue and disappointment.

Hauer watched her in silence for a little while, and then crossed the narrow room and stood beside her chair.

"Perhaps you would rather be alone?" he said, in a tender voice of pity.

Charlotte raised her shining eyes to his, and a grave smile stole like a shadow to her lips.

"No, no," she exclaimed, holding out a detaining hand, "I have but few moments left to me, and still fewer friends. Stay with me, Monsieur Hauer, if you will, and," she added in a lighter tone, "you may finish the portrait."

He took his painting materials from the table, set up the small portable easel, arranged the palette and brushes in his hand, and commenced his work upon the portrait of the prisoner, which he had begun in the court-house, and which, at her request and by permission of her judges, he was now to be allowed to complete.

And as he painted, they talked together, quietly, sympathetically, with the understanding and the occasional silence of old friends, these two who had but learned to know each other during the last few days, but from whose short acquaintance were destined to spring, for the one, a friendship which did much to lighten the burden of these last hours, for the other, a love which he was to bear in his heart to the end of an adventurous career.

This girl, who had lost her mother at an early age; who had ever since lived a simple, secluded, somewhat lonely existence, first in the convent of L'Abbaye-aux-Dames, and subsequently under the care of an old aunt at Caen; who had never found a friend in whom to confide her troubles; now for the first time discovered a sympathetic listener, who gradually drew from her the sad story of her life and of the sinister events that led up to the tragedy with which it was to close.

As a girl she had been much alone; had played alone, thought alone, lived alone. And in her case, as in that of many others, solitude had been the mother of great thoughts. Hers was not an unhappy childhood, but her happiness had sprung from sources other than those usually open to children. She drew most of her pleasure from books, from Plutarch, from Corneille, the poet, her ancestor, of whom she was justly proud, and who had declared that poetry and heroism were of the same race, the one carrying out what the other conceived.

So had she grown up at Caen, dreaming much of her country's welfare, filled with a romantic ambition to do something for France, something grand, something noble.

And then came all the horrors of the Revolution. Terrible tales of bloodshed and injustice reached the little sun-kissed village of Caen. The name of Marat was on every tongue — Marat, who made the streets run with blood; Marat, the murderer of thousands whose only crime was loyalty; Marat, through whose wanton ferocity the blood-stained Loire was discolored for miles, to whose rage for extermination the gloomy solitude of the towns and the desolation of the country bore ghastly testimony. The very crimson of the autumn woods seemed to reflect the bloodshed of those cruel September massacres.

It was then, no doubt, that the thought first entered the mind of this young girl; the idea that perhaps she, though only a woman, with no knowledge of the world, without experience, might achieve what men seemed frightened to attempt, something that should help to retrieve the lost honor of France. It was ambitious, surely; but then, was not Joan of Arc a girl?

Marat, the murderer of peace, if only he were dead, thought Charlotte Corday, peace would

be restored. "It is expedient for one man to die for all."

The shadow of Marat darkened the whole picture, and in the background stood the scaffold, which liberty was mounting in company with the victims of this murderer, at whose name one shuddered, as at the mention of death. Marat, without Danton's courage or the integrity of Robespierre, seemed but a wild beast bent on devouring France.

Charlotte saw her beloved country in its death agony, she saw the victims and the tyrant. She sought to avenge the one, to punish the other, to save all.

Many a long summer night did she lie awake in her little attic room at Caen, wondering what she should do. Suddenly all seemed to clear before her. Her mind was made up.

After a sad parting with her family, who believed that she was going to England with the many other refugees who found a haven there at this time, she started for Paris, arriving there with no friend save a battered copy of her beloved Plutarch. During the two days and nights that she spent at the little Hotel de la Providence in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, but one thought was uppermost in her mind; to seek out Marat and do what she had to do.

The recital of these incidents had brought a tinge of color into the girl's cheeks, and to Hauer, as he sat and gazed at her in admiration, her beauty appealed irresistibly. He could picture the whole scene as she described it. In imagination he accompanied her on that early morning walk, on the fatal Saturday, the eve of the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, when she went to the Palais Royal to buy the knife with which the murder was committed. He could fancy, as she described it, the sun shining through the trees, the children playing in the public gardens. She told him how she had helped one little curly-headed lad to recover his top which had rolled through the railings out of reach. The little fellow had kissed her, little realizing what she carried so carefully hidden in her bosom. In his heart Hauer blessed that little boy; he was grateful for that childish kiss, the last that Charlotte was to know. He followed her to the house in the Rue des Cordeliers, where Marat lived, and where for so long she strove in vain to gain admission, until, at last, toward evening, she forced her way in.

"You know the rest," continued Charlotte. "How I pretended to be a traitor to my cause. — God will forgive me," she added, "for we owe no truth to tyrants.— How I informed Marat of the names of the refugee deputies at Caen who were organizing the Federalist movement. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, his irresistible thirst for blood rekindled at the thought of these new victims, 'they shall be guillotined within a week!' Guillotined!" repeated Charlotte, rising to her feet. "My friends! The patriots of Caen!"

She turned and saw Hauer's eye fixed upon her as though awaiting the end of the story. "And then?" he asked.

There was silence for a short space, broken only by the quick breathing of the girl.

"I stabbed him to the heart."

"Did you not realize ——?"

"I realized nothing," she interrupted, "save that I was carrying out my unalterable purpose. I felt no more remorse than if I were treading on the head of some loathsome snake. The hideousness of Marat's appearance, the squalor of his surroundings, the infamy of his character, all these urged me on to accomplish the deed I had planned. And in my heart a voice kept whispering that the end justified the means."

"Brave little Jesuit!"

"Oh, I am glad I killed him! I have no regrets, none. I was ready, I am ready now, to pay the penalty." She paused, "Ah, I weary you with all this," she said. "But I have had no one to speak to, all these days; nobody seems to understand ——"

"*I* understand," said Hauer with feeling.

"Yes, I believe you do, and I thank you for it." She sat at the table where the artist was putting the finishing touches to his picture.

"I had hoped that an old frend of mine," she added, "one on whose loyalty I relied implicitly, would have appeared to defend me at the trial. I wrote and asked him. But he never came. He did not even trouble to reply. Well," she sighed, "I am no poorer for the loss of such a friend."

Hauer laid down his brushes, rose, and stood before her. His voice was unsteady, and his face had grown pale.

"Others may fail you," he exclaimed, "but you know that I will always stand by you, though the whole world turn against you."

He took both her hands in one of his, and, looking into her eyes, saw down to the very depths of her pure soul. A rush of memories flooded his brain as he gazed at this woman whose life was to close so soon.

He recalled the very first time he had ever seen her — how long ago was it?— in the gardens at Caen, opposite the little Church of St. Antoine. Five years ago; and yet to him it seemed but yesterday. She had been a girl then; a timid, neatly-dressed girl of nineteen she looked, as she walked slowly along, deep in meditation, intent upon her own thoughts.

Hauer was sitting sketching beneath a tree as she passed. She dropped one of the books she was carrying; he picked it up for her; she thanked him. That was all — and yet at the sound of that one word something had stirred in the young artist's heart, something that he had not been able to understand at the time, but that he had understood in the court-house to-day, when he heard once more the music of her voice — something that he understood now, and knew to be love.

"Charlotte," he exclaimed, with a sudden passionate cry, as he flung himself on his knees at her feet, "I love you, I love you!"

The girl gazed tenderly down at him, with a look of innocent affection in those eyes which no hint of any deeper passion had ever illumined. She laid her hand lightly upon his head for a moment and then drew him to his feet.

"Please, monsieur," she said gently, "please; you will not say that. You are my very good friend, and you must think of me as a friend, and nothing more. You know well that I can never be grateful enough for the blessing of your friendship, and for all you have done for me."

Hauer had recovered his self-possession. "Alas! I have done nothing for you — I, who would gladly lay down my life for your happiness."

"You have done much," replied the girl. "You have spoken to me, when all others were afraid and held aloof. You have given me the comfort of your welcome society, while other friends stayed away. Are your words of sympathy nothing?" she asked. "Ah, I could not bear to think that I should cause you any unhappiness. I pray you, let us be friends, and friends only. The parting will be the easier for that."

"Don't speak of parting," he cried, aghast at the picture conjured up in his imagination by her ominous words.

"And yet it is to be so soon. In a little while I shall go out of your life forever. I shall be nothing to you but a memory. It is hard enough to have to die, do not make it harder for me."

"Charlotte!" cried the young man in an agonized voice, "you shall not go out of my life like this! I will kill myself! I will share your fate. I cannot live without you!"

The girl gazed up at him with a look of infinite tenderness and pity. "Do you really love me?" she asked.

"Charlotte ——"

"Remember then that the price of love is sacrifice; and do as I ask." She sat down on the edge of the hard bed and drew him down beside her.

"Is it so easy for me to be brave?" she asked, "to leave the sunshine, to say goodby to all the bright and beautiful things of this world, to life and love? Do not make it harder for me, then. Ah, I pray you, forget me; or rather, rejoice at my fate, remembering that the cause for which I lay down my life is indeed a glorious one. Help me to bear the trials of this last scene bravely, with a courage you would wish to see in one you loved."

Hauer seized her hands and kissed them feverishly.

Charlotte smiled sadly at him.

"I have had but little tenderness in my life," she said. "Your kisses are dear to me, believe. I will bear them in my hands to the scaffold, as I shall bear the comfort of your friendship in my heart.

"Do not weep for me," she added, as the tears, which he was unable to control, fell and mingled with his kisses upon her pale hands. "I want all your help, all your courage, if I am to face the end bravely, to meet death with a smile."

There was a loud and peremptory knock at the entrance. With a swift exclamation Hauer crossed the floor and threw open the door.

A tall man, dressed entirely in black, with a thick beard half covering a sallow but not unkindly face, entered the room. He carried a long red smock over his shoulder, a short piece of thick cord in his hand, and to his wide leather belt was suspended a pair of shears. It was Charles Henry Sanson, the public executioner.

A momentary expression of terror flitted across Charlotte Corday's eyes as they gazed upon this sinister figure, whose mission required no explanation. After a brief inward struggle, she regained possession of her wonted calm and faced the unwelcome visitor with an unflinching gaze.

The executioner advanced, holding out the red smock, a roughly made cloak of common scarlet material, which condemned persons wore on their way to the scaffold. Without a word spoken on either side, Charlotte allowed him to throw this garment round her shoulders.

Sanson then drew the shears from his belt. But the prisoner, anticipating his intention, stopped him with a quick gesture and took the instruments from his hand.

"Give them to me," she said quietly, and the man obeyed. Then, throwing off her cap, she unbound the ribbon with which her hair was confined and with a quick, graceful movement of the head, shook down its burden of auburn hair so that it covered her shoulders. With a few swift strokes of the scissors she cut off the waving masses, which fell in a heap in her lap

and at her feet, and handed the shears back to Sanson. With her bared head, its aureole of close-cropped hair crowning the small oval face beneath it, Charlotte looked like some beautiful boy, and it was evident that even the impassive executioner was moved by her charm and by the tender grace of her every movement.

One of the many curls which she had severed so ruthlessly had fallen into the bosom of her dress, and Charlotte now held it in her hand and turned toward Hauer, who had been watching the sacrifice with much emotion.

"Will you accept this?" she asked timidly, "I — it is all I have to give. If you would care to have it ——"

"The young man took it tenderly from her and raised it to his lips.

"I shall hold it dearer than all else in the world," he said; "this lock of your beautiful hair."

"Is it beautiful? I used to be very vain of my hair once." She smiled. "If you will keep it," she continued, "and perhaps look at it sometimes, and, when you do, recall the memory of one to whom you were kind — of one who will never forget — who will offer prayers for your welfare and your happiness at the very throne of God ——" She brushed away a tear that had crept out unseen upon her cheek, and for the moment her voice failed her.

Sanson moved forward silently and seized her wrist with one hand, while with the other he shook out the short coil of cord which he held.

The blood flamed in Charlotte's cheek, and she shrank back suddenly, dreading some fresh indignity.

"Ah, no!" she exclaimed passionately. "I beg of you! Not that again! I promise you, I will be good!" she reiterated, standing with her hands behind her, like some frightened child expecting punishment, "I will keep still! I will do whatever you tell me. I will not move. Oh, let me be free, for this last hour of my life!"

Hauer approached the executioner. "Surely she has suffered enough already," he said. "Look at her wrists." For the severity of her former bondage had left cruel marks upon the white skin of her delicate arms.

Sanson spoke for the first time. His voice was low and had a tone of refinement which perhaps reassured his listeners.

"You need not be afraid," he said. "I am not rough. I will not hurt you. It is for the best."

Charlotte looked up into his face and, reading there nothing but the desire of a blunt but honest man to discharge an unpleasant duty with as little pain as possible to all concerned, submitted without further entreaty.

"As you will," she said, holding out her hands to him. He laid one small wrist across the other and with a few quick turns of the rope tied her hands behind her back, fastening them securely but without unnecessary severity.

As he opened the cell-door, a loud tumult rose from the street below. Charlotte drew back in terror.

"What sound is that?" she asked trembling.

"'Tis but the crowd growing impatient. Do not be frightened," said Sanson in a reassuring voice. "You are safe enough with me."

Hauer stepped forward. "I will accompany you," he said, in a determined tone.

"No, no!" entreated the girl. "Please not. 'Farewell' is always a hard word to say. I shall want all my courage on the scaffold." She moved towards the door, then turned again to the artist. "One last request I have to make," she said. "That you will send the portrait to my old father at Argentan. It will comfort his heart, perhaps," she added, "and help him to forgive me for disposing of my life without his permission."

"Now," she continued, "let us say goodby."

With an effort Hauer restrained his tears. He fell on one knee at her feet, as though to kiss her hands once more. But she shook her head sadly, unable to lift them, bound as they were, to his lips. "Ah, no," she said, "you see, it is no longer allowed!"

Hauer raised the edge of her red smock and kissed it passionately. "I kiss the tips of your wings!" he said.

Charlotte turned to the executioner, who was waiting somewhat impatiently at the door. "I am ready," she said. Then, as her eye fell upon the lonely kneeling figure of her lover, "Farewell," she added. "Farewell, for the last time. God bless you for all that you have been to me. You will not forget me, I know. And I shall carry with me the memory of your friendship to the end. Be happy in the knowledge that I am glad to die for France; and remember that it is guilt alone that brings disgrace, and not the scaffold!"

With a resolute step she walked through the open door and out into the tumult of the street.

An hour later, when the warder, Richard, entered the cell, he found the young artist still on his knees, convulsive sobs shaking his whole body, while tears of anguish rained down his cheeks and fell unheeded upon a long lock of hair which he was holding tenderly in his hands and which he now and again raised to his lips.

With a grunt, half scorn, half sympathy, the old warder shook his head and, closing the door quickly behind him, stole away in search of the more cheerful society of his wife and little Jean.

THE BURIED ANCHOR

BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

THERE was a tale that Oom Piet used to tell, of the days when he showed his back to the tax-gatherers and trekked east to the very edge of the world, where the veld broke into patches of sand and shelved down into the sea. It was the only one of all his stories that did not make him out a hero; the rest were all of war with the kafirs and hunting in new-found lands, where the game was so thick that it jostled for pasture. But this was a tale of wonder, and he wondered over it contentedly till he went to that place where all riddles are answered.

It began always with the long Odyssey of the trek, while the slow wagons drew indomitably to ever fresh horizons and each dawn showed a new country and the fresh spoor of buck. Then there were the mountains, seen afar for days, that stood across his track; he had searched them north and south for more than a month ere he found the winding thread of valley that let him through. Not once but a dozen times in that year-long journey his ripe craft of war had served him well, and the wagons had been laagered in time to stand off an attack of kafirs; each lonely battle was fresh in his memory, and he never omitted to tell how his wife crouched beside him as he fought, loading his spare rifle and passing it into his hand. Sometimes, at this stage in the history, some of his old force would return to him, and one could see all the face harden and grow keen behind the big beard. Oom Piet was very old and much under the dominion of his years; for him one thing in a story was as much as another; and he always carried us through every stage of that trek, from the Bushmen he shot in the mountains to the baby he buried at Weenen Drift.*

And thus at last, when they had passed through an easy country, where Zulu satraps from the north ruled the terror-stricken kraals, and nothing any longer had the power to make him wonder, they came upon the sea. It was a still evening when they drew down to its shore, and before them the unimagined ocean filled the world and lay against the sky, and its murmur hushed the long-familiar noises of the veld. A broken reef of rock stood a hundred yards from the beach and the water creamed about it; the crags were like gapped and broken teeth. Oom Piet stood with his wife's hand on his arm and his three sons at his elbow, and all five gazed awhile in silence. The spell of the stillness and the great space worked within them all.

"It is a place of peace, at all events," said Oom Piet, at last.

The hand on his arm tightened. Susanna looked up at him with a smile.

"But I am glad I am not alone here," she answered.

As for the lads, theirs was a bewilderment that stilled their judgment. Klein Piet, the eldest, leaned on his rifle and stared out at the sea with empty eyes, for it spoke to unguessed depths in his soul; and Jan and Andries were both a little afraid. They had nothing to say, and when presently Piet led the way back to the wagons, they followed him hesitating, casting nervous glances over their shoulders as they went. Even by the fires, as they sat together over their evening meal, some constraint remained with them, so that they talked with an effort of trivial things while their thoughts abode elsewhere, and Susanna looked from one to another with a little frown of perplexity. Not one of them could have told what troubled him, or guessed that in his very name of Van Praagh there closed a long tradition of the salt and sound of the sea.

It was when a new dawn had shown them the place in clear light, unwitched by evening shadows and calm, that Piet made his decision. Landward of the sand the veld was rich, with patches of bush; a stream ran through it handily, and to his eyes, wise in a hundred aspects of game land, cattle land, and mealie land, it spoke of security and comfort. He was not a man to be drawn from his sure judgment by trifles of liking and curiosity; he had lived too close to

* The Ford of Weeping.

the real things of life to be deluded by semblances; but none the less, there was gladness for him that all these good things, the materials of a home and a livelihood, lay at the flank of that great tame sea, to whose noise his ears were already become accustomed. There was a welcome in the sound of it; under the morning sun it showed a face as bright as a host's; and when the lads came back from the beach, with their hair blown about their faces and their hands full of shells, they found him sitting on an ant hill, in the middle of a square he had marked out with big smooth stones.

"What is it?" asked Klein Piet.

"Our house," answered his father. "We will build it here, with the stoop looking out to the water. That— " he pointed a line with his finger — "that shall be the front of it, to face the sun each day when he up-saddles. There, yonder, shall be the kraals; and we will live between the sea and the veld and have the best of both. What do you think of it?"

Andries laughed delightedly; a new thing was always a good thing for him. Jan, too, was pleased and curious; only Klein Piet looked grave, but not with any doubt or dissatisfaction.

"Well?" asked the father again. "What do you think of it, my son?"

Klein Piet answered slowly. "I think well of it," he said, meeting his father's gaze with his steady blue eyes; "so well, father, that I should have stayed in any case, even if you had turned back."

"Eh?" The elder man doubted if he heard aright.

Klein Piet seemed to be in a dream. "I only know," he said, in the same slow manner of speech, "that this place I stand on is like a birthplace to me. I must have dreamed of it when I was a child."

The younger boys were watching the pair of them in wonder. Piet put out his hand to his son.

"Then we shall not quarrel," he said. "I cannot say what it is, the finger of God stirring or the lusts of the flesh, but the same thing has hold of me, Klein Piet. I am fallen at the same dyke; I could not leave this place if I would."

Only Susanna was not completely at her ease. Piet found no matter for surprise in this, but looked to see a change when the house should be built and the offices of home-keeping should have set up landmarks in her life. A Boer woman should live between her kitchen and her bed, he was used to say, and he held to this unswervingly even when the kitchen was but the cheek of a wood-fire in the veld and the bed the windy sail of a wagon. So when her face showed that the strangeness of the place did not abate for her, when she shrank from being alone and shivered at the on-coming of the nights that strode in from the sea, he only smiled on her and was careful to be close to her, and was glad, with a mild satisfaction, that the long trek and the fights and the sorrows had left her womanly and soft. She was a De Villiers from the western edge of the Karoo, fair and still as all the women of that stock are; but it never happened to him to think of the dead men and women who had gone to the making of her family, soldiers and gospellers and martyrs, but never a sailor among them. Neither did it happen that he took any account of his kafirs, for Piet was sound Boer to the bone; or he might have seen that they, too, had their fears and misgivings. The black man's solitude is peopled with ghosts and devils; beyond the ring of his firelight, the dark is uneasy with presences; and it was not fear of the Zulus alone that kept these tremblers close about the camp, and cowed them to an anxious obedience the sjambok could never have commanded.

Indeed, there was no time for Piet and his sons to become infected with doubts, for they set to work at once on the building of their house. The stone thereabouts lay over the face of the land in rounded boulders and splintered cleanly under the sledge-hammer. The house they devised to face the sea was to be of stone from eaves to the foot of the walls and rooted well in the ground. Piet marked it all out with little gutters, and, since he himself was the strongest of them, he set the lads to dig a firm foundation with half the kafirs, while he took the other half to split and carry stone. They had all a good will to work; their task was to justify to themselves their choice of a home, and the skinny kafirs had to bend their naked backs freely to keep pace with the eager work of their masters. The thud of the picks and the ring of Piet's great hammer made a loud answer to the ceaseless murmur and rustle of the sea on the sand; even Susanna was stirred from her cares by the briskness of the work.

The place where Piet labored at the stone was under the bank of the stream, where it ran deep and slow, and curved curiously between little hard headlands of rock and easy bosoms of sand; so that when he was plying the great sledge and cutting out the stone in big, flat cakes, he was hidden from the lads who dug on the foundations of the house, a couple of hundred paces away. There was little enough to fear now, but his old lore of war still governed him, and he carried his rifle to his work with him, and had chosen to work in a spot where he could not be suddenly approached by one coming secretly through the hummocks. Here, at noon, on the fourth or

fifth day of the building, he was laboring happily. His was the part to swing the great sledge on the wedges; three, four full-bodied blows, each ringing true as a bell on the iron wedges, and a fat, flat slice of stone jarred loose from the body of the rock, to be hauled apart by the kafirs; and then in with the wedges again. He had joy in his strength, and in the pretty skill of never missing the head of the wedge; so that he worked on without fatigue and did not look about him. It was when another big flake of stone was broken away, that an exclamation from one of the kafirs made him turn sharply to look up-stream.

He was never sure what manner of man he saw, watching him from the far side of the spruit. For one thing, there was sweat in his eyes; for another, he turned to grasp his rifle, and when he turned back, the man was gone. But in the couple of moments that the man was in view, Piet saw that he was white, a short, strongly-built white man, dark against the pale sand. And though he could never find a phrase for the impression in his mind, the thing that puzzled him was the utter strangeness of the man's appearance. Whether it was the fashion of his clothes, his attitude, his looks, or just the mere whole of him, he could never explain. But, "it seemed to me as if he were none of God's making," he always added.

It was a matter of no more than a couple of breaths; then his bewilderment broke up, and caution took its place. He bustled his kafirs together and shepherded them out of the stream-bed and back to the camp, coming last with his rifle cocked in the crook of his arm to guard gainst any possible danger. He saw that work had ceased in the foundations of the house; the lads and the kafirs were gathered in a knot in the pit, and their voices buzzed in talk. But he gave no notice to that.

"We are being watched," he said to them. "Back to the laager and get your guns."

And once again the square of wagons became a fort, and the little family stood to its arms against all comers, for its right to live in the place it had chosen.

Piet told them what he had seen; it was little enough, and he had no key to its meaning. Susanna, having helped to lay the spare rifles and the ammunition ready, had gone back to her fire, for pots must be watched though the veld were alive with enemies. The men, each standing on a wagon wheel, searching the country with keen eyes, turned the thing over in their minds.

"You are sure he was white, father?" asked Jan.

Piet was quite sure.

"And he had no gun?"

"No," replied Piet. "He had nothing in his hands at all."

They spoke without turning their heads or ceasing for an instant in the watch they kept.

"Then," said Klein Piet, with assurance, "it must be the English. Only the English go about without guns in a wild country, and collect taxes."

The explanation seemed reasonable to them all; they would have been less dismayed if a black foe had shown himself in force. The feeling that dragged the Boer people up by the roots and set them trekking into the unknown was no mere antipathy to taxation; it was founded on an abiding mistrust and hatred of the English who were multiplying in the land. Piet's strong face took on an added grimness as Klein Piet's explanation forced itself on him.

"But perhaps," suggested Andries, the youngest, "it is just an Englishman on trek. He would not trouble us."

That was a comfortable thought, too. Piet kept his boys on watch for another hour, but nothing showed, and then they ate quickly, and he disposed them for a search. It was all done in good order and after the approved fashion; as each moved forward, his retreat was covered by another's rifle; and between them they scoured all the broken ground within a couple of miles.

"Well," said Piet at last, when the search was over and they had not found so much as a spoor of a foot, "this is a wonderful thing."

"You are sure it was a man you saw?" asked Klein Piet, doubtfully. "The sun plays tricks with a man's eyes, sometimes."

But Piet was not to be shaken. "As sure," he said, "as I am here. But what kind of man —" he broke off, frowning. "There is nothing for it," he added, "but to go on with the work and be wary."

"Yes, the work." Klein Piet turned to him. "When you came back from the spruit, we had just found a curious thing where we were digging."

"An iron cross," put in young Andries.

"A cross?" repeated the father.

"It is not a cross," said Klein Piet, quickly. "It is — something else. Come and see it, father."

They had been talking together outside their laager, and now they went across to the great pit that the lads and the kafirs had dug to plant the house in. The digging was not yet all done, and where the morning's labor had ended, Klein Piet pointed to the thing of which he had spoken. Only a part of it was uncovered — two

curving, spade-ended arms of rust-red iron, and a shaft which stuck out of the earth.

"Is that not a cross, father?" cried Andries. "See, it has arms and ——"

Piet shook his head. "No, it's no cross," he answered. "How can it have come here? I remember once a man who rode on commando, an Englishman, and he had pictures of such things as this on his arms, pricked into the skin. This is an anchor, a piece of a ship."

Klein Piet, standing by his side, laughed suddenly, so short and harsh a laugh that Piet turned to him in surprise.

"I might have known," said Klein Piet. "Of course it is part of a ship. There have been ships here, once; can't you *feel* that there have been ships hereabouts?"

At another time Piet would have shown little patience with this manner of talk; but now his mind was full of other concerns, and he let it pass.

"We must dig the thing out," he said. "It will be heavy to lift, though. Take a pair of spades and see how big it is."

Klein Piet and Jan jumped down into the pit and set to work, while Andries and Piet watched. It was no hard matter to unbury the shank of the anchor; the easy earth came away in heaping shovelfuls, and presently the whole of it lay bare, with its great wooden stock rotted to threads and its ring pitted and thin with rust. Jan leaned on his shovel and stared at it; Klein Piet knelt by it and swept away earth with his hands.

"Perhaps there was a wreck here," Piet was saying. "Some ship may have been driven up by a storm and the sea have beaten it to pieces, so that all the wooden parts floated away and this was left."

Klein Piet, on his knees, still grubbing away with his hands, laughed at him.

"No," he said. "That is not so, father. For there is a chain fast to this anchor."

He had worried a hole with his hands, and sure enough, when they came to look, there was a link of a great chain running from the anchor ring into the earth.

"Now," said Klein Piet, rising from his knees; "who will tell me what the other end of that chain is fast to?"

It was a strange thing for a house-building Boer to find; their shovels only showed them that there was a long chain there, running level perhaps six feet below the surface of the ground. They bared a couple of fathoms of it, red as gold with its long burial, and then Piet bade them halt.

"We must cut it," he said. "It will be hard work, but plainer to do than digging up the whole of it. And for to-day, let us go back to camp and leave it."

Piet was a little resentful of these things that had arrived to disturb the course of his work. First, the sudden stranger who left no spoor where he walked, and now the anchor lying where the roots of his home should be — they were beyond the calculations of an upright Boer. Like many more sophisticated men, Piet relied on his environment possessing a certain quality; when foreign elements colored it, when it was flavored with unascertained ingredients, a sort of helplessness sapped his powers; he was like a man walking blindfold. Only his bull-headed pluck served him at such times; and now, when he doubted and was uneasy, he held on without hesitation in the task he had undertaken. A *brand-wacht* was maintained that night, the four of them taking turns to sit sentry by the great wood fire; and though, during his turn of the watch, the night seemed alive with lurking men who stared and slunk, he faced the new dawn with no leak in his courage.

That day, they set to work at cutting through the great chain that was fast to the anchor ring. Their equipment for such a purpose was poor; there was nothing for it but to flog a cold chisel through the wrought iron; and though the rust flaked from it if one but scratched with a finger-nail, the metal below was sound and tough yet, a heartbreaking thing to assault with mere strength of arm. Further, there is a science of cutting with the cold edge which was outside all their knowledge. The younger lads took turns to hold the chisel while Piet and Klein Piet, swinging alternately, rung a strenuous bob-major on its head; but the hot hours passed in sweat and labor, and afternoon was upon them, while the chain seemed scarcely scratched. It was cruel work for all of them, jarring to the arms and stunning to the ears. At last, Piet dropped his sledge-hammer and wiped the wet from his face.

"Honest men made that chain," he said. "We shall be all to-morrow cutting at it. Hullo! What kafir is this?"

None of them had seen the approach of the kafir who now stood on the edge of the pit looking down at them; he carried his hand to his head in a salute as they looked up at him. He was an old kafir, with tufts of white on his chin and a skin hanging on his loins, gaunt and big and upstanding, with a kind of dignity that was new to them in kafirs. He supported their stare with no embarrassment, and gave them back an unabashed regard of quiet curiosity.

"Who are you?" demanded Piet. "Where do you come from?"

But the kafir could speak no Dutch; he made

a reply in some tongue of his own, sonorous and full-throated, and raised his hand again in salute.

"We must know where he comes from," said Piet to the lads. "Between ourselves and our own kafirs, we must find some language he can understand."

They came out of the pit and took the kafir back to the camp with them, leaving their tools where they lay. The old man went in obedience to their gestures without demur, and squatted himself on his hams to be talked to. The average Boer knows no native tongues; he will not condescend so far to the kafir; but Piet and his sons had yielded to their vicissitudes, and between them could command quite a number of dialects. Tembu, Fingo and the "kitchen kafir" of the Cape failed to gain any response; Klein Piet's few words of Bechuana only made the old man laugh; the Griqua "clicks" made him laugh more. Then, by an inspiration, Piet put a question in Basuto, the harsh speech of the mountaineers. Up went the black hand in a salute, and the old kafir replied in the same tongue.

"I am a doctor," he told them. "I am of The Men (the Zulus). I am walking north to my own people."

He spoke with a seriousness that was like courtesy, so attentive and gracious. To each of Piet's questions he gave a considered answer, ample and careful. There was no war in these parts, he told them; the nearest kraal was four days away. In any case, his people would not concern themselves with a single family of white people; they had nothing to fear.

"But," said Piet, "since I have been here, I have seen another white man. He watched me at work from a distance. Do you know who he was?"

The old kafir listened to him with a sedulous attention.

"It is said," he answered, "that white men have been seen hereabouts. My grandfather saw them, and his father. But I have never seen them."

Piet stared at him. "Your grandfather?" he cried. "But I saw him yesterday."

The old kafir nodded. "It is a tale that is told," he said. "A very old tale. White men came from yonder—" his lean finger waved to the darkling sea southwards, —"traveling on the water in a ——" he paused for a word.

"A ship," said Piet. "I know."

The old man nodded. "This was in the old times, before we Men had come to this country," he went on; "when white men were dreams. Here their ship halted; and that same night, the great wind of the year drove down on them. It was a wind that struck men as with a club and killed them; it lifted the sea as mowers lift hay and stacked it high on the veld, so that here where we sit was all water, and the shore was a mile inland. And with the water, the wind carried their ship, plunging and turning like a cow in a torrent; when the sea went back to its place, it stood here on the land, great and wonderful, with its white men swarming about it. That iron at which you were sweating was the hook with which they held their ship in one place."

Evening had come upon them while they talked; its shadows were cast over the sea and the shore, and the old kafir's strong face was lit by the leaping fire at which they sat. Piet looked over his shoulder at the darkling dome of the night, under which they sat in a hush of solitude.

"Yes," he said. "And what became of them?"

The old kafir spread his hands asunder before him.

"Who can tell?" he answered. "They were killed, of course; the kafirs who had escaped to the hills came back and made war on them. It lasted a while, for the white men fought cleverly; but in the end, there was a creeping by night, a narrowing ring of assegais, the hush of stealth; and last the roar of the warcry and a charge. The kafirs thronged on that ship like ants on a carrion; in the middle of it, the white men put fire to their powder, and all the ship and the fighters vanished in a spring of fire. Yes, all the white men were killed; but still they have been seen, slinking through the hills and returning by the stream. They were killed, but who is to say what became of them?"

The four Boers looked at one another; their breath came short and harsh. Piet recalled all that sense of strangeness with which the sight of the man by the stream had filled him; the growing night was suddenly dangerous and fearful.

Klein Piet turned to the old kafir. "All this was very long ago?" he said.

The kafir considered, with a forefinger that calculated on the fingers of his other hand.

"My grandfather was old," he said. "So old that he was blind. And *his* grandfather had heard it as a tale of olden times.

Piet was still in thrall to the awe of the thing.

"Then I saw a spirit?" he demanded.

The old kafir shrugged, and a silence fell between them all. Jan and Andries had understood less than the half of what was said, but the ill-ease reached them like a contagion and they sat very close together, their eyes wide open and quick.

Piet was about to ask further questions, when Jan suddenly gripped his brother and started.

"Hark!" he cried. "What is that?"

The quick alarm strung them all to tenseness; only the old kafir cocked his eyebrow humorously and spat into the fire. The others rested where they sat, straining their ears.

"There!" cried Jan again.

It was a dull noise of metal on metal that they heard, a muffled ring and clink; it sounded again and again.

"Someone is cutting at the chains," said Piet hoarsely.

"It is they," said Klein Piet.

Susanna's hand stole into Piet's arm; he had almost forgotten that she was sitting a little behind him, so still had she been. But the touch of her hand made him the equal of his terrors; the man with a wife to shield cannot afford fears. He pressed her hand and rose to his feet.

"We are shivering like old women round a death-bed," he said. "Klein Piet, get your rifle; we will see who is mending our work for us."

Klein Piet obeyed, swallowing to ease his tight throat; the old kafir rose too, and the three of them went forth from the light of the fires and across the crisp grass to that dark pit where yet the "clink, clink" of the unseen work was sounding. Piet and his son walked abreast, the kafir a little behind them; his bare feet were soundless as he strode. The Boer was conscious of no fear; only of a strange lightening of his senses and a pricking in his skin such as he had known when he had lain on his rifle at night waiting for a charge of kafirs. As they went, the sound of the hammers grew clearer, till they could pick out the heavy note of the great sledge and the lighter cadence of the top-mall. They halted by an end of bush to mark the steady ring of them and make sure of their breath; the old kafir went on a few paces.

"So the tale was true," they heard him say; and then Piet sprang out, with Klein Piet at his heels, flung up his gun, and fired at the pit. The smoke of the shot blew back into their faces; its noise, peremptory and sudden, thrust their alert faculties from their poise; an effort was needed ere they saw clear again. The pit was empty.

"What did you see?" cried Klein Piet.

"I don't know," answered Piet. "I thought — but I don't know. Let us go and see what *they* have done to the chain."

Klein Piet had his tinderbox in his pocket; by the light he made, they both bent to look at the link on the ground.

"It is deeper," said Klein Piet. "The cut is half through the iron."

They went back to the camp in a silence of utter bewilderment. To his wife's look and the questions of the younger boys, Piet only answered that he had found no one. The old kafir had gone off without a word to his place among Piet's kafirs, and presently Susanna moved off to her bed in the wagon. Piet packed Jan and Andries off after her, and remained smoking by the fire with Klein Piet opposite him.

"Now," said Klein Piet, when they were alone; "what was it you saw?"

Piet took the pipe from his lips and gazed at him across the fire.

"As sure as death," he said, "I saw the pit swarming with men like birds over a wheatfield. And you?"

"I saw it too," answered Klein Piet. "And the men with the hammers — they were naked to the waist and hairy like baboons."

They stared at each other stupidly, half-aghast at the knowledge they shared. Their faces, in the firelight, were white and hard.

"Have we trekked too far?" said Piet, almost in a whisper. "Can a man trek to hell? God, there are those hammers again."

Clink, Clink! they sounded, pounding away in the night, clear and even as the ticking of a clock.

"They will have it cut by morning," whispered Klein Piet. "What will happen then?"

Piet was listening to the sounds, with his pipe poised in front of his mouth. He shook his head.

"I don't know," he answered. "But we will see. Klein Piet, you and I will keep the *brandwacht* to-night. If anything is to happen, we will be awake for it."

"Yes, father," answered Klein Piet mechanically, and then the talk between them dropped. On either side of the fire they sat in long stages of silence, listening to the hammers plying in the night, their noise making a rythm above the slow murmur of the water on the beach. A little wind got up, blowing from the north; it carried the scent of the seaweed and the damp sand to their nostrils and fanned their smoldering fire to a clearer glow. Somewhere in the bush a jackal sobbed like a lost child; the wood ash clicked and rustled as it burned out and settled down. And through it all, like the dominant of a harmony, the hammers spoke their unceasing clink and the darkness stirred like a windy arras.

Perhaps the rythm lulled him somewhat; perhaps he was but sunk in a deeper thought; but Piet did not notice his son spring to his feet. Klein Piet shook him from his stupor; he came back to himself and to the agitated face of the young man leaning over him.

"The hammers have ceased," he shouted.

Klein Piet gabbled the words with lips that puckered and sagged in an ague of excitement. The elder man rose forthwith.

"Now we shall see!" he said.

He went down to crawl under one of the wagons into the open, but remained on his knees under it. Klein Piet, on all fours at his side, shivered and gulped. Their eyes wrestled with the baffling dark, and their pulses checked and raced; for something was moving out yonder. They could see but the loom of a great bulk, a blackness blacker than the night, something vast and tall — and it moved. As their eyes grew familiar with the darkness, they could see plainly that it moved; it seemed to slide slowly. Then, delicate but quite clear, some voice called and others answered. The sliding bulk took on an outline; it made a vague tracery against the faint sky as it neared them; each instant it was plainer to see. Piet, intent, every faculty set like a cocked pistol, noted a long flank, a tall, window-pierced structure that sloped. Old pictures and forgotten names fermented in his memory.

"*Allemachtig!* It's a ship," he cried.

Superbly she passed them, that lost galleon of the young world, slipped from her age-long anchorage. Her high sides were a-bristle with her guns; her sails were sheeted and her head was to the east. There was a great company of men on board of her; on her high poop, rising like a citadel, a little group of them was black and busy. As she passed down the beach, she dipped and lifted like a burdened ship in a seaway. It was then Klein Piet had his moment of madness. Suddenly he screamed like a girl and began to scramble forward. "Wait for me!" he cried. "I will go with you. I am a sailor too."

He would have run down towards her, but Piet grasped him and held on. He struggled and they rolled together on the grass, fighting with one another. Then Klein Piet ceased as suddenly as he had begun.

"I am better now," he gasped, and Piet let him rise. They stood up together and gazed seaward. A squall was blowing in from the east, thick and black, with a gleam of white water under it. Was it a sail they saw, a ship that heeled to the brisk wind and was screened from sight by the rain? They crawled back under the wagon as the first wetness lit on their faces, and sat there together.

"If you tell me you saw a ship," said Piet suddenly, "I will call you a liar."

"Yes," said Klein Piet. "I must be a liar, for I saw one."

When Oom Piet finished this tale, he was wont to knock out his pipe on the heel of his boot.

"But in the morning, when we went back to our work," he always added, "there was the chain — cut through!"

A FOOTPATH MORALITY

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

ALONG the Hills, height after height
Tosses the dappled light;
Waters unhindered flow;
The cuckoo calls beyond the third hedgerow;
And young winds nothing can quell
Scale the wild-chestnut citadel,
Again to make
Its thousand faery white pagodas shake.
Up many a lane,
The blue vervain
A coverlid hath featly spread
For the bees' bed,
That those tired sylvan thieves
May lie most soft on the sweet and scalloped leaves.
To-morrow morn,
Bright agrimony in the thickets born
Will high uphold
Each cinquefoil of plain gold;
Dogwood in white will hood herself apace,
And betony flaunt a varied gypsy mace,
And copper pimpernel, true as a clock
On the waste common by some rock
Her lone dark-centred wheel draw in
Long, long ere dusk begin.

This day
Of infinite May
Is far more fitly yours than ours,
O spirit-bodied flowers!
What heart disordered sore
Comes through the greenwood door,
Shall for your sake
Find sap and soil and dew, and shall not break:
And hearts beneath no ban
Will in your sight some penance do for man,
Poor lagging man, content to be
Sick with the impact of eternity,
Who might keep step with you in the low grass,
Best part of one strange pageant made in joy to pass!
Not ye, not ye, the privilege disown
To flourish fair, and fall fair, and be strewn
Deep in that Will of God, where blend
The origin of beauty and the end.

TAFT AND LABOR

BY

GEORGE W. ALGER

A LABOR record considered solely in its utilitarian aspect as a vote-getting device is not especially important to the general public. The attitude of a presidential candidate, however, towards the industrial and social problems of the working people is another matter. Does he know what they are? Does he see the great economic questions of labor and capital with eyes blinded by class prejudice or does he see them with the clear vision of a statesman? Does he intend to play a man's part in helping to solve them? The answer to these inquiries is of interest not merely to the capitalists and the workers but to all of us.

In his judicial career Mr. Taft has rendered some decisions in matters brought before him as a judge, which are bound to be a subject of discussion in the coming campaign. One group of these decisions deals with what may be described as rules of industrial warfare.

International agreement has done much toward civilizing international war. Capital and labor have no Hague Court. The limitations upon the scope and method of their warfare must come from the courts and the legislatures. The Treaty of Paris provided for the rights of neutrals, for the freedom of peaceful ships of commerce from plunder and destruction in war. The rights of neutrals in industrial war are less protected but are no less important. In that warfare the neutral party — the public — stands much as Mr. Pickwick did between the rival editors, receiving the fire-tongs on one side of the head and the carpet-bag on the other. The labor question in its militant phase is a public question largely because the public has no desire to occupy Mr. Pickwick's unhappy position.

It happens that all the so-called labor decisions which Judge Taft made when on the bench involve directly and primarily the rights of the general public and of outsiders having no direct part in any industrial quarrel, who against their will have been drawn into the warfare between capital and labor. In deciding these cases it has been necessary not only to consider the rights of labor in industrial disputes, but to pass upon the right of the general public and of disinterested outsiders to be let alone.

A Veto to Economic Excommunication

The first of these cases was one decided by Judge Taft in 1890 when he was a judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati. A Bricklayers' Union in Cincinnati, having about four hundred members, had a dispute with the firm of Parker Brothers, contracting bricklayers. The Union wanted Parker Brothers to pay a fine it had imposed upon one of their employees who was a member of the Union, to reinstate an apprentice who had left them, and to discharge another apprentice. Parker Brothers refused to do so. A strike was accordingly called. The Union also declared a boycott against Parker Brothers, and its business agent issued a circular to material men, contractors, and owners, which concluded with this announcement: "Any firm dealing in building materials who ignores this request, is hereby notified that we will not work his material upon any building nor for any contractor by whom we are employed. (Signed) Bricklayers' Union No. 1." One of the contractors to whom this notice was sent was the Moore Lime Company, engaged in selling lime in Cincinnati. Parker Brothers were customers of the Moores, and the Moores continued selling lime to them, notwithstanding the notice. Another circular was then sent out by the Union to its members, which read as follows: "Bricklayers' Union No. 1, Ohio. We, the members of the Bricklayers' Union, will not use material supplied by the following dealers until further notice": and in the list they put Moore & Company. The effect of the circular was to interfere with Moore & Company's business and to cause loss to their customers, who feared a similar fate. On these facts the Moores sued the Union for damage which they claimed had been done to their business by a wrongful and malicious conspiracy. The case was tried by a jury, which gave the Moores $2,250 damages. An

appeal was taken by the Union to the Superior Court of Cincinnati, where Judge Taft presided.

The facts just related show the issue involved. The Moores' employees had no grievance against them. The only grievance which the Bricklayers had against them was that they refused to permit themselves to be used as a battering-ram in an assault on Parker Brothers. The Union insisted on the right to boycott Moore's Lime Company because Moore's Lime Company would not assist them in injuring the Parkers. Judge Taft decided, as other judges have decided in many cases, that such a combination to injure the Moores was without just cause or legal excuse and was illegal. This, so far as the Moores were concerned, was not a strike case, but a boycott, and in his decision Taft was very careful to draw the distinction and so express himself that the legal rights of labor in a lawful strike should not be impaired. He says:

> If the workmen of an employer refuse to work for him except on better terms at a time when their withdrawal will cause great loss to him, and they intentionally inflict such loss to coerce him to come to their terms, they are bona fide exercising their lawful right to dispose of their labor for the purpose of lawful gain. But the dealings between Parker Brothers and their material men, or between such material men and their customers had not the remotest natural connection either with defendants' wages or their other terms of employment. There was no competition or possible contractual relation between the plaintiffs and defendants, where their interests were naturally opposed. The right of the plaintiffs (Moore & Company) to sell their material was not one which, in its exercise, brought them into legitimate conflict with the rights of defendants' Union and its members to dispose of their labor as they chose. The conflict was brought about by the efforts of defendants to use plaintiffs' right of trade to injure Parker Brothers, and, upon failure of this, to use plaintiffs' customers' right of trade to injure plaintiffs. Such effort cannot be in the bona fide exercise of trade, is without just cause, and is, therefore, malicious. The immediate motive of defendants here was to show to the building world what punishment and disaster necessarily followed a defiance of their demands. The remote motive of wishing to better their condition by the power so acquired, will not, as we think we have shown, make any legal justification for defendants' acts.

The doctrine of excommunication, the great engine of the Church in the Middle Ages, has not been revived and transferred from the Pope to the labor unions.

End of the Engineers' Famous "Rule 12"

The next decision of Taft's in a labor dispute came after his elevation to the Federal Bench, and again involved the same principle — the extent to which the rights of a third party, against whom neither labor nor capital has any grievance, can be impaired by involving him against his will in labor disputes. This case arose out of a strike of locomotive engineers on the Toledo-Ann Arbor Railroad in 1893. The strike had been called after numerous conferences between the railroad officials and Mr. Arthur, the representative of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. It was a legitimate strike, as against the Toledo-Ann Arbor Railroad, for higher wages. The phase of the controversy which came into court for Judge Taft's consideration, however, was not the strike itself, but grew out of an attempt by the Union to compel other railroads to refuse to receive freight from the Toledo Road and thereby paralyze that road and coerce it into granting the demands of the engineers.

On March 7, 1893, Mr. Arthur sent to the chairman of the General Adjustment Committees of the Brotherhood on eleven railroad systems in Ohio and neighboring States the following telegram: "There is a legal strike in force upon the Toledo-Ann Arbor & North Michigan Railroad. See that the men on your road comply with the laws of the Brotherhood. Notify your general manager." A "legal" strike, as the term was used, meant one to which the Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers had consented, and meant the promulgation of Rule 12 of the organization, which provided in substance that after a strike had been declared against a railroad, it should, while the strike continued, be "a violation of obligation for a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers who may be employed *on a railroad running in connection with or adjacent to said road*, to handle the property belonging to said road or system in any way that may benefit said company with which the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is at issue."

In obedience to Mr. Arthur's telegram, representatives of the Brotherhood on various railroads notified the general managers of these railroads that after a certain date the engineers would refuse to haul cars or freight forwarded by the Toledo Road. Some of these railroads thereafter notified the management of the Toledo Railroad that in view of the threatened actions of their own engineers, they would be obliged to discontinue receiving or forwarding freight for the road. The Toledo thereupon obtanied from Judge Taft in the United States Circuit Court an injunction against the Pennsylvania Railroad and other railroad companies, enjoining them from refusing to handle its freight and commanding them to perform their railroad functions as required by the Interstate Commerce Act, which made it a criminal offense for connecting railroads to refuse to receive or transport freight from one another's lines. Mr.

Arthur was made a party, and the injunction, issued, and sustained after hearing, directed him to rescind his order putting into effect Rule 12 of his organization. The decree did not require the employees of these other railroads to continue to work for the railroads if they saw fit to strike, but it did require them, as long as they were in the employ of those railroads, to handle the freight of the Toledo Road as they would the freight of any other road.

The opinion which Judge Taft wrote in this case is a long one. He quotes the provisions of the Interstate Commerce Act, which clearly made it a criminal offense for the officers, agents, or employees of any of these connecting roads wilfully to refuse to receive and transmit the freight of the Toledo Road, and declares that the attempt of the Locomotive Engineers to compel the railroads to commit this criminal offense through this Rule 12 was unlawful. As to the rule itself, he says, after an exhaustive examination of it in connection with the provisions of the Interstate Commerce Law:

> We have thus considered with some care the criminal character of Rule 12 and its enforcement, not only, as will presently be seen, because it assists in determining the civil liabilities which grow out of them, but also because we wish to make it plain, if we can, to the intelligent and generally law-abiding men who compose the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, as well as to their usually conservative chief officer, what we cannot believe they appreciate, that notwithstanding their perfect organization and their charitable, temperance and other elevated and useful purposes, the existence of Rule 12 under their organic law makes the Brotherhood a criminal conspiracy against the laws of their country.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers acquiesced in the criticism of this section of their laws and removed it. The fact that this organization is in existence today, unimpaired in power and authority throughout the American railroad world, is an indication of its willingness to recognize and obey the law of the land. Its conduct in subsequently withdrawing the rule shows that Judge Taft was justified in setting forth with such painstaking clearness the illegality of the rule, with the expectation that its illegality would be recognized and the rule abolished — a confidence which was justified by its results.

Phelan Sentence in the Pullman Strike

The next labor decision made by Judge Taft was in the well-known Phelan case in the great Pullman strike of 1894. The organization with which he was then called upon to deal was of a totally different character from that of the Locomotive Engineers. It was one managed in entire disregard of the law, the courts, and the public. Eugene V. Debs, the chief agent of that organization, the American Railway Union, is today the Socialist candidate for the presidency. In the Pullman strike of 1894 Judge Taft sent one of Debs' chief assistants — Phelan — to jail for six months. If his judicial conduct in this matter merits criticism, here are the facts on which that criticism must be based:

Some of us have fairly hazy notions today as to the Pullman strike and what it was all about. It began in May, 1894. The employees of the Pullman Company, engaged in making cars at Pullman, Illinois, went on a strike because of the refusal of the Company to restore wages which had been reduced in the preceding year. The American Railway Union, which then comprised some two hundred and fifty thousand railway employees which Debs had organized and over which he was master in control, later endorsed this strike and started in actively to make it a success. The principal means by which that success was sought was by declaring a boycott on Pullman cars. In Judge Taft's opinion in the Phelan case (Thomas *vs.* Cincinnati, N. O. & T. P. Rd. Co.), he gives the plan and scope of this boycott as follows:

> Pullman cars are used on a large majority of the railways of the country. The members of the American Railway Union, whose duty it was to handle Pullman cars on such railways, were to refuse to do so, with the hope that the railway companies, fearing a strike, would decline further to haul them in their trains and inflict a great pecuniary injury upon the Pullman Company. In case these railroads failed to yield to the demand, every effort was to be made to tie them up and cripple the doing of any business whatever by them, and particular attention was to be directed to the freight traffic, which it was known was the chief source of revenue. As the lodges of the American Railway Union extended from the Alleghany Mountains to the Pacific Coast, it will be seen that it was contemplated by those engaged in carrying out their plans, that in case of a refusal of the railway companies to join the Union in its attack upon the Pullman Company, there would be a paralysis of all railroad traffic of every kind throughout the vast territory traversed by the lines using Pullman cars.

Phelan came to Cincinnati to carry on this warfare against the Pullman Company by paralyzing, if he could, all the railroads centering there. He did not stop even with the railroads using Pullman cars, but ordered a strike against the Big Four, which used none of these cars. On the day Phelan called the strike in Cincinnati, Debs telegraphed to him to let the Big Four alone if it was not using Pullman cars, to which Phelan answered: "I cannot keep others out if Big Four is excepted. The rest are emphatic on all together or none. The tie-up is successful." Debs replied "About twenty-five lines are paralyzed. More following. Tremendous

blockade." A few days later Debs telegraphed: "Advices from all points show our position strengthened. Baltimore & Ohio, Pan Handle, Big Four, Lake Shore, Erie, Grand Trunk, and Michigan Central are now in the fight. *Take measures to paralyze all those which enter Cincinnati.* Not a wheel turning between here and the Canadian line."

"Starvation of a Nation" Illegal

On the day that Debs telegraphed Phelan to take measures to paralyze all those lines which entered Cincinnati — work which was already well under way — at the very crisis of the strike, on the application of the receiver of the Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific Railway Company, and on a petition which alleged a malicious conspiracy to prevent the receiver from operating that road, Phelan was arrested by an order of Judge Taft for inciting the employees of the receiver to quit their employment and for urging them to prevent others from taking their places, by persuasion if possible, by clubbing if necessary. The receiver asked for the commitment of Phelan for contempt, alleging that the whole boycott was an unlawful and criminal conspiracy, and that, for his acts in maliciously inciting the employees of the receiver, who was operating the railroad under order of the United States Court, to leave his employ in pursuance of that unlawful combination, Phelan was in contempt of court.

Was the combination of Debs and his associates illegal? Judge Taft said that it was, not only because boycotts are illegal under the law of every State in the Union where the question has arisen, with one possible exception, but because this combination of men, in their efforts to gain their own personal ends, had trampled upon the rights of the public. He said:

> The railroads have become as necessary to the life and health and comfort of the people of the country as are the arteries in the human body, and yet Debs and Phelan and their associates propose, by inciting the employees of all the railways in the country to suddenly quit their service without any dissatisfaction with the terms of their employment, to paralyze utterly all the traffic by which the public live, and in this way to compel Pullman, for whose acts neither the public nor the railway companies are in the slightest degree responsible and over whose acts they can lawfully exercise no control, to pay more wages to his employees. Certainly *the starvation of a nation cannot be a lawful purpose of a combination*, and it is utterly immaterial whether the purpose is effected by means usually lawful or otherwise.

The "starvation of a nation," for such purposes, by such means, stopped, so far as Phelan was concerned, on the day these words were read by Judge Taft — the 13th day of July, 1894. It stopped because after a protracted and exciting trial, in which many witnesses were called and Phelan was fully heard in his own defense, Taft sent Phelan to jail for six months. Those who believe that the starvation of a nation is within the rights of labor engaged in a private quarrel, must tell us wherein this Judge did wrong.

These three cases are legal landmarks showing the limitations of industrial warfare. They are what the lawyers call "leading cases." They lay down clearly and dispassionately the law which marks the rights of the public to remain unmolested by the conflict of labor and capital at war. Such decisions are in American law what the Treaty of Paris is in the Law of Nations — a declaration of the rights of neutrals.

If, as a candidate for the presidency, Mr. Taft is to suffer from unpopularity created in any quarter by these decisions which he made as judge, he must endure it, for the search for popularity is not a part of the functions of a judge.

The Courage of Great Judges

The picture of Taft in the Phelan case, reading in a court-room crowded with angry and hostile men a decision which was to send their leader to jail; a decision which was to play a large part in determining one of the most distressing industrial wars of our day; — this picture recalls another court, another great occasion long ago.

In 1768 John Wilkes, who had been prosecuted relentlessly by the British Crown, and who had been outlawed and driven to France, returned to England, appeared before Lord Mansfield in the Court of Kings Bench, and demanded that the judgment of outlawry be reversed. The nation was frenzied by faction. Abuse and threats of personal violence were heaped upon the Chief Justice. In a court-room crowded with the enemies of Wilkes, the greatest of English judges reversed and annulled the decree of outlawry. In doing it, he gave what seemed a death blow to his own favor with the King, who had placed the judicial ermine on his shoulders. After he had rendered this judgment, facing the angry sycophants of the Crown, he spoke these words:

> If during the King's reign I have ever supported his government and assisted his measures, I have done it without any other reward than the consciousness of doing what I thought right. If I have ever opposed, I have done it upon the points themselves, without mixing in party or faction, and without any collateral views. I honor the King and respect the people; but many things required by the favor of either are, in my account, objects not worth ambition. I wish popularity, but it is that popularity which follows, not that which is run after. It is that popu-

larity which, sooner or later, never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means. I will not do that which my conscience tells me is wrong, upon this occasion, to gain the huzzas of thousands, or the daily praise of all the papers which come from the press. I will not avoid doing what I think is right, though it should draw on me the whole artillery of libels; all that falsehood and malice can invent or that the credulity of a deluded populace can swallow.

The two qualities which make a great judge are wisdom and moral courage. No great judge ever lived who did not possess them both. When the Phelan case was on trial before Judge Taft, it was a time of tremendous excitement. It was the very crisis of a great strike. The friends of the Judge feared for his life and asked him not to read his decision from the bench. He read it. The last sentence of that decision directed the marshal safely to convey Phelan to the Warren County Jail. When he read that final sentence he turned to the packed court-room and looking squarely into the angry faces before him said: "If there is any power in the army of the United States to run those trains, the trains will be run." To those who honor judicial courage no less than judicial wisdom, such occasions deserve to be recalled and remembered, for they are part of the great traditions of the bench.

But these decisions are not solely declarations of public rights. They contain statements of the legal rights of labor organizations in strikes, stated so clearly that the decisions have been cited time and again in subsequent litigation by labor organizations themselves as precedents in their favor. They affirm unequivocally the right of labor organizations to strike to better the condition of their members, and the right to use peaceable persuasion to prevent other employees from taking the place of strikers, a right which in some jurisdictions, particularly Pennsylvania, has been denied.

The Right to Strike

Quite apart from his judicial decisions, Taft's position on the strike question is clearly stated in public addresses. Last January, at Cooper Institute, he said to an audience of workingmen: "Now what is the right of the labor unions with respect to the strike? I know that there has been at times a suggestion in the law that no strike can be legal. I deny this. Men have the right to leave the employ of their employer in a body in order to impose on him as great an inconvenience as possible to induce him to come to their terms. They have the right in their labor unions to delegate to a leader power to say when to strike. They have the right in advance to accumulate by contributions of all members of the labor union a fund which shall enable them to live during the strike. They have the right to use persuasion with all other employees who are invited to take their places in order to convince them of the advantage to labor of united action. It is the business of the courts and the police to respect these rights with the same degree of care that they respect the owners of capital in the protection of their property and business."

No public man has placed himself more clearly on record on the so-called injunction question. The plank of the Republican platform which advocates a modification of the present federal court practice, under which injunctions are issued without notice to organizations sought to be enjoined, is a plank adopted at Mr. Taft's request and suggestion. The jurist who, in a decision in the coal mine cases of 1902 in West Virginia, described an organization which has done more for the coal miners than any other social force, the United Mine Workers, as a band of walking delegates fattening on the poor and ignorant, declared in the same decision that no injunction had ever been issued in strike cases which was not entirely justified by the facts. Judge Taft says this is not true; that such injunctions have been issued unjustly; and in his Cooper Union address he said:

> But it is said that the writ of injunction has been abused in this country in labor disputes and that a number of injunctions have been issued which ought never to have been issued. I agree that there has been abuse in this regard. President Roosevelt referred to it in his last message. I think it has grown largely from the practice of issuing injunctions *ex parte*, that is, without giving notice or hearing to the defendants. . . . Under the original Federal judiciary act it was not permissible for the Federal courts to issue an injunction without notice. There had to be notice, and, of course, a hearing. I think it would be entirely right in this class of cases to amend the law and provide that no temporary restraining order should issue until after notice and a hearing.

He at the same time expressed himself in favor of having contempt proceedings for violations of injunctions heard by a judge other than the one who issued the injunction. But to the proposal that in such cases the ancient power of the courts to protect their own dignity and authority be taken from them and turned over to juries of laymen selected by interested parties and subject to all the passions and prejudices inevitable in such trials—to this he is opposed.

The Laborer's Right to Protection

One decision of Judge Taft's on a highly important labor question has been generally overlooked and deserves mention. The interests of

labor in the law are not confined to strike questions. Its rights in peace are no less important than in war. The working people are deeply interested in the enforcement of laws which protect them against unnecessary dangers in employment. The position of Judge Taft on this important question is best shown by the contrast made by one of his decisions (Narramore *vs.* C., C., C. & St. Louis Railroad Co.) with the leading case in New York on the same subject. Both of these cases involve statutes directing employers to furnish certain specific protection for the safety of employees. In both cases the employer failed to obey the law which required the furnishing of that protection. The New York Court of Appeals decided that notwithstanding the statute, if the employee *stayed at work* knowing that the employer had not obeyed the law, and knowing the danger created by the employer's failure to obey the law, by the mere fact of his remaining at work, the employee assumed as a matter of law the risks of being injured and could have no claims against the employer for injuries so sustained. This construction obviously makes the protective statute a dead letter and absolutely worthless.

Judge Taft, in a case in which this same reasoning was advanced, and in which the decision of this New York Court of Appeals was cited as an authority, refused to follow it and rendered a decision which leaves full vitality to protective legislation. The case was one in which a railroad company had failed to obey the law which required it to fill or block frogs and furnish guard rails on their tracks. The plaintiff, a railway employee, kept at work, knowing that the frogs were not blocked, and was hurt through the absence of the protection which the statute required the railroad to furnish him. He had a verdict from the jury, the railroad appealed, and its lawyer, Judson Harmon, argued that the verdict should be set aside because the man had kept at work knowing the railroad's violation of the law, and had therefore by legal implication contracted with the railroad to take all the chances of being hurt. Judge Taft refused to follow the New York case, declaring:

> The only ground for passing such a statute is found in the inequality of terms upon which the railroad company and its servants deal in regard to the dangers of their employment. The manifest legislative purpose was to protect the servant by positive law, because he had not previously shown himself capable of protecting himself by contract, and it would entirely defeat its purpose thus to permit the servant to contract the master out of the statute.

This case has been cited all over the United States by counsel for workmen injured through the failure of their employers to furnish the protection required by statute for their safety. Perhaps a majority of the State courts follow the New York case, and say that protective legislation intended for the benefit of working men at work is of no legal value to them if they stay at work. The legal theory on which the workman assumes the risks of personal injury need not here be discussed. Judge Taft, however, decided that when a law is made applying to a dangerous business, in which four thousand men are killed and sixty-five thousand are injured every year, the intention was that the railroads should obey that law, and it should not be nullified "by construction." In this conclusion he does not lack judicial support of high character.

This, in substance, is Taft's labor record so far as his judicial career is concerned. Its consideration by the general public can be useful but for one purpose, which is this: A country like ours cannot afford to elect a class president. It cannot afford to elect a president in whose mind the distinction between lawlessness and personal rights is not clear and distinct; who to please one class will weaken the foundations of the liberty and peace of a whole nation. It can still less afford to elect a president to whom the working people are but pawns on the chessboard, and to whom prosperity means peace at any price by the sacrifice of the rights of the working people, so long as the mills are at work and property is secure in the possessions which it has somehow acquired. The enemies of our democracy are at both extremes.

The Socialists attacked Roosevelt with greater bitterness than any president who had preceded him, because he had not been a class president, and because he had not ignored the interests and rights of the working people and thereby helped still further to increase the constantly growing "class-conscious" body of dissatisfied men marching under the Socialists' banner. That section of the press which supports lawless property has attacked him because he has disturbed "values" and "vested interests." There is no sure protection for property but justice. Suppression of the labor organizations will not insure it; they should not and cannot be suppressed. Nor is there on the other hand any protection for the public if at the demands of a class, no matter how large its voting strength, the peace of the whole country is to be jeopardized by weakening the foundations of law which impose just limitations on industrial warfare. We need for president a man who will recognize and protect the just rights of both rich and poor and thereby protect American democracy against its class enemies. By these standards Mr. Taft must be judged.

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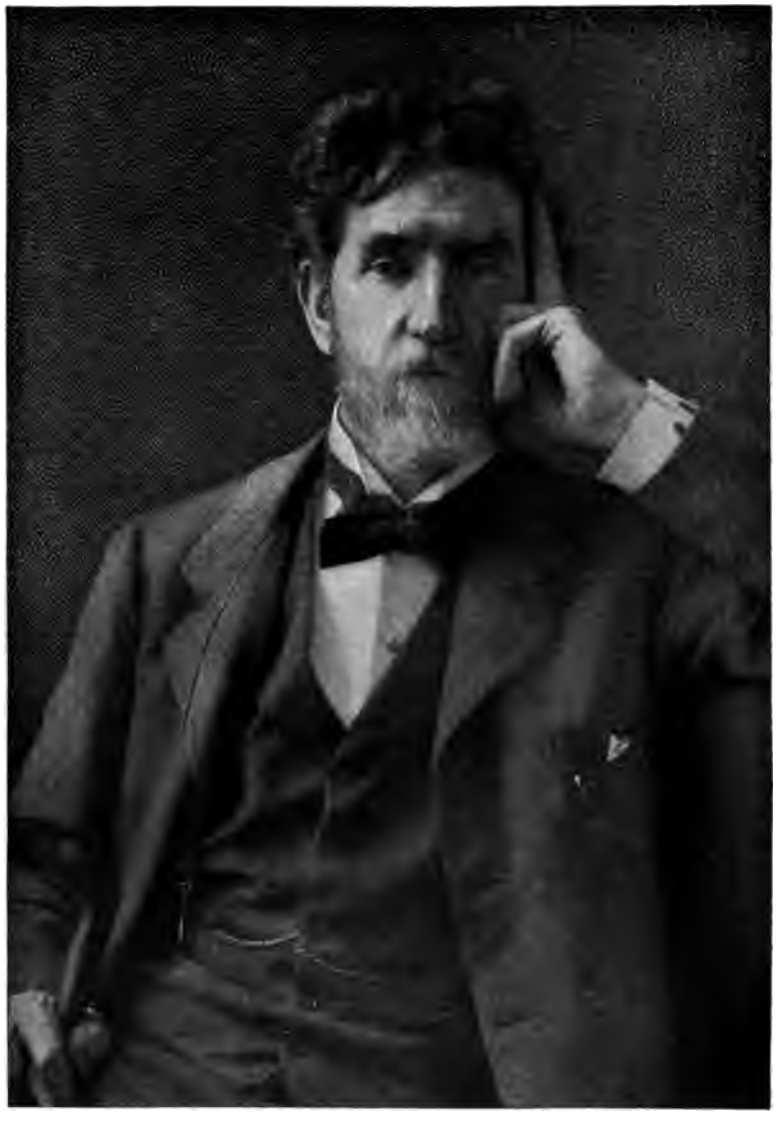


AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN THE COLLECTION OF MISS ROSE NICHOLS

Saint-Gaudens' artistic education was completed in Europe, where he went at the age of eighteen and stayed almost continuously for nearly fourteen years. His father sent him first to Paris. There his progress in the art schools was marked, although he continued to support himself by his trade, and could give only half his time to sculpture. At the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War he reluctantly refrained from enlisting in the French army and left for Italy. It was in Rome that he first found sculpture remunerative, and finally was able to drop cameo-cutting. The years from 1866 to 1880, which he spent in Rome and Paris, with only occasional visits to America, were singularly happy ones, characterized by a capacity for continuous work at a high pitch of excellence.

The letters from Saint-Gaudens printed here were written eighteen years later, when the sculptor had come into full possession of his genius. They cover a most critical period in his career, and record his greatest artistic triumph — his recognition in France as one of the foremost of modern sculptors. After he returned to the United States in 1880 he lived

and worked in New York, and by 1897 had built up a national reputation. His work was progressing under the most favorable conditions, with the encouragement of an ever-increasing circle of friends and admirers. On the other hand, in France, his father's country, where he himself had been educated, his work was practically unknown. A few of his former comrades at the Beaux-Arts, judging his sculpture from photographs, did not hesitate to tell Saint-Gaudens that it had been over-praised in America and would obtain no such appreciation in France. The sculptor felt that, in order to learn his own deficiencies and to find out where he really stood among his contemporaries, he must return to Paris, exhibit at the Salon, and run the gauntlet of the best critics. All his friends on both sides of the water discouraged him from taking this step, and he himself dreaded it; but he believed that, in justice to himself and to his work, he must make this venture.

After his decision was made, however, his departure had to be postponed until various duties were fulfilled. The Shaw and Logan monuments had first to be completed and unveiled, and a number of smaller commissions had to be executed. From the beginning of his work upon the Shaw memorial there had been bitter opposition upon the part of his friends to the symbolical figure hovering above Colonel Shaw and his men, but the sculptor clung to his original conception with great tenacity. Saint-Gaudens' best friend, Bion, a Parisian sculptor and critic, whose opinion he valued highly, had never liked the idea of this figure. Just before Bion's death he received a photograph of the monument as finished in the clay, and he wrote a long letter to Saint-Gaudens, complaining that the angel was as superfluous as a figure of Simplicity would be, floating in the air above the bent figures in Millet's "Gleaners," and concluding: "I had no need of your 'nom de Dieu' allegory on the ceiling. Your negroes marching in step and your Colonel leading them told me enough. Your priestess merely bores me as she tries to impress upon me the beauty of their action."

CARYATID FOR THE VANDERBILT HOUSE

Concerning this letter of Bion's, Saint-Gaudens wrote:

"The Players, New York,
Jan. 26th, 1897

"Dear ——

"I meant to write you at length tonight but I started with a letter to Bion which has kept me busy till now, 11 P.M. It is in reply to the one from him that I enclose, in which at the end he says a word of you.

"I am not disturbed by his dislike of my figure. It is because it does not look well in the photograph. If the figure in itself looked well, he would have liked it, I know, and notwithstanding his admirable comparison with the Millet I still think that a figure, if well done in that relation to the rest of the scheme, is a fine thing to do. The Greeks and Romans did it finely in their sculpture. After all it's the *way* the thing's done that makes it right or wrong, that's about the only creed I have in art. However his letter

DETAIL FROM THE SHAW MEMORIAL, SHOWING THE ALLEGORICAL FIGURE FULL FACE, AS IN THE FIRST DESIGN

is interesting, although very sad, dear old boy.

"All of the Shaw is out of the studio. They cast the Logan on Monday and I am working like the devil on the Sherman. I've found precisely the model I wished, just his size, the same pose of the head and the same thinness; a Milanese peasant who poses like a rock. Next week I commence the nude of the Victory from a South Carolinian girl with a figure like a goddess.

"Affectionately yours
A. St.-G."

Bion died shortly after writing his objections to the allegorical figure, and if anything could have changed Saint-Gaudens' decision regarding his composition of the Shaw monument, his friend's letter would certainly have done so. Although Saint-Gaudens and Bion had studied sculpture together at the Beaux-Arts in their youth, it was not until years afterward that, through a constant interchange of letters, their relation became a close one. Bion gave up sculpture as a profession, and devoted himself to friendship and philosophy. He dropped into the studios of a few intimates every day, frequented art exhibitions, and attended lectures upon philosophy and psychology at the Sorbonne or the Collège de France; but the long letters which he used to write Saint-Gaudens every week became more and more the chief business of his life. He kept his friend informed as to what was going on in Paris; of the doings of their little circle of acquaintances; and wrote him detailed descriptions of all important events in the world of art, besides giving him a great deal of disinterested advice upon every conceivable subject, including his work and the conduct of his life. Saint-Gaudens used to reply at great length, but his letters were destroyed, according to directions left in his friend's will. When the news of Bion's death reached Saint-Gaudens, he wrote:

"148 W. 36th St., Feb. 17th, 1897

"Of course the one thing on my mind, the terrible spectre that looms up, is poor Bion's death; night and day, at all moments, it comes over me like a wave that overwhelms me, and it takes away all heart that I may have in anything. Today, however, I have had a kind of

Copley print, copyrighted by Curtis and Cameron

DETAIL FROM THE SHAW MEMORIAL, SHOWING THE ALLEGORICAL FIGURE WITH THE HEAD TURNED MORE IN PROFILE, AS IN THE FINAL EXECUTION

Copley print, copyrighted by Curtis and Cameron

MONUMENT TO COLONEL ROBERT GOULD SHAW, ERECTED AT BOSTON

sad feeling of companionship with him, that seems to bring him to me, in working over the head of the flying figure of the Shaw. The bronze founders are not ready for it yet. I have had a stamp made of the figure and have helped it a great deal, I am sure you will think. You know that Thayer told me he thought an idea I once had of turning the head more profile, was a better one than that I had evolved, and I've always wished to do it. It is done, and it's the feeling of death and mystery and love in the making of it that brought my friend back to me so much today. . . . . But the young, thank Heaven, do not feel these blows so profoundly as do older people. In one of my blue fits the other day I felt the end of all things, and reasoning from one thing to the other and about the hopelessness of trying to fathom what it all means, I reached this: that we know nothing, (of course) but a deep conviction came over me like a flash that at the bottom of it all, whatever it is, the mystery must be beneficent. It does not seem as if the bottom of all were something malevolent; and the thought was a great comfort.

"I shall be all the week at the figure. I've made an olive branch instead of the palm, —it looks less 'Christian martyr'-like,— and I have lightened and simplified the drapery a great deal. I had not seen it for two or three months and I had a fresh impression.

"At 27th Street I've finished the nude of the Sherman and next week I begin to put his clothes on him. I had another day with the model for the Victory last Sunday, and that, too, is progressing rapidly. Zorn, the Swedish artist, was with me all day Sunday making an etching of me while the model rested; it is an admirable thing and I will send you a copy of it.

"The studio is once more in a fearful condition with the casting of the Logan, and the getting of the Puritan ready to photograph and cast for the Boston Museum and to send abroad to have the reductions made. . . .

"This letter is no good, but it must go; the clatter of seven moulders and sculptors does not help to the expression or the development of thought, confusion only——

"Affectionately
A. St. G."

MURAL PLAQUE ERECTED IN MEMORY OF DR. JAMES McCOSH

"May 15th or 16th, 1897

"The Shaw goes to Boston on Thursday or Friday. I've done little else lately but run around about it until I am frantic. On the other hand, while waiting for some workmen yesterday, I had a great walk in the Babylonian East Side here. It was a beautiful day and one of great impressions.

"I have not commenced the Howells medallion yet, as I expected to be absent. I believe I told you I had a nice note from him.

A. St. G."

The Shaw memorial was unveiled in Boston, in the latter part of May, 1897. The erection of the monument had been so long delayed that Saint-Gaudens feared that the

STATUE OF PETER COOPER, NEW YORK

public had lost interest in the work, or would expect too much and be disappointed. On the contrary, its success was immediate, and made him very happy. Its appeal was to men of every condition, laymen as well as artists, and nothing ever pleased the sculptor more than the way it arrested the attention of almost every passer-by. In June, scarcely a month after the unveiling of the Shaw, another soldier's monument, the equestrian statue of General Logan, was unveiled at Chicago, and Saint-Gaudens went there to be present at the ceremony.

"1142 The Rookery, Chicago, June 23, 1897

"I am again at the top of this big building here, and I will give you some description of the last 24 hours. At one o'clock yesterday Mrs. Deering, Mrs. French, Mr. French (brother and sister-in-law of Dan French) and I were placed in one carriage, Mr. Deering, Mrs. St. G. and the editor of the 'Chicago Tribune' in another, and in the wake of a lot of other carriages and followed by a procession of them, we drove to the big stand. A great day; with a high wind and glorious sun. I was put in one of the seats in the Holy of Holies alongside of Mrs. Logan, if you please, and the president of the ceremonies. A lot of speeches, one of which was very good, and at the right moment the complicated arrangement of flags dropped, the

THE LOGAN MONUMENT, ERECTED AT CHICAGO

cannon fired, the band played, Mrs. Logan wept, and I posed for a thousand snap photographs, 'a gleam of triumph passed over my face,' think of that! (vide 'Chicago Tribune').

"However, the monument looks impressive as I see it this morning for the first time with much of the disfiguring scaffolding gone. I stay here until Sunday, when I take the 5.30 P.M. train and shall get to New York Monday at 6 or 7. Last night we went to a great golf place where high merriment prevailed. This afternoon to Fort Sheridan. Tonight a reception at the Art Institute; tomorrow a lawn party at Burnham's and Sunday a visit to the great dredging canal; on Monday the cars and rest."

After the sculptor's return from Chicago, he continued his preparations for departure in New York.

"The Players, August 7, 1897

"Brander Matthews has just come and interrupted this with a long and interesting talk on the conventional in art and an article he has written and sent to Scribner's on it. You have often wondered what I think about things — I wonder myself; I think anything and everything. This seeing a subject so that

I can side with either side with equal sympathy and equal convictions I sometimes think a weakness. Then again I'm thinking it a strength.

"Last night I dined with X—— and Y—— and passed a delightful evening with them. X—— cracked his constructed jokes and manufactured his silversmith puns, and cackled over them. We talked literature, English, French, and Taine's great work on English literature. We afterward went to the open air concert at the Madison Square Garden, and when we were not talking of anything else we talked on that subject of eternal interest and mystery 'les femmes.'"

Finally, in the autumn of 1897, after both the Shaw and Logan monuments had been unveiled, and various minor obstacles to his departure had been removed, Saint-Gaudens was ready to leave America. Opposition to his plan still came from every side. Many of his friends in New York seemed to feel that he was casting a certain reproach upon his country by his desire to profit by foreign criticism and to measure his work by European standards. They prophesied that his work would deteriorate under French influence. His few friends in Paris were equally discouraging. They did not hesitate to warn him that if he persisted in coming there he must be prepared to face indifference and failure. Even Bion, when Saint-Gaudens had asked him to get the opinions of a few French artists upon photographs of the Shaw memorial, had refused to do so, saying: "I shan't show your photographs to anyone. Shiff, MacMonnies, and Proctor have seen them, my poor old friend, and the others do not know you. They are quite indifferent about what goes on outside their own little show."

Saint-Gaudens himself feared that he might be making a serious mistake. The ocean voyage in itself was an ordeal to him, and before leaving he wrote: "I continue fencing and am preparing for the voyage as one prepares for a fight. I go to the theatre and that tides over the blue hours which lie between dinner and bed-time." But he felt that he must make the venture, whatever lay before him, and that he could never be satisfied until he had stood the test of a comparison with his chief contemporaries and until his work had been passed upon by the most sophisticated and penetrating critics of art. At the end of September, 1897, accompanied by his wife and his son, Homer, he sailed for England. After crossing to France, he thus described his first impressions:

"Hotel Normandy, Paris, Nov. 7th, 1897

"The beauty of the scenery and of the English homes and villages on the railroad from Southampton to London recalled the delightful impression of the last trip, when I was so light-hearted. The sense of order and thrift appealed to me strongly in comparison with the shiftlessness of America. Then London with its extraordinary impression of power and also of order. Homer and I went to see Hamlet. Read it, R——. As I grow older, the greatness of Shakspeare looms higher and higher; every line, every word is so deep, so true, 'never offending the modesty of nature withal,' as Hamlet himself advises the players.

"From London we came on the following day to Paris. The country between Calais and Dover seemed very grand; great rolling lands with immense fields being ploughed in the waning day. The peace, simplicity, and calm of it all was profoundly impressive. Just a ploughman and a boy, alone in the country on a hillside, following the horses and the plough along the deep, straight furrows; no fences, a clear sky with the half moon, and only a small clump or two of trees — all so orderly and grand."

For the first few weeks in Paris Saint-Gaudens was miserable. His studio, on the Rue de Bagneux, in the Latin Quarter, was large and cheerful, with comfortable quarters adjoining for his assistants, and he was extremely interested in his work upon the equestrian statue of General Sherman. But he missed his old friends and haunts in New York, the weather was gloomy and depressing, and he felt enervated and homesick. Almost none of the friends of his student days were there to welcome him back to Paris, and he was not in the mood to make new ones. Dr. Shiff, a retired physician with a philosophic turn of mind, and many years the sculptor's senior, was the only man he could count upon for regular companionship, though occasionally an old friend like Henry Adams, John Alexander, or Garnier would drop into the studio. John Sargent was another warm friend who helped to keep up his spirits and whom he admired intensely both as a man and as an artist. With Helleu, the etcher, they enjoyed spending a day or two at Chartres and Rheims. In the following letter he describes his first meeting with Whistler:

"Paris, Nov. 16th, 1897

"Mac and I made a short call on Whistler, whom I found much more human than I imagined him to be, and today I went to the Court of Appeals where a trial of his was to come off,

— it didn't,— but I had a delightful chat with him. He is a very attractive man with very queer clothes, a kind of 1830 coat with an enormous collar greater even than those of that period; a monocle, a strong jaw, very frizzly hair with a white mesh in it, and an extraordinary hat."

The brightest spot in Saint-Gaudens' winter was his visit to the south of France and to Italy, in the company of his friend Garnier, who, like Bion, had been a fellow-student of his at the École des Beaux-Arts years before. They left Paris in December, and went almost directly to Aspet and Salies du Salat, Gascon villages where Saint-Gaudens' father was born and where he worked at his trade as a young man. This was the first time that Augustus Saint-Gaudens had visited that country on the Spanish frontier where his paternal ancestors had lived for centuries and where many of their name still survived.

"Aspet, December, 1897

"I write this in the village where my father was born and today has been one of the most delightful days of my life. I have invited my old friend Garnier (a dear friend and the most delightful of companions) to travel with me. We left Paris yesterday morning and slept at Toulouse last night. We left there this morning before dawn and saw the sun rise over the Pyrenees on our way to Salies du Salat, a most picturesque and dirty village at the foot of the beautiful mountains. I inquired at the station if any Saint-Gaudens lived there. 'Yes, opposite the mairie.' We walked up a narrow Spanish-looking street and there was a little shoe-store and on it the sign 'Saint-Gaudens.' I woke my cousin up. His is the very house where father passed his childhood. We three walked over the town up to the cradle of the 'Comminges' just back of father's house, and we went around on the sward and on the old moat where the children now play and where his father and my father played when children. I cannot describe to you how I was moved by it all.

"After a characteristic déjeuner with the cousin, a typical French peasant, and his typical wife, we hired a wagon with two horses and drove three hours into the mountains through a wonderfully beautiful country, very Spanish in character, to this delightful village. Here father was born, and baptized in the little church right at hand from where I write. There are delightful fountains at every corner and an air of thrift, order, and cleanliness that you cannot imagine. We are in a nice hotel, a homelike place, and tomorrow, after seeing Market Day, we walk to Saint-Gaudens, about 12 miles from here. It is a most romantic spot; all the country and the people here have a good deal of the Spanish dignity. We are 30 miles from the frontier of Spain. I must stop now because my third cousin (his grandfather and mine were brothers) is coming. He is the postman of the village and the surrounding country, a handsome young fellow who carries the mail around on horseback, and who between times makes shoes."

Leaving this out-of-the-way corner of Gascony, under the shadow of the Pyrenees, Saint-Gaudens and Garnier traveled by Tou louse to Marseilles. From this port the sculptor had sailed twenty-seven or eight years before, when he first went to study in Rome. Now, with his old friend, he again climbed up to where the church of Notre-Dame de la Garde overlooks the Mediterranean, and was amused to remember the three days he had spent upon that hill-top, with little to eat but figs and chocolate, while awaiting the departure of his ship for Italy.

The two artists went by train from Marseilles to Nice and Ventimiglia, and then walked along the superb Cornice road to San Remo, conscious that every step brought them nearer to their beloved Italy. The hills, covered with palms and orange-trees, the sacred-looking groves of gray-green olives detached against the deep blue of the sea, recalled to Saint-Gaudens a story by Anatole France describing some early Christians in an olive grove overlooking the Mediterranean.

In Italy they stopped first at Pisa, and did not reach Rome much before midnight. Regardless of fatigue, Saint-Gaudens insisted upon starting out that night to revisit the favorite haunts of his student days, taking the reluctant Garnier with him. At a late hour they ended their excursion at the Café Greco, where the sculptor talked with a waiter who had served him with coffee in 1871. The next morning they spent in the gardens and the Bosco of the Villa Medici. Nothing seemed to them much changed, and their happiness was as great as if they had found their youth again in the land where they had left it. Saint-Gaudens afterward said that on the night of that arrival in Rome he felt as if he were slaking a great thirst. Before their return they also visited the Bay of Naples. Vivid memories of Italy were present with the sculptor until the end of his life, and during his last illness he said that one thing he wished to live for was to take again the drive from Salerno to

Amalfi: the vineyards clinging to the hillsides, the cliffs with the blue waves breaking at their base, haunted him as a vision of exquisite beauty.

Late in the winter Saint-Gaudens returned to Paris, and when spring and the pleasant weather came on he was working again with great enthusiasm, preparing for the Salon. His exhibit at the Champs de Mars attracted much attention and elicited unexpected praise from the severest French critics.

"3, rue de Bagneux, Paris, May 16th, 1898

. . . . "I must be brief today for Dr. Shiff is coming in to talk, and help me with his consoling philosophy as Bion did; and I must work, for the model leaves shortly, and I must use him every hour I can; so I will tell you briefly of what has happened.

"This Paris experience, as far as my art goes, has been a great thing for me. I never felt sure of myself before, I groped ahead. All blindness seems to have been washed away. I see my place clearly now, I know, or think I know, just where I stand. A great self-confidence has come over me and a tremendous desire and will to achieve high things, with a confidence that I shall, has taken possession of me. I exhibited at the Champs de Mars and the papers have spoken well and it seems as if I were having what they call a 'success' here. I send you some of the extracts from several of the principal artistic papers here, the 'Gazette des Beaux-Arts,' 'Art et Décoration,' and from the 'Dictionaire Encyclopédique Larousse'; four of these have asked permission to reproduce my work. The Director of the Luxembourg tells me he wishes something of mine, and other friends have asked that I be given the Legion of Honour. Of this latter you must say nothing, and I only speak of it to give you a true idea of what impressions I am undergoing.

"For four months it rained incessantly, but the great interest of preparing for the Salon has interested me. The sunshine has been a blessing, and Paris, with her smiles and green dress and the blue skies overhead captivates like a beautiful woman.

"There is something in the air here which pushes one to do beautiful things; it seems something actually atmospheric, something soft and gentle in the air. . . . Later Sargent came in very good spirits. We dined and went to the theatre together last night. He wished me to tell him when I go to London, as the fellows there wish to give me a great 'blow off.' And so it all goes; the sun is now pouring into the studio, and it all seems like a great dream."

The article in *Art et Décoration* to which Saint-Gaudens refers was written by Paul Leprieur. After attacking with great severity Rodin's "Balzac," the critic said:

"The more completely to forget this sinister vision, one may well linger before the work of a great sculptor, almost unknown among us, who reveals himself to us, so to speak, for the first time, with an altogether remarkable collection of monumental sculpture and photographs of monuments previously executed. We refer to M. Saint-Gaudens, an Irishman by birth, who has worked mainly for America, and who was, if I mistake not, the teacher of Mr. MacMonnies — a teacher far superior to his pupil. His exhibit is one of the surprises and delights of the Champs de Mars.

"Had we only the photographs which he shows us — whether of his Peter Cooper, his President Lincoln, the noble and serious allegorical figure for a tomb, called the Peace of God, or the charming caryatid for the Vanderbilt house — we could already perceive the grasp of composition, the decision of the contours, the depth of the sentiment expressed without any splurge or noise. This sculpture, in its acceptance, or ingenious re-shaping, of traditions from ancient sources, as well as in its modern inventiveness, imparts a savor of intimate charm, of dignity without parade, which are rare indeed in our day.

"The actual work exhibited simply confirms the impression of the photographs. To say nothing of the placques and medallions, models of a fine funeral bas-relief, and the highly entertaining and picturesque statue of a Puritan, the large high-relief dedicated to the memory of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw may well be esteemed as a model of intelligent decoration.

"The idea of representing, not the death scene itself, but the moment preceding it, and of showing the army of blacks, led by the white officer, filing by as if in a march to death, grave of mien, solemn, and heroic, is as novel as it is boldly treated. While presenting prodigies of skill (absolutely without triviality or pettiness in matters of detail), and modeled with a great freedom and understanding of how to arrange the various groups of lines in perspective,— which all men of his profession will admire,— everything is kept subordinate to the ensemble and to the predetermined unity of motion. Upon each of the faces one feels more or less the reflection of the motto of self-sacrifice and enthusiastic faith inscribed on a flat surface in the background (Omnia relinquit servare rem publicam), and the superb figure of a woman with flying drapery, symbolical of glory or of death, comparable to the loveliest creations in this style by Watts or Gustave Moreau, succeeds in

giving to this very sculpturesque composition a distinguished moral significance."

Two months later the critic Léonce Benedite, in his article on the salons of 1898, wrote, in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts:*

"It is a foreign sculptor, an American artist whose name alone had previously reached us, M. Augustus Saint-Gaudens, who affords us an example of a commemorative monument composed of modern elements and broadly executed in the simplest and purest sculptural spirit. Half French, not only by descent, but by his whole education, trained in our school,—which he honors today,— the illustrious chief of the future American school of sculpture has produced numerous beautiful works in his own country. Photographic reproductions of these accompany his exhibited works and demonstrate their rare dignity and grandeur of style. His beautiful mortuary statues, one of which is on exhibition at the Salon, together with the caryatid of the Vanderbilt house — long and slender, with beautiful, severe draperies — are figures of distinguished elegance, of austere grace.

"But above all, the statues of President Lincoln and Peter Cooper, the mural tablets of Dr. McCosh and Dr. Bellows, show us with how exalted an appreciation of his art the American master has succeeded in making the most of the complete modernity of his subjects. To be sure, he has not misrepresented the characteristic local physiognomy of his models, or the unique effect of the accessories of costume and furniture; far from it. But with what elegance and vigor he makes them all speak to one, from the skirt of the coat to the slightest fold of the trousers!

"We find ourselves face to face with a powerful and self-restrained master, who is able to comprehend and to express emotion, who speaks a simple but expressive language, and who has the power to convince and to fascinate. The monument to Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, erected at Boston, and exhibited in plaster at the Salon, affords us a striking proof of this. It is a large high-relief, set in a graceful and exceedingly simple architectural frame. In the center a young officer, mounted, sword in hand, is leading a company of black soldiers who are marching by his side, musket on shoulder, with a drummer at their head. In the upper field floats a grave and melancholy figure, flying horizontally; it is Duty, and with a sweeping and eloquently mournful gesture she points out to them the road leading to glory and to death. The measured march of the men, the expression of resigned and submissive gravity on the faces of those colored troops, contrasting with the proud, absorbed energy of the young white man who leads them, his beautiful young steed nervous and quivering, emphasizes yet more the restrained enthusiasm and patient determination of the commander. All this, and even the sculptural comprehension of all this paraphernalia of war, impresses one simply yet powerfully, and holds one enthralled by its genuine epic grandeur."

"June 14th, Paris

"I am going to stay alone in Paris and on Sundays go and see Brush and Garnier and the Proctors and go to St. Moritz for a week or ten days; further than that I have no plans. . . . . . I see Shiff every other night and dine with him then; occasionally I see F——, whom I rather like. I'm working hard but slowly. I want a little rest, so in two days I go to London to see the exhibit there; besides, Sargent gives me a dinner on the 20th. Paris is really a wonderfully attractive city and the 'cut' atmosphere, to use a very unpleasant phrase, is clearly a great thing. There can never be more than a few big men that one respects, but there are so many people deeply interested in art, literature and music, so many that are working hard, that you feel a great deal of intelligence around you in the direction in which you are working, beside the unusual amount of general intelligence which surrounds one."

Toward the end of June Saint-Gaudens and his family went to England. In London, Sargent, always hospitable, gave a dinner to introduce Saint-Gaudens to many distinguished sculptors and painters. Burne-Jones, unfortunately, had died a few days before. Saint-Gaudens had always admired his work greatly, and treasured photographs of his pictures.

After two days at Broadway with Edwin Abbey, the family separated. Saint-Gaudens and his son Homer then returned to Paris for the summer, while Mrs. Saint-Gaudens went to take a cure at Vichy and St. Moritz. During that summer in Paris Saint-Gaudens saw as much as possible of George De Forest Brush and his family, who were then living near Fontainebleau. His intimacy with the Brushes dated back to his student days in Paris, and had been kept up in America. The two families had often been neighbors at Cornish, New Hampshire. Indeed, the Brushes had spent their first summer there encamped in an Indian "tepee," which was pitched on the edge of a field in front of the Saint-Gaudens' house. Their life always impressed every one as singularly beautiful and happy, and their presence so near Paris helped

Saint-Gaudens to get through the long, dull weeks of the summer.

"Paris, July 10th or 11th

"Lately I have had a great time with X——, driving and lunching with him and sometimes with the ladies, going to Versailles and the museums. Next Sunday we go to Chantilly, another day to Dampierre where Rude's great statue of Louis (XIII, I think) is. We go to the Cluny, to the Louvre, and sit sipping in front of cafés, X—— telling me how much the woman question from one point of view troubles him and I doing the same from another, and the big world turns round, and we all suffer, and men fight, and women mourn. Courage and love is what we all need, isn't it?

"Yesterday I went with Homer to Fontainebleau to see Brush and Proctor who live near there at 'Marlotte Montigny.' The day was fine, and I enjoyed it greatly, particularly the walk with Brush and his two lovely eldest children. How remarkable Brush is! All the children are so beautiful and nice-mannered. He has commenced another picture of his wife, this time with all the children and himself, and it is already a stimulating thing, the composition is so fine and what there is of it that is drawn, is so splendidly drawn."

"Paris, July 14th

"It is the third or fourth really fine day that we have had since coming to France eight months ago. The whole city is alive with sunshine, a sky with white floating clouds, and every place brilliant with flags, and there is an unusual feeling of peace in this big studio as I sit alone in it and write to you.

"I have your letter with the enclosure from the *Transcript*. 'That's the way things is,' as Bryant said to me. I send you some more Hosannahs in my honour by this mail, and there is going to be more still in the 'Gazette des Beaux-Arts,' as I judge from the way Ary Renan talked to me the other night. He is son of the great Renan and is one of the editors of the 'Gazette des Beaux-Arts' and wished to meet me so much that Pallier, another critic, asked us to dine with him night before last. Pallier is the one who wrote the long article in the Liberté about me.

"You speak of Browning — I shall read the 'Ring and the Book,' but unless a man's style is clear I am too lazy and I have too little time to devote to digging gold out of the rocks, fine as it may be. On the other hand I got the Schopenhauer that Shiff spoke about with the intention of sending it to you, but it is so deadly in its pessimism, judging from the ten or eleven lines that I read, that I flung it away. It was so terribly true from his point of view, but what's the use of taking that point of view? We can't remedy matters by weeping and gnashing our teeth over the misery of things. 'That's the way things is' again, and although I have been told all my life it's best to put on a brave face and bear all cheerfully, it's only lately that it is really coming into my philosophy.

"It seems as if we are all in one open boat on the ocean, abandoned and drifting no one knows where, and while doing all we can to get somewhere, it is better to be cheerful than to be melancholy; the latter does not help the situation, and the former cheers up one's comrades.

"Michel, a friend of mine, had a beautiful nude marble bought for the Luxembourg, a pure noble chaste figure. There was a remarkable statuette by Gerôme, two or three other good things in sculpture and the same among the objets d'art, and one swell thing in painting, the Puvis de Chavannes. *That* appealed to me, but of course there were a lot of other very fine things, by Aman Jean, Henri Martin, Besnard and others. I send you some publications with the good things marked. I think if the Champs-Elysées were sifted there would be more good work found in it or as much as at the Champs de Mars. It is remarkable how much good work is done in Paris, but the first impression is bad, as the good is concealed in such a mountain of trash; but it's like gold in a mountain."

"Paris, July 24th

"Last night I dined with an old 'camarade d'atelier' at his home in the Cité Boileau at Passy and it was a great pleasure to be with him, one of the nicest kind of Frenchmen, a sculptor who is doing admirable work, a man of calm manners and large views, intensely interested in his work. His wife and three children are by the seaside, and on their return, if Homer does not go to America and I remain too, I'm looking forward to Homer's meeting his children. His boy, who is seventeen, is going to work in his atelier with him. It was delightful, as he took one through the rooms of his three children, to see the photographs of admirable works of art they had selected to hang on the walls. He has a house with a garden and we dined outside. (His name is) Lenoir and he is the son of a distinguished architect and grandson of a Lenoir whose bust is erected in the Cour des Beaux-Arts, a man of great distinction here on account of his love of art and

his efforts to prevent the Revolutionists in 1795 from destroying the public monuments."

Early in August, while his wife was still away, Saint-Gaudens took his son Homer to Holland, where they had a delightful trip, extending to the quaint dead cities of the north. Ten days or so after their return to Paris they made another successful expedition together to join some friends at the sea-shore.

"3 rue de Bagneux, Paris, Aug. 26.

"It was intensely hot in Paris. I discovered that the Brushes were at Boulogne as well as the Proctors, so off we packed and we have had a great time, what with bathing and lolling all day on the cliffs, which I adore doing. The two Mears sisters followed us down there, and we, the Brushes, Proctors, Mears, babies, and all started off in the mornings, and, with the luncheon mixed up with the babies in the carriage, passed most delightful days, either on the cliffs or by the shore."

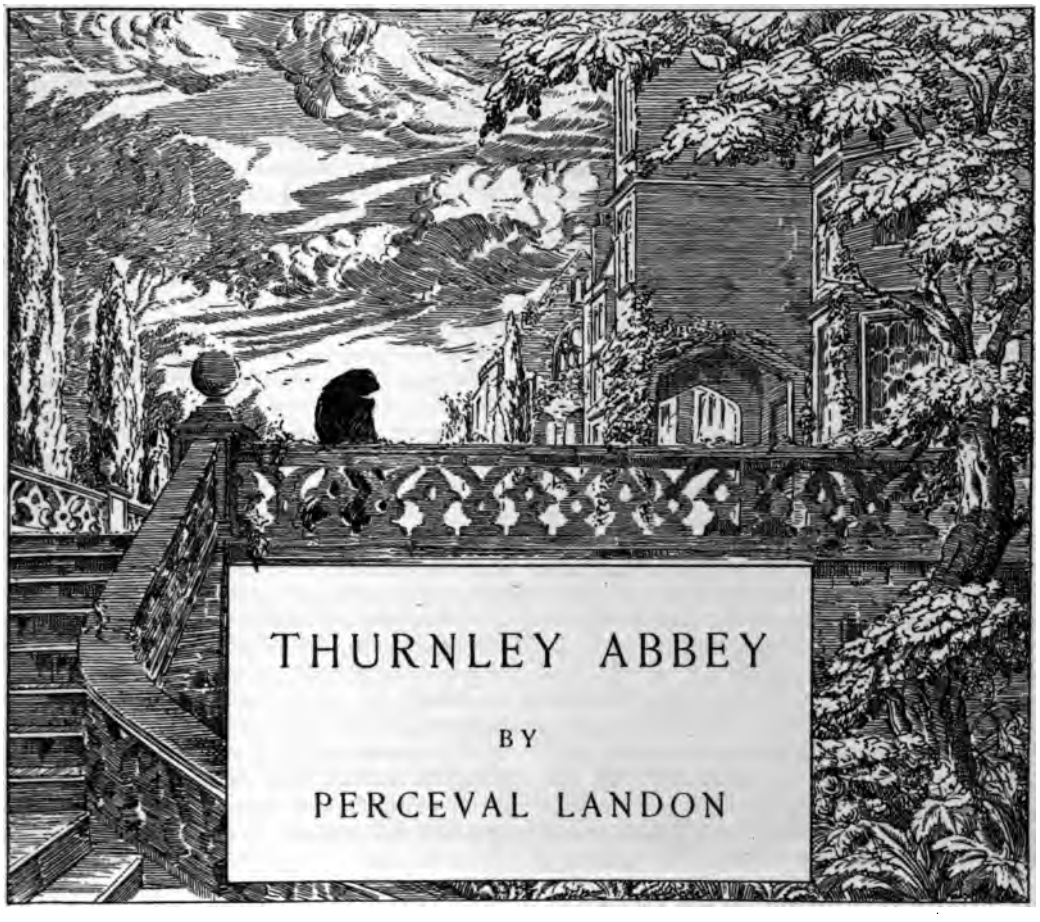
Saint-Gaudens, however, could never be happy long away from his work, and he was soon writing from his studio again.

"Paris, Sept. 2d

"A Russian professor at one of the Universities here has sent me his translation of Tolstoi's last work 'What is Art?' and has asked me (with highly eulogistic terms about what I have done, in an inscription on the fly leaf) to give him my opinion, which he wishes to publish with those of other men of note. So I am in for reading it. You read it too, please, and tell me what you think of it, then I'll sign it and send it as my opinion! For I have no opinion, or so many that trying to put them into shape would result in driving me into the mad-house sooner than I am naturally destined to be there. Yes, 5000 different points of view that are possible. After all, we are like lots of microscopical microbes on this infinitesimal ball in space, and all these discussions seem humourous at times. I suppose that every earnest effort toward great sincerity or honesty or beauty in one's production is a drop added to the ocean of evolution, to the Something higher that I suppose we are rising slowly (d——d slowly) to, and all the other discussions upon the subject seem simply one way of helping the seriousness of it all.

"Shiff's letter that I enclose is in reply to one asking whether the professor's request was all right and whether I should bother about it. In answer he wrote that the Russian was a very serious man who had done admirable work. I once told Shiff that at times I thought that 'beauty must mean at least some goodness' — that explains part of his letter to me."

TO BE CONCLUDED IN NOVEMBER



THREE years ago I was on my way out to the East, and as an extra day in London was of some importance, I took the Friday evening mail train to Brindisi instead of the usual Thursday morning Marseilles express. Many people shrink from the long forty-eight-hour train journey through Europe, and the subsequent rush across the Mediterranean on the nineteen-knot *Isis* or the *Osiris;* but there is really very little discomfort on either the train or the mail-boat, and unless there is actually nothing for me to do, I always like to save the extra day and a half in London before I say good-bye to her for one of my longer tramps. This time — it was early, I remember, in the shipping season, probably about the beginning of September — there were few passengers, and I had a compartment in the P. and O. Indian express to myself all the way from Calais. All Sunday I watched the blue waves dimpling the Adriatic, and the pale rosemary along the cuttings; the plain white towns, with their flat roofs and their bold "duomos," and the gray-green gnarled olive orchards of Apulia. The journey was just like any other. We ate in the dining-car as often and as long as we decently could. We slept after luncheon; we dawdled the afternoon away with yellow-backed novels; sometimes we exchanged platitudes in the smoking-room, and it was there that I met Alistair Colvin.

Colvin was a man of middle height, with a resolute, well-cut jaw; his hair was turning gray; his mustache was sun-whitened, otherwise he was clean-shaven — obviously a gentleman, and obviously also a preoccupied man. He had no great wit. When spoken to, he made the usual remarks in the right way, and I dare say he refrained from banalities only because he spoke less than the rest of us; most of the time he buried himself in the Wagonlit Company's Time-table, but seemed unable to concentrate his attention on any one page of it. He found that I had been over the Siberian railway, and for a quarter of an hour he dis-

cussed it with me. Then he lost interest in it, and rose to go to his compartment. But he came back again very soon, and seemed glad to pick up the conversation again.

Of course this did not seem to me to be of any importance. Most travelers by train become a trifle infirm of purpose after thirty-six hours' rattling. But Colvin's restless way I noticed in somewhat marked contrast with the man's personal importance and dignity; especially ill suited was it to his finely made large hand with strong, broad, regular nails and its few lines. As I looked at his hand I noticed a long, deep, and recent scar of ragged shape. However, it is absurd to pretend that I thought anything was unusual. I went off at five o'clock on Sunday afternoon to sleep away the hour or two that had still to be got through before we arrived at Brindisi.

Once there, we few passengers transhipped our hand baggage, verified our berths — there were only a score of us in all — and then, after an aimless ramble of half an hour in Brindisi, we returned to dinner at the Hôtel International, not wholly surprised that the town had been the death of Virgil. If I remember rightly, there is a gaily painted hall at the International — I do not wish to advertise anything, but there is no other place in Brindisi at which to await the coming of the mails — and after dinner I was looking with awe at a trellis overgrown with blue vines, when Colvin moved across the room to my table. He picked up *Il Secolo*, but almost immediately gave up the pretense of reading it. He turned squarely to me and said:

"Would you do me a favor?"

One doesn't do favors to stray acquaintances on Continental expresses without knowing something more of them than I knew of Colvin. But I smiled in a noncommittal way, and asked him what he wanted. I wasn't wrong in part of my estimate of him; he said bluntly:

"Will you let me sleep in your cabin on the *Osiris*?" And he colored a little as he said it.

Now, there is nothing more tiresome than having to put up with a stable-companion at sea, and I asked him rather pointedly:

"Surely there is room for all of us?" I thought that perhaps he had been partnered off with some mangy Levantine, and wanted to escape from him at all hazards.

Colvin, still somewhat confused, said: "Yes; I am in a cabin by myself. But you would do me the greatest favor if you would allow we to share yours."

This was all very well, but, besides the fact that I always sleep better when alone, there had been some recent thefts on board these boats, and I hesitated, frank and honest and self-conscious as Colvin was. Just then the mail-train came in with a clatter and a rush of escaping steam, and I asked him to see me again about it on the boat when we started. He answered me curtly — I suppose he saw the mistrust in my manner — "I am a member of White's and the Beefsteak." I smiled to myself as he said it, but I remembered in a moment that the man — if he were really what he claimed to be, and I make no doubt that he was — must have been sorely put to it before he urged the fact as a guarantee of his respectability to a total stranger at a Brindisi hotel.

That evening, as we cleared the red and green harbor-lights of Brindisi, Colvin explained. This is his story in his own words:

"When I was traveling in India some years ago, I made the acquaintance of a youngish man in the Woods and Forests. We camped out together for a week, and I found him a pleasant companion. John Broughton was a light-hearted soul when off duty, but a steady and capable man in any of the small emergencies that continually arise in that department. He was liked and trusted by the natives, and his future was well assured in Government service, when a fair-sized estate was unexpectedly left to him, and he joyfully shook the dust of the Indian plains from his feet and returned to England. For five years he drifted about London. I saw him now and then. We dined together about every eighteen months, and I could trace pretty exactly the gradual sickening of Broughton with a merely idle life. He then set out on a couple of long voyages, returned as restless as before, and at last told me that he had decided to marry and settle down at his place, Thurnley Abbey, which had long been empty. He spoke about looking after the property and standing for his constituency in the usual way. He was quite happy and full of information about his future.

"Among other things, I asked him about Thurnley Abbey. He confessed that he hardly knew the place. The last tenant, a man called Clarke, had lived in one wing for fifteen years and seen no one. He had been a miser and a hermit. It was the rarest thing for a light to be seen at the Abbey after dark. Only the barest necessities of life were ordered, and the tenant himself received them at the side-door. His one half-caste man-servant, after a month's stay in the house, had abruptly left without warning, and had returned to the Southern States. One thing Broughton complained bitterly about: Clarke had wilfully spread the rumor among the villagers that the Abbey was

haunted, and had even condescended to play childish tricks with spirit-lamps and salt in order to scare trespassers away at night. He had been detected in the act of this tomfoolery, but the story spread, and no one, said Broughton, would venture near the house except in broad daylight. The hauntedness of Thurnley Abbey was now, he said with a grin, part of the gospel of the countryside, but he and his young wife were going to change all that. Would I propose myself any time I liked? I, of course, said I would, and equally, of course, intended to do nothing of the sort without a definite invitation.

"The house was put in thorough repair, though not a stick of the old furniture and tapestry were removed. Floors and ceilings were relaid; the roof was made watertight again, and the dust of half a century was scoured out. He showed me some photographs of the place. It was called an Abbey, though as a matter of fact it had been only the infirmary of the long-vanished Abbey of Closter some five miles away. The larger part of this building remained as it had been in pre-Reformation days, but a wing had been added in Jacobean times, and that part of the house had been kept in something like repair by Mr. Clarke. He had in both the ground and the first floors set a heavy timber door, strongly barred with iron, in the passage between the earlier and the Jacobean parts of the house, and had entirely neglected the former. So there had been a good deal of work to be done.

"Broughton, whom I saw in London two or three times about this time, made a deal of fun over the positive refusal of the workmen to remain after sundown. Even after the electric light had been put into every room, nothing would induce them to remain, though, as Broughton observed, electric light was death on ghosts. The legend of the Abbey's ghosts had gone far and wide, and the men would take no risks. On the whole, though nothing of any sort or kind had been conjured up even by their heated imaginations during their five months' work upon the Abbey, the belief in the ghosts was rather strengthened than otherwise in Thurnley because of the men's confessed nervousness, and local tradition declared itself in favor of the ghost of an immured nun.

"'Good old nun!' said Broughton.

"I asked him whether in general he believed in the possibility of ghosts, and, rather to my surprise, he said that he couldn't say he entirely disbelieved in them. A man in India had told him one morning in camp that he believed that his mother was dead in England, as her vision had come to his tent the night before. He had not been alarmed, but had said nothing, and the figure vanished again. As a matter of fact, the next possible dak-walla brought on a telegram announcing the mother's death. 'There the thing was,' said Broughton.

"'My own idea,' said he, 'is that if a ghost ever does come in one's way, one ought to speak to it.'

"I agreed. Little as I knew of the ghost world and its conventions, I had already remembered that a spook was in honor bound to wait to be spoken to. It didn't seem much to do, and I felt that the sound of one's own voice would at any rate reassure oneself as to one's wakefulness. But there are few ghosts outside Europe — few, that is, that a white man can see — and I had never been troubled with any. However, as I have said, I told Broughton that I agreed.

"So the wedding took place and I went to it in a tall hat which I bought for the occasion, and the new Mrs. Broughton smiled very nicely at me afterwards. As it had to happen, I took the Orient Express that evening and was not in England again for nearly six months. Just before I came back I got a letter from Broughton. He asked if I could see him in London or come to Thurnley, as he thought I should be better able to help him than any one else he knew. His wife sent a nice message to me at the end, so I was reassured about at least one thing. I wrote from Budapest that I would come and see him at Thurnley two days after my arrival in London, and as I sauntered out of the Pannonia into the Kerepesi Ut to post my letters, I wondered of what earthly service I could be to Broughton. I had been out with him after tiger on foot, and I could imagine few men better able at a pinch to manage their own business. However, I had nothing to do, so after dealing with some small accumulations of business during my absence, I packed a kit-bag and departed to Euston.

"I was met by a trap at Thurnley Road station, and after a drive of nearly seven miles we echoed through the sleepy streets of Thurnley village, into which the main gates of the park thrust themselves, splendid with pillars and spread-eagles and tom-cats rampant atop of them. From the gates a quadruple avenue of beech-trees led inwards for a quarter of a mile. Beneath them a neat strip of fine turf edged the road and ran back until the poison of the dead beech-leaves had killed it under the trees. There were many wheel-tracks on the road, and a comfortable little pony trap jogged past me laden with a country parson and his wife and daughter. Evidently there was some garden party going on at the Abbey. The road dropped away to

the right at the end of the avenue, and I could see the Abbey across a wide pasturage and a broad lawn thickly dotted with guests.

"The end of the building was plain. It must have been almost mercilessly austere when it was first built, but time had crumbled the edges and toned the stone down to an orange-lichened gray wherever it showed behind its curtain of magnolia, jasmine, and ivy. Farther on was the three-storied Jacobean house, plain and handsome. There had not been the slightest attempt to adapt the one to the other, but the kindly ivy had glossed over the touching-point. There was a tall flèche in the middle of the building, surmounting a small bell tower. Behind the house there rose the mountainous verdure of Spanish chestnuts all the way up the hill.

"Broughton had seen me coming from afar, and walked across from his other guests to welcome me before turning me over to the butler's care. This man was sandy-haired and rather inclined to be talkative. He could, however, answer hardly any questions about the house: he had, he said, only been there three weeks. Mindful of what Broughton had told me, I made no inquiries about ghosts, though the room into which I was shown might have justified anything. It was a very large low room with oak beams projecting from the white ceiling. Every inch of the walls, including the doors, was covered with tapestry, and a remarkably fine Italian fourpost bedstead, heavily draped, added to the darkness and dignity of the place. All the furniture was old, well made, and dark. Underfoot there was a plain green pile carpet, the only new thing about the room except the electric light fittings and the jugs and basins. Even the looking-glass on the dressing-table was an old pyramidal Venetian glass set in heavy repoussé frame of tarnished silver.

"After a few minutes cleaning up, I went downstairs and out upon the lawn, where I greeted my hostess. The people gathered there were of the usual country type, all anxious to be pleased and roundly curious as to the new master of the Abbey. Rather to my surprise, and quite to my pleasure, I rediscovered Glenham, whom I had known well in old days in Barotseland: he lived quite close, as, he remarked with a grin, I ought to have known. 'But,' he added, 'I don't live in a place like this.' He swept his hand to the long, low lines of the Abbey in obvious admiration, and then, to my intense interest, muttered beneath his breath, 'Thank God!' He saw that I had overheard him, and turning to me said decidedly, 'Yes, thank God I said, and I meant I wouldn't live at the Abbey for all Broughton's money.'

"'But surely,' I demurred, 'you know that old Clarke was discovered in the very act of setting light to his bug-a-boos?'

"Glenham shrugged his shoulders. 'Yes, I know about that. But there is something wrong with the place still. All I can say is that Broughton is a different man since he has lived here. I don't believe that he will remain much longer. But — you're staying here? — Well, you'll hear all about it to-night. There's a big dinner, I understand.' The conversation turned off to old reminiscences, and Glenham soon after had to go.

"Before I went to dress that evening I had twenty minutes' talk with Broughton in his library. There was no doubt that the man was altered, gravely altered. He was nervous and fidgety, and I found him looking at me only when my eye was off him. I naturally asked him what he wanted of me. I told him I would do anything I could, but that I couldn't conceive what he lacked that I could provide. He said with a lustreless smile that there was, however, something, and that he would tell me the following morning. It struck me that he was somehow ashamed of himself, and perhaps ashamed of the part he was asking me to play. However, I dismissed the subject from my mind and went up to dress in my palatial room. As I shut the door a draught blew out the Queen of Sheba from the wall, and I noticed that the tapestries were not fastened to the wall at the bottom. I have always held very practical views about spooks, and it has often seemed to me that the slow waving in firelight of loose tapestry upon a wall would account for ninety-nine per cent of the stories one hears, and certainly the dignified undulation of this lady with her attendants and huntsmen — one of whom was untidily cutting the throat of a fallow deer upon the very steps on which King Solomon, a gray-faced Flemish nobleman with the order of the Golden Fleece, awaited his fair visitor — gave color to my hypothesis.

"Nothing much happened at dinner. The people were very much like those of the garden party. After the ladies had gone, I found myself talking to the rural dean. He was a thin, earnest man, who at once turned the conversation to old Clarke's buffooneries. But, he said, Mr. Broughton had introduced such a new and cheerful spirit, not only into the Abbey, but, he might say, into the whole neighborhood, that he had great hopes that the ignorant superstitions of the past were from henceforth destined to oblivion. Thereupon his other neighbor, a portly gentleman of independent means and position, audibly remarked 'Amen,' which damped the rural dean, and we talked of par-

tridges past, partridges present, and pheasants to come. At the other end of the table Broughton sat with a couple of his friends, red-faced hunting men. Once I noticed that they were discussing me, but I paid no attention to it at the time. I remembered it a few hours later.

"By eleven all the guests were gone, and Broughton, his wife, and I were alone together under the fine plaster ceiling of the Jacobean drawing-room. Mrs. Broughton talked about one or two of the neighbors, and then, with a smile, said that she knew I would excuse her, shook hands with me, and went off to bed. I am not very good at analyzing things, but I felt that she talked a little uncomfortably and with a suspicion of effort, smiled rather conventionally, and was obviously glad to go. These things seem trifling enough to repeat, but I had throughout the faint feeling that everything was not square. Under the circumstances, this was enough to set me wondering what on earth the service could be that I was to render — wondering also whether the whole business were not some ill-advised jest in order to make me come down from London for a mere shooting party.

"Broughton said little after she had gone. But he was evidently laboring to bring the conversation round to the so-called haunting of the Abbey. As soon as I saw this, of course I asked him directly about it. He then seemed at once to lose interest in the matter. There was no doubt about it: Broughton was somehow a changed man, and to my mind he had changed in no way for the better. Mrs. Broughton seemed no sufficient cause. He was clearly very fond of her, and she of him. I reminded him that he was going to tell me what I could do for him in the morning, pleaded my journey, lighted a candle, and went upstairs with him. At the end of the passage leading into the old house he grinned weakly and said, 'Mind, if you see a ghost, do talk to it; you said you would.' He stood irresolutely a moment and then turned away. At the door of his dressing-room he paused a moment: 'I'm here,' he called out, 'if you should want anything. Good-night,' and he shut his door.

"I went along the passage to my room, undressed, switched on a lamp beside my bed, read a few pages of the *Jungle Book*, and then, more than ready for sleep, switched the light off and went fast asleep.

"Three hours later I woke up. There was not a breath of wind outside. It was so silent that my ears found employment in listening for the throbbing of the blood within them. There was not even a flicker of light from the fireplace. As I lay there, an ash tinkled slightly as it cooled, but there was hardly a gleam of the dullest red in the grate. An owl cried among the silent Spanish chestnuts on the slope outside. I idly reviewed the events of the day, hoping that I should fall off to sleep again before I reached dinner. But at the end I seemed as wakeful as ever. There was no help for it. I must read my *Jungle Book* again till I felt ready to go off, so I fumbled for the pear at the end of the cord that hung down inside the bed, and I switched on the bedside lamp. The sudden glory dazzled me for a moment. I felt under my pillow for my book with half-shut eyes. Then, growing used to the light, I happened to look down to the foot of my bed.

"I can never tell you really what happened then. Nothing I could ever confess in the most abject words could even faintly picture to you what I felt. I know that my heart stopped dead, and my throat shut automatically. In one instinctive movement I crouched back up against the head-boards of the bed, staring at the horror. The movement set my heart going again, and the sweat dripped from every pore. I am not a particularly religious man, but I had always believed that God would never allow any supernatural appearance to present itself to man in such a guise and in such circumstances that harm, either bodily or mental, could result to him. I can only tell you that at that moment both my life and my reason rocked unsteadily on their seats."

The other *Osiris* passengers had gone to bed. Only he and I remained leaning over the starboard railing, which rattled uneasily now and then under the fierce vibration of the over-engined mail-boat. Far over, there were the lights of a few fishing-smacks riding out the night, and a great rush of white combing and seething water fell out and away from us overside.

At last Colvin went on:

"Leaning over the foot of my bed, looking at me, was a figure swathed in a rotten and tattered veiling. This shroud passed over the head, but left both eyes and the right side of the face bare. It then followed the line of the arm down to where the hand grasped the bed-end. The face was not that entirely of a skull, though the eyes and the flesh of the face were totally gone. There was a thin, dry skin drawn tightly over the features, and there was some skin left on the hand. One wisp of hair crossed the forehead. It was perfectly still. I looked at it, and it looked at me, and my brains turned

dry and hot in my head. I had still got the pear of the electric lamp in my hand, and I played idly with it; only I dared not turn the light out again. I shut my eyes, only to open them in a hideous terror the same second. The thing had not moved. My heart was thumping, and the sweat cooled me as it evaporated. Another cinder tinkled in the grate, and a panel creaked in the wall.

"My reason failed me. For twenty minutes, or twenty seconds, I was able to think of nothing else but this awful figure, till there came, hurtling through the empty channels of my senses, the remembrance that Broughton and his friends had discussed me furtively at dinner. The dim possibility of it being a hoax stole gratefully into my unhappy mind, and once there, one's pluck came creeping back along a thousand tiny veins. My first sensation was one of blind unreasoning thankfulness that my brain was going to stand the trial. I am not a timid man, but the best of us needs some human handle to steady him in time of extremity, and in this faint but growing hope that after all it might be only a brutal hoax, I found the fulcrum that I needed. At last I moved.

"How I managed to do it, I cannot tell you, but with one spring towards the foot of the bed I got within arm's length and struck out one fearful blow with my fist at the thing. It crumbled under it, and my hand was cut to the bone. With the sickening revulsion after my terror, I dropped half-fainting across the end of the bed. So it was merely a foul trick after all. No doubt the trick had been played many a time before: no doubt Broughton and his friends had had some bet among themselves as to what I should do when I discovered the gruesome thing. From my state of abject terror I found myself transported into an insensate anger. I shouted curses upon Broughton. I dived rather than climbed over the bed-end on to the sofa. I tore at the robed skeleton — how well the whole thing had been carried out, I thought — I broke the skull against the floor, and stamped upon its dry bones. I flung the head away under the bed, and rent the brittle bones of the trunk in pieces. I snapped the thin thigh-bones across my knee, and flung them in different directions. The shin-bones I set up against a stool and broke with my heel. I raged like a Berserker against the loathly thing, and stripped the ribs from the backbone and slung the breastbone against the cupboard. My fury increased as the work of destruction went on. I tore the frail rotten veil into twenty pieces, and the dust went up over everything, over the clean blotting-paper and the silver inkstand. At last my work was done. There was but a raffle of broken bones and strips of parchment and crumbling wool. Then, picking up a piece of the skull — it was the cheek and temple bone of the right side, I remember — I opened the door and went down the passage to Broughton's dressing-room. I remember still how my sweat-dripping pajamas clung to me as I walked. At the door I kicked and entered.

"Broughton was in bed. He had already turned the light on and seemed shrunken and horrified. For a moment he could hardly pull himself together. Then I spoke. I don't know what I said. Only I know that from a heart full and over-full with hatred and contempt, spurred on by shame of my own recent cowardice, I let my tongue run on. He answered nothing. I was amazed at my own fluency. My hair still clung lankily to my wet temples, my hand was bleeding profusely, and I must have looked a strange sight. Broughton huddled himself up at the head of the bed just as I had. Still he made no answer, no defence. He seemed preoccupied with something besides my reproaches, and once or twice moistened his lips with his tongue. But he could say nothing, though he moved his hands now and then, just as a baby who cannot speak moves his hands.

"At last the door into Mrs. Broughton's room opened and she came in, white and terrified. 'What is it? What is it? Oh, in God's name! what is it?' she cried again and again, and then she went up to her husband and sat on the bed; and the two faced me in speechless terror. I told her what the matter was. I spared her husband not a word for her presence there. Yet he seemed hardly to understand. I told the pair that I had spoiled their cowardly joke for them. Broughton looked up.

"'I have smashed the foul thing into a hundred pieces,' I said. Broughton licked his lips again and his mouth worked. 'By God!' I shouted, 'it would serve you right if I thrashed you within an inch of your life. I will take care that not a decent man or woman of my acquaintance ever speaks to you again. And there,' I added, throwing the broken piece of the skull upon the floor beside his bed, 'there is a souvenir for you, of your damned work to-night!'

"Broughton saw the bone, and in a moment it was his turn to frighten me. He squealed like a hare caught in a trap. He screamed and screamed till Mrs. Broughton, almost as terrified as I, held on to him and coaxed him like a child to be quiet. But Broughton — and as he moved I thought that ten minutes ago I perhaps looked as terribly ill as he did — thrust her from him, and scrambled out of the bed on to the floor, and still screaming put out his

hand to the bone. It had blood on it from my hand. He paid no attention to me whatever. In truth I said nothing. This was a new turn indeed to the horrors of the evening. He rose from the floor with the bone in his hand, and stood silent. He seemed to be listening. 'Time, time, perhaps,' he muttered, and almost at the same moment fell at full length on the carpet, cutting his head against the fender. The bone flew from his hand and came to rest near the door. I picked Broughton up, haggard and broken, with blood over his face. He whispered hoarsely and quickly, 'Listen, listen!' We listened.

"After ten seconds' utter quiet, I seemed to hear something. I could not be sure, but at last there was no doubt. There was a quiet sound as of one moving along the passage. Little regular steps came towards us over the hard oak flooring. Broughton moved to where his wife sat, white and speechless, on the bed, and pressed her face into his shoulder.

"Then the last thing that I could see as he turned the light out, he fell forward with his own head pressed into the pillow of the bed. Something in their company, something in their cowardice, helped me, and I faced the open doorway of the room, which was outlined fairly clearly against the dimly lighted passage. I put out one hand and touched Mrs. Broughton's shoulder in the darkness. But at the last moment I too failed. I sank on my knees and put my face in the bed. Only, we all heard. The footsteps came to the door, and there they stopped. The piece of bone was lying a yard inside the door. There was a rustle of moving stuff, and the thing was in the room. Mrs. Broughton was silent: I could hear Broughton's voice praying, muffled in the pillow: I was cursing my own cowardice. Then the steps moved out again on the oak boards of the passage, and I heard the sounds dying away. In a flash of remorse I went to the door and looked out. There at the end of the corridor was a small bowed figure in a gray veil — I knew it only too well. But this time there was a pathos in the drooped head that left me standing with my forehead bowed in shame against the jamb of the door.

"'You can turn the light on,' I said, and there was an answering flare. There was no bone at my feet. Mrs. Broughton had fainted. Broughton was almost useless, and it took me ten minutes to bring her to. Broughton only said one thing worth remembering. For the most part he went on muttering prayers. But I was glad afterwards to recollect that he had said that thing. He said in a colorless voice, half as a question, half as a reproach, 'You didn't speak to her.'

"We spent the remainder of the night together. Mrs. Broughton actually fell off into a kind of sleep before dawn, but she suffered so horribly in her dreams that I shook her into consciousness again. Never was dawn so long in coming. Three or four times Broughton spoke to himself. Mrs. Broughton would then just tighten her hold on his arm, but she could say nothing. As for me, I can honestly say that I grew worse as the hours passed and the light strengthened. The two violent reactions had battered down my steadiness of view, and I felt that the foundations of my life had been built upon the sand. I said nothing, and after binding up my hand with a towel, I did not move. It was better so. They helped me and I helped them, and we all three knew that our reason had gone very near to ruin that night. At last, when the light came in pretty strongly, and the birds outside were chattering and singing, we felt that we must do something. Yet we never moved. You might have thought that we should particularly dislike being found as we were by the servants: yet nothing of the kind mattered a straw, and an overpowering listlessness bound us as we sat, until Chapman, Broughton's man, actually knocked and opened the door. None of us moved. Broughton, speaking hardly and stiffly, said: 'Chapman, you can come back in five minutes.' Chapman was a discreet man, but it would have made no difference if he had carried his news to the 'room' at once.

"We looked at each other and I said I must go back. I meant to wait outside till Chapman returned. I simply dared not re-enter my bedroom alone. Broughton roused himself and said that he would come with me. Mrs. Broughton agreed to remain in her own room for five minutes if the blinds were drawn up and all the doors left open.

"So Broughton and I, leaning stiffly one against the other, went down to my room. By the morning light that filtered past the blinds we could see our way, and I released the blinds. There was nothing wrong in the room from end to end, except smears of my own blood on the bed, on the sofa, and on the carpet where I had torn the thing to pieces."

Colvin had finished his story. There was nothing to say. Seven bells stuttered out from the fo'c'sle, and the answering cry wailed through the darkness. I took him downstairs.

"Of course I am much better now, but it is a kindness of you to let me sleep in your cabin."

THE TERROR

BY

A. E. THOMAS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMAN C. WALL

IT was a gray and bitter morning in January when Tim first saw The Vale. For weeks winter had lain heavy upon the sunny South. A cold rain had swept the countryside; then came zero weather for days, till the ice lay inch-thick on all the broad pikes of Lexington County, and only the firs were green.

Tim and his mother had left the little cabin they called home at the first crack of dawn and together had tramped the five miles that spelled the road to The Vale. All the way they spoke scarce a word, for they knew that parting was near and that it had to be. Colonel Darnton was to take the boy and make a jockey of him, if he could, and the stables of The Vale were to be his home thereafter.

The negroes were feeding the stallions when the boy and his mother trudged up to the big barn. They sat on a feed-box until the Colonel had finished his breakfast and come out from the big house under the trees.

"Morning to you, Mrs. Doolin," said the Colonel. "And so you've brought the boy, eh?"

"I have that," responded Mrs. Doolin, in her odd mixture of brogue and Southern drawl. "An' I beg ye t' be good tew him. Since Pete died, he's all I hov, an' it's the good lad he's been to me, an' phwat it is I'll be doin' widout him whin he's gawn, I dinnaw. Will ye be afther lettin' him come down t' see me wanst a fortnight, sor?"

"Of course I will," smiled the Colonel, and then he turned to Tim, standing there, so pale and little.

"And you, boy," he said, taking the lad's chin in his big hand and turning the blue eyes up to his gaze, "how about you — strong for the hosses, eh?"

Tim's lip quivered. He was only twelve. But he looked the Colonel bravely in the face.

"I reck'n," he said.

"Well, well, we'll see," said the Colonel, mercifully releasing the boy's chin. "'Twould be odd if you weren't. Your father was mighty handy with 'em all — mighty handy."

"Savin' yer prisince, Colonel, I'd hov jist wan wurrud wid th' boy," said the woman, and she drew Tim aside.

"Lookee yew here, yew Tim Doolin," she said, when she had him by himself, "don't yew niver fergit thet yew're up here tew The Vale tew larn hosses. Raymimber thet." The boy drew one ragged sleeve across his blue eyes.

"All right, maw," he quavered.

"An' raymimber this, too," she went on. "There niver yit was wan Doolin thet wasn't on the square. Hoss racin' ain't prayin', an' all them as races hosses ain't like the Colonel. But there niver was wan Doolin yit thet wasn't on the level. Mind yew ain't the fust crook in the clan, er else yew needn't niver come home t' the Blue Grass ter look yewr maw in the face."

Thin and gaunt and gray-haired, she stood in the biting wind that fought to tear her shawl from her bony shoulders. For a moment she stared, stern and dry-eyed, at the boy. Somehow he had never seemed so tiny before.

"Will yew raymimber thet?" she demanded at last. Tim dropped his eyes in boyish embarrassment.

"I reck'n," he said.

His mother drew her shawl tightly about her shoulders and departed without more ado.

The life of a stable-boy on a great breeding-farm is not all beer and skittles, whatever that may be. His principal business is to look sharp and do as he is told and never forget. It's always early to rise, before dawn in the winter time, and often late to bed, if some of the priceless thoroughbreds are ailing. Moreover, the tongues of stable foremen are sharp, and their hands are heavy.

Tim made his mistakes. Once, after they came to trust him at The Vale, on a sharp morning when he was giving King Faraway, the head of the stud, his morning gallop on the pike, he fell to dreaming. A little brook ran under a

wooden bridge built for carriage use. But to one side there was a ford through which people drove in summer to give their horses drink. The brook was solid ice that morning, but Tim, not thinking, turned King Faraway into the ford. The great horse slipped and fell.

Tim sprang up from the far side of the brook with the blood gushing from a nasty cut on his forehead. But he didn't think of that. Was King Faraway hurt?

He walked the three miles back to The Vale, the stallion limping behind him, and at the stable he told the truth and got a thrashing.

King Faraway was on three legs for a month. But he recovered. Every night of that month the boy slept on a heap of straw in the stallion's box stall, waking up half a dozen times a night to rub the injured stifle; and in the end the great horse was as good as new.

Again, one chilly November night Tim left one of his yearlings out in the South Paddock. Late that night a cold, driving storm came up. In the morning they found the yearling shivering by the paddock gate. The Colonel himself worked his fingers off over that yearling colt, for he was bred in the purple. The youngster had pneumonia, but they saved him, and the Colonel said that Tim's nursing was what pulled him through.

On an April morning something over two years after the day Tim came to The Vale, he started with the season's two-year-olds for the big tracks at New York. He had helped break the youngsters to the saddle and to the track on the half-mile race-course on the farm, and he knew every one of the lot as if he had been its mother. So when they rounded them up to take them to the special box-cars that were waiting in the freight yards, the Colonel took the lad aside.

"Really want to be a jockey, Tim?" he asked.

"Sure," said Tim.

"Want to leave us, then, eh?" The boy looked away, and the Colonel spared him.

"All right," he said with a laugh. "To the races you go. You can come back if you don't like it."

All the broad acres of The Vale and the costly stallions and the brood mares belonged to David Holland, a captain of finance. He was too busy manipulating the ticker to pay much attention to the stock-farm itself. He knew nothing whatever about the breeding of horses and was clever enough to admit it. He paid the bills and got his fun out of "seeing 'em run."

The Holland stable was already quartered at Sheepshead Bay when the Colonel and Tim arrived with the two-year-olds. Pat Faulkner, the trainer, was there to meet them. He and the Colonel drew aside and left the boy to himself. The hours for morning gallops were long since over, and when Tim climbed the white rail fence that enclosed the back-stretch, the big and beautiful track was absolutely deserted.

"Well," said Faulkner, "what sort of a grist have you brought me this trip? I've been bitin' me nails off to find out, but not a word would you write."

They had out the chestnut colt with the one white foot, and the black with the white blaze, and the bay filly by Checkers-Flighty, and a few other individuals, while the trainer felt them over and looked them up and down and round about, and had them walked and trotted and cantered through the stable yard.

When it was all over, and he knew that here was material that would make his rivals sit up, Faulkner's eyes fell upon a slim shape sitting on the white rail fence.

"What's the kid?" he demanded.

"That?" said the Colonel, with a smile, "why, that's Tim Doolin, a champion jockey I've brought you." The trainer grunted.

"How old?" he asked.

"Going on fifteen, weighs seventy-three pounds, is kind and clever, knows the hosses, and they'll do for him. Try him out at exercise work, and if he makes good, give him a chance to ride."

That same night the Colonel departed.

After that Tim's work was cut out for him. There were twenty-six two-year-olds in the Holland stables, twelve three-year-olds, and six or eight thoroughbreds in the aged division. Faulkner kept a big staff of grooms and exercise boys, but there was always a day's work for each of them. Aside from the routine exercise for every horse in training, the feeding, the grooming, and so on, all the youngsters had to be broken to the starting barrier. Some trainers didn't pay much attention to that.

"Let 'em come to it in their races," said they. Not so, Faulkner. He drilled every last one of his two-year-olds till the starting gate was no more to them than so much steel and wood and webbing.

Tim was not long in winning the trainer's confidence. The job of breaking to the barrier was turned over to the stable foreman, under whose eyes the grooms and exercise boys worked. But one afternoon Faulkner himself came out to see how things were going. He noticed that the three two-year-olds that were Tim's especial care were already barrier-broken. He cross-examined the lad. Tim was reticent.

"I — I — jest get 'em used to it," he faltered.

"How?" demanded the trainer.

"I — I jest lead 'em up to it, first along, an'

let 'em smell of it and look at it. Then I git one of the boys to spring it while I'm a-standin' by at their heads. They git used to it pretty soon. Then I ride 'em up to it."

"Humph!" grunted the trainer; but later he said to the foreman: "That kid's got sense."

It wasn't long before Tim was exercising three-year-olds, and one gray morning when he turned out of the loft where he slept, the foreman shouted:

Hurry up, you Tim, an' git yer breakfast."

The boy wondered and obeyed. He gulped down the last of his oatmeal, shot out of the training kitchen, and ran up to the stables, where a negro groom was holding a big bay horse, about which Faulkner himself was busily working. The trainer arose as the boy ran up.

"Up you go, kid," he said and tossed Tim into the saddle.

And Tim knew that he was to exercise Lear! And everybody knew that the Holland stable was pointing Lear for the Brooklyn Handicap! It was a proud moment for Tim. But his honors didn't sit too heavily on his small shoulders, for Faulkner was a hard task-master.

"Jog him to the mile post and send him the last half in .55 an' keep yer eye on the flag," the trainer would order.

Then the boy would canter away through the gray light, and the trainer, handkerchief in one hand and stop-watch in the other, would mount the fence. If the clock said .57 for that last half mile, or anything between that and .55, there was a slap on the back and a "Good kid," for Tim, but woe to him if the clicking hand cut it down to .53.

Mistakes he made, and many of them, but they grew fewer and fewer. Good hands he had (for they are born with a boy, if he's ever to have them) and an intuitive knowledge of the temper of a horse. A good seat they had taught him at The Vale. And gradually, little by little and bit by bit, he came to be what only one jockey in fifty ever grows into—an unerring judge of pace.

Just what it is that tells a boy whether the muscles of steel that he bestrides are shooting him rhythmically over a furlong of dull brown earth or black and slimy mud in .12½ or .13¼, some person may perhaps be able to tell, but certain it is that no person ever has told it. Long after Tim had learned the secret as few boys have ever known it, I asked him.

"Why," said he, "yew know your hoss, an' after thet, why, yew jest feel it."

It was not until the autumn meeting at Gravesend that Tim first wore the colors. It was in an overnight selling race for two-year-olds, for which Faulkner had in despair named Gracious.

Gracious was a merry little short-bodied who was bred as well as any of the Hollan but who hadn't done well. Out of six star had never shown anything, and Faulkne determined to start her once more and weed her out. The weight, eighty-seven po was so light that the stable jockey co make it. Then Faulkner remembered Colonel's words: "Give him a chance, makes good."

"I'll do it," he said, and told Tim.

Tim didn't sleep well that night, and wide eyes he welcomed the first light c great day. At last he was to wear the colc

"Just get her off well and take your t said Faulkner, as he put the boy up. her along to the stretch and then drive he

Tim did all that. Coming into the st there were four horses ahead of him on th But two of them were weakening. Then called on the filly. She answered and wer But the colt next her was staggering. swerved, and Tim had to pull out. H Gracious going again and landed her third, a head behind the second horse. Faulkne radiant as Tim dismounted.

"Good kid," he said. He had backe filly a bit to run third. But Tim was a weeping.

"I could have won," he moaned, "if there Blinger hed kep' straight."

The boy rode half a dozen races in the month, all of them for two-year-olds. He once and was second twice. Among the apprentice riders he was already a perso although, of course, he scarcely dared spe the full-fledged jockeys.

And then the Terror came.

It was Gracious that brought it. There eight two-years-olds in the seven-furlong s on the main track at Morris Park. The fill gone slightly off her feed the night befor race, but she seemed perfectly fit otherwise Faulkner determined to start her.

"She won't finish as strong as she wo week ago," he told the boy, as the saddling blew. "So you send her along a bit at the and get the rail. Keep her goin' an' let h in front."

"I reck'n," said Tim confidently, and swung him into the saddle.

Gracious, under Tim's riding, was a breaker. She leaped away the instant the rier rose, and from the middle of the trac boy took her to the rail before the run u back-stretch was over. She held her lea the field had rounded into the stretch, and he felt her falter. In an instant he beg ride, first with hands, then with hands and

"TIM AND HIS MOTHER HAD LEFT THEIR LITTLE CABIN AT THE FIRST CRACK OF DAWN"

then with hands and feet and whip. But it was not in the filly to answer. At the six-furlong pole she had gone stale—gone stale between two jumps. But the boy kept at her with might and main.

It was useless. In six strides a brown muzzle crept up to his saddle girth. In two jumps more it reached the filly's shoulder. In three more strides the two were head and head; and then the brown muzzle was in front.

Suddenly the brown muzzle drooped, and the colt faltered. Tim took heart again. Perhaps, perhaps he might still nurse the filly home in front. He gripped her withers a bit tighter with his knees and spoke to her, softly and pleadingly, as was his wont, through his clenched teeth:

"Come on, yew gal — come on, yew baby — come jes' once mo'— jes' once — we's mos' home now — come — come. Come, yew gal!"

Back to the boy's stirrup came the saddle girth of the brown colt, as his stride shortened under the staggering drive. Tim's heart leaped in his bosom, for there was the wire not ten jumps away and — he was going to win.

"Come — come, yew baby," he whispered almost into the filly's ear, as he leaned far over her nodding head. The ecstasy of victory thrilled his small body to his very toes.

At that instant the brown colt swerved against him. The pungent odor of sweating horseflesh smote his nostrils — the roar of a horrified crowd filled his ears — the track rose up to meet him. A flash of red enveloped his brain — then came darkness and oblivion.

When he came to himself, the first faint light of dawn was sifting in through a window somewhere. "Time I was up fer exercisin'," he thought, and he struggled to rise. A flash of pain in his left arm turned him faint and sick. As he wondered over this, he became aware of a dull, steady roar that filled the room.

Again he opened his eyes. Dimly he made out the form of a white-capped woman standing

over him. Then he knew that he was not lying in the loft at Sheepshead Bay.

"Are you awake, little boy?" said a soft voice.

"I — I reck'n," said Tim faintly.

There came the rattle of a heavy vehicle pounding over pavements, the shrill shriek of a whistle, the roar of horses' hoofs.

Then he remembered it all and turned his face to the wall.

That same evening Faulkner came in to see him.

"Well, Tim," he said, "'t was a bad tumble, hey? How d'you feel? better?"

"Sure," said the boy feebly.

"That's fine, that's fine," cried the trainer heartily. "'Twa'n't your fault. You done fine. You'd 'a' won, sure, 'f that chump Reilly had kep' his colt straight. But don't you care. We'll have you out in a few days, the Doc says. I telegraphed the Colonel you was all to the good, an' he'll tell yer ma, so don't you worry about that, kid." He leaned over, smiled kindly, and put a huge hand on the boy's head.

It smelled horribly of sweaty horseflesh. With a shudder Tim turned his head away.

"You musn't mind a little thing like a tumble," said the trainer anxiously. "They all get 'em. Why, I remember when I was ridin' a hoss named ——"

And the kindly horseman blundered on in an attempt to cheer the helpless lad. It seemed to Tim that he simply must cry out to him to stop, when the nurse came swiftly up and warned the trainer not to stay any longer.

"Well, so long, kid," was Faulkner's parting word. "Oh, 'course yer busted arm won't let yer ride again this fall, but the season's most over anyway. Only two more days o' Morris Park, and y' know we ain't got any cheap ones to start at Aqueduct. Anythin' I kin do f' you?" Tim opened his eyes again.

"Filly hurted?" he asked faintly.

The trainer laughed.

"Nothin' to hurt," he said. "Skinned her knees a bit, but I was goin' to put her out o' trainin' anyhow. She's O. K."

To Tim's unspeakable relief he lumbered away.

With his arm in a sling, Tim was out again at the end of a week. Much against the boy's will, Faulkner took him one day to the meeting at Aqueduct. There the trainer was soon surrounded by professional colleagues, and Tim fled to a seat in the highest row of the grandstand. Thence he looked down upon the first stages of a six-furlong sprint, but when three horses labored home in a tight-fit finish he buried his face in his hands that he might not see them.

When he lifted his face again, he glanced furtively about, thankful, oh, so thankful, that nobody had noticed him.

Then self-scorn descended upon him. If he could only go away somewhere and die! Furtively, he wept, wiping the tears away with one pudgy, brown fist. For some minutes he stared, heavy-eyed and broken, at his feet.

"Ta-ra-ta-ta-ta! Ta-ra-ta-ta!"

The bugle spoke, calling the handicap horses to the post.

Tim started up and edged toward the aisle. His racing feet carried him in panic half way down to the lawn. One idea possessed him — to get away — to hide himself, he didn't care where — anywhere where he couldn't see the horses run.

A hand seized him by the shoulder and spun him around.

"Hey, kid," said a voice, "how you feelin'? All to the mustard, hey?"

It was Bud Noble, star jockey of the Holland stable, radiant with all the prestige that comes with twenty thousand a year and the adulation of the racing public.

"I reck'n," said Tim, and fled again.

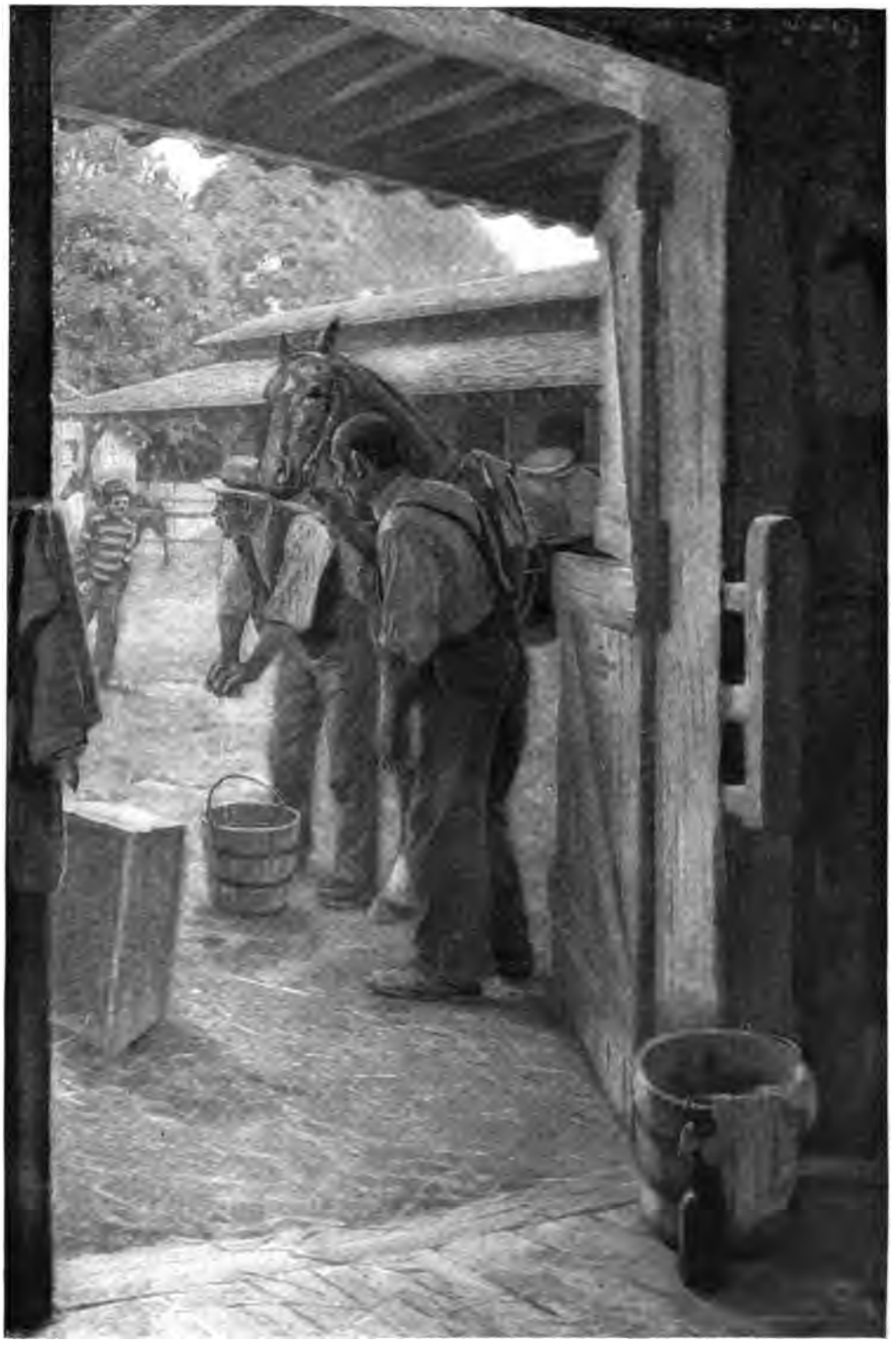
He had no notion of flight. His feet bore him along unsentiently. Suddenly they stopped. And then he knew that he couldn't run away. He must see that race. Something within him that would not be denied commanded it. Slowly he retraced his steps, muttering unconsciously: "I gotter do it. I gotter do it."

Presently he found himself back in the top row of the grandstand. As in a dream, he watched the parade of brilliant colors to the post. As in a dream, he saw the barrier flash up. The old-time roar "They're off!" came faint and faraway to his ears. Dreamlike, the field drifted up the back stretch, rounded the turn, and straightened out for home. He dug the fingers of his one good hand into the hard wooden bench and held his eyes upon the horses.

"I gotter do it. I gotter do it," he muttered still.

They were years in reaching the wire. No mortal thoroughbreds ever ran so slowly before since time began. But at last, at the end of the world, they finished. And up on the highest bench of the grandstand a little boy, with white face and wide eyes, sat back, limp and still.

Tim's arm was still in a sling when he got back to Lexington, and it was January before he could use it to any effect. The intervening weeks he spent at home, helping his mother as best he could in the round of her hard life, running her errands and bearing to and fro the



"A NEGRO GROOM WAS HOLDING A BIG BAY HORSE, ABOUT WHICH FALKNER WAS BUSILY WORKING"

various washings by which she lived. For the first time in his life it worried him to see her work so hard.

"Nivver mind, Tim," she would say, lifting her bent back from the tub in the corner of the kitchen, "soon you'll be the famous jockey wid thousands a year. Thin it's your ould mother that'll be wearin' the fine duds and wurruk no more."

And then the boy, sick with shame and fear, would steal from the house — anywhere to be out of the sight of her and the sound of her voice.

Sometimes the Terror would grip him in his sleep, in the middle of the winter night, when the wind shrieked under the shingles on the cabin roof or the cold rain drove against the window-pane. More than once he started up, broad awake, with the smell of sweating horse-flesh sharp and agonizing in his nostrils. Once it was the sound of his own voice that woke him, and he was crying out:

"Come on, yew baby, come, come, yew gal!"

Then he sat on the edge of his cot, with the blanket over his shoulders, until daybreak, with such thoughts as a boy may know.

But on a sunny morning in February, it was Tim who stood in the great doorway of the stallion stable at The Vale, saying to the Colonel:

"Thought mebbe I could help yew with the two-year-olds."

Day by day he strove with himself. Little by little he fought the Terror down. The very smell of the stables turned him faint for a week. He used to creep into King Faraway's box-stall when the big horse stood, wet under his blanket, after his morning gallop, and bury his face in the stallion's mane and rub his nose along the giant withers, till at last the horrible smell of sweating horseflesh had power to terrify him no more. It was weeks before he could mount without trembling, but at last he came to do it and — to hope.

At last came April, and one evening, as Tim was helping with the feeding, he heard the Colonel's voice calling him. He trembled a little, for he knew what was coming.

"I've a letter from Faulkner," said the Colonel, "and he's asking for you, Tim. Shall I tell him you'll be up with the new batch of youngsters?" It was the cast of the die.

"I reck'n," said Tim stoutly.

But it wasn't quite the same old Sheepshead Bay that Tim went back to. He did his work as faithfully and skilfully as ever. His hand was just as light and sure; he had not lost his sense of pace. But the first pale light of day did not send him out to the stables with every nerve in his lithe body tingling for very joy of the work that was coming. And once, when he saw a stable-boy thrown — the Terror rose at him again; not with the old terrible leap, to be sure, but he saw Its face for an instant.

He will never forget his first race that spring. Again he rode a two-year-old, and he won without difficulty, nobody guessed at what expense. As the season went on, he rode again and again, and sometimes he won, and oftener not.

But Faulkner saw and shook his head. If Tim's horse won, it was because its own speed and the judgment of its rider did it. Nobody ever saw Tim take a chance. Other boys might leave him space to squeeze through if they liked. He never did it. It was the longest way 'round and plain sailing for Tim. No mad, brilliant rush for the rail. No fine finishes from unlucky beginnings.

And Faulkner watched and saw it all. Once the boy caught the trainer looking at him, thoughtful and puzzled. A big lump rose in his throat and strangled him, and he stumbled away with his grief. It seemed to him that he could not live on any longer. He grew even more grave and silent as the days went on, shunned the other stable-boys, and kept stolidly to himself.

It had to end sometime, somehow, and the ending of it was notable — because Tim was Tim, I suppose.

For the Suburban Handicap, with the Brooklyn the greatest of the classic races for the older horses, the Holland stable had two candidates. The first was the five-year-old Gladstone, son of Juniper and winner of fifteen races, one of them a Metropolitan. The second was Kate Greenaway, a three-year-old filly by King Faraway, whose only claim to distinction was that she had won third place in the Futurity of the preceding year. But, though Gladstone was the stable's main reliance, the filly's work had been dazzling, and the shrewd Faulkner had hopes of her.

Bud Noble, as stable jockey, was to ride Gladstone, while the trainer relied on the lightweight Ban Johnson, on whom the stable had second call, to handle Kate Greenaway. Tim knew the filly as no one else knew her or could know her. Down at The Vale, before ever he came to the races, he had been the first to put halter and bridle on her; his small legs were the first to bestride her; he had broken her to the barrier until she seemed actually to like the thing, and in her work she had been his especial charge. But he had never ridden her in a race.

The running of a big handicap at a Metropolitan track is an impressive event, even to the man who knows nothing of horses. To him who loves the thoroughbred it is inspiring. To Tim

it was something more than that — a thing to make you tremble.

All morning the boy hung uneasily about the stable. He ate scarcely any dinner and roved restlessly about until it was time to take the filly to the paddock. He got her there just as the horses were going to the post for the third race. The Suburban was the fourth. Up and down under the great shed he walked his charge, blanketed and hooded, in the wake of towering, black Gladstone. Soon a shouting from the grandstand announced that the third race was over.

Then came a rush of hundreds to see the Suburban horses saddled. One by one, the candidates filed out to the track for their warming-up gallops — Boston, top-weight, favorite and winner of the Metropolitan, and second in the Brooklyn; Carley, winner of the Advance the season before; Catchall, the speedy Hastings mare; and all the rest — all save Kate Greenaway. Once, in a warming-up gallop, she had run away, and Faulkner would never take chances with her after that. So Tim walked her up and down by herself, thankful, yet ashamed, that somebody else was to ride her.

Suddenly the stable foreman ran up.

"Hi, you Tim," he shouted, "hustle over to the dressin' room an' git on yer duds. Skin along, now, no time to lose."

Tim stood gaping.

"Git a move on — git a move! My Gawd! You ain't got no time to lose. Ban's fell down an' sprained his ankle."

Tim trudged over to the jockey's house, his eyes on the ground. Over in the paddock, Faulkner listened stubbornly to the foreman.

"I tell you," the latter was saying, "the kid's lost his nerve. Ain't you seen it all along? He ain't took a chance sence his tumble. Why dontcher give the mount to Tyson or Biff Barry? They ain't neither of 'em got a mount."

"Nothin' doin'," rejoined the trainer. "The kid knows the filly — brought her up, almost. He can ride, too, if he don't get in a tight place, an' that ain't likely. Tyson can't make the weight. B'sides, I told the Colonel I'd give the kid a chance. An'," he concluded, "this is it."

"All right," said the foreman, "but you'll see. He's lost his nerve. Why, he got white eraoun' the gills when I tol' him."

Tim had grown like a weed since he first saw

"HE SAT ON THE EDGE OF HIS COT, WITH THE BLANKET OVER HIS SHOULDERS, UNTIL DAYBREAK"

Sheepshead Bay, but it was a slender, fragile figure that the trainer tossed into the chestnut filly's saddle when the bugle blew.

"Now, kid," said Faulkner quietly, throwing one arm over the crupper, "you're third from the rail. You know the filly as well as I do. She's fit to the minute. She'll run in 2.03, if she ain't rushed in the first half. Hold yer place an' let the sprinters do their sprintin'. They'll come back. Keep her goin' her pace for a mile, an' if you have to ride her the last quarter, make her sweat for it. She's game fer a drive. They don't make 'em no gamer."

The lad heard scarcely a word. He wasn't frightened. He was sullen, rebellious against — against everything. It was one more race to him — commonplace, perfunctory, tiresome. He was going to get through with it in the easiest way he could. He thought with relief of the wide spaces and easy turns of the great track.

"Keep up yer nerve, kid," said Bud Noble, turning in his saddle and looking back at Tim as the field filed through the paddock gate.

Tim grinned scornfully. What a notion! Why should anybody need nerve to gallop a horse around a track? He had only one idea — to keep out of trouble. So, perfectly calm and very much bored, he danced to the starting-gate on the chestnut filly. He paid little attention to the fretful doings there. He was haunted by no fear that he might be left. It was a nuisance to have to keep an eye on the vicious heels of Baldy, the swayback gelding at his left — that was all.

But Kate Greenaway had no intention of being left. She kept her dainty nose on the webbing from the instant she got it there, for hadn't Tim taught her that? And when, at last, all the fussing and fuming was over, and the whips of the starter's assistants had ceased their hissing, and the pleadings and threats of the starter himself were done, and the gate swished up before the fourteen racers, the filly's first bound beat the gate by half a length.

Tim was a trifle disgusted. "Blast the filly, anyhow!" he thought. It was no part of his plan to lead that roaring field. He took a double wrap on the reins, and his mount came back till two lithe, lean forms slid up abreast her on the rail, and a third on the outside. That was better, thought Tim, and the sprinters drew out ahead of him. Contentedly he fell in on the rail behind them.

A storm of dirt clods smote the filly in the face. Another pelted Tim on the forehead. He took a tighter hold on Kate Greenaway, and the sprinters drew away another length. It would have been an easy thing for him to choke her back still further, but somehow a surge of

"IN HIS EARS WAS THE ROAR FROM THIRTY

THOUSAND THROATS IN THE GRANDSTAND"

generous feeling for the game creature beat down his sullen selfishness, and he hadn't the heart to strangle her.

The leaders had by this time swung around the first turn, and as they passed the half-mile mark two noses intruded themselves on Tim's vision on the outside.

"Hello," he thought, "old long-distance Boston is movin' up. An' Carley, to keep him from gettin' lonesome." But the track was wide, they ran straight and true and kept their distance.

Suddenly the sprinters began to come back. In five seconds Tim would have to pull up behind them. This was disgusting! If only he were on the outside! A clod of earth struck his breast. Instinctively he let out a wrap on the reins.

The filly went up to the sprinters in ten jumps. As he ranged alongside, Tim took another hold on her. No more front positions for him. He was outside, and he meant to stay there and be derned to 'em!

Then one of the sprinters fell back, beaten already, and as Boston somehow sifted into the vacant place Tim noted with a gasp that here was the far turn already, and he was with the leaders. This surprised him so much that the last turn leaped past before he realised that there were only two horses between him and the rail. One of them was black Boston, top-weight at one hundred and twenty-nine; the other was Carley.

He was getting a bit interested in spite of himself. The boys on the older horses began to urge them a bit, and as they swung around the turn and into the stretch they drew away a couple of lengths. Tim sat still. He was in that delightful outside place, with acres of room. He even glanced over at the in-field where the patrol judge stood with his glasses to his eyes. He remembered afterward that that official's weird whiskers amused him. Then something happened.

Kate Greenaway became mistress of herself. As she swung round the turn, a wide space confronted her, left by the leaders between themselves and the rail. Kate Greenaway had been taught to hunt that rail as a homing pigeon its cote. She sought it now so sharply that Tim all but lost his seat.

Instantly the boy awoke. He remembered the prize he was riding for — the Suburban! the Suburban! Straight before him for a quarter of a mile gleamed the track, yellow in the June sunlight. Nothing to do but ride — straight — straight to the wire.

All the slumbering life in his body awoke from its sullen sleep. He blessed the splendid

filly racing so true and so strong beneath him, and he sat down for the first time to help her with every ounce of his power and every trace of his skill.

He knew she could win. He knew she had been going well within herself, and still she was where she could strike. Now was the time to ride, and he rode as he had never ridden before, standing in the stirrups, crouched over the gallant filly's neck, rising and falling in perfect rhythm with her every stride. And, bless her! that stride had not begun to shorten yet.

Steadily she crept up on the older horses fighting their duel before her. Tim could see from the tail of his eye that both their riders were working for dear life — and he had only just begun to ride. His heart bounded again beneath his brilliant jacket, and again he urged the filly.

But what was that? Surely, surely his path was growing narrower. In six strides more he was sure of it. Carley, on the outside, was boring in under the drive, and Boston was pulling in to keep from fouling.

There's no time to pick daisies in the last furlong of the Suburban. All the months of Tim's purgatory called to him to pull up before they squeezed him against that deadly rail. He tried to do it, but his wrists had gone limp. The next instant the bay and the black were running stride for stride half a length before the filly — and closing in.

Then rose the Terror and gripped Tim by the throat. The moment had come. They had pinned him on the rail.

Under the gruelling drive Carley staggered again. He bumped Boston. Tim felt the big horse graze his boot as he wavered. Instantly that pungent smell of sweating horseflesh stung his nostrils, and with it flashed the memory of that awful day to smite him helpless.

Again he tried to pull up, and again he failed. His wrists were palsied. Why didn't he fall! Oh, why didn't he fall!

Under his quaking knees the withers of the gallant filly still rose and fell, mightily, rhythmically; her lean, beautiful neck stretched out as if to meet the goal, her nostrils wide and blood-red, through which the air came and went, roaring, like the escape of steam from a mighty valve, her eyeballs starting from their sockets.

Then sickening shame smote him on his quivering lips. He seemed to realise for the first time that the filly was waging her terrible fight alone.

The Terror dropped from the boy like a bad dream when one awakes. A frenzy of pride and love for the filly swept over him. He had no hope. The next instant he would hear that terrified roar of the crowd, the track would leap up to meet him, that flash of red would smite him, and blackness would fold him about. But the beautiful filly should not go down with a coward astride her! He found himself talking to her as of old, crouching low till his lips all but brushed her fine, straight ears:

"Come on, yew gal! Katie — yew Katie! Come on! Almos' home! Almos'! Come — come, yew darlin'!"

Closer pressed the driven Boston, till his rider's stirrup locked Tim's. And then the boy knew that the last moment had come. It was fall or win and instantly. In his ears was the creak and protest of the straining saddles and girths, the roar from thirty thousand throats in the grandstand, the whistle of the breath of three great horses locked in a desperate struggle, the thunder of the flying hoofs behind him. He had the right of way — let them unbar it, or crash to destruction — all three!

Gripping the reins with his right hand, he raised his whip in his left and let it fall, once — twice — three times. Somewhere in her straining, breathless, driven body the filly had one ounce more left. Gallantly, instantly, she gave it. The rail grazed the boy's left boot. His right was driven up to the filly's loins.

She faltered — but she was through — through that strangling pocket, reeling, staggering, half-blind and splendid, and the Suburban was hers by a nod.

They lifted Tim in the famous floral horseshoe, and they cheered and cheered him again. "Grandest finish I ever see," said Faulkner, and "My Gawd! what a drive!" said the stable foreman, gaping.

But to little Tim it meant only one thing — the greatest, most beautiful thing that could be — the Terror was gone forever. He took a deep breath and looked about him on a new world.

JAPAN'S STRENGTH IN WAR

BY

GENERAL KUROPATKIN

TRANSLATED BY GEORGE KENNAN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

ALTHOUGH the trial of war through which our country and our army passed in 1904–5 is now a subject for history, the material thus far collected is not sufficiently abundant to enable the historian to estimate fairly the events that preceded the war, nor to give a detailed explanation of the defeats that we sustained in the course of it. It is urgently necessary, however, that we should make immediate use of our recent experience, because by ascertaining the nature of our mistakes and the weaknesses of our troops we may learn what means should be adopted to increase, hereafter, the material and spiritual strength of our military force.

In times past, when wars were carried on by small standing armies, defeats did not affect the every-day interests of the whole nation so profoundly as they affect them now, when the obligation to render military service is general, and when, in time of war, most of our soldiers are drawn from the great body of the people. If a war is to be successful, in these days, it must be carried on, not by an army, but by an armed nation, and in such a contest all sides of the national life are more seriously affected and all defeats are more acutely felt than they were in times past.

When the national pride has been humiliated by failure in war, attempts are usually made to ascertain what brought about the failure and who was responsible for it. Some persons attribute it to general causes, others to special causes. Some censure the system, or the régime, while others throw the blame on particular individuals. I have been so closely connected with immensely important events in the Far East, and have been responsible to such an extent for the failure of our military operations there, that I can hardly hope to take an absolutely dispassionate and objective view of the persons and matters that I shall deal with in the present work; but my object is not so much to justify myself by replying to the charges that have been brought against me personally as to furnish material that will make it easier for the future historian to state fairly the reasons for our defeat, and thus render possible the adoption of measures that will prevent such defeats hereafter. The army that Russia put into the field in 1904–5 was unable, in the time allowed, to conquer the Japanese; and yet Japan, only a short time be-

fore the war began, had no regular army and was regarded by us as a second-class Power. How was she able to win a complete victory over Russia at sea, and to defeat a powerful Russian army on land? Many writers will study this question and, in time, they will give us a comprehensive answer to it; but I shall confine myself, in the present work, to an enumeration of the most broad and general reasons for Japanese success. Among the most important of such reasons is the following:—we did not fully appreciate the material and moral strength of Japan and did not regard a conflict with her seriously enough.*

The Secret Growth of Japan's Army

The Japanese first became our neighbors when, in the reign of Peter the Great, we acquired the peninsula of Kamchatka. In 1860, by virtue of the Treaty of Peking, we took peaceful possession of the extensive Usuri territory; moved down to the boundary of Korea; and obtained an outlet on the Sea of Japan. This sea, which is almost completely enclosed by Korea and the Japanese islands, was immensely important to the whole adjacent coast of the main land; but as the straits that connected it with the ocean were in the hands of the Japanese, we might easily be prevented by them from getting free access to the Pacific. When we acquired the island of Sakhalin, we obtained an outlet through the Tartar Strait; but that was all we had, and during a large part of the time it was frozen over.

For a long time, Japan lived a life that was wholly apart from ours and did not particularly attract our attention. We knew the Japanese as extremely skilful and patient artisans; we were fond of the things that they made; and we were charmed with the delicacy and bright coloring of their artistic products; but, from a military point of view, we took no interest in them and regarded them as a weak nation. Our sailors always spoke with sympathetic appreciation of the country and its inhabitants, and were delighted to stay in Japanese ports — especially Nagasaki, where they were liked and favorably remembered; but our travellers, diplomats, and naval officers entirely overlooked the awakening of an energetic, independent people.

In 1867, the army of Japan consisted of nine battalions of infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, and eight batteries, and numbered only 10,000 men. This force, which formed the *cadre* of the present army, had French teachers and adopted from the latter the French uniform. After the Franco-German war of 1870–71, German officers took the places of the French instructors; military service was made a national obligation; and Japanese officers were sent to Europe, every year, for the purpose of study. At the time of her war with China, Japan had an army consisting of seven infantry divisions; but finding herself unable, at the end of that war, to retain the fruits of her victory, on account of her weakness both on land and at sea, she made every possible effort to create an army and a fleet that would be strong enough to protect her interests. On the 19th of March, 1896, the Mikado issued a decree providing for such a reorganization of the army as would double its strength in the course of seven years. This reorganization was completed in 1903. Our military and naval authorities did not overlook the creation and development in Japan of a strong army and fleet; but they confined themselves to the collection and tabulation of statistics. We kept an account of every ship built and every division of troops organized; but we did not estimate highly enough these beginnings of Japan, and did not admit the possibility of measuring her fighting-power by European standards. The latest information that we had with regard to her military strength, prior to the late war, was compiled by our General Staff from the reports of Colonel Vannofski and other Russian military agents in Tokio. It showed that her army, on a peace footing, numbered 8,116 officers and 133,457 men (not including the troops in Formosa); and on a war footing, 10,735 officers (not including reserve officers) and 348,074 men, with perhaps 50,000 untrained reserve recruits. There was no mention of additional reserve forces.

Russian Generals Pigeonhole Reports of Japan's Fighting Strength

In 1903 Colonel Adabash, who had just visited Japan, gave to General Zhilinski, of our General Staff, very important information with regard to new reserves which the Japanese were organizing for service in case of war. Inasmuch, however, as this information did not agree at all with that previously furnished by Colonel Vannofski, General Zhilinski did not give it credence. A few months later, Captain Rusine, a very talented officer who was acting as naval observer in Japan, made a similar report upon Japanese reserves to his superiors, and extracts from it were furnished to General Sakharoff, Chief of Staff of the army. Although the information contained in this report ulti-

* General Kuropatkin makes frequent use of the expression "moral strength," or "moral character," and often employs the English word "moral" instead of the corresponding Russian word. He evidently intends that the adjective shall be understood in its broadest signification, as a term covering patriotism, the sense of duty, capacity for self-sacrifice, and all the qualities that go to make up character as distinct from mere intellectual ability. G. K.

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SCHOOL CHILDREN BEING DRILLED IN MILITARY TACTICS NEAR TOKIO, JAPAN

mately proved to be perfectly accurate, the report was pigeonholed, simply because Generals Zhilinski and Sakharoff did not believe it; and in our compendium of data with regard to the military strength of Japan in 1903-4, no reference whatever was made to additional reserve forces. According to the figures of our General Staff, therefore, the total number of available men in the standing army, the territorial army, and the regular reserve of Japan, was a little more than 400,000.*

Recently published official reports of General Kipke, Chief Medical Inspector of the Japanese

* Considerations of space have forced me to omit the greater part of General Kuropatkin's detailed and somewhat technical statement with regard to Japan's military strength and the extent to which it was underestimated by the Russian General Staff.—G. K.

VISCOUNT KATSURA

PRIME MINISTER OF JAPAN DURING THE RUSSIAN-JAPANESE WAR

army, show that the loss of the Japanese in killed and wounded, in the course of the war, was as follows:

Killed	47,387
Wounded	173,425
Total	220,812

Their loss in killed, wounded, and sick was 554,885 — a number considerably greater than the whole force which, according to the figures of our General Staff, they could put into the field. They sent 320,000 sick and wounded back from Manchuria to Japan.

Other available information is to the effect that the bodies of 60,624 killed were buried in the cemetery of honor in Tokio, and that, in addition to these, 75,545 men died from wounds or disease. The Japanese thus admit the loss of 135,000 men by death.*

Their Chief Medical Inspector says that their killed and wounded amounted to 14.58 per cent of their entire force, from which it would appear that they put into the field against us troops of various categories to the number of 1,500,000 — or more than three times the estimate of our General Staff. In view of these facts, it is evident that our information with regard to their fighting strength was insufficient. At the time when they had hundreds of avowed and secret agents in the Far East, studying the strength of our land and naval forces, we entrusted the collection of data with regard to their military strength and resources to a single officer of the General Staff, and, unfortunately, our military observers were not always well selected. One of these experts in Japanese affairs said, in Vladivostok, before hostilities began, that, in the event of war, we might count on one Russian soldier as equal to three Japanese. After the first engagements he moderated his tone and admitted that it might be necessary to put one Russian against every Japanese. At the end of another month he declared that, in order to win victories, we must meet every Japanese soldier in the field with three Russians. Another of our military agents, who had been in Japan, predicted authoritatively that Port Arthur would fall in a very short time, and that immediately thereafter the same fate would overtake Vladivostok. I sharply reprimanded the faint-hearted babbler and threatened to dismiss him from the army if he continued to make such injurious and inopportune remarks.

Moral Superiority of the Japanese

But it was not only with regard to Japan's material strength that our information was insufficient. We underestimated, or entirely overlooked, her moral strength. According to that great leader Napoleon, three fourths of an army's success in war is due to the moral character of its soldiers. This relation of moral character to material success still exists, although the conditions of battle, in these days, are more trying than they were in the Napoleonic wars. And now, more than ever before, the moral strength of the army depends upon the temper of the nation. Armies are now so organized that, in case of war, soldiers are drawn, for the most part, from the reserves. A successful war, therefore, must be a popular war, and victory must be attained by the hearty coöperation of the whole people with its Gov-

* According to information contained in Immanuel's work, "The Russo-Japanese War," the Japanese lost 218,000 men in battle.

ernment. The recent contest in Manchuria was a popular war for the Japanese, but not for us. The Korean question, and the question of naval supremacy on the waters of the Pacific, involved vital Japanese interests, and the immense importance of these interests was so clearly understood and so fully appreciated by the Japanese people that the war for their protection was a national war. Japan spent ten years in preparing for it, and then the whole nation carried it on. Japanese soldiers, deeply conscious of the bearing that their exploits might have on the future of the country, fought with a self-sacrificing devotion and a stubbornness that we had never seen in any war in which we had previously been engaged. Sometimes, in villages that we had taken by assault, a handful of Japanese soldiers would barricade themselves in native houses and die there rather than retreat or surrender. Japanese officers who fell into our hands — even wounded officers — generally committed suicide.

GENERAL TERAUCHI

JAPANESE MINISTER OF WAR

It is quite possible that when we have a true history of the war based on Japanese sources of information, our pride may receive another blow. We already know that in many cases we outnumbered the enemy, and still we were not victorious. The explanation of this, however, is very simple. The Japanese, in these cases, were inferior to us materially, but they were stronger than we morally.* To this aspect of the struggle we should give particular attention, because military history shows that, in all wars, the antagonist who is strongest morally wins the victory. The only exceptions are such contests as that between the English and the Boers in South Africa and that between the North and the South in America. The English were weaker than the Boers morally, but they put into the field an overwhelming force, and, in spite of many defeats, they finally conquered. In the American war, the army of the South was in the same position that the Boer army was, and the Northerners had to put a superior force into the field in order to overcome it.

* General Kuropatkin uses the English words "materially" and "morally." G. K.

Extraordinary Popularity of the War in Japan

Among the sources of moral strength that failed to attract our attention in Japan were the following: The training of her citizens had long been patriotic and warlike in tendency; her educational system had inculcated an ardent love of country; and even in her primary schools children were prepared, from their earliest years, to be soldiers. The people regarded the army with profound respect and trust, and young men served in it with pride. All these things we failed to see, and we overlooked also the iron discipline enforced in the army and the rôle played in it by the samurai officers. We wholly failed to appreciate, moreover, the vital importance of the Korean question to Japan, and the strength of the hostile feeling that was raised against us when the Japanese were deprived of the fruits of their victory after their war with China. The party of Young Japan had long insisted upon war with Russia and had been restrained only by a prudent Government.

When the war began, we recovered our powers of perception, but it was then too late. And at that time, when the war was not only un-

popular in Russia but incomprehensible to the Russian people, the Japanese, with a great outburst of enthusiastic patriotism, were responding, like a single man, to the call to arms. In some cases Japanese mothers even killed themselves, when their sons, on account of weakness or ill health, were denied admission to the army. Hundreds of men volunteered to undertake the most desperate enterprises, in the face of certain death; and many officers and soldiers, before going to the front, had funeral ceremonies performed over their bodies, in order to show that they intended to die for their native land. The youth of the Empire crowded into the army, and the heads of the most distinguished families sought to serve their country by enlisting themselves, by sending their sons to the front, or by helping to pay the expenses of the war. Some Japanese regiments, in attacking our positions, threw themselves with the cry of "Banzai!" upon our obstructions, struggled over or through them, filled our ditches with the bodies of their dead, and then, rushing across upon the corpses of their comrades, forced their way into our entrenchments. The army and the whole people appreciated the importance of the war, understood the significance of the events that were taking place, and were ready to make sacrifices in order to achieve success.

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GENERAL KODAMA

CHIEF STAFF OFFICER OF THE JAPANESE ARMY IN MANCHURIA

Military Training of Japanese Children

After the Japanese-Chinese war, of which I made a most careful and detailed study, I myself was inspired with a feeling of respect for the Japanese army and watched its growth with anxiety. Then, in 1900, the part played by the Japanese troops that coöperated with ours in the province of Pechili confirmed me in the belief that they were excellent soldiers. During my short stay in Japan, I was unable to acquaint myself thoroughly with the country and its military forces, but what I did learn was enough to convince me that the results attained by the Japanese in the course of twenty-five or thirty years were astounding. I saw a beautiful country, with a large and industrious population. Intense activity prevailed everywhere, and I was impressed by the people's joy in life, their love of country, and their faith in their future. In their military school, where I saw a Spartan system of education, the exercises of the cadets with pikes, rifles, and broad-

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MARSHAL OYAMA

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN MANCHURIA OF THE JAPANESE ARMY DURING THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR

swords were not approached by anything of the kind that I had witnessed in Europe, – it was fighting of the fiercest character. At the end of the struggle there was a hand-to-hand combat, which lasted until the victors stood triumphant over the bodies of the vanquished and tore off their masks. In these exercises, which were very severe, the cadets struck one another fiercely and with wild cries; but the moment a prearranged signal was given, or the fight came to an end, the combatants drew themselves up in a line and their faces assumed an expression of wooden composure.

In all the public schools prominence was given to military exercises, and the pupils took part in them with enthusiasm. Even in their walks they practised running, flanking, and sudden, unexpected attacks of one party on another. The history of Japan was everywhere made a means of strengthening the pupils' patriotism and their belief in Japan's invincibility. Particular stress was laid upon the country's successful wars, the heroes of them were extolled, and the children were taught that none of Japan's military enterprises had ever failed.

Japan's Material Resources

In the manufactories of arms I saw the turning out of rifles in immense numbers, and the work was being done swiftly, accurately, and cheaply. In Kobe and Nagasaki I inspected attentively the ship-building yards, where they

were constructing not only torpedo boats but armored cruisers, and where all the work was being done by their own mechanics and foremen under the direction of their own engineers. At the great national exposition in Osaka there was a splendid and instructive display of the country's manufactures, including textiles, products of cottage industry, complicated instruments, grand pianos, and guns of the largest caliber — all made in Japan, by Japanese workmen, and out of Japanese materials. I saw nothing of foreign origin except raw cotton and iron, which were imported from China and Europe. And the products displayed at this exposition were not more worthy of attention than the observant, courteous, and always dignified throng of Japanese visitors.

In the agriculture of Japan many of the methods were ancient, but the culture was unquestionably high. The fields were carefully worked, and the effort to make every foot of land yield all that it could, the struggle to raise crops even on the mountain sides, and the insufficiency of the country's food products despite this intensive culture, showed that the people were becoming overcrowded on their islands, and that the Korean question was for them a question of vital importance. I lived ten days among the fishermen, and saw something of the reverse side of Japan's rapid development under European conditions. Many complaints were made to me of heavy taxes, which had increased greatly in later years, and of the high cost of the necessaries of life.

I witnessed reviews of the Japanese troops, including the division of Guards, two regiments of the First Division, two regiments of cavalry, and many batteries. The marching was admirable, and the common soldiers appeared like our younkers. The officers and leaders of the Japanese army whom I saw and met made upon me a very favorable impression. The culture and knowledge of military affairs that many of them possessed would have given them places of honor in any army. With General Terauchi, the Japanese Minister of War, I had had friendly relations ever since 1886, when we met in France at the great manœuvers directed by General Levalle. Among others whose acquaintance I made were Generals Yamagata, Oyama, Kodama, Fukushima, Nodzu, Hasegawa, and Murata, and the Imperial princes, Fushimi and Kanin. In spite of a terrible war, which has separated by a barrier nations that were apparently created for union and friendship, I still cherish a sympathetic feeling for my Tokio acquaintances. Especially do I remember with respect their ardent love of country and their devotion to their Emperor — feelings that they have since made manifest in deeds. I met also in Tokio many leaders in fields other than that of war, among whom were Ito, Katsura, and Komura. In the report that I made to the Emperor, after my return from Japan, I placed the military power of the Japanese on a level with that of European nations. I regarded one of our battalions as equal to two battalions of Japanese in defence, but I estimated that in attack we should have two battalions to their one. The test of war has shown that my conclusions were correct. There were lamentable cases, of course, in which the Japanese, with a smaller number of battalions, drove our forces from the positions that they occupied; but these results were due either to mistakes in the direction of our troops, or to numerical inferiority in the fighting strength of our battalions. In the last days of the battle of Mukden, some of our brigades consisted of hardly more than a thousand bayonets. It is evident that the Japanese had to put into the field only two or three battalions in order to deal successfully with a brigade of such depleted strength.

All that I saw and learned of Japan, or her military strength, and of the nature of her problems in the Far East, convinced me that it would be necessary for us to come to a peaceable understanding with her, and that we should have to make great concessions — concessions that, at first sight, might seem humiliating to our national pride — in order to avoid war with her. As I have already said, I did not hesitate even to propose the return of Port Arthur and Kwang-tung to China and the sale of the southern branch of the Eastern Chinese Railway. I foresaw that the threatened war would be extremely unpopular in Russia; that there would be no manifestation of patriotic spirit, on account of the people's ignorance of the objects of the war; and that the leaders of the anti-Government party would avail themselves of the opportunity to increase domestic discontent and disorder. I did not, however, anticipate that the Japanese would display so much energy, activity, courage, and lofty patriotism, and I therefore erred in my estimate of the time that the struggle would require. In view of the insufficiency of our railroad transportation, we should have allowed three years for the war, instead of the year and a half that I thought would be enough.

With all their strong points, the Japanese manifested weaknesses that may be shown again in future wars. I shall not enumerate them, but I will say that, in many cases, the outcome of the fight was in doubt, and that in other cases we escaped defeat only through the errors of the Japanese commanders. There is a

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JAPANESE ARMY TRANSPORTATION CORPS MOVING ONE OF THE GREAT SIEGE GUNS WHICH WERE USED IN THE DESTRUCTION OF PORT ARTHUR

saying that "the victor is not judged." I may add that to the victor is rendered homage, and this is true of the Japanese. The general tone of the whole press was favorable to them, and even their practical and well-balanced heads might well have been turned by the praise that they received. No one went further in this direction than Count Leo Tolstoi. In an article published in a foreign journal,* our gifted author and philosopher expressed the conviction that the Japanese defeated us because, owing to their warlike patriotism and the power of their ruling authorities, they are the mightiest nation on earth, and are not to be conquered by any one, either at sea or on land.

The strength of Japan was in the complete union of her people, army, and government, and it was this union that gave her the victory. We carried on the contest with our army alone, and even the army was weakened by the unfavorable disposition of the people toward all things military. Our aims in the Far East were not understood by our officers and soldiers, and, furthermore, the general feeling of discontent which already prevailed in all classes of our population made the war so hateful that it aroused no patriotism whatever. Many good officers hastened to offer their services — a fact that is easily explained — but all ranks of society remained indifferent. A few hundreds of the common people volunteered, but no eagerness to enter the army was shown by the sons of our high dignitaries, of our merchants, or of our scientific men. Out of the tens of thousands of students who were then living in idleness,* many of them at the expense of the Empire, only a handful volunteered,† while at that very time, in Japan, sons of the most distinguished citizens — even boys fourteen and fifteen years of age — were striving for places in the ranks. Japanese mothers, as I have already said, killed themselves through shame, when their sons were found to be physically unfit for military service.

* *Fortnightly Review.*

* On account of student disorders that had led to the closing of the universities.—G. K.

† Medical students excepted.

Russian Discipline Undermined by the Revolutionists

The indifference of Russia to the bloody struggle which her sons were carrying on — for little understood objects and in a foreign land — could not fail to discourage even the best soldiers. Men are not inspired to deeds of heroism by such an attitude toward them on the part of their country. But Russia was not merely indifferent. Leaders of the revolutionary party strove, with extraordinary energy, to multiply our chances of failure, hoping thus to facilitate the attainment of their own dark objects. There appeared a whole literature of clandestine publications, intended to lessen the confidence of officers in their superiors, to shake the trust of soldiers in their officers, and to undermine the faith of the whole army in the Government. In an "Address to the Officers of the Russian Army," published and widely circulated by the Social Revolutionists, the main idea was expressed as follows:

"The worst and most dangerous enemy of the Russian people — in fact, its only enemy — is the present Government. It is this Government that is carrying on the war with Japan, and you are fighting under its banners in an unjust cause. Every victory that you win threatens Russia with the calamity involved in the maintenance of what the Goverment calls 'order,' and every defeat that you suffer brings nearer the hour of deliverance. Is it surprising, therefore, that Russians rejoice when your adversary is victorious?"

But persons who had nothing in common with the Social Revolutionary party, and who sincerely loved their country, gave aid to Russia's enemies by expressing the opinion, in the press, that the war was irrational, and by criticizing the mistakes of the Government that had failed to prevent it. In a brochure entitled "Thoughts Suggested by Recent Military Operations," M. Gorbatoff referred to such persons as follows:

"But it is a still more grievous fact that while our heroic soldiers are carrying on a life-and-death struggle, these so-called friends of the people whisper to them: 'Gentlemen, you are heroes, but you are facing death without reason. You will die to pay for Russia's mistaken policy, and not to defend Russia's vital interests.' What can be more terrible than the part played by these so-called friends of the people when they undermine in this way the intellectual faith of heroic men who are going to their death? One can easily imagine the state of mind of an officer or soldier who goes into battle after reading, in newspapers or magazines, articles referring in this way to the irrationality and uselessness of the war. It is from these self-styled friends of the people that the revolutionary party gets support in its effort to break down the discipline of our troops."

Soldiers of the reserves, when called into active service, were furnished by the anti-Government party with proclamations intended to prejudice them against their officers, and similar proclamations were sent to the army in Manchuria. Troops in the field received letters apprising them of popular disorders in Russia, and men sick in hospitals, as well as men on duty in our advanced positions, read in the newspapers articles that undermined their faith in their commanders and their leaders. The work of breaking down the discipline of the army was carried on energetically, and, of course, it was not altogether fruitless. The leaders of the movement, in striving to attain their well defined objects, took for their motto: "The worse things are, the better"; and the ideal at which they aimed was the state of affairs brought about by the mutinous sailors on the armor-clad warship "Potemkin." These enemies of the army and the country were aided by certain other persons who were simply foolish and unreasonable. One can imagine the indignation that the Menchikoffs, the Kirilloffs and the Kuprins would feel, if they were told that they played the same part in the army that was played by the persons who incited the insubordination on the "Potemkin"; yet such was the case. It would be difficult, indeed, to imagine anything that could have been said to the sailors of the armor-clad for the purpose of exciting them against their officers that would have been worse than the language of Menchikoff, when, in writing of our army officers, he referred to their "blunted conscience, their drunkenness, their moral looseness, and their inveterate laziness." Firm in spirit though Russians might be, the indifference of one class of the population, and the seditious incitement of another, could hardly fail to have upon many of them an influence that was not favorable to the successful prosecution of war.

Attacks of the Russian Press

The party opposed to the Government distributed among our troops, especially in the West, hundreds of thousands of seditious proclamations exhorting the soldiers to work for defeat rather than for victory. Writers for newspapers and magazines, even though they did not belong to the anti-Government party, contributed to its success by lavishing abuse upon the army and its representatives. War correspondents, who knew little about our operations and still less about those of the Japanese, and who

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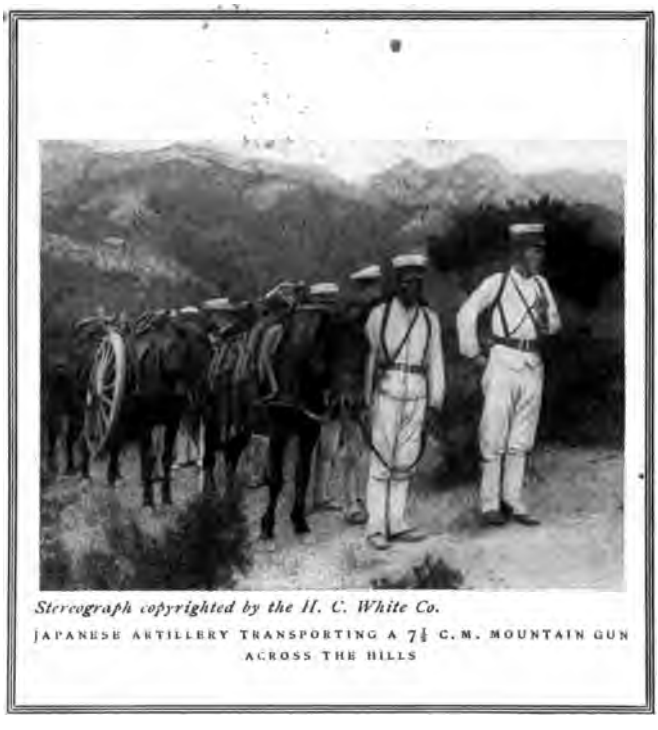
SCENE IN SHIBA PARK, TOKIO, WHERE TOGO'S NAVAL VICTORY WAS CELEBRATED WITH WILD ENTHUSIASM

based their statements, not upon what they had seen, but upon what they had heard from untrustworthy sources, increased the disaffection of the people by exaggerating the seriousness of our failures. Even army officers, writing from the theatre of war, or after returning to Russia for reasons that were not always creditable to them, sought to gain reputation by means of hasty criticism which was often erroneous in its statements of fact and generally discouraging or complaining in tone. On the fighting line, heroic men without number faced and fought the enemy courageously for months, without ever losing their faith in ultimate victory; but

from that part of the field little trustworthy news came. Brave soldiers, modest junior officers, and the commanders of regiments, companies, squadrons, and batteries in our advanced positions, did not write and had no time to write of their own labors and exploits, and few of the correspondents were willing to share their perils for the sake of being able to observe and describe their heroic deeds. There were among the correspondents some brave men who sincerely wished to be of use; but their lack of even elementary training in military science made it impossible for them to understand the complicated problems of war, and their work therefore was comparatively unproductive. The persons best qualified to see and judge, and to give information to the reading public, were the foreign military observers, who were attached to our armies in the field and who, in many cases, were extremely fortunate selections. These officers felt a brotherly affection for the soldiers whose perils and hardships they shared, and were regarded by the latter with love and esteem. Their reports, however, are very long in coming to us.



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JAPANESE ARTILLERY TRANSPORTING A 7½ C.M. MOUNTAIN GUN ACROSS THE HILLS

Some of our correspondents, who lived in the rear of the army and saw the seamy side of the war, wrote descriptions of drunkenness, revelry, and profligacy (at Kharbin, for example) which distressed our reading public and gave a one-sided view of army life. Our press might have made our first defeats a means of rousing the spirit of patriotism and self-sacrifice; it might have exhorted the people to redouble their efforts as the difficulties of the war increased; it might have helped the Government to fill the gaps in our thinned ranks; it might have encouraged the faint-hearted, called forth the country's noblest sons, and opened to the army new sources of material and spiritual strength. But instead of doing any of these things, it played more or less into the hands of our foreign and domestic enemies; made the war hateful to the great mass of the population; depressed the spirits of soldiers going to the front, and undermined, in every way, the latter's faith in their officers and their rulers. This course of procedure did not rouse in the nation a determination to increase its efforts and to win victory at last, in spite of all difficulties. Quite the contrary! The soldiers who went to the front to fill up or reinforce our army carried with them seditious proclamations and the seeds of future defeats. Commanding officers in the Siberian military districts reported, as early as February, that detachments of supernumerary troops and reservists had plundered several railway stations, and at a later time regular troops, on their way to the front, were guilty of similar bad conduct. The drifting to the rear of large numbers of soldiers — especially the older reservists — while battles were in progress, was due not so much to cowardice as to the unsettling of the men's minds and to a disinclination on their part to continue the war. I may add that the opening of peace negotiations in Portsmouth, at a time when we were preparing for decisive operations, affected unfavorably the morale of the army's strongest elements.

The Russian Army Cut Off from the Nation

Mr. E. Martinoff, in an article entitled "Spirit and Temper of the Two Armies," points out that "even in time of peace, the Japanese people

were so educated as to develop in them a patriotic and martial spirit. The very idea of war with Russia was generally popular, and throughout the contest the army was supported by the sympathy of the nation. In Russia, the reverse was true. Patriotism was shaken by the dissemination of ideas of cosmopolitanism and disarmament, and in the midst of a difficult campaign the attitude of the country toward the army was one of indifference, if not of actual hostility."

This judgment is accurate, and it is evident, of course, that with such a relation between Russian society and the Manchurian army, it was impossible to expect from the latter any patriotic spirit, or any readiness to sacrifice life for the sake of the fatherland. In an admirable article entitled "The Feeling of Duty and the Love of Country," published in the "Russian Invalid" in 1906, Mr. A. Bilderling expressed certain profoundly true ideas as follows:

"Our lack of success may have been due, in part, to various and complicated causes; to the misconduct of particular persons, to bad generalship, to lack of preparation in the army and the navy, to inadequacy of material resources, and to misappropriations in the departments of equipment and supply; but the principal reason for our defeat lies deeper, and is to be found in lack of patriotism, and in the absence of a feeling of duty toward and love for the fatherland. In a conflict between two peoples, the things of most importance are not material resources, but moral strength, exaltation of spirit, and patriotism. Victory is most likely to be achieved by the nation in which these qualities are most highly developed. Japan had long been preparing for war with us; all of her people desired it; and a feeling of lofty patriotism pervaded the whole country. In her army and her fleet, therefore, every man, from the commander-in-chief to the last soldier, not only knew what he was fighting for and what he might have to die for, but understood clearly that upon success in the struggle depended the fate of Japan, her political importance, and her future in the history of the world. Every soldier knew also that the whole nation stood behind him. With us, on the other hand, the war was unpopular from the very beginning. We neither desired it nor anticipated it, and, consequently, we were not prepared for it. Soldiers were hastily put into railway trains, and when, after a journey that lasted a month, they alighted in Manchuria, they did not know in what country they were, nor whom they were to fight, nor what the war was about. Even our higher commanders went to the front unwillingly and from a mere sense of duty. The whole army, moreover, felt that it was regarded by the country with indifference; that its life was not shared by the people; and that it was a mere fragment, cut off from the nation, thrown to a distance of nine thousand versts, and there abandoned to the caprice of fate. Before decisive fighting began, therefore, one of the contending armies advanced with the full expectation and confident belief that it would be victorious, while the other went forward with a demoralizing doubt of its own success."

Generally speaking, the man who conquers in war is the man who is least afraid of death. We were unprepared in previous wars, as well as in this, and in previous wars we made mistakes; but when the preponderance of moral strength was on our side, as in the wars with the Swedes, the French, the Turks, the Caucasian mountaineers and the natives of Central Asia, we were victorious. In the late war, for reasons that are extremely complicated, our moral strength was less than that of the Japanese; and it was this inferiority, rather than mistakes in generalship, that caused our defeats, and that forced us to make tremendous efforts in order to succeed at all. Our lack of moral strength — as compared with the Japanese — affected all ranks of our army, from the highest to the lowest, and greatly reduced our fighting power. In a war waged under different conditions — a war in which the army had the confidence and encouragement of the country — the same officers and the same troops would have accomplished far more than they accomplished in Manchuria. The lack of martial spirit, of moral exaltation, and of heroic impulse, affected particularly our stubbornness in battle. In many cases we did not have dogged resolution enough to conquer such antagonists as the Japanese. Instead of holding, with unshakable tenacity, the positions assigned them, our troops often retreated, and, in such cases, our commanding officers of all ranks, without exception, lacked the power or the means to set things right. Instead of making renewed and extraordinary efforts to wrest victory from the enemy, they either permitted the retreat of the troops under their command, or themselves ordered such retreat. The army, however, never lost its strong sense of duty; and it was this that enabled many divisions, regiments, and battalions to increase their power of resistance with every battle. This peculiarity of the late war, together with our final acquirement of numerical preponderance and a noticeable decline of Japanese ardor, gave us reason to regard the future with confidence, and left no room for doubt as to our ultimate victory.

The Failure of the Russian Fleet

Among other reasons for the success of the Japanese, I may mention the following.

The leading part in the war was to have been taken by our fleet. In the General Staff of the navy, as well as in that of the army, a detailed account was kept of all Japan's ships of war; but the directors of naval affairs in the Far East reckoned only tonnage, guns, and calibers, and when, in 1903, they found that the arithmetical totals of our Far Eastern fleet exceeded those of the entire Japanese fleet, they adopted, as a basis for our plan of operations, the following conclusions:

1. "The relation that the strength of the Japanese fleet bears to the strength of our fleet is such that the possibility of the defeat of the latter is inadmissible."

2. "The landing of the Japanese at Yinkow, or in Korea Bay, is not to be regarded as practicable."

The strength of the land force that a war with Japan would require depended upon three things: (1) the strength of the army that the Japanese could put into Manchuria, or across our boundary; (2) the strength of our fleet; and (3) the transporting capacity of the railway upon which our troops would have to depend in concentration. If our fleet could defeat the fleet of the Japanese, military operations on the main land would be unnecessary. And even if the Japanese were not defeated in a general naval enagement, they would either have to obtain complete mastery of the sea, or leave a considerable part of their army at home for the protection of their own coast. Without command of the sea, moreover, they could not risk a landing on the Liao-tung peninsula, but would have to march through Korea, and that would give us time for concentration. By their desperate night attack upon our fleet at Port Arthur, before the declaration of war,* they obtained a temporary superiority in armored vessels, and made great use of it in getting command of the sea. Our fleet — especially after the death of Admiral Makaroff at the most critical moment in the execution of the Japanese plan of campaign — offered no resistance to the enemy whatever. Even when they landed in the immediate vicinity of Port Arthur, we did not make so much as an attempt to interfere with them. The results of this inaction were very damaging to our army. The Japanese, instead of finding it impossible to land troops in Korea Bay, as our naval authorities anticipated, were able to threaten us with a descent along the whole coast of the Liao-tung peninsula, beginning at Kwang-tung. Notwithstanding our weakness on land, Admiral Alexeieff thought it necessary to authorize a wide scattering of our troops, so we prepared to meet the Japanese on the Yalu, at Yinkow, and in the province of Kwang-tung. He had also permitted a dispersal of our naval forces, so that we were weak everywhere.

Advantages Secured by Japan's Naval Victory

Instead of making a landing in Korea only,— as was anticipated in the plan worked out at Port Arthur,— the Japanese, with their immense fleet of transports, landed three armies on the Liao-tung peninsula and a fourth in Korea. Then, leaving one army in front of Port Arthur, they pushed the other three forward toward our forces, which were slowly concentrating on the Haicheng-Liaoyang line in southern Manchuria. Thus, having taken the initiative at sea, they obtained the same advantage on land. Their command of the sea enabled them to disregard the defence of their own coast and move against us with their entire strength. In this way — contrary to our anticipations — they were able, in the first stage of the war, to put into the field a force that was superior to ours. Command of the sea, moreover, made it possible for them to supply their armies quickly with all necessary munitions, and to transport to the field, in a few days, masses of heavy supplies, which we, with our feeble railroad, were hardly able to get in months. But command of the sea, and the almost complete inactivity of our fleet, gave them another advantage, not less important, and that was the possiblity of bringing safely to their ports and arsenals quantities of commissary and military stores, weapons, horses, and cattle, which had been ordered in Europe and

*General Kuropatkin, it will be noticed, calls this night attack "desperate," but does not characterize it as treacherous or unfair. At the time when it occurred, however, the Russian Government denounced it as a dishonorable violation of civilized usage, if not of international law, while the loyal Russian press held Japan up to the scorn of the world as a tricky and treacherous antagonist. It is an interesting but little known fact that the Tsar himself had ordered Admiral Alexeieff to attack the Japanese in the same way, without notice and before any declaration of war had been made. In the historically important series of official dispatches from the archives of Port Arthur, published in the liberal Russian review "Osvobozhdenie" at Stuttgart in 1905 appears the following telegram sent by the Tsar to the Viceroy just after the Japanese had broken off diplomatic relations.

ST. PETERSBURG, JANUARY 26, 1904, O. S.

ALEXEIEFF

PORT ARTHUR.

It is desirable that the Japanese, and not we, should begin military operations. If, therefore, they do not attack us, you must not oppose their landing in southern Korea, or on the eastern coast as far north as Gensan, inclusive. But if their fleet makes a descent upon the western coast, or, without making a descent, goes north of the 38th parallel, you are authorized to attack them, without waiting for the first shot from their side. I rely on you. May God assist you.

(Signed)

NICHOLAS

(Signature in the Tsar's own hand)

It thus appears that Russia intended to attack Japan without notice and without a declaration of war, but Alexeieff was not quick enough —G. K.

America. Their line of communications, furthermore, was short and secure, while we were at a distance of eight thousand versts from our base of supplies and were connected with our country only by one weak line of railway. The advantage that they had over us in this respect was immense. The slow concentration of our army, which had to be brought eight thousand versts over a single-track railroad, gave them time, after the war began, to form new bodies of troops, in considerable numbers, and send them to the front. They had time enough, also, to supply their army with innumerable machine guns, after they had observed, in the early stages of the war, the importance of machine-gun fire.

The field of military operations in Manchuria had been familiar to the Japanese ever since their war with China. Its heat, its heavy rains, its mountains and its kiaoliang, were well known to them, because they had seen them all in their own country. In the mountains, especially, they felt perfectly at home, while a mountainous environment, to our troops, was oppressive. The Japanese, moreover, in their ten years of preparation for war with us, had not only studied Manchuria, but had secured there their own agents, who were of the greatest use to their army. The Chinese, I may add, assisted the Japanese, notwithstanding the severity and even cruelty with which the latter treated them.

The Japanese had a considerable advantage over us, also, in their high-powered ammunition, their machine guns, their innumerable mountain guns, their abundant supply of explosives, and their means of attack and defence in the shape of wire, mines, and hand grenades. Their organization, equipment, and transport carts were all better adapted to the field of operations than ours were, and their bodies of sappers were more numerous than ours.

The Japanese soldiers had been so trained as to develop self-reliance and ability to take the lead, and they were credited by foreign military observers with "intelligence, initiative, and quickness." In the fighting instructions that were given them, very material changes were made after the war began. At the outset, for example, night attacks were not recommended; but they soon satisfied themselves that night attacks were profitable and they afterward made great use of them. Major von Luwitz, of the German army, in a brochure entitled "The Japanese Attack in the War in Eastern Asia in 1904–05" says that while the Japanese did not neglect any means of making attacks effective, the secret of their success lay in their determination to get close to the enemy, regardless of consequences.

The Intellectual Superiority of the Japanese Soldier

The non-commissioned officers in the Japanese army were much superior to ours, on account of the better education and greater intellectual development of the Japanese common people. Many of them might have discharged the duties of commissioned officers with perfect success. The defects of our soldiers — both regulars and reservists — were the defects of the population as a whole. The peasants were imperfectly developed intellectually, and they made soldiers who had the same failing. The intellectual backwardness of our soldiers was a great disadvantage to us, because war now requires far more intelligence and initiative, on the part of the individual soldier, than ever before. Our men fought heroically in compact masses, or in fairly close formation, but if deprived of their officers they were more likely to fall back than to advance. In the mass we had immense strength; but few of our soldiers were capable of fighting intelligently as individuals. In this respect the Japanese were much superior to us. Their non-commissioned officers were far better developed, intellectually, than ours, and among such officers, as well as among many of the common soldiers, whom we took as prisoners, we found diaries which showed not only good education but knowledge of what was happening and intelligent comprehension of the military problems to be solved. Many of them could draw maps skilfully, and one common soldier was able to show accurately, by means of a plan sketched in the sand, the relative positions of the Japanese forces and ours.

But the qualities that contributed most to the triumph of the Japanese were their high moral spirit, and the stubborn determination with which the struggle for success was carried on by every man in their army, from the common soldier to the commander-in-chief. In many cases, their situation was so distressing that it required extraordinary power of will on their part to stand fast or to advance. But the officers seemed to have resolution enough to call on their men for impossible efforts — not even hesitating to shoot those that fell back — and the soldiers, rallying their last physical and spiritual strength, often wrested the victory away from us. One thing is certain: if the whole Japanese army had not been inspired with an ardent patriotism; if it had not been sympathetically supported by the whole nation; and if all its officers and soldiers had not appreciated the immense importance of the struggle, even such resolution as that of the Japanese leaders would have failed to achieve such results.

THE DEATH OF HENRY IRVING

BY

ELLEN TERRY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

I HAVE now nearly finished the history of my fifty years upon the stage.

A good deal has been left out through want of skill in selection. Some things have been included which perhaps it would have been wiser to omit. I have tried my best to tell "all things faithfully," and it is possible that I have given offence where offence was not dreamed of; that some people will think that I should not have said this, while others, approving of "this," will be quite certain that I ought not to have said "that."

"One said it thundered . . . another that an angel spake ——"

It's the point of view.

During my struggles with my refractory, fragmentary, and unsatisfactory memories, I have realised that life itself is a point of view. So if any one said to me: "And is this, then, wnat you call your life?" I should not resent the question one little bit.

"We have heard," continues my imaginary and disappointed interlocutor, "a great deal about your life in the theatre. You have told us of plays and parts and rehearsals, of actors good and bad, of critics and of playwrights, of success and failure, but after all your whole life has not been lived in the theatre. Have you nothing to tell us about your different homes, your family life, your social diversions, your friends and acquaintances? During your long life there have been great changes in manners and customs; political parties have altered; a great Queen has died; your country has been engaged in two or three serious wars. Did all these things make no impression on you? Can you tell us nothing of your life in the world?"

And I have to answer that I have lived very little in the world. After all, the life of an actress belongs to the theatre, as the life of a politician to the State.

The recognition of my fifty years of stage life by the public and by my profession was quite unexpected. Henry Irving said to me not long before his death in 1905 that he believed that they (the theatrical profession) "intended to celebrate our Jubilee." (If he had lived, he would have completed his fifty years on the stage in the autumn of 1906.) He said that there would be a monster performance at Drury Lane, and that already the profession were discussing what form it was to take.

After his death, I thought no more of the matter. Indeed, I did not want to think about it, for any recognition of my Jubilee which did not include his seemed to me very unnecessary.

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SIR HENRY IRVING

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN THE POSSESSION OF MISS EVELYN SMALLEY

From the collection of Miss Evelyn Smalley

"OLIVIA"

DRAWN BY SIR EDWIN ABBEY FOR MISS TERRY'S JUBILEE PROGRAMME

Of course, I was pleased that others thought it necessary. I enjoyed all the celebrations. Even the speeches that I had to make did not spoil my enjoyment. The difficulty was to thank people as they deserved.

I can never forget that London's youngest newspaper first conceived the idea of celebrating my stage Jubilee. Of course, the old-established journals didn't like it, but I suppose no scheme of this kind is ever organized without some people not liking something!

The matinée given in my honour at Drury Lane by the theatrical profession was a wonderful sight. The two things about it which touched me most deeply were my visit the night before to the crowd who were waiting to get into the gallery, and the presence of Eleonora Duse, who came all the way from Florence just to honour me. I appreciated very much, too, the kindness of Signor Caruso in singing for me. I did not know him at all, and the gift of his service was essentially the impersonal desire of an artist to honour another artist.

When the details of my Jubilee performance at Drury Lane were being arranged, the committee decided to ask certain distinguished artists to contribute to the programme. They were all delighted about it, and such busy men as Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Mr. Abbey, Mr. Byam Shaw, Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Bernard Partridge, Mr. James Pryde, Mr. Orpen, and Mr. William Nicholson all gave some of their work to me. Mr. Sargent was asked if he would allow the first Lady Macbeth sketch to be reproduced. He found that it would not reproduce well, so in the height of the season and of his work with fashionable sitters, he did an entirely new sketch, in black and white, of the same subject! This act of kind friendship I could never forget, even if the picture were not in front of me at this minute to remind me of it! "You must think of me as one of the people bowing down to you in the picture," he wrote to me when he sent the new version for the programme. Nothing during my Jubilee celebrations touched me more than this wonderful kindness of Mr. Sargent's.

Burne-Jones would have done something for my Jubilee programme too, I think, had he lived. He was one of my kindest friends, and his letters - he was a heaven-born letter-writer — were like no one else's, full of charm and humour and feeling. Once, when I sent him a trifle for some charity, he wrote me this particularly charming letter:

"Dear Lady,

"This morning came the delightful crinkly paper that always means you! If anybody else ever used it, I think I should assault them!

I certainly wouldn't read their letter or answer it.

"And I know the cheque will be very useful. If I thought much about those wretched homes, or saw them often, I should do no more work, I know. There is but one thing to do — to help with a little money if you can manage it, and then try hard to forget. Yes, I am certain that I should never paint again if I saw much of those hopeless lives that have no remedy. . . .

"You would always have been lovely and made some beauty about you if you had been born there — but I should have got drunk and beaten my family and been altogether horrible! When everything goes just as I like, and painting prospers a bit, and the air is warm, and friends well, and everything perfectly comfortable, I can just manage to behave decently, and a spoilt fool I am — that's the truth. But wherever you were, some garden would grow.

"Yes, I know Winchelsea and Rye and Lynn and Hythe — all bonny places, and Hythe has a church it may be proud of. Under the sea is another Winchelsea, a poor drowned city — about a mile out at sea, I think, always marked in old maps as 'Winchelsea Dround.' If ever the sea goes back on that changing coast, there may be great fun when the spires and towers come up again. It's a pretty land to drive in.

"I am growing downright stupid — I can't work at all, nor think of anything. Will my wits ever come back to me?

"And when are you coming back — when will

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ELLEN TERRY AS HERMIONE IN "THE WINTER'S TALE"

THE PART PLAYED BY MISS TERRY AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE IN 1906

153 GRAFTON STREET

THE HOUSE WHERE HENRY IRVING LIVED DURING THE PERIOD OF HIS LYCEUM MANAGEMENT

the Lyceum be in its rightful hands again? I refuse to go there till you come back. . . ."

One of those little things almost too good to be true happened at the close of the Drury Lane matinée. A four-wheeler was hailed for me by the stage-door keeper, and my daughter and I drove off to Lady Bancroft's in Berkeley Square to leave some flowers. Outside the house, the cabman told my daughter that in old days he had often driven Charles Kean from the Princess Theatre, and that sometimes the little Miss Terrys were put inside the cab too and given a lift! My daughter thought it such an extraordinary coincidence that the old man should have come to the stage door of Drury Lane by a mere chance on my Jubilee day, that she took his address, and I was to send him a photograph and remuneration. But I promptly lost the address, and was never able to trace the old man.

I was often asked during these Jubilee days, "how I felt about it all," and I never could answer sensibly. The strange thing is that I don't know even now what was in my heart. Perhaps it was one of my chief joys that I had not to say goodbye at any of the celebrations. I could still speak to my profession as a fellow-comrade on the active list and to the public as one still in their service.

All the time I knew perfectly well that the great show of honour and "friending" was not for me alone. Never for one instant did I forget this, nor that the light of the great man by whose side I had worked for a quarter of a century was still shining on me from his grave.

It is commonly known, I think, that Henry Irving's health first began to fail in 1896.

He went home to Grafton Street after the first night of the revival of "Richard III." and slipped on the stairs, injuring his knee. With characteristic fortitude, he struggled to his feet unassisted and walked to his room. This made the consequences of the accident far more serious, and he was not able to act for weeks.

It was a bad year at the Lyceum.

In 1898, when we were on tour, he caught a chill. Inflammation of the lungs, bronchitis, pneumonia followed. His heart was affected. He was never really well again.

When I think of his work during the next seven years, I could weep! Never was there a more admirable, extraordinary worker; never was any one more splendid-couraged and patient.

The seriousness of his illness in 1898 was never really known. He nearly died.

"I am still fearfully anxious about H," I wrote to my daughter at the time. "It will be a long time at the best before he gains strength. . . . But now I do hope for the best. I'm fairly well so far. All he wants is for me to keep my health, not my head. He knows I'm doing that! Last night I did three acts of Sans-Gêne and Nance Oldfield thrown in! That is a bit too much — awful work — and I can't risk it again.

"A telegram just came: 'Steadily improving.' . . . You should have seen Norman* as Shylock! It was not a bare 'get-through.' It was — the first night — an admirable performance, as well as a plucky one. . . . H. is more seriously ill than anyone dreams. . . . His look! Like the last act of Louis XI."

In 1902, on the last provincial tour that we ever went together, he was ill again, but he did not give in. One night when his cough was rending him, and he could hardly stand up for weakness, he acted so brilliantly and strongly that it was easy to believe in Christian Science "treatment." Strange to say, a newspaper man noticed the splendid power of his performance that night and wrote of it with uncommon discernment — a *provincial* critic, by the way.

In London, at the time, they were always urging Henry Irving to produce new plays by new playwrights! But in the face of the failure of most of the new work, and of his departing strength — and of the extraordinary support given him in the old plays (during this 1902 tour we took £4,000 at Glasgow in one week!) — Henry took the wiser course in doing nothing but the old plays to the end of the chapter.

HENRY IRVING AS BECKET

THE PART IN WHICH IRVING MADE HIS LAST APPEARANCE ON OCTOBER 13, 1905, THE NIGHT OF HIS DEATH

I realised how near, not only the end of the chapter, but the end of the book was when he was taken ill at Wolverhampton in the spring of 1905.

We had not acted together for more than two years then, and times were changed indeed.

I went down to Wolverhampton when the news of his illness reached London. I arrived late and went to an hotel. It was not a good hotel, nor could I find a very good florist when I got up early the next day and went out with the

* Mr. Norman Forbes-Robertson.

intention of buying Henry some flowers. I wanted some bright-coloured ones for him — he had always liked bright flowers — and this florist dealt chiefly in white flowers — *funeral* flowers.

At last I found some daffodils — my favourite flower. I bought a bunch, and the kind florist, whose heart was in the right place if his flowers were not, found me a nice simple glass to put it in. I knew the sort of vase that I should find at Henry's hotel.

I remembered, on my way to the doctor's — for I had decided to see the doctor first — that in 1892, when my dear mother died, and I did not act for a few nights, when I came back, I found my room at the Lyceum filled with daffodils. "To make it look like sunshine," Henry said.

The doctor talked to me quite frankly.

"His heart is dangerously weak," he said.

"Have you told him?" I asked.

"I had to, because, the heart being in that condition, he must be careful."

"Did he understand *really?*"

"Oh, yes. He said he quite understood."

(Yet, a few minutes later when I saw Henry, and begged him to remember what the doctor had said about his heart, he exclaimed: "Fiddle! It's not my heart at all! It's my *breath!*" Oh, the ignorance of great men!)

"I also told him," the Wolverhampton doctor went on, "that he must not work so hard in future."

I said: "He will, though,— and he's stronger than any one."

Then I went round to the hotel.

I found him sitting up in bed, drinking his coffee.

He looked like some beautiful gray tree that I have seen in Savannah. His old dressing-gown hung about his frail yet majestic figure like some mysterious gray drapery.

We were both very much moved and said little.

"I'm glad you've come. Two Queens have been kind to me this morning. Queen Alexandra telegraphed to say how sorry she was I was ill, and now you ——"

He showed me the Queen's gracious message.

I told him he looked thin and ill, but *rested.*

"Rested! I should think so. I have plenty of time to rest. They tell me I shall be here eight weeks. Of course I shan't, but still — It was that rug in front of the door. I tripped over it. A commercial traveller picked me up — a kind fellow, but damn him, he wouldn't leave me afterwards — wanted to talk to me all night."

I remembered his having said this, when I was told by his servant, Walter Collinson, that on the night of his death at Bradford he stumbled over the rug when he walked into the hotel corridor.

We fell to talking about work. He said he hoped that I had a good manager . . . agreed very heartily with me about Frohman, saying he was always so fair — more than fair.

"What a wonderful life you've had, haven't you?" I exclaimed, thinking of it all in a flash.

"Oh, yes," he said quietly, . . . "a wonderful life — of work."

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HENRY IRVING AS MATTHIAS IN "THE BELLS"

IRVING GAVE HIS LAST PERFORMANCE OF "THE BELLS" AT BRADFORD, ON OCTOBER 12, 1905, THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS DEATH

Copyright by the Topical Press Agency

IRVING'S DEATH MASK

"And there's nothing better, after all, is there?"

"Nothing."

"What have you got out of it all? . . . You and I are 'getting on,' as they say. Do you ever think, as I do sometimes, what you have got out of life?"

"What have I got out of it?" said Henry, stroking his chin and smiling slightly. "Let me see. . . . Well, a good cigar, a good glass of wine — good friends —" Here he kissed my hand with courtesy. Always he was so courteous — always his actions, like this little one of kissing my hand, were so beautifully timed. They came just before the spoken words, and gave them peculiar value.

"That's not a bad summing up of it all," I said. "And the end. . . . How would you like that to come?"

"How would I like that to come?" He repeated my question, lightly, yet meditatively too. Then he was silent for some thirty seconds before he snapped his fingers — the action again before the words.

"Like that!"

I thought of the definition of inspiration — "A calculation quickly made." Perhaps he had never thought of the manner of his death before. Now he had an inspiration as to how it would come.

We were silent a long time, I thinking how like some splendid Doge of Venice he looked, sitting up in bed, his beautiful mobile hand stroking his chin.

I agreed, when I could speak, that to be snuffed out like a candle would save a lot of trouble.

After Henry Irving's death in October of the same year, some of his friends protested against the statement that it was the kind of death he desired — that they knew, on the contrary, that he thought sudden death inexpressibly sad.

I can only say what he told me.

I stayed with him about three hours at Wolverhampton. Before I left, I went back to see the doctor again — a very nice man, by the way, and clever. He told me that Henry ought never to play "The Bells" again, even if he acted again, which he said ought not to be.

It was clever of the doctor to see what a terrible emotional strain "The Bells" put upon Henry — how he never could play the part of Matthias "on his head," as he could Louis XI., for example.

Every time he heard the sound of the bells, the throbbing of his heart must have nearly killed him. He used always to turn quite white — there was no trick about it. It was imagination acting physically on the body.

His death as Matthias — the death of a strong, robust man — was different from all his other

From the collection of Miss Evelyn Smalley

IRVING'S TOMB IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

stage deaths. He did really almost die — he imagined death with such horrible intensity. His eyes would disappear upwards, his face grow gray, his limbs cold.

No wonder, then, that the first time that the Wolverhampton doctor's warning was disregarded, and Henry played "The Bells" at Bradford, his heart could not stand the strain. Within twenty-four hours of his last death as Matthias, he was dead.

What a heroic thing was that last performance of Becket which came between! I am told by those who were in the company at the time that he was obviously suffering and dazed this last night of life. But he went through it all as usual. All that he had done for years, he did faithfully for the last time.

Yes, I know it seems sad to the ordinary mind that he should have died in the entrance to an hotel in a country town, with no friend, no relation near him; only his faithful and devoted servant, Walter Collinson, whom — as was not his usual custom — he had asked to drive back to the hotel with him that night, was there. Do I not feel the tragedy of the beautiful body, for so many years the house of a thousand souls, being laid out in death by hands faithful and devoted enough, but not the hands of his kindred either in blood or in sympathy? . . .

I do feel it, yet I know it was more appropriate to such a man than the deathbed where friends and relations weep. Henry Irving belonged to England, not to a family. England showed that she knew it when she buried him in Westminster Abbey.

Years before I had discussed, half in joke, the possibility of this honour. I remember his saying to me with great simplicity, when I asked him what he expected of the public after his death: "I should like them to do their duty by me. And they will — they will!"

There was not a touch of arrogance in this, just as I hope there was no touch of heartlessness in me because my chief thought during the funeral in Westminster Abbey was: "How Henry would have liked it!" The right note was struck, as I think was not the case at Tennyson's funeral thirteen years earlier.

"Tennyson is buried to-day in Westminster Abbey," I wrote in my diary October 12th, 1892. "His majestic life and death spoke of him better than the service. . . . The music was poor and dull and weak while he was *strong*. The triumphant should have been the sentiment expressed. Faces one knew everywhere. Lord Salisbury looked fine. His massive head and sad eyes were remarkable. No face there, however, looked anything by the side of Henry's. . . . He looked very pale and slim and wonderful!"

How terribly I missed that face at Henry's own funeral! I kept on expecting to see it, for indeed it seemed to me that he was directing the whole most moving and impressive ceremony. . . . I could almost hear him saying "Get on! get on!" in the parts of the service that dragged. When the sun, such a splendid tawny sun, burst across the solemn misty gray of the Abbey, at the very moment when the coffin, under its superb pall of laurel leaves, was carried up to the choir, I felt that it was an effect which he would have loved.

I can understand any one who was present at Henry Irving's funeral thinking that this was his best memorial, and that any attempt to honour him afterwards would be superfluous and inadequate. But after all it was Henry Irving's commanding genius and his devotion of it to high objects, his personal influence on the English people, which secured him burial among England's great dead. The petition for the burial, presented to the Dean of the Chapter, and signed on the initiative of Henry Irving's leading fellow-actors by representative personages of influence, succeeded only because of Henry's unique position.

"We worked very hard to get it done," I heard said more than once. And I often longed to answer: "Yes, you worked for it between Henry's death and his funeral. He worked for it all his life!"

I have always desired some other memorial to Henry Irving than his honoured grave; not so much for his sake as for the sake of those who loved him, and would gladly welcome the opportunity of some great test of their devotion.

THE END

THE VALLEY OF MILLS

BY

H. G. DWIGHT

WITH A PAINTING BY F. BRANGWYN

The American Dragoman narrates to the Second Secretary

I SHALL never forget the night I got there. The train went no farther than Nicomedia in those days, and it took so long that you nearly died of old age on the way. But when the three red lights on the tail of it dwindled into the dark, I had the queerest sense of having been dropped into another world. It was the more so because one couldn't see an earthly thing — not a star, not even the Gulf which we were to cross. I only heard the lapping of it, close by, when the rumble of the train died out of the stillness. That and the crunch of steps on the sand were all there was to hear, and an occasional word I didn't catch. The men could hardly have been more silent if our lives had depended on it. I had no idea how many of them there were, or what they looked like — much less where they were taking me. They simply hoisted a sail and put off into the night. I would have sworn, too, that there was no wind. The sail filled, however: I could see the swaying pallor of it, and hear the ripple under the bow. And as my eyes got used to the darkness, I discovered an irregular silhouette in front of us, and a floating will-o'-the-wisp of a light. The silhouette grew taller and blacker till the boat grounded under it. Then, by the light of the will-o'-the-wisp, which was a sputtering oil lantern on shore, I made out some immense cypresses. You have no idea how eerie that landing was, in a waterside cemetery that was for all the world like Böcklin's Island of Death. The men moved like shadows about their Flying Dutchman of a boat, and their lantern just brought out the ghostliness of gravestones leaning between the columns of the cypresses. And I suddenly became aware of the strangest sound. I had no idea what it was or where it came from, but it was a sort of low moaning that fairly went into your bones. It grew louder when we started on again. We climbed an invisible trail where branches slashed at us in the dark, and all kinds of sharp and sweet and queer smells came out of it in waves. And nightingales began to sing like mad around us, and off in the distance somewhere jackals were barking, and under it all that low moaning went on and on and on. And at last we came out into an open space on top of the hill, where a bonfire made a hole in the black, and a couple of naked figures stood redly out in the penumbra of it, with a ring of faces flickering around them.

I found out afterwards that the bonfire business was nothing but a wrestling match — they had them almost every night on the *meidan* — and the moaning came from the mill-wheels in the valley. But I never quite got over that first impression — that sense of walking through all kinds of things without seeing them. No sooner would I begin to feel a bit at home than something would bring me up with a jerk and remind me that I was a stranger in a strange land. I suppose it was natural enough, considering that I had only just come out then. The place was nothing but a snarl of muddy lanes and mud shanties, tossed into a filbert valley where water tumbled down to the Gulf. It was only about fifty miles away from here, but it might have been five thousand and fifty. There was none of the contrast with Europe that is always bothering you here — though perhaps it really sets things off. The people were all Turks, and their village was Asia pure and simple. That extraordinary juxtaposition of care and neglect, of the exquisite and the nauseating, which begins to strike you in Italy, and which strikes you so much more here, simply went to the top notch there. It was under your eyes—and nose—every minute. There were rugs and tiles and brasses that you couldn't keep your hands off of, in houses plastered with cow-dung. And the people used the gutters for drains, and their principal business was making attar of rose.

You should have seen what gardens there were, hidden away behind mud-walls!

What struck me most, though, was a something in it all which I never could lay my finger on. It seemed incredible that a country inhabited so long should show so few signs of it. The people might have camped in a clearing over night, and the woods were just waiting to cover up their tracks. But the wildness was not the good blank, unconscious wildness we have at home. There was a melancholy about it. The silence that hung over the place was really a little uncanny. The mills only cried it out, in that monotonous minor of theirs. They were picturesque old wooden things, all green with moss and maidenhair fern, that went grinding and groaning on forever, and making you wonder what on earth it was all about. I can't say that I ever found out, either. But I certainly got grist enough for my own mill.

For that matter, I don't imagine that I was precisely an open book myself. In this part of the world they haven't got our passion for poking around where we don't belong: perhaps they've had more time to find out how little there is in it. And for a mysterious individual from lands beyond the sea, whose servant can't be prevented from bragging of the splendor in which he lives at Constantinople, to bury himself in a wild country village, must mean something queer. Does one give up a *konak* on the Bosphorus for a *khan* in the Marmora? And are there no teachers of Turkish in Stamboul? I believe it didn't take long for the *Moutessarif* of Nicomedia to find out I was there, and for him to ascertain in ways best known to himself what I was up to. I have often wondered what his version of it was. At all events it didn't prevent the great men of the village from smoking cigarettes of peace with me in a little vine-shaded coffee-house at the top of the hill. There was the *Mudir*, a plump and harmless *effendi* of a governor; and the *Naïb*, who was some kind of country justice; and a charming old *Imam* in a green turban and a white beard and a rose-colored robe; and a *Tchaouche*, an officer of police, all done up in yellow braid and brass whistles; and various other personages. And I couldn't imagine where in the world they had all picked up their courtliness and conversation. The *Mudir* was from town, and one or two of the others had been there; but if such things were to be had for a visit to town they'd be a little more common at home. Of course, I was asked a good many questions, and some of them were pretty personal. That is a part of Oriental etiquette, you will find. It was marvelous, though, what a *savoir faire* they had, to say nothing of a sense of life and a few other things. I couldn't make them out — taken with their vile village and their half-tamed fields. The thing used to bother me half to death, too. I thought all I had to do was to sit down and look pleasant and turn them inside out at my leisure. Whereas more than once I had a vague feeling, after it was over, of having been turned inside out myself. Altogether it makes me grin when I remember what an idiotic young ostrich I was. I have been at the business quite a while now, and to this day I am never sure of my man — how that Asiatic head of his will work in any given case. I can only console myself by remembering that I'm not the only one. In the last two generations I presume there must have been as many as four Anglo-Saxons — and three of those, Englishmen — who didn't more or less make jackasses of themselves when they ran up against Asia. And I fancy it took them rather more than a year to arrive at even that negative degree of comprehension.

However, various things went into my hopper first and last, to the tune of the mill-wheels in the valley — particularly last. . . . It was lucky for me that the wireless telegraphy I sometimes felt about me allowed the *Mudir* to cultivate his natural inclinations. He was bored enough in his exile, and I think he was genuinely glad that his advices from headquarters made him free of my company. I certainly am. I have never come into just such relations with any of the officials here. He was a grave, mild, suave personage who might have made an excellent *Cadi* of tradition if he had never heard of Paris. As it was, I'm afraid he took less thought for his peasants' troubles than of the extent to which they could be made to repay him for his own. He liked to practise his French on me as much as I liked to practise my Turkish on him, and on such occasions as I had the honor of squatting at his little round board, his knowledge of the Occident would manifest itself in an incredible profusion of spoons. I also discovered that he was by no means averse to sampling my modest cellar. He didn't care so much about being found out, though. They are tremendous prohibitionists, you know, and while the pashas have accepted champagne with their tight trousers, they're not so public about it. Just watch when you go to your first court dinner.

A person of whom I thought more than the *Mudir*, and who interested me more as a type, was the *Imam*. A more kindly, honest, simple, delightful old man it has seldom been my luck to meet. He was a Turk of the old school, without an atom of Europe in his composition. I wish they were not getting so confoundedly

rare. They are worth a million times more than these Johnnies who pick up the Roman alphabet and a few half-baked ideas about what we are pleased to call progress. I took daily lessons from him. He was a mighty theologian — made me read the Koran, and all that, and was much interested in what I had to tell him of our own beliefs. He used to make me ashamed of knowing so little about them. Before he got through with me, he taught me rather more than was in the bond, I fancy. I had always cherished a notion that because a Turk could have four wives, and didn't think much of my chances for the world to come, and was somewhat free in the use of antidotes to human life, his morality wasn't worth talking about. But I got something of an eye-opener on that point.

Altogether, I managed to have a very decent time of it. My pill of learning the most of the language in the least possible time was so ingeniously sugared that the business was one prolonged picnic. In fact, living in a *khan*, as I did at first, is nothing but camping. They're all about the same, you know. You can see the model any day over in Stamboul — a rambling stack of galleries round a court of cattle and wheels, and big bare rooms where twenty people could live. They often do, too. You spread your own bedding on the wooden divan surrounding two or three sides of the room, and your servant cooks for you in a series of little charcoal pits under the huge chimney. It's rather amusing for a while, if you're not too fussy about smells and crawling things. I suppose I must have been, for the *Mudir* eventually persuaded me to rent a house from an absentee rose-growing pasha. It was about the only wooden one in the place — a huge rattlety-bang old affair that stood on the edge of the bluff, a little apart from the town. It leaked so villainously that I had to sit under an umbrella every time there was a shower, but the view and the garden made up for it. I used to prowl around the country a good deal, though. Everything was so strange to me — the faces, the costumes, the curious implements, the hairy black buffaloes, the fat-tailed sheep with their dabs of red dye, the solid-wheeled carts that lamented more loudly, if less continuously, than the water-wheels, the piratish-looking caravels strutting up and down the Gulf under a balloon of a mainsail. I took them by the day, sometimes, to go fishing or exploring. All of which must have been highly incomprehensible to my astonished neighbors. I believe my man had to invent some legend of a doctor and a cure to account for so eccentric a master. It was only when I came more and more to spend my days among the cypresses on the edge of the beach that I became less an object of suspicion; for while a Turk is little of a sportsman and less of mere aimless sight-seer, he likes nothing better than sitting philosophically under the greenwood tree.

My greenwood was, as I have said, a cemetery. Heaven knows how long it had been there. The cypresses were enormously tall and thick and dark. And the stones under them — with their carved turbans and arabesques, and their holes and rain-hollows for restless or thirsty ghosts — were all gray and lichened with time, and pitched every which way between the coiling roots. You may think it a queer kind of place to sit around in, but it took my fancy enormously. I don't know — there was something so still and old about it, and the spring had such a look between the black trees. It wasn't quite still, either, for that strange, low minor of the water-wheels was always in your ears. It ran on and on, like the sound of the quiet and the sunshine and the cypresses and the ancient stones. And it made all sorts of things go through your head. I presume that first impression had something to do with it. You wondered whether the trees would have lived so long if so many dead people had not lain among their roots. You wondered — I don't know what you didn't wonder.

As hot weather came on, I used to pack a hammock and reading and writing and cooking things on a donkey nearly every day, and drop down through the filberts to my cypresses. There was fairly decent bathing there, over an outrageous bottom of stones and sea-urchins. What I liked best, though, was simply to lie around and watch the world go by. Not that much of it does go by the Gulf of Nicomedia. If it hadn't been for a sail every now and then, you would have supposed that people had forgotten all about that little blue pocket of a firth leading nowhere between its antique hills. Then there were two or three trains a day, whose black you could just make out, crawling through the green of the opposite shore. And there was a steamer a day each way that it was as much as your life was worth to put your foot into. You wouldn't think so, though, to see the people who packed the decks. Sometimes I used to go down to the landing for the pleasure of the contrast they made, solemnly huddled up in their picturesque rags, with the noisy modern steamer. It was a miracle where so many of them came from and went to. That's the wildest part of the Marmora, you know, for all their railroad on the north shore. Some day, I suppose, when German expresses go thundering through to the Persian Gulf, it'll be all factory chimneys and summer hotels, like the rest

of the world. But now there's nothing worse than vineyards and tobacco plantations. On the south coast there's hardly that. The hills stand up pretty straight out of the water, and they're wooded down to the rocks. You might think it virgin forest if you didn't know the Nicene Creed came out of it — to say nothing of invisible villages, and eyes looking out at you without your knowing. It all gave one such an idea of the extraordinary wreckage that has been left on the shores of that old Greek Sea. Only you don't get it as you do here, where races and creeds march past you on the Bridge while you stand by and admire. There's something more secret and ancient about it — more like Homer and the Bible and the Arabian Nights.

The caravans gave the most telling touch. You don't often see camels up here any longer, but they're still common enough in the interior. I could hardly believe my eyes the first time a procession of them appeared on my beach. First came a man on horseback, with a couple of Persian saddle-bags to make your mouth water, and then the long string of camels roped together like barges in a tow. What an air they had — the fantastic tawny line of them swinging against the blue of the Gulf! And how softly they padded along the shingle, with the picturesque ruffians in charge of them throned high among their mysterious bales! They passed without so much as a turn of the eye, my Wise Men of the East, and disappeared behind the point as silently as they came. It gave me the strangest sensation. I had felt something of the same before. I could scarcely help it, looking out between those tragic trees at the white strip of beach and the blue strip of sea and the green strip of hills that were so much like other hills and seas and beaches and yet so different. But there had never come to me before quite such a sense of the strangeness of this world where so many things had been buried from the time of Jason and the Argo — of this world of which I knew nothing and to which I was nothing.

You may believe that I was delighted when I went back to the village that night and found it full of camels. The air was sizzling with bonfires and *kebabs* — you know those bits of lamb they broil on a long wooden spit? — and strange faces were at every corner. They filled the coffee-house, too, when I finally got there. By that time it was too dark to stare as hard as I would have liked. But perhaps the scene was all the more picturesque for the shadowy figures scattered under the vine in the dusk, and the bubble of nargilehs filling the intervals of talk. A feature would come saliently out here and there in the red of a cigarette — a shining eye, a hawk nose, a bronzed cheek-bone. And out on the *meidan* were groups around fires, with their little pipes that have all the trouble of the East in them, and their little tomtoms of such inimitable rhythms.

I found my friends established as usual in the seat of honor — an old sofa in the corner of the café — and as usual they made place for me amongst them. When the ceremony of their welcome subsided, the *Mudir* took occasion to whisper to me that the leader of the caravan, an excellent fellow who had stopped there before, was telling stories. I then recognized, in the light of the *cafedij's* lamp, the man I had seen that afternoon on horseback. He sat on a stool in front of the divan of honor, and behind him were crowded all the other stools and mats in the place. Although he had not deigned, before, to turn his head toward me, he now testified by the depth of his salaam to the honor he felt in such an addition to his circle. He was a curiously handsome chap, burnt and bearded, with the high-hung jaw of his people, the arched brow, the almost Roman nose. And, shaky as I still was in the language, he didn't leave me long to wonder why he was the center of the circle. He was a born *raconteur* — one of those story-tellers who in the East still carry on the tradition of the troubadours. Not that he sang to us, or recited poetry — although the *Imam* told me with pride that the man was a dictionary of the Persian poets. But he went on with a story he had begun before my entrance. It was one of those endless old eastern tales that are such a charming mixture of serpent wisdom and childish *naïveté*. And he told it with a vividness of gesture and inflection that you never get from print.

Well, you can imagine! I always had a fancy for that sort of thing, but it's so deuced hard to get at — at least, for people like us. And after that queer turn the first sight of the caravan gave me, down by the water, it made me feel as if I were really beginning to lay my hand on things at last. So I was disappointed enough when at the end of the story the party began to break up. Upon my signifying as much to my neighbor, the *Mudir*, however, he said that nothing would be easier than to summon the man to a private session. If I would do him the honor to come to the *konak* — I was tickled enough to take up with the idea, provided the meeting should take place at my house instead. I knew there would be bakshish, which I didn't like to put the *Mudir* in for, after all he had done. Moreover, I had a whim to get the camel-driver under my own roof — by way of nailing the East, so to speak!

So the upshot of the business was that we made a night of it. Oh, I don't mean any of your wild and woolly ones. To be sure, we did wet things down a trifle more than is the custom of the country. There happened to be a decanter on the table, which the camel-driver looked at as if he wouldn't mind knowing what it contained; and being a bit awkward at first, I knew no better than to trot it out. The *Mudir*, to whom of course I offered it first, wouldn't have any. I suppose he had his reputation to keep up before an inferior. I was rather surprised, all the same, for it was plain enough that the camel-driver was by no means the kind of man the name implies, and a little Greek wine wouldn't hurt a baby. Moreover, I had heard of this *raki* of theirs, which is so much fire-water, and I didn't take their temperance very seriously. As for the camel-driver, he was rather amusing.

"You tempt me to my death!" he laughed, taking the glass I poured out for him. "Do you know that my men would kill me if they saw me now? These country people have not the ideas of the *effendi* and myself. They follow blindly the Prophet, not realizing how many rooms there are in the house of a wise man. They found out that I had been affording opportunity for the forgiveness of God, and they took it quite seriously. They threatened to kill me if I did not make a public confession. And I had to do it, to please them. On the next Friday I made a solemn confession of my sins in mosque, and swore never to smell another drop."

At this I didn't know just what to do. I looked at the *Mudir*, and the *Mudir* looked at the camel-driver. The latter, however, waved his hand with a smile of goodfellowship.

"There is no harm now," he said. "We break caravan to-morrow at Nicomedia. Moreover, I do not drink saying it is right. I should blaspheme God, who has commanded me not to drink. But I acknowledge that I sin. Great be the name of God!" With which he tipped the glass into his mouth. "My soul!" he exclaimed. "That is better than a cucumber in August!"

These people are democratic, you know, to a degree of which we haven't an idea — for all our declaration of independence. Yet there are certain invisible lines which are sure to trip a foreigner up and which made me mighty uncertain what to do with the governor of a *mudirlik* and the leader of a caravan. But the latter proceeded to look out for that. Such a jolly good fellow you never saw in your life, with his stories, and the way he had with him, and the things he had been up to. It turned out that he knew western Asia a good deal better than I know western Europe. Tabriz, Tashkend, Samarkand, Cabul, to say nothing of Mecca and Cairo and Tripoli — such names dropped from him as Liverpool and Marseilles might from me. Where camel goes he had been, and for him Asia Minor was no more than a sort of ironic tongue stuck out at Europe by the huge continent behind. It gave me my first inkling of how this empire is tied up. It seems to hang so loosely together, without the rails and wires that put Sitka and St. Augustine in easier reach of each other than Constantinople and Bagdad. I began to learn then that wires and rails are not everything — that there are stronger nets than those. Altogether it was a momentous occasion. To sit there in that queer old house, in a wild hill village of the Marmora, and speak familiarly with that camel-driver who carried the secrets of Asia in his pocket — it brought me nearer than I had ever dreamed to that life which was always so tantalizing me by my inability to get at it.

When the man finally withdrew, and the *Mudir* after him, I was in no mood to go to bed. They had opened to me their ancient world, with all its poetry and mystery, and I did not want to lose it again. I could see it stretching dimly beyond the windows where the water-wheels went moaning under the moon. I went out into it. The night was — you have no idea what those nights could be. They had such a way of swallowing up the squalidness of things, and bringing out all their melancholy magic. The rose season was at its height, and the air was one perfume from the hidden gardens. Then the nightingales were at that heart-breaking music of theirs. And the moon! It wasn't one of those glaring round things, like a coachman's button or a butcher's boy with the mumps, by which young ladies are commonly put into spasms; but it was an old wasted one, with such a light!

It was all the more extraordinary because not a creature was about — except a man who lay asleep on the ground, not far from the door. Apparently they dropped off wherever they happened to be, down there, and I used to envy them for it. I stood still for a while, in the shadow of the house, taking it all in. Don't you know, it happens once in a while that you have a mood, and that your surroundings come up to it? It doesn't happen very often, either — at least, to workaday people like us. So I stood there, looking and listening and breathing. And when I saw the edge of the shadow of the house crumble up at one place, without any

visible cause, and creep out into the moonlight, I — I only looked at it. Nothing had any visible cause in that strange world of mine, and I watched the slowly lengthening finger of shadow with the passivity of a man who has seen too many wonders to wonder any more. But then I made out a darker darkness winding back toward the house. And — I don't know — I thought of the man on the ground. I looked at him.

It was my camel-driver, dead as Darius, with the blood running out of a hole in his back like water out of a spout. For the moment I was still too far away from every day to be startled, or even very much surprised. It was only a part of that mysterious world, with its mysterious people and mysterious ways that I never could understand. What was he doing there dead, who had been so full of life a little while before? Was it one of his jokes? The night was the most enchanting you could imagine, the air was heady with the breath of rose-gardens, the nightingales were singing in the trees (down in the valley I heard, low, low, the weary water-wheels), and here was the prince of story-tellers with his tongue stopped forever, and the blood of him making a snaky black trail across the moonlight. . . .

What happened next? My dear fellow, you remind me of these kids who will never let you finish their story! Nothing happened next. That was the beauty of it. I guess I got one pretty good case of the jim-jams after a while, and when I got through wondering whether I was going to be elected next, I began to wonder whether they wouldn't think I'd done it. Of course, I had done it, as a matter of fact, and that didn't tend to composure of mind. Neither did my speculations as to what the *Mudir* might or might not have noticed when he left me that evening. But, if you will believe it, nobody ever lifted a finger. The next morning the caravan was gone and apparently everything was the same as before. If anything, they were more decent than before. That was the worst of it. I don't believe I'd have minded so much if they'd stoned me and ridden me out on a rail and set the Government after me and raised the devil generally. I should at least have felt less at sea. As it was — hello, there's Carmignani! Let's take him over to Tokatlian's.

THE UNREMEMBERED

FRAGMENTS OF A LOST MEMORY

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

WHERE have they gone, the unremembered things,
The hours, the faces,
The trumpet-call, the wild boughs of white spring?
Would I might pluck you from forbidden spaces,
All ye, the vanished tenants of my places!

Stay but one moment, speak that I may hear,
Swift passer-by!
The wind of your strange garments in my ear
Catches the heart like a beloved cry
From lips, alas, forgotten utterly.

An odour haunts, a colour in the mesh,
A step that mounts the stair;
Come to me, I would touch your living flesh —
Look how they disappear, ah, where, ah, where?
Because I name them not, deaf to my prayer.

If I could only call them as I used,
Each by his name!
That violin — what ancient voice that mused!
Yon is the hill, I see the beacon flame.
My feet have found the road where once I came.
Quick — but again the dark, darkness and shame.

THE BATTLE AGAINST THE SHERMAN LAW

HOW CAPITAL AND LABOR COMBINE TO SAFEGUARD THE TRUST AND LEGALIZE THE BOYCOTT

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

UNDER the existing laws of the United States, it is a crime to organize a combination of individuals or corporations into a business aggregation in restraint of trade. It is likewise a crime for labor men or labor unions in different States to combine for the prosecution of certain aggressive enterprises popularly described as boycotts. Any person convicted of engaging in either of these prohibited acts may be fined not more than $5,000 for each offense, or imprisoned for one year at hard labor, or both.

According to reliable estimates, there are in the neighborhood of five hundred large trusts or combinations that daily violate this law. There are many thousands of smaller corporations and business firms that indulge in secret practices for which their officers may at any time be lodged in jail. As for the national prohibition of boycotts, labor organizations openly exist for the express purpose of conducting them. The constitution of the most powerful labor organization in this country, the Federation of Labor, specifically provides for engaging in this form of industrial warfare.

The statute that outlaws these combinations of both capital and labor is the famous Sherman Anti-trust Law. It is one of the briefest, most pointed, and most comprehensive measures ever passed by Congress. It contains only about seven hundred words and would fill less than a page of this magazine. In its first three lines, without any modifications or circumlocutions, it declares illegal "every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy, in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States or with foreign nations." The next few lines provide the punishment, cited above, for breaking the law. The Sherman Act does not say that "some combinations" are illegal and criminal, but that "every" one is. It does not provide that certain offenders may be punished, but that "every" one "shall be." It leaves absolutely no discretion to prosecuting officers or to the courts. Within its comprehensive folds are gathered, on the one hand, the most commanding captains of industry and the greatest railroad magnates; and, on the other, the most insignificant puddlers in their furnaces and stokers on their trains.

The Sherman Act has thus established a community of interest between labor and capital which has had important practical results. Both capital and labor are openly evading the law. Both have many times been haled into court, convicted of infringing this statute, and enjoined from continuing in their illegal combinations. Both consequently find it an irksome impediment to their present plans and ambitions. In their active opposition to the law the two previously warring elements now meet on common ground.

The platform of the Republican party calls for amendments which, to all practical purposes, will seriously weaken the law, so far as its application to corporate combinations is concerned. The Democratic platform demands such changes as will exempt labor unions from its operation,—which is virtually the same thing as demanding the legalization of the boycott. At the last session of Congress the spectacle was presented of important labor unions and great corporation lawyers working hand in hand to this common end. Though this agitation failed for the time being, it may safely be

asserted that the repeal or modification of the Sherman Act will continue to be a fixed article of the policy both of large aggregations of wealth and of large aggregations of labor. This fact makes important a study of its history and of its practical effects upon corporate and labor organizations.

The Sherman Law Not Rushed Through Congress

Hardly any important legislation has been so imperfectly understood or more persistently misrepresented. Although the law was passed only eighteen years ago, a large number of legends have already grown up about it. According to popular belief, the Sherman Anti-trust Act is an imperfect piece of legislation; a measure which was drawn up hastily, without thorough study or knowledge of the economic and social problems which it was intended to solve. The corporations declare that it was never intended to meet industrial conditions as they exist now: labor leaders have repeatedly asserted that the framers of the measure never intended that it should affect organizations of labor.

A study of the congressional debates which preceded the passage of the Sherman Act dissipates these misconceptions. The law was not rushed through Congress. It was seriously proposed as a carefully thought-out attempt to check great and clearly comprehended evils. In essence those evils did not differ from the ones which confront the American people today. In 1890 the trust, or the industrial combination, had almost reached its present state of development. Large aggregations of capital had already secured a monopoly of many of the necessaries of life. The Standard Oil Trust was then, as it is now, the most conspicuous of these combinations, and had already attained an unpopularity almost as great as it enjoys today; the Sugar Trust controlled practically the whole output of refined sugar. The Steel Trust, it is true, did not exist; but many combinations in steel products had already been formed. Combinations on steel rails dictated prices; nails, barbed fence wire, copper, lead, nickel, zinc, cordage, cottonseed oil,— all these products had already been brought largely under trust control. The Salt Trust and the Whiskey Trust had been organized. Combinations of railroads, for the purpose of fixing charges for transportation, had existed for twenty-five years. In 1875 Commodore Vanderbilt called the first great meeting of railroad trunk lines at Saratoga; and this conference adopted a "pooling" arrangement. The accumulated railroad abuses of a generation, especially this practice of "pooling" earnings, had led to the passage of the Interstate Commerce Act in 1887 — three years before the enactment of the Sherman Law.

Other combinations, which disdained the name of trusts, but which had already developed certain points in common with them, also flourished. The labor union, for example, was in full flower. The Knights of Labor, under Powderly, had passed through many triumphant years; the Federation of Labor was firmly entrenched, and Samuel Gompers was its President then as he is today. The unions existed then, as they do now, to secure higher wages and greater advantages of employment for their members; and one of their weapons then, as it is at present, was the boycott. Organizations of farmers, which existed for a similar purpose — the Farmers' Alliance, the National League — had also reached a high state of development.

Statesmen who Framed the Sherman Law

Nor were the framers of this law inexperienced legislators who hastily scrambled together a measure to meet certain political exigencies. The men chiefly responsible for the anti-trust law were John Sherman of Ohio, George F. Edmunds of Vermont, George F. Hoar of Massachusetts, George Gray of Delaware, and James Z. George of Mississippi. Senator Spooner recently declared that no greater body of lawyers ever sat in Congress; no one would venture to contend that there is any similar group of five men in Washington today. John Sherman had served almost continuously in Congress since 1854; he had represented Ohio in the Senate throughout the Civil War and the reconstruction period, displaying especial talent in dealing with questions of national finance; and, as Secretary of the Treasury in President Hayes' cabinet, had carried through with masterly success the resumption of specie payments. George F. Edmunds was generally regarded as the greatest lawyer then in the Senate. Starting his career in that body in 1866, when Congress had to handle the intricate constitutional problems involved in the readmission of the Southern States, he immediately became one of an influential group of which the other members were Sumner, Fessenden, Trumbull, and Wade, and took an important part in framing the legislation of the reconstruction period. George F. Hoar had, by 1890, represented Massachusetts in the Senate for thirteen years; his great learning, his comprehensive knowledge of public questions, his independence, his genuine devotion to the best public interests had made him one of the most commanding figures in that body. George Gray of Delaware, at present a

judge of the United States Circuit Court, and for many years one of the most conservative forces in the Democratic party — the same George Gray upon whom many of Mr. Bryan's opponents hoped to unite a few months ago as the Democratic presidential nominee — was also recognized as one of the Senate's greatest authorities on the Constitution. Senator George had served for many years as chief justice of the Supreme Court of Mississippi, and was the author and compiler of many works on law which are still widely used.

Over the question of federal control of large combinations these five men and their colleagues debated for nearly two years. Senator Sherman introduced his first anti-trust act August 14, 1888; the present statute finally became a law on July 21, 1890. During this period six separate trust bills, all modifications of that originally introduced by Mr. Sherman, were laid before the Senate. They were considered by two committees — the Finance and the Judiciary — and debated at great length in the committee of the whole. The discussions occupy one hundred and fifty pages of the Congressional Record.

A striking illustration of the general ignorance of the circumstances under which the Sherman Act was passed is furnished by the present Republican platform. This declares that "the Republican party passed the Sherman Anti-Trust Act over Democratic opposition." The records of Congress, however, show no indications of any opposition at all, Democratic or other. Of the five men most conspicuous in framing the law, three were Republicans and two were Democrats. In the Senate only one senator voted against the passage; in the House two hundred and forty-two votes were cast in favor of the act, and not a single one was cast against it. The whole debate was notable for its seriousness and its dignity; one or two Democrats did suggest that a revision of the tariff might help to curb the trusts; but that was the only partisan note struck. Congress keenly appreciated the issues raised by the trust problem and the necessity of taking action that would be beneficial and permanent. Everybody realized, also, the inherent difficulties of the situation. The debates in the Senate on this issue, far from indicating a scrappy investigation, furnish material for a liberal education in the constitutional questions involved in dealing with monopolies. Senator Hoar, in preparation for the work, studied the history of legislation concerning monopolies from the time of Zeno. One of the sections in the bill — that providing that a successful litigant against a trust can recover three times the damages suffered from it — Mr. Hoar incorporated from a statute on monopolies passed in the reign of James I.

SAMUEL GOMPERS, FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERATION OF LABOR. MR. GOMPERS DEMANDS AN AMENDMENT OF THE SHERMAN ANTI-TRUST ACT THAT WOULD MAKE LEGAL THE INTERSTATE BOYCOTT

Sherman Act Intended to Apply to Labor Unions

Of all the legends which have grown up about this law, perhaps the most absurd is that it was never intended to apply to workingmen. "As a matter of fact," said Samuel

Gompers before the Judiciary Committee of the House last winter, "every man who now lives and is familiar with the legislation of the day knows that the Sherman Anti-trust Law was never intended to include organizations of labor." Chief Justice Fuller, in a recent decision of the United States Supreme Court, flatly contradicts Mr. Gompers' statement. "The records of Congress show," says Justice Fuller, "that several efforts were made to exempt, by legislation, organizations of farmers and laborers from the operation of the act and that all these efforts failed." In fact, the question of the relation of labor unions and the law occupied a conspicuous place in the debates; it was almost as constantly in the minds of the Senators as the question of capitalistic combinations themselves. To meet this situation, Senator Sherman introduced an amendment specifically excepting labor unions and agricultural associations from the operation of his statute. Mr. Gompers, according to his remarks before the Judiciary Committee last winter, was partly responsible for the introduction of this amendment. Senator Edmunds opposed it on the ground that it granted rights to labor which it withheld from capital, and he insisted that both sides should be treated upon an exact equality. In the following words he disposed for all time of Senator Sherman's plea for preferential treatment of laboring men:

SENATOR GEORGE F. EDMUNDS, GENERALLY REGARDED AS ONE OF THE GREATEST CONSTITUTIONAL LAWYERS OF HIS TIME. THE SHERMAN ACT, AS IT STANDS AT PRESENT, IS VERY LARGELY HIS WORK

The fact is that this matter of capital, as it is called, of business, and of labor, is an equation, and you cannot disturb one side of the equation without disturbing the other. If it costs for labor 50 per cent. more to produce a ton of iron, that 50 per cent. more goes into what that iron must sell for, or some part of it. I take it everybody will agree to that.

Very well. Now, if you say to one side of that equation, "You may make the value or the price of this iron by your combination for wages in the whole Republic or on the continent, but the man for whom you have made the iron shall not arrange with his neighbors as to the price they will sell it for, so as not to destroy each other," the whole business will certainly break, because the connection between the plant, as I will call it for short, and the labor that works that plant, is one that no legislation and no force in the world — and there is only one outside of the world that can do it — can possibly separate. They cannot be divorced. Neither speeches nor laws nor judgments of courts nor anything else can change it, and therefore I say that to provide on one side of that equation that there may be combination and on the other side that there shall not, is contrary to the very inherent principle upon which such business must depend. If we are to have equality, as we ought to have, if the combination on the one side is to be prohibited, the combination on the other side must be prohibited, or there will be certain destruction in the end. . . .

On the one side you say that it is a crime and on the other side you say it is a valuable and proper undertaking. That will not do, Mr. President. You can not get on in that way. It is impossible to separate them: and the principle of it therefore is that if one side, no matter which it is, is authorized to combine, the other side must be authorized to combine, or the thing will break and there will be universal bankruptcy. That is what it will come to.

Senator Edmunds' logic absolutely killed any attempt to place capital and labor upon different footings. Instead of adopting this proposed amendment, the Senate referred the whole question of trust legislation to the Judiciary Committee, of which Senator Edmunds was chairman. Mr. Edmunds and his colleagues threw into the waste basket all the pending trust bills and their amendments and struck out on new lines. As a consequence, Senator Edmunds became the chief author of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. His most active associates were Senator Hoar and Senator George. The one man who had practically nothing to do with the statute as it stands to-day was Senator Sherman himself. He played an important

part in the preliminary discussion and in framing the measures which served as a basis for this discussion; but the bill as it was finally adopted by Congress bore little resemblance to his. The amendment upon which he laid especial stress — that of exempting laboring and agricultural organizations from the operation of the Anti-trust Law — was absolutely ignored.

As finally adopted, the act did not prohibit labor unions per se or combinations of labor unions formed to accomplish lawful ends; it did, however, strike at certain labor union practices. That this was the clear intention of the Senate is evident from a statement made by Senator Edmunds in a newspaper interview as far back as 1892. "The Sherman Law," said Mr. Edmunds, "is intended to cover and I think will cover every form of combination that seeks in any way to interfere with or restrain free competition, whether it be capital in the form of trusts, combinations, railroad pools, or agreements, or labor through the form of boycotting organizations that say a man shall not earn his bread unless he joins this or that society. Both are wrong; both are crimes and indictable under the Anti-trust Law."

Unsuccessful Efforts to Destroy the Law

For eighteen years the anti-trust statute has represented American policy and American law in federal regulation of combinations in restraint of trade. In that period the act has been repeatedly assailed from many legal standpoints. It has been passed upon more than two hundred and fifty times by the federal courts, and has been considered fifty-five times by the United States Supreme Court. The greatest constitutional lawyers of this generation — such men as Edward J. Phelps, James C. Carter, John F. Dillon, and Francis Lynde Stetson — have attempted to destroy it and have not succeeded. The greatest railroads and corporations, on the one hand, and the largest and most influential labor unions, on the other, have both failed in their attempts to secure exemption from its operation.

The history of the Sherman Act has absolutely justified the wisdom and integrity of the Supreme Court. Scores of times the lower courts have decided against the government; and the most important decisions have been those in which the Supreme Court has reversed the inferior tribunals. The record of federal prosecutions under this law affords an interesting insight into the attitude of the several administrations toward trust regulation. President Harrison, under whose administration the law was passed, accomplished little. His attor-

JUDGE GEORGE GRAY OF DELAWARE, WHO, AS UNITED STATES SENATOR, IN 1890, TOOK AN IMPORTANT PART IN FRAMING THE SHERMAN LAW

ney-general brought seven actions — four bills in equity and three criminal indictments. Under the equity proceedings, he obtained three injunctions; the criminal proceedings all ended in failure. One of the cases instituted by President Harrison, however,— that against the Trans-Missouri Freight Association,— was afterward taken to the Supreme Court by President Cleveland's attorney-general, and resulted in securing one of the most important decisions in the history of the law.

President Cleveland showed considerably more activity than his predecessor. Though only eight proceedings stand to his credit, several of them were of the greatest importance. He used the Sherman Law in fighting the Debs cases growing out of the Pullman strike; and in the well-known Addyston Pipe & Steel Company case he dissolved a combination, formed by several manufacturers of gas and sewer pipe, to monopolize the trade of most large American municipalities. President McKinley apparently had little interest in the Sherman Law; throughout his four and a half years only three cases were prosecuted, none of which were of much consequence. With the administration of President Roosevelt, however, the situation changed. Against the seven cases instituted by Harrison, the eight by Cleveland, the three by McKinley, stand thirty-seven started by Roosevelt. That is, he has instituted twice as many cases as all his predecessors combined, and many of the Roosevelt prosecutions have proved successful. Nineteen of these thirty-seven cases have already been decided; the government has won seventeen and lost only two.

As a result of these many proceedings and interpretations, the Sherman Anti-trust Law is now fairly well understood. There has recently been much complaint that the law is not sufficiently "specific"; that business men and labor leaders are groping very much in the dark; that it is impossible to say what this statute prohibits and what it permits. From the judicial literature which has accumulated in the last eighteen years, however, a fairly clear idea of its bearings upon large enterprises, both of labor and capital, can be obtained. Senator Hoar declared, when the bill came up for final passage, that it enunciated no new principle of law. It made illegal "restraints of trade" and "monopolies," but these had been for centuries unlawful in all Anglo-Saxon countries. As far back as the reign of Henry VI. in England, in 1436, a law was passed declaring that "all agreements in restraint of trade are illegal and voide." This principle has ever since been part of the law of England, and is at present part of the common law of many States in the Union.

FRANCIS LYNDE STETSON, CHIEF COUNSEL FOR THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION AND OTHER MORGAN ORGANIZATIONS. MR. STETSON WAS ONE OF THE DRAFTERS OF LAST WINTER'S TRUST BILL. IF IT HAD BECOME A LAW, THIS MEASURE WOULD HAVE MADE THE UNITED STATES STEEL COMPANY PRACTICALLY IMMUNE FROM FEDERAL PROSECUTION

In the United States itself, however,— that is, in the federal courts — there is no common law; everything must be fixed and regulated by statute. What the Sherman Act did was to make this common law on the subjects of restraints and monopolies the statute law of the United States. Under the common law of practically every State, monopolies and restraining combinations were illegal; Congress made these illegal when they involved inter-State trade. Under the common law boycotts were illegal also; Congress made illegal the inter-State boycott. Congressional action on this subject was demanded, because the larger number of these unlawful combinations could be reached only by federal action, inasmuch as they usually involved more than one State.

Under the rulings of the Supreme Court, combinations and conspiracies which restrain trade and develop monopolies are those which, broadly speaking, deprive the public of the benefits of free competition. This act recognizes the competitive system as the one industrial ideal,

SETH LOW, EX-MAYOR OF NEW YORK, WHO, AS PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL CIVIC FEDERATION, ADVOCATES THE AMENDMENT OF THE SHERMAN LAW

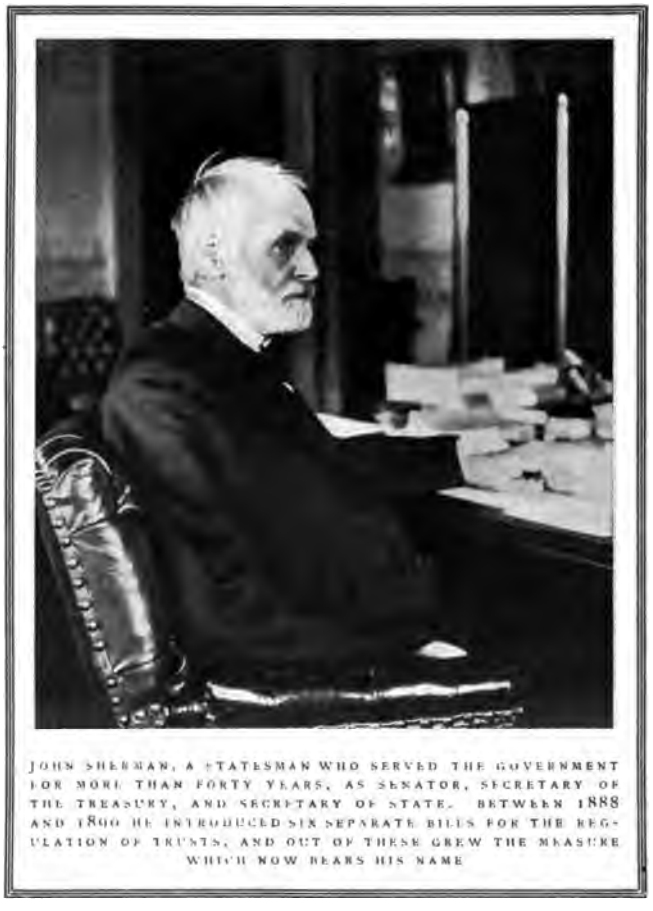
and outlaws anything that interferes with a free, unobstructed flow of trade. A trust that gets control of the larger part of a particular product and manipulates the output so as to prevent trade from flowing in its natural course — that is an illegal restraint. Labor unions that combine to divert artificially this same course of trade — as they unquestionably do when they persuade the public not to have business relations with particular persons or corporations against which they have declared a boycott — also engage in an illegal restraint. The Sherman Law aims only to protect the public against these unnatural influences; to restore business to normal conditions. With corporations, the final test as to whether they restrain trade or not is whether their effect is to increase prices. If they do not increase prices, then they do not restrain trade and consequently do not violate the Sherman Act. The Supreme Court has insisted upon one important modification of this principle. The effect upon prices must be immediate and not remote. An arbitrary agreement that definitely fixes the prices of a product is clearly illegal; an agreement which, in the last analysis, might tend to influence prices, would not necessarily be so.

Railroads Stopped from Making Rate Agreements

In the first ten years after the passing of the Sherman Act, the government attacked most successfully, not the great solidified aggregations of capital popularly known as trusts, but the more or less loosely organized federations of corporations, formed chiefly for the purpose of regulating and establishing prices. Trade agreements, not monopolistic corporations, became its chief quarry. In proscribing these agreements as illegal, the Sherman Act was found to be extremely effective. The very first case under this law was directed against a combination of coal-mining companies in Kentucky and Tennessee, which existed for the express purpose of regulating output and fixing prices. The courts promptly decided that this agreement violated the Sherman Act. In 1892 eighteen railroads, nearly all operating west of the Missouri River, organized what they called the Trans-Missouri Freight Association. This association included many of the great Western roads, companies of the magnitude of the Santa Fé, the Missouri Pacific, and the Rock Island. Its object, as clearly stated in the articles of association, was "mutual protection by establishing and maintaining reasonable rates, rules, and regulations, in all freight traffic, both through and local." In other words, it proposed to fix arbitrarily the price of transportation throughout the enormous territory covered by the eighteen railroads in question. The old "pooling" agreements, which had existed for many years, had been prohibited by the Interstate Commerce Law passed in 1887; and this Traffic Association was an attempt to accomplish the same end — that is, stop competition among the railroads and maintain rates — in a different way. The Supreme Court, by a vote of five to four, decided that this agreement was prohibited by the Sherman Anti-trust Act, because, as an attempt to fix prices, it restrained trade. The famous Trans-Missouri decision, which settled this case, made the Sherman Law an insurmountable bulwark against all railroad combinations of this kind. Until this decision was finally given in 1897, this act had not been seriously regarded; after the Supreme Court had spoken, however, capitalists suddenly awoke to its significance. The decision settled many important points, which will be referred to subsequently in this article, and it changed as well the whole policy

of railroad management.

The Sherman Act has stopped, not only railroad combinations, but similar agreements existing among manufacturers for the regulation of prices. The case of the Addyston Pipe & Steel Company is the most celebrated of this kind. In 1894 a large number of manufacturers of sewer and gas pipe, the Addyston Company being one, formed a combination to monopolize business and fix prices in thirty-six States and Territories. All companies which were parties to the agreement reserved the right to compete with each other outside of these thirty-six States as fiercely as before. They significantly called the section in which there was to be no competition "pay territory"; and the States outside of this section were known as "free territory." These manufacturers dealt chiefly with municipalities, which usually let contracts for sewer and gas pipe by public bidding. Whenever such a contract was offered, the Addyston combination would meet secretly, decide upon the price they would charge, and then arrange a program of fictitious bids. They then divided the profits among themselves. In this way they forced practically all purchasers in the sections in which they traded to pay exorbitant prices. Indeed, the subsequent history of this combination beautifully illustrates the practical effect upon the public of agreements of this kind. The Addyston and its associate members sold certain pipe in "pay territory," where the combination was enforced, at twenty-four dollars a ton; in "free territory," where they competed with each other, they frequently sold identically the same product at fourteen dollars. The Supreme Court decided that this agreement violated the Sherman Act—that it was a combination or a conspiracy in restraint of trade. William H. Taft, then United States Circuit Judge, wrote an opinion discussing the merits of this dispute which has since become a legal classic. Mr. Taft spent six months in studying the questions involved.



JOHN SHERMAN, A STATESMAN WHO SERVED THE GOVERNMENT FOR MORE THAN FORTY YEARS, AS SENATOR, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, AND SECRETARY OF STATE. BETWEEN 1888 AND 1800 HE INTRODUCED SIX SEPARATE BILLS FOR THE REGULATION OF TRUSTS, AND OUT OF THESE GREW THE MEASURE WHICH NOW BEARS HIS NAME

Nearly all such cases, however, involved merely what may be called trade agreements. In each case there were actual attempts to fix prices by compact, and these agreements were the only things in common among the different corporations that became parties to them. The several corporations preserved their independent existence; they were not trusts in the sense in which the Standard Oil Company, the American Sugar Refining Company, the United States Steel Company, are trusts — that is, single corporations, producing and distributing the greater part of some particular product. Until President Roosevelt's administration, these trusts had, for the larger part, escaped prosecution under the Sherman Law, the few attempts that had been made to assail them having ingloriously failed.

Meanwhile, in the first twelve years after the passage of the Anti-trust Act, and in the teeth of it, some of the largest monopolistic corporations were formed. Many persons have maintained that the Sherman Law, far from forestalling these corporations, has actually

precipitated them. Their point is that, since this act clearly outlawed trade agreements among independent corporations, these corporations, in order to get control of the situation, have been compelled to amalgamate themselves under one ownership. The Sherman Act made illegal, for example, rate agreements among railroads; as a consequence, in order to control railroad policy, the owners of the great trunk lines have purchased large blocks of stock in each other's property — on what is popularly known as the "community of interest" idea.

GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM 1877 TO 1904, AND ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF THE SHERMAN ANTI-TRUST ACT

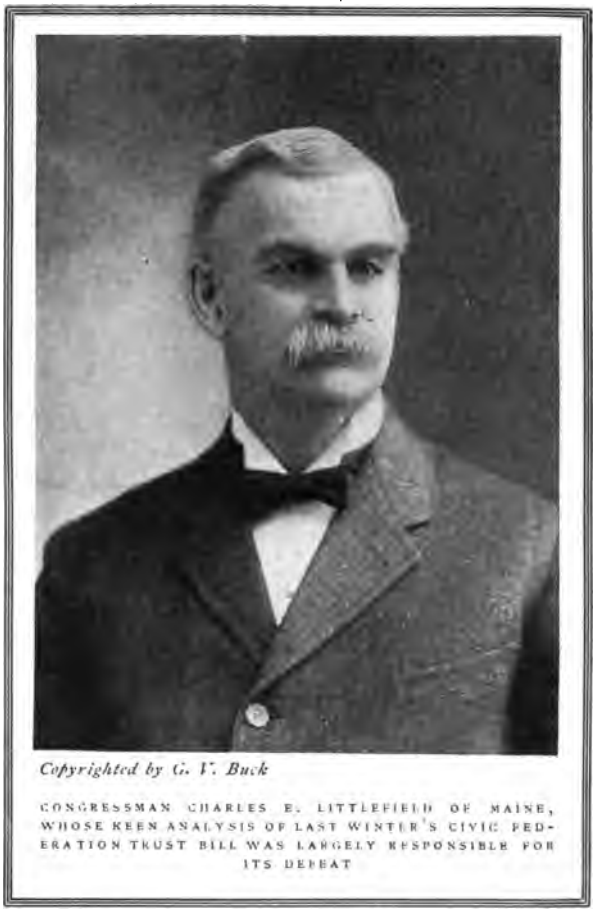
President Roosevelt, however, has succeeded in applying the Sherman Act to the trusts, as that word is popularly understood. The famous Northern Securities case is his greatest victory along that line. In this instance, Mr. J. J. Hill and J. Pierpont Morgan formed a new corporation, the Northern Securities Company, which acquired the actual stock ownership of nine-tenths of the stock of the Northern Pacific Railroad and three-fourths of that of the Great Northern. The Northern Securities Company thus obtained a virtual monopoly of railroad transportation from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Ocean in the northern section of the United States. The Roosevelt administration, relying solely upon the Sherman Act, destroyed this corporation. The administration has followed up this victory by instituting suits against the Standard Oil Company, the American Tobacco Company, and other powerful monopolies.

Labor Unions, as Such, Not Prohibited

Meanwhile, the same law has proved an effective weapon in opposing that other form of combination and restraint against which it was framed, — the labor trust. Under it a new code of federal laws affecting labor unions has developed; and to a large extent it has strengthened the cause of legitimate labor organization. No intelligent person now disputes the right of workingmen to organize. A few labor leaders have publicly declared their apprehension that the Sherman Law prohibits peaceable labor organizations; no man, however, has thus far had the hardihood to raise this question legally; and, in the present state of public opinion as to the rights of labor, no one is likely to. The United States Courts, in decisions defining the scope of the Sherman Act, have specifically stated that it does not prohibit the ordinary peaceful activities of labor unions. Justice White, in a decision of the Supreme Court, has declared that an agreement among "locomotive engineers, firemen, or trainmen engaged in the service of an inter-State railroad not to work for less than a certain named compensation" would not be illegal. William H. Taft, in one of the most important decisions affecting the rights of workmen under the Sherman Act, has defined the situation in words which are now widely accepted as a clear statement of what is not only good law but sound public policy:

The employees of the receiver had the right to organize into or join a labor union which would take action as to the terms of their employment. It is a

benefit to them and to the public that laborers should unite for their common interest and for lawful purposes. They have labor to sell. If they stand together, they are often able, all of them, to obtain better prices for their labor than dealing singly with rich employers, because the necessities of the single employee may compel him to accept any price that is offered. The accumulation of a fund for those who feel that the wages offered are below the legitimate market value of such labor is desirable. They have the right to appoint officers, who shall advise them as to the course to be taken in relations with their employers. They may unite with other unions. The officers they appoint, or any other person they choose to listen to, may advise them as to the proper course to be taken in regard to their common employment; or if they choose to appoint any one, he may order them on pain of expulsion from the union peaceably to leave the employ of their employer because any of the terms of the employment are unsatisfactory.



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CONGRESSMAN CHARLES E. LITTLEFIELD OF MAINE, WHOSE KEEN ANALYSIS OF LAST WINTER'S CIVIC FEDERATION TRUST BILL WAS LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS DEFEAT

It is clearly indicated, therefore, what labor leaders, under the Sherman Act, can do. They have the right to organize, to combine — that is, to form unions; they have the right to refuse to work for wages or terms of employment unsatisfactory to themselves — that is, to strike. Under the Sherman Act, indeed, mere organizations of laboring men are regarded as no more outlawed than ordinary social clubs or college fraternities.

How the Chicago Strike of 1894 Restrained Trade

On the other hand, labor leaders know what, under the Sherman Act, they can not do. They cannot enter into combinations that restrain trade. This vital point has been settled in several important proceedings — those involving the Chicago disturbances in 1894, and, more recently, the decision just handed down in the matter of the Danbury Hatters. These cases so clearly show the bearing of the Sherman Act upon illegal labor practices, that they may profitably be reviewed here.

In 1894 the employees of the Pullman Palace Car Company of Chicago struck for higher wages. These employees were not railway men; they were workmen engaged in the manufacture of railway cars. In spite of this, about four thousand had been admitted to membership in the American Railway Union, an organization of railroad operatives, which, under the vigorous management of Eugene V. Debs, had acquired a membership of 250,000, and a correspondingly great power in the field of railroad labor. In order to help the Pullman workmen in their struggle with the Pullman Company, the American Railway Union declared what was in effect a boycott upon all railroads using Pullman cars. Nearly all the larger American railroads had entered into contracts with the Pullman Company, by which parlor and sleeping cars were to be used on their trains. Debs now demanded that these railroads should break their contracts, and thereby, of course, become responsible for heavy damages to the Pullman Company. In other words, he demanded that all American railroads cease patronizing the Pullman Company because of its "unfair" attitude toward union labor; that is, he started a boycott against the Pullman Company. When the railroad companies refused to meet his demand, he ordered out all American Railway Union men employed on these lines. He even declared

war upon several of the Vanderbilt roads, which had no Pullman sleepers, operating instead the Wagner cars. In effect, in order that several thousand workmen in Chicago might profitably settle their private grievances with their employers, Debs proposed practically to end railroad communication in the larger part of the United States.

"The gigantic character of the conspiracy," said William H. Taft in a well-known decision resulting from these proceedings, "staggers the imagination. The railroads have become as necessary to the life and health and comfort of the people of this country as are the arteries to the human body." The larger part of our food supply, for example, is furnished by means of the railway; the interruption of railroad transportation for any considerable period would, among other calamities, bring famine upon large sections of the country. In Chicago, in Cincinnati, and in other large cities, Debs despatched his lieutenants with orders to tie up all railroads using Pullman cars. He gave particular instructions to interfere with freight trains, since freight was the main source of railroad revenue. In many places riots followed; in Chicago, strikers began wrecking trains, blowing up bridges, burning freight yards, tearing up tracks — indeed, nearly all the twenty-three railroads centering in that city ceased operations. The fundamental principles of the constitution, guaranteeing the safety of life and property, had apparently given way to lawlessness and anarchy. In the opinion of Grover Cleveland, then President of the United States, these proceedings constituted a "conspiracy in restraint of trade" among the States, and as such were prohibited by the Sherman Act. That the purpose and effect of Debs' proceedings was to restrain trade is sufficiently clear; indeed, no more complete restraint than the cessation of railroad communication could be imagined. Trade in this case was not only restrained; it was entirely stopped. That the means by which this was to be accomplished had all the essential elements of the inter-State boycott has also been shown. In several cities, acting under the President's instructions, United States district attorneys obtained injunctions on the ground that the strike leaders were violating the Sherman Act, and also interfering with the carriage of United States mails. In Chicago Eugene V. Debs was enjoined, and, when he disobeyed the injunction, was arrested and afterward sentenced to six months' imprisonment. In Cincinnati his associate, Frank W. Phelan, was likewise enjoined and likewise imprisoned for contempt. It was his act as judge in sending Phelan to prison for violating the Sherman Law that first made William H. Taft a national figure. The circuit courts* decided, in several cases, that the combination formed by Debs against nearly all the trunk lines was a boycott, "a conspiracy in restraint of trade," and punished the leaders, under the Sherman Act. William H. Taft declared that "the combination is in the teeth of the act of July 2, 1890."

The Danbury Hatters Attempt to "Restrain Trade"

This boycott involved violence as an incident; the Supreme Court, however, has recently taken still more advanced ground, and decided that a peaceable boycott also violates the Sherman Act. In the last fifteen years a terrific warfare has raged between the American Federation of Labor and nearly all American manufacturers of hats. The American Federation has a membership variously estimated at from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000, including workmen in practically every State and Territory. It is, as its name implies, a central association organized for the purpose of bringing into one effective machine all the local labor organizations scattered throughout the country. It is an association of associations, and, as indicating its national scope, has its headquarters in Washington. It keeps constantly in touch with its membership through its monthly publication, the American Federationist, as well as through the many journals of the unions with which it is affiliated. It regularly employs nearly one thousand agents who continually push the interests of its members in the larger part of the United States and Canada. Mr. Samuel Gompers constantly uses this organization for the prosecution of inter-State boycotts. In his petition to intervene in the Danbury Hatters case, Mr. Gompers stated, over his own signature, that "the constitution of said American Federation of Labor makes special provision for the prosecution of boycotts, so-called, when instituted by a constituent or affiliated organization." In a public speech on May 1, 1908, Mr. Gompers declared that the Supreme Court might "as well dissolve and destroy the organization of labor as to enforce these decisions"— that is, the decisions against boycotts. Obviously, the Federation of Labor has an advantageous organization for work of this kind. A local union, with membership extending not beyond the limits of a town or State, could make little headway against a

* In the Debs case the Circuit Court based its decision almost entirely upon the Sherman Law. The Supreme Court of the United States, in affirming this decision, rested mainly on the broader question of the interference with the United States mails. Justice Brewer, however, who wrote the decision, specifically said that this fact did not mean that the Supreme Court dissented from the grounds on which the lower tribunal had decided the case.

manufacturer against whose goods it had declared a boycott, inasmuch as his trade usually extends over a large area. The American Federation of Labor, however, by embracing the local unions' cause can make the boycott effective in practically every part of the country. In the last twelve years, Mr. Gompers' organization has declared four hundred and eight boycotts.

In particular, it has prosecuted with considerable success boycotts against the manufacturers of fur hats. About ten years ago, Mr. Gompers, working with the United Hatters of North America, inaugurated an elaborate program to compel all such manufacturers to unionize their shops. By using their well-known methods, they have brought to terms seventy out of the eighty-two manufacturers in this country. The firm of D. L. Loewe & Co. of Danbury, Connecticut, however, had persistently refused to comply with these demands. Mr. Loewe was not a large manufacturer; he had, however, built up a prosperous business, and, though he had never shown any hostility to union labor, had insisted on maintaining an open shop. In 1901 the United Hatters' Union practically ordered him to discharge his non-union men and unionize his factory. Mr. Loewe again refused to do this, and a strike immediately followed. Mr. Loewe, however, promptly engaged new non-union men, and soon his factory was running as busily and as profitably as before.

Mr. Gompers then brought the whole machinery of his organization to bear upon this recalcitrant hatter. On July 25, 1902, the Federation of Labor and the United Hatters declared a boycott against his products. They denounced this concern in their several publications as "unfair,"and notified nearly all the wholesale and retail hat dealers throughout the United States that they must not handle the Loewe goods, under pain of being boycotted themselves. It is said that their agents kept espionage, in Danbury, over all freight consignments from the Loewe factory, and thus obtained a fairly complete list of their customers; committees of labor men in many cities waited upon these customers, and, in several instances, persuaded them to drop the Loewe hats. Some firms who refused to obey this dictation were themselves boycotted; and, in San Francisco, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Richmond, the boycott was pursued with particular virulence. The Federation went so far as to grant a special dispensation to its members to purchase hats made by other non-union labor, rather than patronize the Loewe brand. Mr. Loewe, though he suffered enormous loss as a result of these proceedings, pluckily kept up the fight. Under the Sherman Law, an aggrieved citizen is authorized to bring private suit against persons engaged in a conspiracy to restrain his trade, and, if he successfully maintains his case, may recover three-fold damages. Mr. Loewe quietly went to work and had made an inventory of all property-holders actively engaged in boycotting his goods. He then brought suits for $340,000 damages against a large number of labor men, filing in the District Court 240 separate attachments. The Supreme Court of the United States made short work of this case. Chief Justice Fuller, who wrote the decision, declared that "the combination described in the declaration is a combination 'in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States' in the sense in which these words are used in the act, and the action can be maintained accordingly." An interesting feature of the case is that the decision of the Supreme Court was unanimous. In nearly all the other proceedings involving the Sherman Law — the Trans-Missouri case, the Northern Securities — the government has won by a bare majority; every member of the Supreme bench, however, at once concluded that Mr. Gompers' activities against the firm of D. L. Loewe & Co. restrained inter-State trade, and thus violated the Sherman Law.

Thus, in eighteen years, the Sherman Act has proved an effective weapon against the two forms of trust and conspiracy with which the public is most familiar — combinations of capitalists to restrain inter-State trade and arbitrarily fix prices, and combinations of labor unions organized for the prosecution of inter-State boycotts. It strikes impartially the Northern Securities Company and the American Federation of Labor; it does not discriminate between the activities of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and of Mr. Samuel Gompers. At the last session of Congress, the two forces which it opposes bent all their energies to destroy this law; in all probability they will renew and redouble their efforts this winter.

National Civic Federation Attempts to Amend the Law

For many years the National Civic Federation has been collecting data bearing upon the trust and labor problem. In 1899 it held a trust conference; and again, in October, 1907, it called a large meeting at Chicago for the consideration of the trust situation. Delegates appointed by the governors of forty-two States and representatives of more than ninety commercial, agricultural, and labor organizations contributed to these discussions. Referring to these Chicago proceedings, Mr. Theodore Marburg,

one of the participants, said before the Judiciary Committee in Washington last winter: "Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler sounded the note of attack upon the Sherman Anti-trust Law. . . . I take it that the gentlemen will agree with me that it was a dominant note of that conference." As a result, a bill radically amending the Sherman Anti-trust Act was introduced in Congress at the last session. Its most active sponsors in Washington were Seth Low, president of the National Civic Federation, Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks of Cornell, and Samuel Gompers, president of the Federation of Labor. Well-known men who had participated in the conference that preceded the framing of the bill were E. H. Gary, chairman of the Board of the United States Steel Corporation, Henry L. Higginson, Isaac N. Seligman, and James Speyer and August Belmont, bankers. Francis Lynde Stetson, chief counsel for the United States Steel Corporation and other Morgan corporations, and Victor Morawetz, counsel for the Santa Fé Railroad, wrote the drafts. This latter fact was publicly stated by Mr. Low and Mr. Jenks in the course of the hearings before the Judiciary Committee. The authorship of the bill was early brought out in the following colloquy between Congressman Charles E. Littlefield and Mr. Low:

MR. LITTLEFIELD: Right there, Mr. Low, if there is no objection, who are the people that actually participated in the preparation of the bill? Who are the men who actually drew it?

MR. LOW: We conferred with Judge Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation.

MR. LITTLEFIELD: E. H. Gary, president of their board of directors?

MR. LOW: E. H. Gary. The lawyers actually engaged in the drafting of the bill were Mr. Stetson——

MR. LITTLEFIELD: That is, Francis Lynde Stetson?

MR. LOW: Francis Lynde Stetson; and Mr. Morawetz.

MR. LITTLEFIELD: Victor Morawetz?

MR. LOW: Victor Morawetz.

At another time, Mr. Low described Mr. Stetson and Mr. Morawetz as "the drafters" of the bill. Herbert Knox Smith, commissioner of corporations, also had a hand in framing the measure. President Roosevelt openly indorsed it and sent in an emergency message urging, among other things, its passage. Extensive hearings, extending through several months, were held before the Judiciary Committee. Many representatives of capital and labor appeared in favor of the measure. Although Congressman Littlefield, who presided over these hearings, many times expressed his wish to examine Mr. Stetson and Mr. Morawetz, these gentlemen never appeared. Although Mr. Low promised that they would submit a brief, explaining several disputed legal points, they never did so. The burden of discussing the many intricate legal points that constantly arose rested entirely upon the shoulders of Mr. Low and Professor Jenks, neither of whom had had any legal training. Through the efforts of Congressman Littlefield, James A. Emery, counsel for the National Association for Industrial Defense, and Daniel Davenport, counsel for the Anti-Boycott Association, the proposed law was defeated, but the proceedings are of great interest and importance as illustrating the changes desired by both labor and capital in the present anti-trust law.

Gompers Asks that the Boycott be Legalized

Mr. Gompers' demands were entirely simple and direct. He wished labor unions entirely exempted from the operations of the Sherman Act. That law, if properly respected and enforced, would practically put an end to Mr. Gompers' occupation. Referring lately in a public speech to the effect of a recent court decision against inter-State boycotts, Mr. Gompers quoted, as applicable to his own organization, Shylock's speech in "The Merchant of Venice," "You might as well take from me my life as take from me the means whereby I live." Mr. Gompers' chief interest in the Civic Federation bill, therefore, was a clause which specifically declared that the Anti-trust Act should not be so interpreted "as to interfere with or restrict any right of employees to strike for any cause or to combine or to contract with each other or with employers for the purpose of peaceably obtaining from employers satisfactory terms of their labor or satisfactory conditions of employment." Mr. Low and Mr. Jenks denied that this language legalized the boycott; Congressman Littlefield, however, and many other opponents of the measure, emphatically asserted that it did. Such sweeping concessions as *"to strike for any cause"* and *"to combine or to contract with each other or with employers for the purpose of peaceably obtaining from employers satisfactory terms,"* it was maintained, clearly authorized such boycotts as that prosecuted against the Danbury Hatters. That proceeding, it was pointed out, was entirely peaceable — there was no law-breaking, no rioting, no bloodshed. It would also legalize, it was said, many of those arrangements between labor unions and employers — by which employers' associations contract to employ only members of certain labor unions, the latter, on their part, contracting to work only for certain employers — which were brought to such perfection by the late Sam Parks. Mr. Gompers demanded that, if the

clause in question did not authorize boycotts, another should be substituted which did; to make the case sure, therefore, he proposed an amendment which did so in no uncertain tone. The following extract from the record clearly defines Mr. Gompers' position:

MR. LITTLEFIELD: Now, Mr. Gompers, a word. Would this amendment you suggest, if it became a law, authorize the prosecution of such a boycott as was attempted in the Danbury Hatters' case, which was in violation of the Sherman Anti-trust Law? Is that the purpose?

MR. GOMPERS: One of the purposes; yes, sir. That case was brought under the Sherman Anti-trust Law.

MR. LITTLEFIELD: Yes. And the purpose of the amendment you have offered is to relieve you from the operation of the Sherman Anti-trust Law as construed by the court in that case?

MR. GOMPERS: Yes, sir.

MR. LITTLEFIELD: And to authorize that kind of an inter-State boycott?

MR. GOMPERS: Yes, sir.

MR. LITTLEFIELD: Do you, as the representative of organized labor, favor the boycott, both as an inter-State and a local proposition?

MR. GOMPERS: I do, sir.

MR. LITTLEFIELD: And your organization stands for that?

MR. GOMPERS: It does, sir.*

Government to Discriminate Between Good and Bad Trusts

As to monopolistic corporations, the proposed act placed them entirely under the supervision of the executive branch of the government. If you wished to form a trust, or enter into a restraining contract, and, at the same time, to escape the prohibition of the Sherman Act, you would first, under the provision of this bill, submit the proposed arrangement to the Commissioner of Corporations and answer such questions as he saw fit to ask. If he gave approval, you could go ahead and carry out the deal, practically secure against further interference. If he disapproved, you would be liable to attack under the Sherman Act. In fact, the administration was to be given arbitrary power to discriminate between good and bad trusts, to separate the corporation sheep from the corporation goats. "You are all right," it could say to one combination; "you are all wrong," it could say to another. The federal government, in other words, was to rule absolutely the business activities of nearly 80,000,000 of people; merely by a word it could authorize a gigantic combination like the United States Steel Company, and prohibit another like the Standard Oil.

* In Justice to Mr. Low and Mr Jenks it should be said that they disclaimed any intention of indorsing a bill which authorized the boycott. They afterward amended the clause in question by authorizing employees "to strike for any cause not unlawful at common law," which modification leads into many legal fogs which it is hardly worth while to enter in this place.

"Reasonable" and "Unreasonable" Combinations

The above statement gives the effect and not precisely the form of the proposed legislation. What its authors really hoped to accomplish was executive discrimination between those combinations and those restraints of trade which were reasonable and those which were unreasonable. They based their measure upon the theory that certain combinations, even many whose tendency is to restrain trade and increase prices to the consumer, may still work for the public interest. The word "reasonable" has played an important part in the history of the Sherman Act. In several cases the corporations, in contesting the law, have made the claim that this act did not prohibit all combinations in restraint of trade, but only those which were "unreasonable." They set up this defense most strongly in the famous Trans-Missouri case, already described. Eighteen railroads, it may be repeated, had formed an association for the purpose of fixing freight rates. James C. Carter, who argued the case, strongly asserted that such an agreement was beneficial both to the railroads and to the public; the history of railroads having conclusively proved that cut-throat competition inevitably led to bankruptcy and demoralization in railroad service. He therefore claimed that the proposed restraint in trade was "reasonable" and consequently not prohibited by the Sherman Act. The Supreme Court, by a majority of five to four, rejected this theory. The Sherman Act, it pointed out, in express language made illegal "*every* contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy, in restraint of trade"; and made "*every* person" who was a party to such contract a criminal. It left absolutely no leeway — it did not discriminate in the remotest degree between those which were reasonable and those which were not. Since then all demands for the modification of the act have hinged upon this one point.

Andrew Carnegie on Combinations

This demand, of course, has precipitated a very nice problem in definition. What is a reasonable combination? What is an unreasonable one? What is a good trust? What is a bad one? Upon this all-important question the many weary hearings extending through four months before the Judiciary Committee last winter shed practically no light. The Civic Federation bill was based upon this fundamental distinction; and a large number of distinguished citizens appeared in favor of it. Congressman Littlefield, as each speaker ap-

peared before the Committee, asked him to give a concrete illustration of a combination, forbidden by the Sherman Act, which really promoted the public interest and was therefore "reasonable." Mr. Seth Low frankly admitted that he could name no concrete case of the kind. He caused some amusement, however, when he read a letter from Andrew Carnegie touching upon this very subject. "One point seems to me essential," wrote Mr. Carnegie, "without it, little general progress can be made; namely, when new combinations are proposed, the first question must always be 'what is the object sought?' *In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it will undoubtedly be to rob the community of its right to the benefits of free competition, disguise it as one may;* therefore the Commissioner's duty is to obtain satisfactory proof that the application is to cover an exceptional case. The conditions must be peculiar, as those of common carriers and steel-rail agreements are." Mr. Carnegie's statement that ninety-nine per cent of trade agreements are made for the purpose of "robbing the community" and his implication that the exceptional one per cent are the agreements involving the manufacturers of steel rails, naturally provoked much hilarity.

Only two other illustrations were furnished of benevolent combinations. Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, commissioner of corporations, instanced a proposed agreement among lumber men to cut only a certain amount of timber each year, the ostensible purpose being to prevent the wanton destruction of the forests. It appeared, however, that the real purpose of such an agreement was not to preserve the forests, but to restrict the output, and increase prices, and consequently the profits of the lumber men. Another illustration offered was the combination of patent medicine dealers to fix prices and prohibit price cutting — the object, it was said, being to prevent the unfair competition of large department stores with retail druggists. But this, in the last analysis, was generally believed to be a concerted attempt to destroy competition and enhance the profits of patent medicine makers. Congressman Littlefield insisted, throughout the entire proceedings, that the fundamental purpose of forbidden combinations was to control the product and thereby increase the price to the consumer. If there were any combinations that did not have that purpose or result, then the Sherman Act, according to Mr. Littlefield's analysis, did not prohibit them. Thus in all attempts to define practically reasonableness and unreasonableness, as applied to trade agreements, the statement was repeatedly made that the large part of the business of this country was done in violation of law; that business men lived constantly in a state of terror from the fear of its enforcement; that its presence on the statute books largely explained existing business depression. When it came to defining precisely what they wished to do, however, none of those who favored the bill became specific. The thing finally simmered down to a statement by Mr. Low that the law was "a very important element in the psychological condition of business men to-day."

Indulgences to be Granted to Corporations

This particular power of defining reasonableness and unreasonableness, however, the proposed law centered in the President, acting through the Commissioner of Corporations. It provided a limited system of federal registration for corporations, and, in a modified form, for federal license and publicity — the two circumstances which probably led President Roosevelt to support the measure. In effect it granted indulgences to corporations to combine, provided they would do certain things. The Sherman Law, as it stands to-day, was not specifically to be repealed; it was simply to be waived in favor of those combinations and trusts which paid the price of these indulgences. In order to obtain absolution, the offending corporation must do two things: register with the Bureau of Corporations and answer such questions as might be propounded to it. The bill authorized the President to determine precisely what information should be exacted, and also to change from time to time the requirements regarding data. That is, for registered corporations, it gave the executive branch of the government absolute inquisitorial power. Registered corporations had the right to file with the Bureau any agreement or contract or combination to which it became a party — the precise kind of transactions made illegal by the Sherman Act. The Commissioner had thirty days in which to examine such contracts; if, within that period, he declared them in reasonable restraint of trade, then they became practically legal.* If not, then they could be proceeded against under the Sherman Law. The chief point of criticism in this arrangement was the stipulation for a thirty-day period during which the Commissioner must pass upon these contracts. This, it was asserted, was the loophole by which the corporations were to secure immunity. The Commissioner must declare these contracts reasonable or unreasonable

* The bill provided, it is true, that the contracts might still be assailed on the ground of unreasonableness. The practical effect, however, it was generally conceded—virtually admitted by Herbert Knox Smith—would be to give them immunity for all time.

within thirty days; if he failed to act upon them in that time, they became reasonable, precisely as if he had declared them to be so. How, it has been asked, could the Bureau possibly act intelligently within that period upon many of the exceedingly intricate questions which would come up for judgment? Whether a contract is reasonable, of course, largely depends upon the way it affects prices. An examination would therefore frequently involve an economic study of the particular trade, as well as the organization of the particular corporation involved. It would be necessary to go deeply into capitalization, values behind this capitalization, cost of production, wages, transportation charges and so on. There are said to be more than 200,000 corporations in existence. Supposing half or a quarter should register,— how could the Bureau possible examine them within thirty days? Would it be possible to investigate the United States Steel Corporation within that period? Under the suggested law, however, unless the Commissioner passed judgment within this time, all these contracts and combinations would automatically receive a certificate of good character. In their interest, the Sherman Act would practically be repealed.

In the main, this provision referred to contracts made and combinations to be formed in the future; another section practically extended immunity to all contracts and combinations now in existence. Nearly all trusts organized in the last forty years, and all restraining agreements, were to become valid. The government was to have a year in which to institute proceedings against such corporations as declined to register. If it failed to do so within this time, then these combinations could never be attacked on any ground whatever, and became regularly fixed institutions. As there are about five hundred corporations popularly known as trusts and myriads of trade agreements now forbidden, the law department, it was suggested, would have its hands full if it attempted to bring suit against them all within twelve months. Moreover, after the passage of the proposed act, the government could not proceed against any combination except on one ground — that it was an unreasonable restraint of trade. Under the Sherman Act, it will be remembered, it can prosecute without any reference to the question as to whether the restraint is reasonable or not. If the act had passed, in other words, the position of the government would have been this: within a year it could have assailed the trusts only on the grounds of unreasonableness; after the expiration of a year it could assail them on no ground whatever. A saving clause, however, provided that the government could prosecute all actions already begun. That is, it could follow up to the end the pending cases against the Standard Oil, the American Tobacco Company and other corporations against which it has already started suit. It could not prosecute, however, the United States Steel Corporation, for it has instituted no proceeding in that direction. It was the Attorney of the United States Steel Corporation, Mr. Francis Lynde Stetson, who had a large hand in framing the bill.

These facts have led many observers to believe that the bill in question represented an underhanded attempt, by large corporations, especially the United States Steel, practically to remove the Sherman Anti-trust Law from the statute book. Mr. E. H. Gary and Mr. George W. Perkins spent many days in Congress while the bill was under discussion, though they did not once openly appear before the committee. No criticism affecting the good faith of Mr. Low and Professor Jenks, the most active open advocates of the bill, was put forth. The discussion disclosed the fact, however, that the Sherman Act, as it stands at present, has many friends. Organizations interested in curbing the unlawful activities of labor unions insisted that that law, as interpreted by the Supreme Court, is practically the only protection American industry has against the boycott. Repeal or seriously modify it, they declared, and a régime of labor union terrorism far surpassing any hitherto known in any country, would at once begin. The plan of Mr. Gompers and his associates to shelve this law, they insisted, was merely part of their general scheme to remove all legal restraints from the operations of labor unions. Opinions did not seem quite so unanimous as to the wisdom of the Sherman Act in its bearings upon corporations. Though many declared that this measure is too sweeping and drastic, and should be amended, no one has yet suggested any practical way of framing a new law. No one who has studied the problem of trust regulation, it is believed, has thus far hit upon a plan that, while it gives greater leeway to the corporations, protects the public from arbitrarily high prices and other exactions. There is thus a growing conviction that the act passed by the great constitutional lawyers of 1890 represents the best attainable result in this direction. It has not stopped the growth of trusts, it is true; but whether that is because it does not furnish the means or because it has not been sufficiently enforced, is the disputed question. "What is needed," recently said ex-Senator Edmunds, the man who was the real author of the Sherman Act, "is not so much more legislation as competent and earnest administration of the laws that exist."

THE ETERNAL FEMININE

BY

TEMPLE BAILEY

IF it had been any one but Anne Beaumont!

"I don't like turning conventionalities topsy-turvy, Sophie," she said, as we went downstairs; "I don't believe I can ever ask a man to dance with me."

"Other women do," I murmured.

"My husband would never have agreed to such a thing," Anne stated.

That is where Anne always had the advantage of me. Although she had been a widow for five years, she still quoted the authoritative masculine point of view, while I, having in my teens chosen a career instead of a husband, and never having rectified my mistake, was forced to fall back on the unsupported feminine.

"Perhaps you'd rather sit out the dances," was my somewhat malicious way of putting it.

Anne, poised like a white butterfly on the landing, turned on me a reproachful glance.

"No woman would rather be a wallflower," she affirmed.

"Of course not," I returned promptly, "and I don't believe it is going to be very bad after the first plunge."

Anne leaned over the stair rail and surveyed the formidable group of men in the lower hall. "It's dreadful," she said. Then, gathering about her a scarf of silver tissue, she commanded, "You go first, Sophie," and we descended together.

At the foot of the stairs, Charlemagne Dabney met us.

"Charlie, boy," Anne said plaintively, "ask me to dance with you. I simply can't get used to the leap-year idea ——"

And I, having prepared to blunder into a formal, "May I have the pleasure?" was so illumined by her method that I employed it with success — for though I lacked Anne's appealing coquetry, I challenged old friends, and my card was soon filled.

But Anne did not depend on old friends. She danced with the count from Hungary, the multi-millionaire from the West, the Senator from Kentucky, and to fill up spaces she fell back on Charlemagne Dabney.

"I think it was lovely of you," she told him at supper, "to open the house for the week-end and the dance. Only, it's too bad that you insist on the leap-year idea for the whole time."

Across the table Elizabeth Ames sparkled radiantly. "I like it. I didn't dance with a single bore, and before I go home I am going to ask all of the men to marry me!"

Anne's face wore its most gracious expression, but I knew how she felt. Elizabeth is eighteen and pretty. Anne is twice eighteen and pretty. And there's a difference.

Anne opened her eyes very wide and said to Charlemagne, "You see what you've done? Elizabeth is going to ask you to marry her."

Charlemagne smiled at Elizabeth. "No such good luck. There are too many young fellows who will accept her before she gives me the chance."

Elizabeth laughed back, "Don't be too sure that you'll escape."

Anne's delicate eyebrows were raised. "Of course she is joking; no woman would really ask a man ——"

Charlemagne sighed. "I wish one woman would."

Anne's lashes fluttered. "Why don't you ask her?" she challenged.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I feel weak in the knees when I think of it," he said, "for fear she might say 'no'."

"Faint heart," I murmured, but no one paid any attention to me.

It seemed to me, after that, as if some of the brightness had gone out of Elizabeth's face. But Anne fairly scintillated. And she was exceedingly amiable to Elizabeth.

"Ask the count first," I heard her say, "he's simply charming."

Elizabeth flung up her head in a quick way. She was all in sheer pale yellow, bordered with daffodils, and there was a twist of gold ribbon in her fair hair. Only extreme youth could have worn it, and, as she flashed her answer back to Anne, I had never seen her more beautiful.

"The count wouldn't have me as a precious gift," she said. "I'm too crude. He likes a more finished product — like you, dear Mrs. Beaumont."

"Now, what do you suppose she meant by that?" said Anne that night, when we were in our kimonos and were comforting our complexions with cold cream. "Do you think she meant it for a compliment, or was it a reflection on my age?"

"No one can reflect on your age," I told her. "Nobody knows it but Charlemagne and me, and we won't tell."

"That's the advantage of living on the other side and coming back to meet the younger generation," said Anne; "they haven't kept tab on the years."

She got up and moved restlessly about the room. With the cream on her face and with her hair down, she looked old, and I had a vision of Elizabeth in the yellow gown.

Perhaps something of my thought showed, for Anne stopped suddenly and gazed into a long mirror set in the door. "Oh, youth, youth, Sophie," she cried.

"Anne," I said, "come away from that mirror. No one can be beautiful with her face full of cold cream."

She laughed and dropped down on the rug in front of me, and after a while she said, "Did you hear what he said to-night?"

"About wishing a certain woman would ask him?"

"Yes. He will never ask me, Sophie. He thinks I am still mourning my husband — he thinks I don't care ——"

There wasn't much to be said after that. But before I left her, I whispered, "Why don't you tell him, Anne?"

Anne's shocked eyes condemned me. "Oh, Sophie, as if a woman *could!*"

I passed Elizabeth Ames' room on my way to my own, and she called to me, "Come in, Miss Sophie."

"It's so late," I protested, standing on the threshold.

But she was insistent. "Please come," she begged.

"You ought to be in bed," I scolded, "getting your beauty sleep."

But even as I said it, I knew she didn't need it, for she was as daintily fresh as a rose. Her fair hair hung down in two heavy braids over her white gown. She looked like a lovely child.

"Miss Sophie," she said abruptly, when she had put me into a big chair in front of the fire, "tell me about Anne Beaumont and Mr. Dabney ——"

"What about them?" I asked innocently.

"Were they in love with each other—years ago — before she married Mr. Beaumont?"

I nodded. "They were engaged, and Anne was very young. She had never seen much of other men, and when Mr. Beaumont came along, with his air of foreign distinction, she was fascinated and broke off her engagement. But she never really cared for Mr. Beaumont ——"

"And you think Mr. Dabney has — has stayed single for her sake?"

"I think so. Yes."

"And you think he loves her still ——?"

"You heard what he said to-night?"

"I don't call that love," she cried. "If he cared, he'd tell her. He couldn't help it. It would just come — if he really loved her ——"

"He thinks that she has never cared — and he isn't an impetuous boy ——"

"I know — but he's a *man.*" She was all aglow. "And if he cared, his heart would say, 'I love you, I love you, I love you,' and then his lips would say it ——"

"You believe, then, that he doesn't care for her?"

"His allegiance is a memory — an old dream — of the girl she was, not of the woman she is. Isn't she older than he, Miss Sophie?"

"She is younger," I said gravely.

"She seems older — and — it's spoiling his life. He — he won't look at another woman — because in a way he feels bound to her. Some day I'm going to tell him."

I stared at her. "Tell him what, Elizabeth?"

"That he is throwing away his happiness — that there are other women."

She had risen and stood in front of me with her hand on her heart. Her eyes were like stars, and the radiance of youth shone from within and round about her. If Charlemagne should see her in such a mood ——

I thought of Anne, dear Anne.

"Elizabeth," I said sharply, "if you should tell him that, he would think — that you — cared."

She swept out her arms in a charming gesture of surrender.

"Well, if he did," she cried, defiantly, "what then?"

All that night Elizabeth and Anne contended in my dreams, and in the morning, worn to a frazzle, I went down to breakfast, to find that Elizabeth had gone for a ride with Charlemagne, and that Anne was still in bed.

I drifted into the library and found there a circle of somewhat fagged-out feminines. The men were riding or on the links.

From the light bits of conversation that were wafted to me as I sat and read in the window-

seat, I gathered that most of the women took Charlemagne's leap-year idea as a joke, but I knew that to Elizabeth and Anne the question presented itself seriously, and that each would settle it in her own way, and according to the tradition of her own time.

For that education and environment had made the difference, I did not doubt. Had Elizabeth been born eighteen years earlier, when women were taught the mysteries of advance and retreat, that coquetry was their best weapon, and that man must always be the wooer, she might have felt all of Anne's shrinking from a revelation of herself; whereas had Anne been brought up in the later days when boys and girls mingle in close comradeship, when plays and books subtly analyze the state of woman as the pursuer and man as the pursued, she might have been as frank about her feelings as Elizabeth.

Hence, I argued, they were both of them what their generation had made them, and I, who loved Anne, and adored her for her womanliness, was yet forced to admit the potency of Elizabeth's youth, and the charm of her complete surrender.

After a time the men began to drift in, and I heard the multi-millionaire from the West inquiring for Elizabeth. He was a big, broad-shouldered fellow, sure of himself, but not unpleasantly so, and when he couldn't find the girl he wanted, he came over and talked to me.

"Say," he began at once, "it's all tommyrot about this leap-year business. When I want a girl to do anything, I want to ask her. It makes me feel foolish to have to wait for her to come to me. I wish Dabney would cut it out."

"But think what an opportunity for a girl to get what *she* wants," I said.

"They don't know what they want," he stated dogmatically. "The way to win a woman is to pick her up and put her on a horse and run away with her——"

"Suppose she doesn't care to be run away with?" I asked.

"Oh, she'd settle down to it," he said securely; "and besides that, I can't really imagine a nice girl asking a man to marry her."

I thought of Elizabeth as she had stood with her hand on her heart and had hurled defiance at conventions.

"Girls are hard to understand," I murmured.

"Oh, I don't know," he contended. "If a man gets right down to primitive principles and keeps after her, he'll get her — and it makes me hot to think I am wasting valuable time trying to stick to Dabney's old rules, when I have to go back West again on Monday."

I wanted to be sure, so I murmured, "Of course it's Elizabeth Ames?"

"Who else?" he demanded. "Oh, I'm going to jump over the traces, Miss Sophie, and let her know I mean business. This thing of sitting around and letting her go off with another man — you know she's riding with Dabney this morning?"

I nodded.

"He's twice her age, and she *thinks* she likes him. Girls get romantic streaks, and Dabney's the kind they put up on a pedestal, but he isn't any more suited to her than — a bunch of beets——"

"I suppose not," was all the response I dared venture in the face of such an outpouring of eloquence.

"They are coming now," he said, and through the window I saw them — Elizabeth, looking like a little girl in her three-cornered hat, with her hair tied with a broad black ribbon, and Charlemagne sitting his horse like a centaur.

The Westerner deserted me at once, and, the rest of the guests following, I was left alone in the library.

I curled up in the window-seat, drew the curtains to shield me from the gaze of those who might step within, and tried to take forty winks to make up for the four hundred I had missed the night before.

But I couldn't sleep. Elizabeth and Anne — Anne and Elizabeth! I couldn't get their affairs out of my mind. Would Elizabeth propose, would Anne, would Charlemagne, would the multi-millionaire? Again and again I tried to fit together their widely different theories, until in despair I wished that Charlemagne and his leap-year week-end had not tempted me from my maidenly apartment in town, where the worries of lovers were confined to my manuscripts.

And even as I pondered, I heard Elizabeth's voice saying, as she came in from the porch, "I suppose you think I am awfully forward to make you spend all your morning with me——"

As he followed her into the library, Charlemagne laughed. "I might feel flattered," he said, "if I didn't know you were doing it to make McChesney furious."

McChesney was the multi-millionaire.

"McChesney?" Elizabeth's tone was startled.

"Don't hedge," Charlemagne teased. "He's bound to win out, Elizabeth. No woman can escape a man when he goes for her like that. You might as well give in."

"I shall never give in."

"He's a nice fellow."

"He's not my ideal——" there was a pathetic note of appeal in her young voice.

"Ah — ideals ——" Charlemagne had dropped his banter. "Don't spoil your happiness looking for the ideal man — he's like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow — something we hear of, but have never seen."

There was a heavy silence. Then Elizabeth said, catching her breath, "But — but I have found my ideal, Mr. Dabney."

"You have? And it's not McChesney?"

I peeped at them through the curtain. They were in big wicker chairs in front of the door that led to the porch. Elizabeth had taken off her coat, showing her thin white blouse with its crisp frills. Her cheeks were as pink as the rose which she picked to pieces with nervous fingers.

"No," she said tremulously, "it's — it's not Mr. McChesney."

I held my breath. Would she dare?

"It's — it's a man much older than I am," she went on, "and — and I don't know that he has ever thought of me — in that way — perhaps if he had, he might like me — a little ——"

I am sure that Charlemagne felt the charm of her youth, as she made her little confession, and I am just as sure that he was absolutely innocent that he was the object of it.

"He would undoubtedly love you more than a little," he said heartily. "Look here, Elizabeth, you won't mind telling me who he is — will you ——?"

Here was an opportunity holding out open arms, and did Elizabeth embrace it as beseemed an advocate of woman's right to woo?

Not she! She simply gasped in a panic-stricken way and stood up.

"Oh, *no*," she whispered, with her cheeks flaming, "I couldn't — I couldn't tell any one."

Before Charlemagne could answer, McChesney blundered in.

"Say ——" he stopped dead still on the threshold, "I think this is a case of monopoly. I'm tired of hanging around waiting for the girl I want. I am going to break the rules, Dabney, and ask Miss Ames to take me for a walk in the rose garden."

And Elizabeth actually turned to him with an air of relief.

"Oh, yes," she said breathlessly, "I'd love it!"

And away they went. And Charlemagne, turning back into the library, met Anne Beaumont coming in at the other door.

She wore a thin, trailing white gown, and there were dark shadows under her eyes. She looked tired and fragile and every day of her thirty-six years.

"Anne!" Charlemagne said, as if for him all the morning stars sang together.

Anne dropped into the chair where Elizabeth had been.

"I'm afraid I'm awfully late getting down," she faltered, "but — but my head ached."

Charlemagne stood behind her chair, and there was a look on his face that, for the first time, made me ashamed of my eavesdropping. The other had been comedy, but this was real.

"Poor little Anne," he said.

Anne propped her chin on her hand and gazed out through the open door with wide eyes.

"Yes," she said slowly, "poor little Anne."

He came around and took the other chair. "I wish — I knew how I might comfort you," he said.

For a moment Anne looked at him with that wide stare, then, like a flash, it came. "Oh, Charlie, Charlie boy," she cried, "why don't you ask me to marry you — I can't ask you, you know ——"

Before she had finished, he was on his knees beside her, and then I shut my eyes and put my fingers in my ears, for the time had come when I had no right to hear or see.

But as for theories — Oh, who knows *what* a woman will do? There was Elizabeth and there was Anne ——

But I never would have believed it of Anne!

THE MOTHER OF ANGELA ANN

BY

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

I

HENRY STREET, drowned in November murk, was black as Tartarus and a shade more dreadful, as a heavily built man stumbled along its unfamiliar bumps and intermittent stretches of sidewalk, stopping now and then to peer vainly at doors for a number. Presently he encountered a wisp of a girl with a jacket thrown about her head and shoulders.

"Where's twenty-one?" he asked.

She pointed. "Who d'ye want?"

"Casey."

"In the rear — I'll show ye," and she led the way to a precipitous flight of steps. "Ye go down, an' 'long 's far 's ye kin, thin turn t' th' right an' knock," she said, and disappeared in the mist.

Groping his way, the man reached the end of a long passage between two tenements and knocked at a rear door. A woman opened it.

"Th' ditictive," she murmured, and let him in.

The kitchen was stifling close; a fire raged to the brim of the big, heavily nickeled stove which had cost the Caseys so dear in instalments and in worry. Casey had been working for two weeks, and the bin outside the kitchen door had a ton of soft coal in it. In a bracket above the sink was a lamp whose tin reflector, instead of diffusing the light rays, seemed to concentrate them, like a feeble searchlight, so that the corners of the kitchen were all in gloom, and half-lost in gloom were the forms of the Caseys, whose pallid faces showed sharply against the dusk.

"Had any word?" said the detective, addressing Mrs. Casey. To the relief of the parents and the bitter disappointment of the children, he was a plain-clothes man.

"Niver a worrd."

The detective consulted a memorandum. "You say she left home Monday morning, just as usual, to go to work?"

"Yissir; she wint down th' alley here hummin' a chune an' as gay as a burrd."

"And you don't think she intended to stay away?"

Mary Casey's eyes flashed. "If I t'ought a gyurl o' mine could walk out an' l'ave me, intintional, wid a chune on her lyin' lips, I'd not ask ye t' be findin' her," she said.

"Did she have a beau?"

"None thot I iver see. She used t' be after talkin', sometoimes, 'bout gran' fellies she'd see downtown, an' I always sez to her, 'You mark me worrds an' l'ave gran' fellies be. They don't mane no good t' th' loikes o' you,' I sez. 'Thim fellies spinds ivry cint they git on their gold watches an' swallie-tails, an' whin they marry they got t' marry a gyurl wid money t' support thim. Whin yer old enough t' take up wid anny wan,' I sez, 'yer pa or yer Uncle Tim'll introjuce ye t' some nice young lab'rin' man wid a good trade an' ambition t' git on, an' you work fer him whoile he works fer you.' 'Ah, ye don' know nothin' 'bout it,' she'd say t' me, an' 'Don't you belave thot,' I'd say t' her, 'I'm nothin' t' look at, an' I ain't got mooch style about me, but I got some knowlidge o' min,' I sez, 'an' they're a bad lot, aven th' bist o' thim. An' you git it out o' yer hid,' I sez, 'thot anny gran' felly's goin' t' marry you, or th' loikes o' you. Ye may rade such foolishness in yer story paapers er see it at yer theayters, but ye kin mark me worrds thot love is fer tony folks thot kin afford it, an' not fer th' loikes o' you an' me.'"

Up to this time Casey had been conspicuously quiet. He had had his own experiences with the Chicago police, who more than once had ordered him to keep away from his abused family or go to the Bridewell. This was buried deep in the voluminous records of the desk sergeant; but Casey had not the comfort of knowing that there were a thousand kindred cases

piled a-top of his, so he kept discreetly in the shadow until the detective asked, "Was she gay at all?" and Mrs. Casey replied:

"She be a little granehorn, wid no sinse yet. I'm after taalkin' t' her th' whole, blissed toime 'bout kapin' straight, an' not l'avin' her go by dances er stay out nights, but I dunno — ye can't kape thim in yer pocket, an' whin a gyurl have her livin' t' earn anny place she kin foind it, 't ain't her mother thot know fer sure wheer she is or what she be."

At this Casey sat suddenly forward in his chair, and the streak of light fell full across his face, swollen with tears and streaked with the grime of three awful days. Despite the grime, however, despite the stubble of reddish beard, the unkempt hair and untidy clothes, there was something singularly pathetic about him, with his great, Irish-blue eyes and youthful, innocent-looking face. He had not been drinking for some weeks, and he wore no air of sottishness, nor of vagrancy, nor of any of his other crimes against self and family and society.

"I dunno what I ever done," he had moaned for three days, rocking back and forth in his misery, the tears raining down his unwashed cheeks and splashing from his stubbly chin, "I dunno what I ever done that this thing should 'a' happened t' me! My gyurl! My Ang'la Ann!"

"She were a good gyurl," he said to the detective, sitting suddenly forward.

"So far 's we know, she were," his wife amended, "but she had no sinse yet, bein' so young, an' th' young niver belaves th' old. I don' see how a gyurl o' mine could go wrong, an' me hatin' it th' way I do. But she have more o' him in her nor o' me, down t' thim same shifty blue eyes thot kin look so swate, an' God knows what divilment's behint thim!"

Casey smiled in wan coquetry at this charge against his fascinations, but reiterated in defense of his daughter:

"She were a good gyurl. I seen a piece o' this world, of'cer, an' I kin till — min like us, we kin till gyurls that's merely flightsome from thim that's gon' t' th' bad. If she's bad, I don' want ye t' find her. Jes' show me th' felly thot lied t' her, an' I'll kill him — but I don' want ye t' find her; I don' niver want t' set eyes on her ag'in, if she've brought disgrace on me."

"Ye won't lit it git in th' paapers, will ye?" Mary Casey pleaded for the twentieth time in her brief communications with the police. "Ye'll kape thim aff av her, won't ye — fer th' love o' Hiven? I'm after tellin' th' childern I'll kill th' first wan o' thim thot breathes t' a soul we don' know wheer Ang'la Ann is. Ag'in' she be all right an' come home some day, it'd go hard wid her if these Sheenies 'round here knew she was gon' — people do belave th' worst of a gyurl, always. I dunno what t' think o' my Ang'la Ann, but I don' want it to go haard wid her if she don' desarve it."

The detective promised about the papers and went his way. A missing girl, with no probable complications of a horrible murder, excited only the feeblest interest at Maxwell Street, and this visit would comprehend the whole of the police activity expended in the case unless Angela Ann should happen to turn up under their incurious noses.

The facts of the case were these: Angela Ann Casey, a slim, under-sized, pretty young thing just under eighteen, had left home on Monday morning, November 7th, apparently to go to work, and had not been seen since by her family or any one they knew. She was an unskilled worker, a bit of flotsam in the industrial whirlpool so cruel to her kind. In the summer she had worked for a few weeks in a cannery, pasting labels on fruit cans. When the cannery shut down, she answered an "ad" for extra help in the rush season of a cap factory, which laid her off when work slackened. And after a fortnight's idleness she was taken on as a bundle-wrapper in a cheap department store, where she met a girl who told her of a place needing more girls for the manufacture of cheap finery for the "levee" trade. Angela Ann applied, and was given work at a knife-pleating machine, at four dollars and a half a week. She was in this job, to the best of her mother's belief, when she disappeared; but a visit to the place on Tuesday laid bare the startling fact that she had "give notice" on Saturday night.

Angela Ann had few intimates; her associates changed with her changes of occupation, and these were so many that she took root nowhere. A girl on Blue Island Avenue, to whose house Angela Ann sometimes went, called at Henry Street Tuesday evening and was told that Angela was out.

"She's tellin' me she have a gran' fella," said the girl questioningly.

"She have," lied Mary promptly, "did she iver tell ye his name?"

No, she hadn't; so Mary said maybe Angela Ann wouldn't want her to tell it either.

Mary's sister, Maggie O'Connor, who was married to a "will-t'-do" blacksmith and lived but a few blocks away, had also heard of a stylish young man who could not be asked to the back cellar on Henry Street, or even allowed to suspect it. In family council Mrs. O'Connor testified that she had offered her own "parlie" for the courting.

"'Bring him here an' I'ave us have a look at him,' I sez to her. 'Ye kin have th' parlie anny toime ye want it,' I sez, 'an' if yer 'shamed o' yer Uncle Tim's brogue, he kin stay in th' shop, an' I'll talk t' him mesilf,' I sez."

But Angela Ann had not accepted this handsome offer, nor had she confided the name of the young man to Mrs. O'Connor, who only knew that Angela Ann had assured her he was a gentleman beyond a doubt, for he had a gold watch and chain.

Fired by this information, which he considered an important clue, Casey was for carrying it at once to the police so that they might investigate all young men wearing gold watches and thereby in due process find the one who knew Angela Ann. But before he could get away to furnish the detectives with this important information, Mrs. O'Connor had made some further suggestions. The chief of these was touching the advisability of consulting a fortune-teller.

"Thim coppers," she opined, "is no good. Tim's after radin' a lot about thim in th' paapers, an' he sez they niver ketch nothin' 't all. He sint ye a dollar wid me and sez he, 'You till thim t' stop foolin' wid coppers an' go t' th' forchune-teller,' sez he."

"I belave it have more t' do wid what th' forchune-teller know than wid what thim coppers kin foind out," reflected Mary Casey. It was the morning after the detective's visit, and Mrs. O'Connor had come over to ask the news. "Theer's somet'ing I didn't till th' ditictive," Mary confessed, "not knowin' how he'd take it — but the day befoore Ang'la Ann wint, a quare, wan-eyed cat kem here. Ivrywheer I wint thot day she traipsed at me heels, an' all Monday noight whin I was up watchin' fer Ang'la, th' cat was on th' windie-sill, howlin' what sounded joost like Aan-gla, Aan-gla, Aan-gla. Now what d'ye make o' thot?"

Mrs. O'Connor had been fumbling in her plush wrist-bag during this recital. "Say," she said presently, holding out a very dirty card, "th' las' noight Ang'la Ann was t' our house she was after l'avin' th' baby play wid her purse, an' th' baby spilt all th' t'ings out av it. We picked thim up, an' I t'ought we got thim all, but whin I was clanein' yiste'day, I foun' this card. It mus' be hers, fer Tim say he niver see it, an' no more did I."

The card read:

O. HALBERG,
Dramatic Agent—West Madison Street.

"That's him, I bet ye!" cried Casey excitedly, "that's th' felly wid th' gol' watch an' chain!"

"Wait a minute!" commanded Mrs. O'Connor impatiently, "Tim sez thot have somet'ing t' do wid a theayter."

"Sure," said Mary Casey, "Ang'la Ann wouldn't be so grane as t' ixpict no theayter guy t' marry her! She'd ought t' know thim niver marries; or if they do, they have a woife in ivery town, loike soldiers an' travelin'-min! I niver bin to no theayter in my loife, but I know that mooch!"

Casey, who had lost his job by default, and had sat apathetically by the stove ever since gray morning dawned after the frantic vigil of Monday night, was struggling with the lacings of his shoes preparatory to setting forth to demolish O. Halberg if he proved his guilt by wearing a gold watch and chain.

"Ye kin spend yer dollar on yer wan-eyed cat," he said indulgently, "but as fer me, I got t' foind thot felly thot lied t' me gyurl."

So the inaction of the past three days was over, temporarily at least. Casey was bound for O. Halberg's and Mrs. Casey and Mrs. O'Connor were going to approach some fortune-teller with the dollar and the tale of the cat. But first of all Mary must go to the school and take Johnny out to mind Dewey and the baby in her absence.

"Now you be keerful," she adjured Casey as he made ready to go, "an' don' kill nobody be mistaake. Th' bist way is t' kill nobody at all," she continued cautiously.

In spite of this caution, however, there would have been danger in prospect if Casey had owned a gun or if he had taken a few drinks. As it was, he was not a formidable figure when he presented himself at the number on West Madison Street, a few doors from Halsted.

There was a pawnshop on the first floor, and beside it a narrow door, which opened upon a long flight of wooden stairs rising steeply to a dark hall, where, by the light of a two-foot gas burner, Casey could make out the name "O. Halberg" on one of the dozen doors. The name was painted on a black tin plate tacked to a rear door. Casey knocked.

"Come in," said a guttural voice.

Entering, Casey saw a man sitting with his feet on a battered desk; he was reading the morning paper and smoking a vile cigar. The walls, calcimined a kind of ultramarine blue, but grimed and fouled unspeakably, were hung with theatrical lithographs depicting thrilling scenes from plays on the blood-and-thunder circuit. For the rest, the furnishings were two wooden chairs, a giant cuspidor, and the desk, which looked as if it had never been new.

"Have I," said Casey in his grandest manner, "th' honor t' addriss Mr. O. Halberg?"

O. Halberg grunted that he had. Then Casey advanced a step further into the room and looked about for a sight or trace of Angela Ann. Nothing could have been more damning than O. Halberg's gold chain, but in no likelihood would Angela Ann, by any stretch of courtesy, have called him young; he was probably fifty, and not prepossessing from any possible point of view.

"Me name is Casey," ventured the visitor, "me gyurl is lost, an' I'm lookin' fer her. We found this," proffering the dirty card, "an' we t'ought mebbe you'd know wheer she is."

Casey was proud of the neatness and despatch of his "ditictive" methods, but more than a little disappointed to find so soon that he was on the wrong trail entirely. Mr. Halberg was truly surprised to be approached with any such query. A great many little silly, stage-struck girls flocked to see him, of course, and no doubt some of them got hold of his cards "in the hope of using them to impress managers," but he had no recollection of any girl named Casey — none whatever. And he resumed the reading of his paper.

"I got th' coppers after her," murmured Casey apologetically, as he took his leave, "but thim coppers is no good. Ag'in' ye want ditictive work done, ye better do it yersilf."

O. Halberg did not deign to reply, but when Casey was safely outside he stepped to the door and locked it. In case the "coppers" came around, it would be just as well to be "out" — it would save the coppers some troublesome pretense.

In his descent of the steep stairs Casey met two girls coming up. They were about Angela Ann's age and were giggling nervously. One of them held between thumb and finger a quarter-inch "ad" from a morning paper, offering:

"High-salaried positions in good road companies to young ladies of pleasing appearance. O. Halberg, Dramatic Agent — West Madison Street."

"Ask him if this is the place," said the girl who appeared to be following the other's lead. Casey directed them to O. Halberg's door, then went on his way. A moment later, while he stood on the corner of Halsted Street waiting for a south-bound car, he saw the girls emerge from the door by the pawnshop. They passed him as they went to take an east-bound Madison Street car on the opposite corner.

"Did ye foind him?" Casey asked.

"No, he wasn't in."

"That's quare," he said, startled, "he was there wan minute before."

On his way home Casey dropped in at the Maxwell Street Station in a free-and-easy manner he would not have dreamed possible two days ago. He was so full of his "ditictive" experience that he felt he must have some one, if only a copper, to talk it over with. The detective who had called the night before wasn't in, so Casey related his recent daring exploit to no less a personage than the desk sergeant himself.

It was well poor Casey could not hear the desk sergeant's account of the call after the self-appointed sleuth had gone on his way.

Mrs. Casey was at home when her husband got there. Relating her adventures, after she had listened to his, she said that the fortune-teller, after accepting the dollar, had asked several searching questions about the one-eyed cat.

"'Ag'in' th' cat come back, yer gyurl 'll come home,' she sez t' me."

II

The days dragged by. There seemed to be a complete lapse of the stone-cutting industry, so Casey had nothing to take his mind from his "ditictive" operations, which were interesting and unexhausting, though expensive in car-fare and unproductive of results. Angela Ann's weekly wage, for many years the main dependence of the family, being lost to them, they were closer even than was their wont to starvation and eviction; and winter was beginning to snarl around their warped, ill-fitting doors.

As time wore on, the poignant horror of Angela Ann's absence grew mercifully less for all but Mary Casey. Night after night she wept the long hours through, until Casey complained of the depressing effect of her grief, and she felt constrained to hide it.

"If I could on'y know she were dacintly dead," was her heart's cry, as better hopes died in her. "Ag'in' a bye l'ave home, he kin knock around an' pick up a bite here an' a lodgin' theer, an' be none th' worse fer it. But a gyurl bees diff'runt! Theer's always thim watchin' 'round thot's riddy t' do her harm."

Meanwhile she lied bravely to the neighbors. "Angela Ann bees livin' out an' have th' graandes' plaace," she told them impressively; "th' lady she live wid 's after takin' her to Floridy fer to mind her little bye."

Mary's hope was strong that Christmas would see the wanderer's return, but the holidays passed in unrewarded waiting. Casey had perforce abandoned his search, and worked a day or two now and then. Though the traces of really terrible suffering were still in his weak, winsome face, he had long since forsaken all hope of Angela Ann's "safety with honor," and, when it

had come to seem unlikely that she ever would do so, took comfort in vowing that she should never again darken the door of his outraged home.

Mary gave over pleading for her girl, in the interests of family peace, but, more and more like a specter as the weeks wore away, she haunted localities where Angela Ann had been or might be. Sometimes she had the baby in her arms, but oftener she left it with Dewey at their Aunt Maggie's, and roamed the streets unhampered in her never-ending quest.

Evenings she would say, "I'll be goin' t' yer aunt's a bit," and slip away into the engulfing dark, to reappear in the glare of light marking the entrance to some cheap West Side theater or dance hall. Gradually her excursions extended downtown, where she would take up her station at the door of some place of amusement and stand watching the pleasure-seekers pour in, then turn away and wander aimlessly up and down the streets for an hour or so before facing homeward. In some way she heard about stage doors, and took to haunting them. She saw many girls of Angela's type, and wondered sadly if their mothers knew where they were, but her own girl was not among them. In those nights on the flaming streets she learned more about vice than she had ever dreamed of in all her life, and the world came to seem to her a vast trap set by the bestial for the unwary.

Not hunger, nor cold, nor abuse, nor sickness, nor death, as it came to five of her children, had driven Mary Casey to anything like the poignancy of feeling that was hers now. Heretofore she had been patiently dumb under affliction; now her spirit cried out in a passion of pain that called straight upon Almighty God for an answer to its anguished questionings.

With the aid of Casey, who was a "scollard," and could "r'ade 'n' write joost as aisy," she pored over the sensational papers in search of stories about girls in trouble, and never a horror happened to an unidentified girl anywhere but Mary was sure it was Angela Ann.

Once there was an account of an unknown young woman found dead on the prairies near Dunning, the county institution. It was Johnnie who laboriously spelled out this story for her —Casey having gone to that club of congenial spirits, O'Shaughannessy's saloon — and at ten o'clock, when the children were all abed, her anxieties could brook no more delay. Throwing a shawl about her head and shoulders, she stole along the pitchy passageway, up the long flight of steps to the sidewalk, clutching the torn fragment of newspaper in the hand that held the shawl together beneath her chin.

It was Saturday night, and the avenue was still brightly lighted. One or two acquaintances greeted her, but she hurried by with only a nod and a word. At Harrison and Halsted and Blue Island Avenue, where three streams of ceaseless activity converge, there is always a whirlpool rapids of traffic and humanity, and here, in a brilliant drug store, Mary felt far enough from her own haunts and all who knew her and Angela Ann to venture on her errand.

"I want t' tillyphome," she whispered to the clerk, who pointed impatiently to the booth.

"I dunno how," said Mary imploringly. "I want ye t' do it fer me. R'ade that." She thrust the dirty, crumpled fragment of the evening's yellow journal into his hand.

The young man glanced at it, and then curiously at her. "I've read it," he said.

"Down here, somewheers," said Mary, pointing vaguely towards the last paragraph, "it till wheer she be, an' I want ye t' tillyphome that place an' ask thim have she a laarge brown mole on her lift side. If she have, I'm goin' out theer this night, fer 'tis my gyurl I t'ink she be."

This was not as startling an episode to the young man addressed as it might have been to one in a quieter locality. Nevertheless, it smacked of the dramatic sufficiently to interest him, and when Mary proffered her nickel he called up the Dunning morgue.

After what seemed an interminable wait, while the sleepy morgue attendant at the county poor-house was being summoned by repeated rings, and the brief colloquy was in progress, the clerk emerged from the booth.

"The girl has been identified this evening," he said.

Disappointment mingled with relief in Mary's countenance: she had reached that stage where it would have been not altogether unendurable to look at Angela Ann's dead face, even in a morgue.

As she retraced her way home, the chill of the sharp February night struck into her mercilessly. When she set forth, she had scarcely noticed in it her preoccupation; but now that another expectation, however tragic, had proved false, and the situation stretched ahead of her indefinitely dull and despairing again, the abrupt relaxation left her physically as well as mentally "let down," and she shivered violently as she hurried along.

"Mother o' God," she cried, the tears rolling swiftly down her shrunken cheeks, "wheer is my gyurl this noight? If I could on'y know she had a roof over her head an' a fire t' kape her warrm!"

Casey was still out when she got back, and she was thankful, for the sight of her tears made him ugly these days. "She've disgraaced us,"

he said of Angela Ann, "an' she be dead t' me, an' ought t' be t' you, if ye had proper shame."

Mary could give herself up to the luxury of grief, therefore, and she did, until she fell asleep. The next morning she was up betimes, meaning to go to early mass in the basement of the church before "drissy folks" were abroad in their Sunday finery. For more than one reason Mary avoided the later masses; her rags were small shame to her compared with the more than half-suspicious inquiries of acquaintances as to the whereabouts of Angela Ann.

"'Tis more lies I'm after tellin'," thought poor Mary, "than th' praste kin iver take aff o' me. 'N' ag'in' I do pinance enough t' kape me busy half me time, an' go t' git me holy c'munion, I'm not out o' th' prisence o' th' blissed Sacrament befoore I'm havin' t' lie ag'in t' save that poor, silly gyurl's name!"

This morning, however, in spite of her early rising and her efforts to get to seven o'clock mass, events conspired to thwart her intentions. Mollie woke up with a headache, and Johnnie had to be despatched on a vinegar-borrowing expedition, so that the time-honored application of brown paper soaked in vinegar might be made to the poor little head. The baby cried lustily, with a colicky cry, and Mary had to hasten the boiling of tea, that wee Annie might have a good, hot cup to soothe her. Casey, complaining profanely of broken slumbers, was in no mood to be left home with fretting children while Mary went to mass.

It was nine o'clock before she could get away; the last mass in the basement was at nine o'clock. But the Elevation of the Host had been celebrated before she got there, and she turned disappointedly to the stairs; she would have to wait for half-past nine mass in the main church. It seemed as if Providence were balking her, but on the stairway she learned the reason why.

"Ye mus' be sure t' say a spicial prayer on this mass," said one woman who passed her to another, "'tis the first mass this young praste have iver said, an' a blissin' go wid it t' thim thot prays wid him."

Saul on the Damascus road had no more overwhelming sense of arrest and redirection than Mary Casey had, as, trembling with excitement, she reached the top of the stairway.

"Think o' that now," she told herself, "an' if I had come t' th' airly mass I'd niver 'a' known it!"

Hardly would her knees uphold her until she could sink into an obscure pew, far back under the gallery. And there, at the tense moment when the silver-toned bell proclaimed commemoration of the great lifting-up in suffering, Mary raised her faith-full prayer: "A'mighty God, sind me gyurl back t' me! But if it don' be in yer heart t' do thot mooch, maake her a good gyurl wheeriver she be. Fer th' love av Christ, Amin."

Not often in any lifetime, perhaps, does it come to pass that one prays with such sublime assurance of crying straight into the listening ear of Omnipotence that will inevitably keep faith with poor flesh. For nigh on to forty years Mary Casey had listened to reiterations of the old and new Covenants, but they had fallen on sterile ground in her soul. It was the little chance remark about the new priest's first mass, dropping into harrowed and watered soil, that flowered in immediate faith.

The mass ended and the throngs of worshipers passed out, but Mary sat unheeded and unheeding in her dim corner, her simple mind grappling with the stupendous idea of its Covenant with Heaven.

Before she had any realizing sense of time, the church had filled again for high mass. Then the lighting of the great white altar fascinated her, and she felt an intense desire to live again through such a moment of assurance as she had lately experienced — to hear that bell ring again, to smell the incense, and to believe that in some wonderful, wonderful way it was all a part of that prayer of hers that Heaven was bound to answer.

So she stayed on, in her far-away pew, to the remotest corner of which she was crowded as the enormous church filled to its capacity. With the entrance of the preacher into the pulpit, though, she was conscious of a distinct "let-down." She had never liked sermons; they dealt with things so formally. Even when the priests made their greatest efforts to be plain-spoken and understandable, she seldom got any personal help from their discourse. They were prone to denunciations of adultery and drunkenness and other sins of which she was innocent, and to vague exhortations looking toward a hereafter on which her imagination had never taken any but the feeblest hold. But what was this priest saying? Something about a little household that the Lord had loved, and one of its two sisters had gone astray!

The woman sitting next to Mary nudged her other neighbor and glanced in the direction of Mary's face, thrust forward as if so as not to lose a syllable, the tears chasing each other unheeded down its furrows. In her lap Mary's gnarled hands were clasped in painful intensity.

Over and over, since she was a tiny child in Ireland, she had heard this Catholic rendering of Mary of Bethany's story, but it had never

"MARY SAT UNHEEDED AND UNHEEDING IN HER DIM CORNER, HER MIND GRAPPLING WITH THE STUPENDOUS IDEA"

meant anything to her. To-day it meant everything.

"An' I said I niver wanted t' see her ag'in if she'd disgraaced me," she told herself, and was appalled at the remembrance.

That afternoon, toward the early dusk, she sat in the dark kitchen holding Annie in her lap; all the other children were out. Casey, who had not left the house all day, was huddled up to the stove, smoking his rank pipe; he was unshaven and unwashed, and wore a coarse undershirt of a peculiar mustard color which lent his pallid, grime-streaked face a ghastly hue. He had been talking about a "gran' job" of which a man had told him, and building large castles about moving to a better street and a better house and buying a "parlie suit be aisy paymints."

Mary listened believingly; twenty years of listening to these dreams which never came true had not killed her hopefulness. As she listened, though, her hopes outran Casey's, for she could conceive no possible felicity without Angela Ann. How to introduce the now-forbidden subject of Angela was a problem, but clearly the only way was to plunge in.

"Yis," she assented, "I t'ink we should have a parlie. It have always been my belafe thot if we'd had a parlie Ang'la wouldn't niver 'a' wint away. Ag'in' she come home, I'm goin' t' kape th' parlie noice fer her an' lave her have her beau ivry noight, an' no wan t' bother thim. An' I ain't goin' t' lave her go downtown t' work no more — theer's too manny bad min. She kin stay home an' moind th' house, an' I'll git scrubbin' t' do t' th' Imporium. Wid what you earn an' what I earn, we kin give her mebbe a dollar a wake fer spindin' money."

Mary waxed excited as her dream unfolded, but Casey was ironical.

"Whin d'ye *ixpict* her?" he inquired, with pride in the sarcasm.

"I dunno," said Mary, undaunted, "but I know she'll come. An' whin she do, I'll not ask her anny quistions. I don' keer how she come t' me, so she come. No matter what she've done, theer mus' be dipths she haven't r'ached yit, an' all I ask now is t' save

her from gittin' anny worse than she be. D'ye know what I prayed t' th' Mother o' God befoore I lift th' church this mornin'? I prayed that our Ang'la Ann'd git in trouble — in tur'ble trouble 'n' disgraace so thot thim thot's lid her away'd t'row her out, 'n' no wan but God 'n' her mother'd take her in!"

In speechless astonishment Casey gazed at the vehement woman before him. Some instinct made him hold his peace while she told about the priest's first mass, about the sermon, about the answer she confidently expected to her prayer. While he listened, his easy Irish emotionalism caught the contagion of her belief, and his tears flowed unchecked as he alternately cursed the man that had led Angela away, and prophesied glowingly of the "parlie" that was to be.

It was pitchy dark in the kitchen now, and Mary got up to light the lamp. As she did so, a sound at the door caused her nearly to drop the lamp. Hurrying to the door, she threw it open, and with the light in one hand peered out into the black yard.

"Here, pussy, pussy," she called. Then, as her call was answered, "My God! what did I tell ye? 'Tis the wan-eyed cat!"

III

The next morning the postman brought a letter. Mary was not surprised to get it. Casey had gone to look for the "gran' job," and the older children were in school, so the letter could not be read, but she could make out the signature, written in the large, unformed hand wherewith Angela had covered every available space in the days of her brief but laborious apprenticeship to the art of writing.

With trembling hand Mary tucked the letter in her bosom, hastily got ready herself and Dewey and the baby, and started for Maggie's. Maggie was younger and had enjoyed more educational advantages. She could "r'ade printin'" easily, and "writin'" fairly well if it hadn't too many flourishes.

"She says," spelled out Mrs. O'Connor, "'Dear Ma, I'm at — West Randolph Street I'm sick I'm afraid to go home count of Pa Your Loving daughter Angela Ann Casey.' I'll go wid ye," finished Mrs. O'Connor in the same breath.

Out of her small store of tawdry finery she lent several articles to make Mary "look more drissy," and while they got ready for their momentous journey, Mary related the events of the day before, and of Saturday night.

"Me an' Tim," said Maggie, when the tale had reached the stage of the "parlie" and Mary's earnings as a scrub-woman, "was figgerin' how we could help out a bit, ag'in' she come home, an' Tim have promised t' take me 'n' her to th' theayter quite frayquint of a Sat'day noight, an' together we're goin' t' give her half a dollar ivry wake t' spind on her clo'es."

The number they sought on West Randolph Street was not far from the fateful Haymarket Square. There was a store on the ground floor, with living rooms behind. And above, a long flight of oilcloth-covered stairs led to a "hotel."

They inquired first in the store, but no one there had ever heard of Angela Ann. Then, with fast-beating hearts, the women mounted to the office of the hotel, an inside room facing the head of the first flight of stairs. The door stood open, and they looked, before entering, into a gas-lighted room furnished with yellow-painted wooden arm-chairs ranged along the walls and flanked by a sparser row of cuspidors; a big sheet-iron stove on a square zinc plateau filled the middle of the room, and near the door, behind a small desk like a butcher-store cashier's, sat the "clerk," chewing vigorously and expectorating without accuracy.

"Yes, she has a room here," he answered to Mary's question, "hall room, rear, third floor."

"In a minute!" called Angela Ann's voice when Mary had knocked.

"My God, 'tis hersilf," sobbed Mary, and fell a-weeping violently.

"Ma!" cried Angela Ann, and threw open the door. She had been in bed when they knocked, and had not waited to put on her clothes when she heard her mother's voice. At the touch of her, the clinging clasp of her poor, thin, cold little arms, Mary grew hysterical.

"Don't, Ma, don't," begged Angela.

"She've grieved hersilf sick over ye," said Maggie, unable to forbear this much of a reprimand now that the sinner was found. "Iver since ye wint she've been loike wan crazy. Come, Mary; now ye've got her, brace up!"

"Sure, Ma," echoed the girl, "now ye've got me, brace up. I ain't never goin' t' lave ye no more, Ma — honest t' God, I ain't."

"Wheer ye been?" Mary raised her head, and drawing back from the girl peered anxiously into her face. "In God's name, Ang'la Ann, wheer you been? Tell me ye've kep' dacint, gyurl, tell me ye've kep' dacint!"

Angela sat down on the dingy, disordered bed and began to cry, hiding her face in her hands. For a long moment the silence, save for her soft sobbing, was profound. Then a low moan escaped Mary, a moan of anguish inexpressible, showing how deeply, notwithstanding her resolution of yesterday, she had cherished the hope of her daughter's safety.

"'IN GOD'S NAME, ANG'LA ANN, WHEER YOU BEEN?'"

Angela raised her head. The pain in her mother's moan was beyond her comprehension, and she could only understand it as horror and condemnation.

"Are ye — are ye — goin' t' t'row me off?" she asked.

"T'row ye off? Ah, me gyurl, if ye'll on'y stick t' me as long as I'll stick t' you, 'tis all I'll ask o' Hiven! 'Tis fer yer sake I was prayin' no harm had come t' ye — not fer mine. Whativer happen t' ye, ye're me Ang'la Ann thot I nursed from yer first brith. An' ye don' know all I'm fixin' t' do fer ye — me an' yer pa an' yer Aunt Maggie, here, and yer Uncle Tim——"

And there followed a glowing account of the feast prepared for the prodigal's return.

"Th' idare o' you bein' afraid o' yer pa," chided Mary, "an' him fixin' t' git a stiddy job an' not have ye go downtown no more."

Far shrewder than her mother, Angela Ann did not overestimate this excellent intention of her pa's, but she said nothing of the bitterness that was in her heart on account of his past crimes. It was a long-standing grievance with her that her mother could never, for more than a fleeting, irritated moment at a time, be made to see Casey as others saw him. Angela Ann had been working for him since she was eleven (child-labor laws were lax, then) and giving up her every penny to pay rent and buy insufficient mites of coal and food — just enough to keep them alive and no more — and it was starvation of many sorts that sent her at last into the clutches of them that prey. The girl was full of self-pity, and impatient with her mother because the older woman had forgotten how to rebel.

"Yer pa say, though," added Mary, "thot he won't promise not t' kill the felly thot lid ye away; he've got tur'ble wingeance on him — yer pa have."

Angela Ann smiled grimly. "I guess theer's quite a few pa's lookin' fer him," she said, "but they don't ever seem t' find him."

"Did he prom'se t' marry ye?" asked Mary anxiously.

"I should say not! He promised to make me a primmy donny."

"What's that?" fearfully.

"'Tis a kind of actress that wear tights an' sings," explained Angela. "I'm after r'adin' in books how gran' they be, an' in the papers it tell how the swell fellies do be runnin' after thim with diming necklusses, an' marryin' of 'em. 'Tis all a lie!" she cried shrilly.

"Ye see," Mary could not refrain from reminding her. "I tol' ye thim theayters was all wrong. We kind o' t'ought it might be thim thot got ye, an' yer pa wint t' see this here Halberg, whin we foun' the caard out o' yer pocke'-book. But he said he niver hear tell o' ye."

"Did pa go there?" questioned Angela eagerly. She was all interest to know how the search for her had been carried on, and "did th' p'lice know?" and "how did ye kape it out o' th' papers?"

Yes, it had been Halberg "all the time," she admitted. She had answered his advertisement, and after a week's drill he had sent her, true to his published word, in a "road company" that mitigated the gloom of coal miners' lives by singing and dancing — and carousing — in a circuit of saloons in the soft coal regions of Illinois. When she fell sick, the company abandoned her without the formality of paying her any salary, and a foul-tongued, soft-hearted landlady, whose own young daughter was God knew where, had let Angela stay in her wretched hotel until she was able by dishwashing and lampfilling chores to earn the few dollars to take her back to Chicago.

"But I couldn' get no stren'th back," the girl went on, "an' that woman at th' hotel, Mis' Schlogel, she sez t' me, 'You better go home t' yer ma, that's wheer you better go,' an' she bundled me off Friday mornin'. But I was scairt t' go home right t' wunst till I seen how youse was goin' t' be t' me, so I come here wheer I stayed whin I was studyin' wid O. Halberg, an' Friday night I got awful sick an' laid here all night awake an' burnin' up an' my head achin' t' beat th' band. An' all day Sat'day an' Sunday I wasn't able to go out fer nothin' t' eat, an' th' propri'ter wouldn't order me nothin' sent in fer fear I wouldn't be able t' pay. A woman in the nex' room light-house-keeps, an' she made me tea a couple o' times after she heard I was sick an' alone."

"Why in Hivin's name," Maggie broke in, "did ye niver drap yer ma a line t' say ye were aloive? Ye needn't 'a' tol' wheer ye was, but ye could 'a' said ye were in the land o' th' livin', surely?"

"I was 'shamed," whimpered Angela; "I t'ought ye wouldn't keer wheer I was if I wasn't doin' dacint."

"Think o' that, now!" cried Mary. "That's all a gyurl do know about her ma. Whin yer a ma yersilf ye'll know better, an' not till thin, I suppose."

Thus was Angela Ann made sure of her welcome home.

"An' not wan but yer own kin know ye've been missin'," said Mary, as she helped the girl to get ready for the return, "so ye kin hol' up yer hid an' look th' world in th' faace. An' may God fergive yer mother the loies she've tol' t' save yer name!"

BORDEN

BY

GEORGE C. SHEDD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER BIGGS

ONE rainy afternoon I was sitting with my friend Carter, in his log house. Through the open door we could see the road, all cut up by wagon-tracks, running with water; lumps of mud thrust their black heads up in it everywhere; the bordering grass was wet and heavy. And down by the creek the fringe of trees made only a gray blur.

We had talked ourselves pretty near out when a rider splashed up to the door. His ragged beard stuck out stiff, full of rain-drops, and his slouch hat had an unpleasant tilt forward. To Carter's invitation to enter he shook his head, asked if such-and-such a person had passed within the hour, and, receiving an affirmative reply, pulled his hat down tighter and galloped away west.

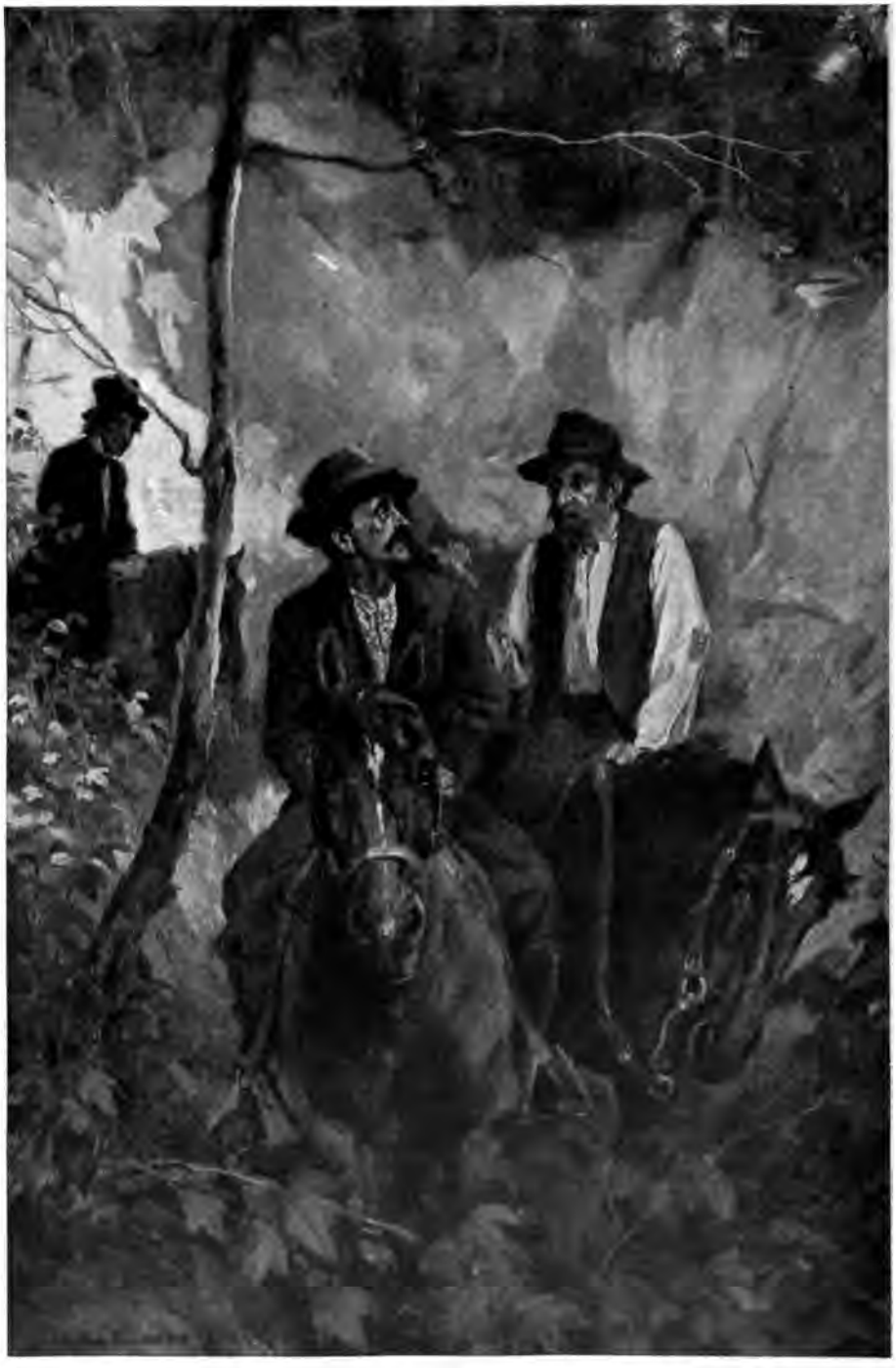
"Who is that?" I inquired.

"That! Why, that's Borden. It's easy to see you're new out here. His hand holds the river from Saint Joe to Omaha, and men think twice before trying to break his grip." He drew out his pipe and tobacco, stuffed the bowl thoughtfully, and struck a match. "If you want to hear about the first time I saw him at work, I'll tell you."

I nodded.

"Eh? Well, this was the way of it":

At the end of the war I settled here — that was five years ago. Borden lived a mile up the creek, and so, as times went, we were neighbors. By the people yonder in Kinton he was not liked, being grim, rough, savage, altogether unsociable and short of word. Besides, they remembered '57. In that year he appeared from no one knew where, took his claim, and proceeded to



"THEY CROWDED HIS HORSE UNTIL IT HUNG BACK FROM THE OTHERS"

live after his own fashion. Then the high-handed Claim Club of the village went about it to drive him "in or over the river" — a bad night for them. They rode back to Kinton with three dead men laid across saddles. That was in the rough days of the Territory, the days when men in the Nebraska hills along the Missouri were a law unto themselves.

Once he tied up on his own deck a steamboat captain who was drunk and bent on murder; single-handed he ran down two horse-thieves; and another time he choked the money out of a river-gambler who had robbed a boy. Oh, they knew Borden up and down the river in those days! Then he went to war as one of Thayer's sharpshooters, returning at the end of it to be appointed United States marshal. And he had been riding that saddle six months when I came.

One day he and another pulled rein at my door.

"Come with me," he said abruptly. "I want you to look after this fellow — you're my deputy till further notice." He did not waste time over oaths or official nonsense.

"Now, see here —" the man started to say. But Borden cut him off with a scowl.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Him? — Fitch. You've heard of him, I guess."

Heard of him, of course, as everyone had; of his sly, petty legal tricks by which he grabbed land here and land there until his titles spotted the country about Nebraska City; of his rent-squeezing that smelled over the whole town; of these, and other things. He was a lean, dark, uneasy fellow, wearing a rumpled tile and a shiny coat, riding all crouched up, and pulling his horse away from everybody we met.

After we started, Borden told me that Fitch had brought him notice to serve on Dempster — old John Dempster, his friend. Now, that made a bad job for the Marshal. I saw it from the way he answered not a word to Fitch, who now and then pressed up — intent on the business — to make him talk. Once Borden pulled out his heavy wrinkled boot from the stirrup and kicked the other's horse in the belly until it reared on its haunches. For Borden was the law's officer, but no man's servant.

Our way ran three miles up from Kinton. There was no road, and we followed along the edge of the bluffs as best we were able, until finally we dipped down into a ravine and so came to our destination. It was a wooded flat on the bank of the river, made by a sudden retreat of the hills — a sort of pocket. The space was not large, a handful of acres, and it looked smaller than it really was. The bluffs curved around it on three sides in a yellow, crumbling wall; on the fourth flowed the muddy waters of the Missouri. The house was in the center of a small clearing, and when we came in sight of it Fitch pulled up behind a small thicket of scrub. Borden, as if he never saw the fellow halt, rode straight up to the door where John Dempster sat shaping an axe-haft.

"Jack," said Borden, swinging down from his saddle, "I've come to have a talk with you."

Dempster shaved the haft a minute, laid it aside, and gazed off toward the clump of scrub. The two men were something alike, though the man seated on the door-sill was the older, both past the prime, both spare of words, both come to the West in the same year. They had lain side by side behind a sleety log before Fort Donelson, and each in his three years of service had felt the touch of hot lead.

"How d'you come — friend or enemy?"

"The first, and always, I hope. It depends on you. Why did you kick him off of here yesterday, Jack? He's full of poison over it."

"Let him keep off then," was the gruff response.

Both looked again at the clump where Fitch could be seen through the thin screen of bushes. After a while Dempster took out his tobacco, cut off a piece, and passed the rest to us.

"You're in a dirty way of business when you're mixed up with him," he said slowly. "An' I 'spose you've come to run me out."

"What's at the bottom of this trouble?" returned Borden, evading the point. "'Tain't the land — what is it he's after?"

Dempster spat. "He's gettin' even. I knocked him down last spring when I was at Nebraska City, for lyin' about — never mind. That's all. So he sneaked around an' hunted out where I live an' filed on the land." A dull fire lighted up under his bushy eyebrows.

"Why didn't you file long ago?"

"Does the gover'ment take away a man's home when he's fought in the war?"

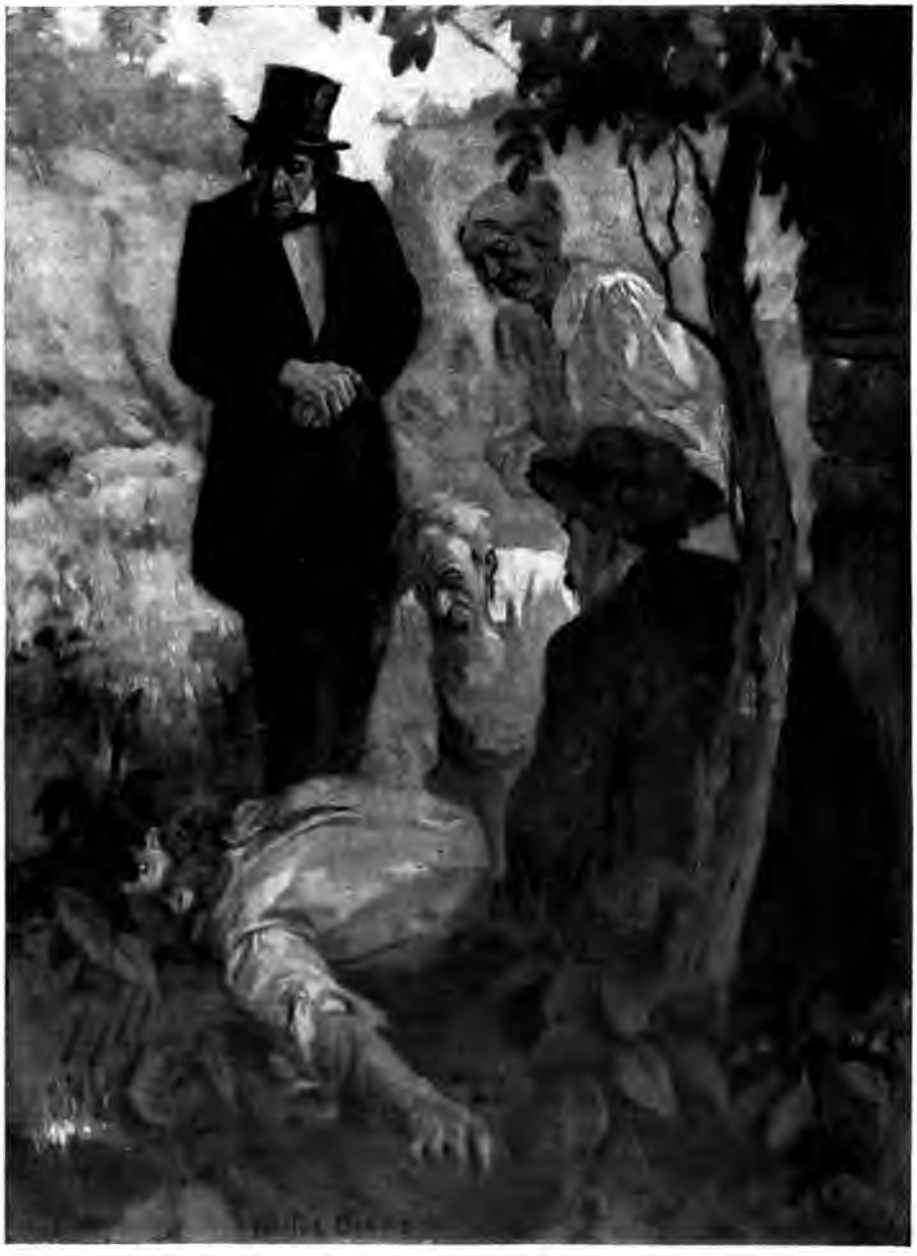
"You know how I feel about it," replied Borden, and he laid his hand on the other's shoulder. "But it's too late for you to try to keep it now. You'd better look up another place."

"No, I'm goin' to stay here, I guess, or nowhere."

Borden knew that the decision was inflexible. As he rose, put his foot in the stirrup, and raised himself into the saddle, he determined, however, to have another try.

"Come and settle up along the creek by me. There's an open claim just beyond mine, better than this piece."

Dempster shook his head; maybe he was thinking of the clearing back in Indiana and the



"'YOU GOT THE BEST O' ME, DICK; I'LL GO'"

boughs under which he had drawn his first breath, maybe this poor fringe of woods along the river was dearer to him than all the treeless prairie.

"We've lived here near ten years now," he said at last, "the old woman an' Joe — an' me, 'ceptin' when I was at war. I guess if we go, you'll have to use your gun."

"I'm sorry, Jack, but you've got to go. And I give you a week. It's not me that says so, it's the law."

"Law!" answered Dempster, with sudden rising fierceness. "Does the law drive a man off his own?"

It was the law, not justice, that was driving him. Without replying a word, Borden, and I by his side, rode away. When we reached the lean, eager face behind the scrub, the Marshal broke out, "You vulture, keep behind us! If you try to ride even, I'll sink your carcass in the river." And in that order, with him trailing us, we came back to Kinton.

Well, during the next week the more I turned the thing over on my tongue the less I liked the taste of it, but Borden was not one to consider dislikes — neither another man's nor his own — when he was riding the law's saddle. So I resolved to go through with it, and was ready Thursday morning. He came out from Nebraska City, accompanied by six deputies, men he had tried, who would not back off from the mouth of a gun, for he knew the door he must enter that day. Fitch was among them; oh, he was yellow over it! Borden had dragged him along to the whole end of the dirty business. The tale, too, was out among the deputies, and Fitch saw plainly what rope they would have swung him by. Grim looks were his every mile; when he pushed up among them, they crowded his horse to the withers until it hung back from the others; one cursed him fully and foully. They intended that he should earn that bit of ground before the day was done.

In the ravine at the edge of the flat we tied our horses. The men unslung their rifles, hitched their revolvers about, and waited, while Borden went down the hollow to reconnoiter. Perhaps half an hour had passed when he climbed down the bank above our heads and dropped into our midst.

"Quick! The boy's gone for water to the spring. Straight ahead there. No shooting till I give the word."

The men nodded, we filed down the ravine single-file, and the next minute were advancing noiselessly through the trees, spreading out gradually as we crossed the flat toward the clearing where stood the log house. The deputies went ahead, alert, silent, with an eye on Borden, who walked a little before them, each keeping a tree in line with the door.

Perhaps things were no different that morning than they were at any time; yet the little flat seemed possessed of a very great quiet, broken only by the slight swish of our boots through the dry grass. As we neared the cabin, we saw that its windows and door were shut. Fitch, who clung to me as though he found more comfort in my company, occasionally wiped drops of sweat from his yellow forehead, and removed his high hat to let the wind blow through his hair.

The other men went ahead unconcerned enough. One big fellow dropped his gun into the crook of his arm, pulled out a piece of tobacco, and carefully picked the lint off it. When he had had a bite, he tossed it to a comrade, who caught it handily, buried it for a moment under his mustache, and then held up the remnant to the other's sight, grinning. He tossed it back; neither had lost his place in the advancing line.

Fifty yards from the house Borden signaled a halt. Rifle-butts slipped to the ground, and the men leaned with backs against their trees — all except two, who handed their guns to others and veered off towards the bluffs, the direction Borden indicated, to the spring. A brown, grizzled fellow, sheltered behind an elm a few feet from me, turned his attention to Fitch, whom he examined curiously and at leisure, concluding his inspection by spitting his way. Then his look strayed south. After a little he began to sing softly:

> The flat-boats 'r in an' the bull-boats 'r a-stoppin'
> An' licker runnin' free, — oh, hell is a-poppin'!
> Down on the river, down on——

He broke off suddenly, turning his head a little way towards where the two men had entered the bushes, listening. Directly he finished the lines:

> Down on the river, down on the river,
> Down on the Misser-ee when the boats come in.

The man must have had ears like an Indian's. He folded his arms across the muzzle of his rifle and began watching the bushes that fringed the base of the hill; the other men also were looking that way. A minute passed. All at once a young fellow slipped out from nowhere, running and carrying a full bucket. He was bareheaded, his sleeves rolled to the elbows. He ran a few steps toward the house, quickly slanted off, and kept going, while turning his head this way and that. I saw the cause of his sudden change in direction, for there was one of the deputies running parallel with him, but between him and the door. The second came in sight a minute later, farther down, and from

behind a thicket, abreast of the other two. They had the young fellow between them.

The rest of us were strung about before the house in a half-circle, the three runners being on the outside of the circle. Everything was quiet, for Borden's hounds don't hunt with their mouths open. Young Dempster carried his bucket of water with scarcely a slop or a splash; the inner deputy gradually moved out and behind him. Two men at the tail of the line fell away from their trees to meet him — and there he was in a ring. The man nearest me, still leaning on his rifle, gave a cluck of his tongue as if it were all over. But it was not. A shot cracked from the door, and the deputy who was on the outside flipped his hand in the air as if he had been stung. His fingers were all bloody. That was a pretty shot, I tell you; old Jack Dempster ticked the button on his son's shirt to make it, for the men were running breast and breast from the door.

The boy saw the trap he was in. Just as he came even with me, he whirled and took his chance through the line. It was quick — oh, quick as a cat! Three of us met him. But he was in moccasins and light-footed, jumping this way and that, and though my neighbor flung his rifle between his legs, he skipped it and was nearly through. He sprang to one side, leaped at Fitch — the water was splashing now — and swerved past him. Maybe it was the nasty look on his face that made Fitch shoot, anyway the fellow fired his revolver. It did not seem as if he could miss; Joe ran straight for the cabin. Half way there the bucket slipped from his hand; then he began to stagger a little. Near the door he went to his knees and, with a look over his shoulder at us while fumbling for his revolver, crawled behind the chopping-log.

"I got him before he got me," said Fitch, fairly green about the mouth. "He was going to kill me."

Borden took a step toward him, paused for the time of a single breath, whirled around, and was behind his tree. As for the other men, I never want to see such faces as they wore.

After that it seemed to me as if our business had come to a standstill. It was little shelter we had, just a tree apiece. We might as well have been tied to them with cords, for the old man was watching from his lair, and that with his boy's blood red in his eyes, ready to catch us either advancing or retiring. Nor was the young fellow so badly hurt but what he could pull a trigger. And Borden never retired that I ever heard of — that wasn't his way. Any instant I expected to hear a bullet snip the bark on my tree. I never felt so big before or since, big as a hill, and I drew myself together mighty small, I can tell you.

While I was wondering what would come next, Borden stepped out into the open. He walked toward the door, calm and steady, and without particular haste, his revolver in its holster. It all happened so quickly it took me by surprise; the Dempsters, man and boy, must have been struck by it, for not a shot was fired. But to advance that way, to clasp hands with death! Maybe you've heard soldiers tell about charging in the face of cannon, how they felt — I know I felt worse just to see him go straight toward the house. I got dizzy, dizzy sick. Then it had all fallen so still, the little wind in the trees and the leaves stirring over the ground. I looked at the other men, thinking they could somehow change it; the grizzled old chap was chewing his tobacco as fast as he could, and the man with the bloody fingers had finished tying them up in his handkerchief. First thing I knew I was half out from behind my tree, watching him.

"Keep back, Dick Borden," warned the man in the house — I swear his voice shook as he said it — "keep back, or, by God, I'll shoot!"

"I'm coming into that door, Jack Dempster," was Borden's reply.

He never flinched, never stopped. Then the rifle sounded, and, like an echo, the boy's revolver echoed it. Borden was hit — how could they fail at that distance and such a mark? But he managed to win the log where young Dempster lay. He stood there an instant, then slowly sat down upon it. A second time the young fellow lifted his weapon, and every man of us could see the Marshal looking into the muzzle. Orders or no orders, that was too much for even the deputies; the click of their rifle hammers ran along the trees. Borden heard it.

"Don't shoot, men!"

His voice was not loud, but harsh, and keyed high, as if his throat was dry. I think the next sound was a groan from the boy, and his revolver wavered and slipped in his fingers.

"It's the gun you gave me," he said, "an' I can't kill you with it."

Borden turned his head painfully from side to side, saw a stick, bent down laboriously, got it at last, and by its aid raised himself to his feet. That seemed to exhaust him. He stood for a moment, inert and useless, like an old man. Then he began to hoist himself forward step by step to the door. Iron will, just iron, it was. And it was terrible to see him — one shoulder and arm swinging low and limp, his knees lifting high as if knotted with stiffness, his head protruding in intense effort. The distance was short, but long, long for him.

"Keep back! keep back!" cried Dempster. He himself was half out of the door, gripping his gun with one hand, warding the relentless Marshal off with the other.

Borden answered nothing, another step.

"You've got to stop!" begged Dempster. "Don't make me kill you, an' I can't let you in. Go back, go back! We fought together, we marched together, we ate and slept together, Dick — for God's sake, don't come nearer!"

One step at a time, putting his stick forward bit by bit and dragging himself to it with his queer uplifting knees, Borden moved himself ahead. There was something stern and inhuman in this persistence. So it went to the last bitter inch. Then Borden's breast touched the rifle's muzzle. The two men stood looking into each other's eyes, measuring life and death.

That is a minute in my mind forever. The young fellow had dragged himself a little way from behind his log — half-following, fascinated, supporting himself by his two hands — and was staring at them. The empty bucket lay on its side in the sunshine. The wind whined and whined through the trees. And the wife's haggard face peered over Dempster's shoulder in the door.

"I arrest you!"

The stick dropped from his fingers, he clutched at the man's sleeve and fell across the door-sill. All I remember is that we were all crowding about the door, with the boy cursing from the ground behind us for someone to help him. Even Fitch had come, twisting and pushing among the rest.

Borden was white and still, but he came around directly and stared at us a little. We laid him on a blanket outside the door, along with Joe, who carried his lead just below the knee. The Marshal was pretty bad, having a bullet through his collar-bone and another through his side, this one a big ugly hole. There were plenty of us to help, some to cut and to strip their clothes, some to fetch water, some to wash the wounds, some to tear bandages. One had already started south for a doctor. Dempster was on his knees by his old comrade.

"You got the best o' me, Dick; I'll go."

Borden smiled a little. It was good to look at their two faces then.

Fitch, who was rubbing his hands evilly, put in, "Yes, you get off here within an hour. And I'll have the law on you, too, for the kicking you gave me."

One of the men struck him across the mouth.

"Tie him," said Borden, "and hang him."

Well, there was a noisy to-do, the fellow screeching that it was against the law, that he shot the boy for trying to kill him, that it was on his own land, and the like. He kept it up until his screech fell into a quaver, and terror came into his eyes. Borden smiled again at sight of him, this time with lips that made a straight white line.

"The law!" he said, at last. "I am the law."

He let the matter go as far as the rope around the wretch's neck; then it seemed as if Fitch was dead already. No, Borden didn't hang him; he had another idea, the claim. He waited until Fitch had his senses once more and told him he would be taken to Nebraska City and tried for attempted murder. Fitch began to beg, while Borden listened with grim satisfaction. He would let the claim go, he would start down the river, quit the country. The rope was thrown off and Borden ordered him away; and with a sudden fierce oath that made him gasp from pain, Borden swore he would shoot him with his own hand if he caught sight of him again.

Fitch knew that Borden meant what he said, and he wasn't seen again in Nebraska. Six months or so fetched Borden round, and let him into the saddle again. It must be lead in the heart or brain to kill men of his fiber — and Dempster had been shaky with his gun. Things got a little loose while the Marshal was on his back up there in the cabin, but he tightened them up again soon. We'll ride up there some day and see the spot. Yes, the Dempsters have the title to the place now.

Władysław Benda

THE GLOUCESTER MOTHER

BY

SARAH ORNE JEWETT

DECORATION BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

WHEN Autumn winds are high
They wake and trouble me,
With thoughts of people lost
A-coming on the coast,
And all the ships at sea.

How dark, how dark and cold,
And fearful in the waves,
Are tired folk who lie not still
And quiet in their graves;—
In moving waters deep,
That will not let men sleep
As they may sleep on any hill;
May sleep ashore till time is old,
And all the earth is frosty cold.—
Under the flowers a thousand springs
They sleep and dream of many things.

God bless them all who die at sea!
If they must sleep in restless waves,
God make them dream they are ashore,
With grass above their graves.

ALCOHOL AND THE INDIVIDUAL

BY

HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D., LL.D.

SOME very puzzling differences of opinion about the use of alcoholic beverages find expression. This is natural enough, since alcohol is a very curious drug, and the human organism a very complex mechanism. The effects of this drug upon this mechanism are often very mystifying. Not many persons are competent to analyze these effects in their totality. Still fewer can examine any of them quite without prejudice. But in recent years a large number of scientific investigators have attempted to substitute knowledge for guesswork as to the effects of alcohol, through the institution of definitive experiments. Some have tested its effects on the digestive apparatus; others, its power over the heart and voluntary muscles; still others, its influence upon the brain. On the whole, the results of these experiments are singularly consistent. Undoubtedly they tend to upset a good many time-honored preconceptions. But they give better grounds for judgment as to what is the rational attitude toward alcohol than have hitherto been available.

The traditional rôle of alcohol is that of a stimulant. It has been supposed to stimulate digestion and assimilation; to stimulate the heart's action; to stimulate muscular activity and strength; to stimulate the mind. The new evidence seems to show that, in the final analysis, alcohol stimulates none of these activities; that its final effect is everywhere depressive and inhibitory (at any rate, as regards higher functions) rather than stimulative; that, in short, it is properly to be classed with the anesthetics and narcotics. The grounds for this view should be of interest to every user of alcohol; of interest, for that matter, to every citizen, considering that more than one thousand million gallons of alcoholic beverages are consumed in the United States each year.

I should like to present the new evidence far more fully than space will permit. I shall attempt, however, to describe some of the more significant observations and experiments in sufficient detail to enable the reader to draw his own conclusions. To make room for this, I must deal with other portions of the testimony in a very summary manner. As regards digestion, for example, I must be content to note that the experiments show that alcohol does indeed stimulate the flow of digestive fluids, but that it also tends to interfere with their normal action; so that ordinarily one effect neutralizes the other. As regards the action on the heart, I shall merely state that the ultimate effect of alcohol is to depress, in large doses to paralyze, that organ. These, after all, are matters that concern the physician rather than the general reader.

The effect of alcohol on muscular activity has a larger measure of popular interest; indeed, it is a question of the utmost practicality. The experiments show that alcohol does not increase the capacity to do muscular work, but distinctly decreases it. Doubtless this seems at variance with many a man's observation of himself; but the explanation is found in the fact that alcohol blurs the judgment. As Voit remarks, it gives, not strength, but, at most, the feeling of strength. A man may think he is working faster and better under the influence of alcohol than he would otherwise do; but rigidly conducted experiments do not confirm this opinion. "Both science and the experience of life," says Dr. John J. Abel, of Johns Hopkins University, "have exploded the pernicious theory that alcohol gives any persistent increase of muscular power. The disappearance of this universal error will greatly reduce the consumption of alcohol among laboring men. It is well understood by all who control large bodies of men engaged in physical labor, that alcohol and effective work are incompatible."

It is even questionable whether the energy derived from the oxidation of alcohol in the body can be directly used at all as a source of muscular energy. Such competent observers as Schumberg and Scheffer independently reached the conclusion that it cannot. Dr. Abel inclines to the same opinion. He suggests that "alcohol is not a food in the sense in which fats and carbohydrates are food; it should be de-

fined as an easily oxidizable drug with numerous untoward effects which inevitably appear when a certain minimum dose is exceeded." He thinks that alcohol should be classed "with the more or less dangerous stimulants and narcotics, such as hasheesh, tobacco, etc., rather than with truly sustaining foodstuffs." Some of the grounds for this view will appear presently, as we now turn to examine the alleged stimulating effects of alcohol upon the mental processes.

Alcohol as a Brain Stimulant

The celebrated physicist Von Helmholtz, one of the foremost thinkers of the nineteenth century, declared that the very smallest quantity of alcohol served effectively, while its influence lasted, to banish from his mind all possibility of creative effort; all capacity to solve an abstruse problem. The result of recent experiments in the field of physiological psychology convince one that the same thing is true in some measure of every other mind capable of creative thinking. Certainly all the evidence goes to show that no mind is capable of its best efforts when influenced by even small quantities of alcohol. If any reader of these words is disposed to challenge this statement, on the strength of his own personal experience, I would ask him to reflect carefully as to whether what he has been disposed to regard as a stimulant effect may not be better explained along lines suggested by these words of Professor James: "The reason for craving alcohol is that it is an anesthetic even in moderate quantities. It obliterates a part of the field of consciousness and abolishes collateral trains of thought."

The experimental evidence that tends to establish the position of alcohol as an inhibitor and disturber rather than a promoter of mental activity has been gathered largely by German investigators. Many of their experiments are of a rather technical character, aiming to test the basal operations of the mind. Others, however, are eminently practical, as we shall see. The earliest experiments, made by Exner in Vienna so long ago as 1873, aimed to determine the effect of alcohol upon the so-called reaction-time. The subject of the experiment sits at a table, with his finger upon a telegraph key. At a given signal — say a flash of light — he releases the key. The time that elapses between signal and response — measured electrically in fractions of a second — is called the simple or direct reaction-time. This varies for different individuals, but is relatively constant, under given conditions, for the same individual. Exner found, however, that when an individual had imbibed a small quantity of alcohol, his reaction-time was lengthened, though the subject believed himself to be responding more promptly than before.

These highly suggestive experiments attracted no very great amount of attention at the time. Some years later, however, they were repeated by several investigators, including Dietl, Vintschgau, and in particluar Kraepelin and his pupils. It was then discovered that, in the case of a robust young man, if the quantity of alcohol ingested was very small, and the tests were made immediately, the direct reaction-time was not lengthened, but appreciably shortened instead. If, however, the quantity of alcohol was increased, or if the experiments were made at a considerable interval of time after its ingestion, the reaction-time fell below the normal, as in Exner's experiments.

Subsequent experiments tested mental processes of a somewhat more complicated character. For example, the subject would place each hand on a telegraph key, at right and left. The signals would then be varied, it being understood that one key or the other would be pressed promptly accordingly as a red or a white light appeared. It became necessary, therefore, to recognize the color of the light, and to recall which hand was to be moved at that particular signal: in other words, to make a choice not unlike that which a locomotive engineer is required to make when he encounters an unexpected signal light. The tests showed that after the ingestion of a small quantity of alcohol — say a glass of beer — there was a marked disturbance of the mental processes involved in this reaction. On the average, the keys were released more rapidly than before the alcohol was taken, but the wrong key was much more frequently released than under normal circumstances. Speed was attained at the cost of correct judgment. Thus, as Dr. Stier remarks, the experiment shows the elements of two of the most significant and persistent effects of alcohol, namely, the vitiating of mental processes and the increased tendency to hasty or incoördinate movements. Stated otherwise, a levelling down process is involved, whereby the higher function is dulled, the lower function accentuated.

Equally suggestive are the results of some experiments devised by Ach and Maljarewski to test the effects of alcohol upon the perception and comprehension of printed symbols. The subject was required to read aloud a continuous series of letters or meaningless syllables or short words, as viewed through a small slit in a revolving cylinder. It was found that after taking a small quantity of alcohol, the subject was noticeably less able to read correctly. His capacity to repeat, after a short interval, a number of letters correctly read, was also much impaired.

He made more omissions than before, and tended to substitute words and syllables for those actually seen. It is especially noteworthy that the largest number of mistakes were made in the reading of meaningless syllables,— that is to say, in the part of the task calling for the highest or most complicated type of mental activity.

Another striking illustration of the tendency of alcohol to impair the higher mental processes was given by some experiments instituted by Kraepelin to test the association of ideas. In these experiments, a word is pronounced, and the subject is required to pronounce the first word that suggests itself in response. Some very interesting secrets of the subconscious personality are revealed thereby, as was shown, for example, in a series of experiments conducted last year at Zürich by Dr. Frederick Peterson of New York. But I cannot dwell on these here. Suffice it for our purpose that the possible responses are of two general types. The suggested word being, let us say, "book," the subject may (1) think of some word associated logically with the idea of a book, such as "read" or "leaves"; or he may (2) think of some word associated merely through similarity of sound, such as "cook" or "shook." In a large series of tests, any given individual tends to show a tolerably uniform proportion between the two types of association; and this ratio is in a sense explicative of his type of mind. Generally speaking, the higher the intelligence, the higher will be the ratio of logical to merely rhymed associations. Moreover, the same individual will exhibit more associations of the logical type when his mind is fresh than when it is exhausted, as after a hard day's work.

In Kraepelin's experiments it appeared that even the smallest quantity of alcohol had virtually the effect of fatiguing the mind of the subject, so that the number of his rhymed responses rose far above the normal. That is to say, the lower form of association of ideas was accentuated, at the expense of the higher. In effect, the particular mind experimented upon was always brought for the time being to a lower level by the alcohol.

The Effect of a Bottle of Wine a Day

When a single dose of alcohol is administered, its effects gradually disappear, as a matter of course. But they are far more persistent than might be supposed. Some experiments conducted by Fürer are illuminative as to this. He tested a person for several days, at a given hour, as to reaction-time, the association of ideas, the capacity to memorize, and facility in adding. The subject was then allowed to drink two litres of beer in the course of a day. No intoxicating effects whatever were to be discovered by ordinary methods. The psychological tests, however, showed marked disturbance of all the reactions, a diminished capacity to memorize, decreased facility in adding, etc., not merely on the day when the alcohol was taken, but on succeeding days as well. Not until the third day was there a gradual restoration to complete normality; although the subject himself — and this should be particularly noted — felt absolutely fresh and free from after-effects of alcohol on the day following that on which the beer was taken.

Similarly Rüdin found the effects of a single dose of alcohol to persist, as regards some forms of mental disturbance, for twelve hours, for other forms twenty-four hours, and for yet others thirty-six hours and more. But Rüdin's experiments bring out another aspect of the subject, which no one who considers the alcohol question in any of its phases should overlook: the fact, namely, that individuals differ greatly in their response to a given quantity of the drug. Thus, of four healthy young students who formed the subjects of Rüdin's experiment, two showed very marked disturbance of the mental functions for more than forty-eight hours, whereas the third was influenced for a shorter time, and the fourth was scarcely affected at all. The student who was least affected was not, as might be supposed, one who had been accustomed to take alcoholics habitually, but, on the contrary, one who for six years had been a total abstainer.

Noting thus that the effects of a single dose of alcohol may persist for two or three days, one is led to inquire what the result will be if the dose is repeated day after day. Will there then be a cumulative effect, or will the system become tolerant of the drug and hence unresponsive? Some experiments of Smith, and others of Kürz and Kraepelin have been directed toward the solution of this all-important question. The results of the experiments show a piling up of the disturbing effects of the alcohol. Kürz and Kraepelin estimate that after giving eighty grams per day to an individual for twelve successive days, the working capacity of that individual's mind was lessened by from twenty-five to forty per cent. Smith found an impairment of the power to add, after twelve days, amounting to forty per cent.; the power to memorize was reduced by about seventy per cent.

Forty to eighty grams of alcohol, the amounts used in producing these astounding results, is no more than the quantity contained in one to two litres of beer or in a half-bottle to a bottle of ordinary wine. Professor Aschaffenburg, commenting on these experiments, points the obvi-

ous moral that the so-called moderate drinker, who consumes his bottle of wine as a matter of course each day with his dinner — and who doubtless would declare that he is never under the influence of liquor — is in reality never actually sober from one week's end to another. Neither in bodily nor in mental activity is he ever up to what should be his normal level.

That this fair inference from laboratory experiments may be demonstrated in a thoroughly practical field, has been shown by Professor Aschaffenburg himself, through a series of tests made on four professional typesetters. The tests were made with all the rigor of the psychological laboratory (the experimenter is a former pupil of Kraepelin), but they were conducted in a printing office, where the subjects worked at their ordinary desks, and in precisely the ordinary way, except that the copy from which the type was set was always printed, to secure perfect uniformity. The author summarizes the results of the experiment as follows:

A Loss of Ten Per Cent. in Working Efficiency

"The experiment extended over four days. The first and third days were observed as normal days, no alcohol being given. On the second and fourth days each worker received thirty-five grams (a little more than one ounce) of alcohol, in the form of Greek wine. A comparison of the results of work on normal and on alcoholic days showed, in the case of one of the workers, no difference. But the remaining three showed greater or less retardation of work, amounting in the most pronounced case to almost fourteen per cent. As typesetting is paid for by measure, such a worker would actually earn ten per cent. less on days when he consumed even this small quantity of alcohol."

In the light of such observations, a glass of beer or even the cheapest bottle of wine is seen to be an expensive luxury. To forfeit ten per cent. of one's working efficiency is no trifling matter in these days of strenuous competition. Perhaps it should be noted that the subjects of the experiment were all men habituated to the use of liquor, one of them being accustomed to take four glasses of beer each week day, and eight or ten on Sundays. This heaviest drinker was the one whose work was most influenced in the experiment just related. The one whose work was least influenced was the only one of the four who did not habitually drink beer every day; and he drank regularly on Sundays. It goes without saying that all abstained from beer during the experiment. We may note, further, that all the men admitted that they habitually found it more difficult to work on Mondays, after the over-indulgence of Sunday, than on other days, and that they made more mistakes on that day. Aside from that, however, the men were by no means disposed to admit, before the experiment, that their habitual use of beer interfered with their work. That it really did so could not well be doubted after the experiment.

The Effect of Beer-drinking on German School-children

Some doubly significant observations as to the practical effects of beer and wine in dulling the faculties were made by Bayer, who investigated the habits of 591 children in a public school in Vienna. These pupils were ranked by their teachers into three groups, denoting progress as "good," "fair," or "poor" respectively. Bayer found, on investigation, that 134 of these pupils took no alcoholic drink; that 164 drank alcoholics very seldom; but that 219 drank beer or wine once daily; 71 drank it twice daily; and three drank it with every meal. Of the total abstainers, 42 per cent. ranked in the school as "good," 49 per cent. as "fair," and 9 per cent. as "poor." Of the occasional drinkers, 34 per cent. ranked as "good," 57 per cent. as "fair," and 9 per cent. as "poor." Of the daily drinkers, 28 per cent. ranked as "good," 58 per cent. as "fair," and 14 per cent. as "poor." Those who drank twice daily ranked 25 per cent. "good," 58% "fair," and 18 per cent. "poor." Of the three who drank thrice daily, one ranked as "fair," and the other two as "poor." Statistics of this sort are rather tiresome; but these will repay a moment's examination. As Aschaffenburg, from whom I quote them, remarks, detailed comment is superfluous: the figures speak for themselves.

Neither in England nor America, fortunately, would it be possible to gather statistics comparable to these as to the effects of alcohol on growing children; for the Anglo-Saxon does not believe in alcohol for the child, whatever his view as to its utility for adults. The effects of alcohol upon the growing organism have, however, been studied here with the aid of subjects drawn from lower orders of the animal kingdom. Professor C. F. Hodge, of Clark University, gave alcohol to two kittens, with very striking results. "In beginning the experiment," he says, "it was remarkable how quickly and completely all the higher psychic characteristics of both the kittens dropped out. Playfulness, purring, cleanliness and care of coat, interest in mice, fear of dogs, while normally developed before the experiment began, all disappeared so suddenly that it could hardly be explained otherwise than as a direct influence of the alcohol upon the

higher centers of the brain. The kittens simply ate and slept, and could scarcely have been less active had the greater part of their cerebral hemisphere been removed by the knife."

The Development of Fear in Alcoholized Dogs

Professor Hodge's experiments extended also to dogs. He found that the alcoholized dogs in his kennel were lacking in spontaneous activity and in alertness in retrieving a ball. These defects must be in part explained by lack of cerebral energy, in part by weakening of the muscular system. Various other symptoms were presented that showed the lowered tone of the entire organism under the influence of alcohol; but perhaps the most interesting phenomenon was the development of extreme timidity on the part of all the alcoholized dogs. The least thing out of the ordinary caused them to exhibit fear, while their kennel companions exhibited only curiosity or interest. "Whistles and bells, in the distance, never ceased to throw them into a panic in which they howled and yelped while the normal dogs simply barked." One of the dogs even had "paroxysms of causeless fear with some evidence of hallucination. He would apparently start at some imaginary object, and go into fits of howling."

The characteristic timidity of the alcoholized dogs did not altogether disappear even when they no longer received alcohol in their diet. Timidity had become with them a "habit of life." As Professor Hodge suggests, we are here apparently dealing with "one of the profound physiological causes of fear, having wide application to its phenomena in man. Fear is commonly recognized as a characteristic feature in alcoholic insanity, and delirium tremens is the most terrible form of fear psychosis known." The development of the same psychosis, in a modified degree, through the continued use of small quantities of alcohol, emphasizes the causal relation between the use of alcohol and the genesis of timidity. It shows how pathetically mistaken is the popular notion that alcohol inspires courage; and, to anyone who clearly appreciates the share courage plays in the battle of life, it suggests yet another lamentable way in which alcohol handicaps its devotees.

Is Alcohol A Poison?

It is perhaps hardly necessary to cite further experiments directly showing the depressing effects of alcohol, even in small quantities, upon the mental activities. Whoever examines the evidence in its entirety will scarcely avoid the conclusion reached by Smith, as the result of his experiments already referred to, which Dr. Abel summarizes thus: "One half to one bottle of wine, or two to four glasses of beer a day, not only counteract the beneficial effects of 'practice' in any given occupation, but also depress every form of intellectual activity; therefore every man, who, according to his own notions, is only a moderate drinker places himself by this indulgence on a lower intellectual level and opposes the full and complete utilization of his intellectual powers." I content myself with repeating that, to the thoughtful man, the beer and the wine must seem dear at such a price.

To any one who may reply that he is willing to pay this price for the sake of the pleasurable emotions and passions that are sometimes permitted to hold sway in the absence of those higher faculties of reason which alcohol tends to banish, I would suggest that there is still another aspect of the account which we have not as yet examined. We have seen that alcohol may be a potent disturber of the functions of digestion, of muscular activity, and of mental energizing. But we have spoken all along of function and not of structure. We have not even raised a question as to what might be the tangible effects of this disturber of functions upon the physical organism through which these functions are manifested. We must complete our inquiry by asking whether alcohol, in disturbing digestion, may not leave its mark upon the digestive apparatus; whether in disturbing the circulation it may not put its stamp upon heart and blood vessels; whether in disturbing the mind it may not leave some indelible record on the tissues of the brain.

Stated otherwise, the question is this: Is alcohol a poison to the animal organism? A poison being, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, an agent that may injuriously affect the tissues of the body, and tend to shorten life.

Students of pathology answer this question with no uncertain voice. The matter is presented in a nutshell by the Professor of Pathology at Johns Hopkins University, Dr. William H. Welch, when he says: "Alcohol in sufficient quantities is a poison to all living organisms, both animal and vegetable." To that unequivocal pronouncement there is, I believe, no dissenting voice, except that a word-quibble was at one time raised over the claim that alcohol in exceedingly small doses might be harmless. The obvious answer is that the same thing is true of any and every poison whatsoever. Arsenic and strychnine, in appropriate doses, are recognized by all physicians as admirable tonics; but no one argues in consequence that they are not virulent poisons.

Open any work on the practice of medicine

quite at random, and whether you chance to read of diseased stomach or heart or blood-vessels or liver or kidneys or muscles or connective tissues or nerves or brain — it is all one: in any case you will learn that alcohol may be an active factor in the causation, and a retarding factor in the cure, of some, at least, of the important diseases of the organ or set of organs about which you are reading. You will rise with the conviction that alcohol is not merely a poison, but the most subtle, the most far-reaching, and, judged by its ultimate effects, incomparably the most virulent of all poisons.

Alcohol and Disease

Here are a few corroborative facts, stated baldly, almost at random: Rauber found that a ten per cent. solution of alcohol "acted as a definite protoplasmic poison to all forms of cell life with which he experimented — including the hydra, tapeworms, earthworms, leeches, crayfish, various species of fish, Mexican axolotl, and mammals, including the human subject." Berkely found, in four rabbits out of five in which he had induced chronic alcohol poisoning, fatty degeneration of the heart muscle. This condition, he says, "seems to be present in all animals subject to a continual administration of alcohol in which sufficient time between the doses is not allowed for complete elimination." Cowan finds that alcoholic cases "bear acute diseases badly, failure of the heart always ensuing at an earlier period than one would anticipate." Bollinger found the beer-drinkers of Munich so subject to hypertrophied or dilated hearts as to justify Liebe in declaring that "one man in sixteen in Munich drinks himself to death."

Dr. Sims Woodhead, Professor of Pathology in the University of Cambridge, says of the effect of alcohol on the heart: "In addition to the fatty degeneration of the heart that is so frequently met with in chronic alcoholics, there appears in some cases to be an increase of fibrous tissue between the muscle fibers, accompanied by wasting of these tissues. . . . Heart failure, one of the most frequent causes of death in people of adult and advanced years, is often due to fatty degeneration, and a patient who suffers from alcoholic degeneration necessarily runs a much greater risk of heart failure during the course of acute fevers or from overwork, exhaustion, and an overloaded stomach, and the like, than does the man with a strong, healthy heart unaffected by alcohol or similar poisons."

It must be obvious that these words give a clue to the agency of alcohol in shortening the lives of tens of thousands of persons with whose decease the name of alcohol is never associated in the minds of their friends or in the death certificates.

Dr. Woodhead has this to say about the blood-vessels: "In chronic alcoholism in which the poison is acting continuously, over a long period, a peculiar fibrous condition of the vessels is met with; this, apparently, is the result of a slight irritation of the connective tissue of the walls of these vessels. The wall of the vessel may become thickened throughout its whole extent or irregularly, and the muscular coat may waste away as a new fibrous or scar-like tissue is formed. The wasting muscles may undergo fatty degeneration, and, in these, lime salts may be deposited; the rigid, brittle, so-called pipe-stem vessels are the result." Referring to these degenerated arteries, Dr. Welch says: "In this way alcoholic excess may stand in a causative relation to cerebral disorders, such as apoplexy and paralysis, and also the diseases of the heart and kidneys."

From our present standpoint it is particularly worthy of remark that Professor Woodhead states that this calcification of the blood-vessels is likely to occur in persons who have never been either habitual or occasional drunkards, but who have taken only "what they are pleased to call 'moderate' quantities of alcohol." Similarly, Dr. Welch declares that "alcoholic diseases are certainly not limited to persons recognized as drunkards. Instances have been recorded in increasing number in recent years of the occurrence of diseases of the circulatory, renal, and nervous systems, reasonably or positively attributable to the use of alcoholic liquors, in persons who never became really intoxicated and were regarded by themselves and by others as 'moderate drinkers.'"

"It is well established," adds Dr. Welch, "that the general mortality from diseases of the liver, kidney, heart, blood-vessels, and nervous system is much higher in those following occupations which expose them to the temptation of drinking than in others." Strumpell declares that chronic inflammation of the stomach and bowels is almost exclusively of alcoholic origin; and that when a man in the prime of life dies of certain chronic kidney affections, one may safely infer that he has been a lover of beer and other alcoholic drinks. Similarly, cirrhosis of the liver is universally recognized as being, nine times in ten, of alcoholic origin. The nervous affections of like origin are numerous and important, implicating both brain cells and peripheral fibres.

How the Poison Works

Without going into further details as to the precise changes that alcohol may effect in the

various organs of the body, we may note that these pathological changes are everywhere of the same general type. There is an ever-present tendency to destroy the higher form of cells — those that are directly concerned with the vital processes — and to replace them with useless or harmful connective tissue. "Whether this scar tissue formation goes on in the heart, in the kidneys, in the liver, in the blood-vessels, or in the nerves," says Woodhead, "the process is essentially the same, and it must be associated with the accumulation of poisonous or waste products in the lymph spaces through which the nutrient fluids pass to the tissues. The contracting scar tissue of a wound has its exact homologue in the contracting scar tissue that is met with in the liver, in the kidney, and in the brain."

It is not altogether pleasant to think that one's bodily tissues — from the brain to the remotest nerve fibril, from the heart to the minutest arteriole — may perhaps be undergoing day by day such changes as these. Yet that is the possibility which every habitual drinker of alcoholic beverages — "moderate drinker" though he be — must face. This is an added toll that does not appear in the first price of the glass of beer or bottle of wine, but it is a toll that may refuse to be overlooked in the final accounting.

Alcohol and Acute Infections

In connection with experiments in rendering animals and men immune from certain contagious diseases through inoculation with specific serums, Deléarde, working in Calmette's laboratory in Lille, showed that alcoholized rabbits are not protected by inoculation, as normal ones are, against hydrophobia. Moreover, he reports the case of an intemperate man, bitten by a mad dog, who died notwithstanding anti-rabic treatment, whereas a boy of thirteen, much more severely bitten by the same dog on the same day, recovered under treatment. Deléarde strongly advises any one bitten by a mad dog to abstain from alcohol, not only during the anti-rabic treatment but for some months thereafter, lest the alcohol counteract the effects of the protective serum.

Similar laboratory experiments have been made by Laitenan, who became fully convinced that alcohol increases the susceptibility of animals to splenic fever, tuberculosis, and diphtheria. Dr. A. C. Abbott, of the University of Pennsylvania, made an elaborate series of experiments to test the susceptibility of rabbits to various micro-organisms causing pus-formation and blood poisoning. He found that the normal resistance of rabbits to infection from this source was in most cases "markedly diminished through the influence of alcohol when given daily to a stage of acute intoxication." "It is interesting to note," Dr. Abbott adds, "that the results of inoculation of the alcoholized rabbits with the erysipelas coccus correspond in a way with clinical observations on human beings addicted to the excessive use of alcohol when infected by this organism."

Additional confirmation of the deleterious effects of alcohol in this connection was furnished by the cats and dogs of Professor Hodge's experiments, already referred to. All of these showed peculiar susceptibility to infectious diseases, not only being attacked earlier than their normal companions, but also suffering more severely. This accords with numerous observations on the human subject; for example, with the claim made some years ago by McCleod and Milles that Europeans in Shanghai who used alcohol showed increased susceptibility to Asiatic cholera, and suffered from a more virulent type of the disease. Professor Woodhead points out that many of the foremost authorities now concede the justice of this view, and unreservedly condemn the giving of alcohol, even in medicinal doses, to patients suffering from cholera or from various other acute diseases and intoxications, including diphtheria, tetanus, snake-bite, and pneumonia, as being not merely useless but positively harmful. Even when the patient has advanced far toward recovery from an acute infectious disease, it is held still to be highly unwise to administer alcohol, since this may interfere with the beneficent action of the anti-toxins that have developed in the tissues of the body, and in virtue of which the disease has been overcome.

The Ally of Tuberculosis

Not many physicians, perhaps, will go so far as Dr. Muirhead of Edinburgh, who at one time claimed that he had scarcely known of a death in a case of pneumonia uncomplicated by alcoholism; but almost every physician will admit that he contemplates with increased solicitude every case of pneumonia thus complicated. Equally potent, seemingly, is alcohol in complicating that other ever-menacing lung disease, tuberculosis. Dr. Crothers long ago asserted that inebriety and tuberculosis are practically interconvertible conditions; a view that may be intrepreted in the words of Dr. Dickinson's Baillie Lecture: "We may conclude, and that confidently, that alcohol promotes tubercle, not because it begets the bacilli, but because it impairs the tissues, and makes them ready to yield to the attacks of the parasites." Dr. Brouardel, at the Congress for the Study of

Tuberculosis, in London, was equally emphatic as to the influence of alcohol in preparing the way for tuberculosis, and increasing its virulence; and this view has now become general — curiously reversing the popular impression, once held by the medical profession as well, that alcohol is antagonistic to consumption.

Corroborative evidence of the baleful alliance between alcohol and tuberculosis is furnished by the fact that in France the regions where tuberculosis is most prevalent correspond with those in which the consumption of alcohol is greatest. Where the average annual consumption was 12.5 litres per person, the death rate from consumption was found by Baudron to be 32.8 per thousand. Where alcoholic consumption rose to 35.4 litres, the death rate from consumption increased to 107.8 per thousand. Equally suggestive are facts put forward by Guttstadt in regard to the causes of death in the various callings in Prussia. He found that tuberculosis claimed 160 victims in every thousand deaths of persons over twenty-five years of age. But the number of deaths from this disease per thousand deaths among gymnasium teachers, physicians, and Protestant clergymen, for example, amounted respectively to 126, 113, and 76 only; whereas the numbers rose, for hotel-keepers, to 237, for brewers, to 344, and for waiters, to 556. No doubt several factors complicate the problem here, but one hazards little in suggesting that a difference of habit as to the use of alcohol was the chief determinant in running up the death rate due to tuberculosis from 76 per thousand at one end of the scale to 556 at the other.

Pneumonia and tuberculosis combined account for one-fifth of all deaths in the United States, year by year. In the light of what has just been shown, it would appear that alcohol here has a hand in the carrying off of other untold thousands with whose untimely demise its name is not officially associated. I may add that certain German authorities, including, for example, Dr. Liebe, present evidence — not as yet demonstrative — to show that cancer must also be added to the list of diseases to which alcohol predisposes the organism.

Hereditary Effects of Alcohol

If additional evidence of the all-pervading influence of alcohol is required, it may be found in the thought-compelling fact that the effects are not limited to the individual who imbibes the alcohol, but may be passed on to his descendants. The offspring of alcoholics show impaired vitality of the most deep-seated character. Sometimes this impaired vitality is manifested in the non-viability of the offspring; sometimes in deformity; very frequently in neuroses, which may take the severe forms of chorea, infantile convulsions, epilepsy, or idiocy. In examining into the history of 2554 idiotic, epileptic, hysterical, or weak-minded children in the institution at Bicêtre, France, Bourneville found that over 41 per cent. had alcoholic parents. In more than 9 per cent. of the cases, it was ascertained that one or both parents were under the influence of alcohol at the time of procreation,— a fact of positively terrifying significance, when we reflect how alcohol inflames the passions while subordinating the judgment and the ethical scruples by which these passions are normally held in check. Of similar import are the observations of Bezzola and of Hartmann that a large proportion of the idiots and the criminals in Switzerland were conceived during the season of the year when the customs of the country —"May-fests," etc.— lead to the disproportionate consumption of alcohol.

Experimental evidence of very striking character is furnished by the reproductive histories of Professor Hodge's alcoholized dogs. Of 23 whelps born in four litters to a pair of tipplers, 9 were born dead, 8 were deformed, and only 4 were viable and seemingly normal. Meantime, a pair of normal kennel-companions produced 45 whelps, of which 41 were viable and normal — a percentage of 90.2 against the 17.4 per cent. of viable alcoholics. Professor Hodge points out that these results are strikingly similar to the observations of Demme on the progeny of ten alcoholic as compared with ten normal families of human beings. The ten alcoholic families produced 57 children, of whom 10 were deformed, 6 idiotic, 6 choreic or epileptic, 25 non-viable, and only 10, or 17 per cent. of the whole were normal. The ten normal families produced 61 children, two of whom were deformed, 2 pronounced "backward," though not suffering from disease, and 3 non-viable, leaving 54, or 88.5 per cent., normal.

As I am writing this article, the latest report of the Craig Colony for Epileptics, at Sonyea, New York, chances to come to my desk. Glancing at the tables of statistics, I find that the superintendent, Dr. Spratling, reports a history of alcoholism in the parents of 313 out of 950 recent cases. More than 22 per cent. of these unfortunates are thus suffering from the mistakes of their parents. Nor does this by any means tell the whole story, for the report shows that 577 additional cases — more than 60 per cent. of the whole — suffer from "neuropathic heredity"; which means that their parents were themselves the victims of one or another of those neuroses that are peculiarly heritable, and that unquestionably tell, in a large number

of cases, of alcoholic indulgence on the part of their progenitors. "Even to the third and fourth generation," said the wise Hebrew of old; and the laws of heredity have not changed since then.

I cite the data from this report of the Epileptic Colony, not because its record is in any way exceptional, but because it is absolutely typical. The mental image that it brings up is precisely comparable to that which would arise were we to examine the life histories of the inmates of any institution whatever where dependent or delinquent children are cared for, be it idiot asylum, orphanage, hospital, or reformatory. The same picture, with the same insistent moral, would be before us could we visit a clinic where nervous diseases are treated; or — turning to the other end of the social scale — could we sit in the office of a fashionable specialist in nervous diseases and behold the succession of neurotics, epileptics, paralytics, and degenerates that come day by day under his observation. It is this picture, along with others which the preceding pages may in some measure have suggested, that comes to mind and will not readily be banished when one hears advocated "on physiological grounds" the regular use of alcoholic drinks, "in moderation." A vast number of the misguided individuals who were responsible for all this misery never did use alcohol except in what they believed to be strict "moderation"; and of those that did use it to excess, there were few indeed who could not have restricted their use of alcohol to moderate quantities, or have abandoned its use altogether, had not the drug itself made them its slaves by depriving them of all power of choice. Few men indeed are voluntary inebriates.

Alcohol and the "Moderate" Drinker

It does not fall within the scope of my present purpose to dwell upon the familiar aspect of the effects of alcohol suggested by the last sentence. It requires no scientific experiments to prove that one of the subtlest effects of this many-sided drug is to produce a craving for itself, while weakening the will that could resist that craving. But beyond noting that this is precisely in line with what we have everywhere seen to be the typical effect of alcohol — the weakening of higher functions and faculties, with corresponding exaggeration of lower ones — I shall not comment here upon this all too familiar phase of the alcohol problem. Throughout this paper I have had in mind the hidden cumulative effects of relatively small quantities of alcohol rather than the patent effects of excessive indulgence. I have had in mind the voluntary "social" drinker, rather than the drunkard. I have wished to raise a question in the mind of each and every habitual user of alcohol in "moderation" who chances to read this article, as to whether he is acting wisely in using alcohol habitually in any quantity whatever.

If in reply the reader shall say: "There is some quantity of alcohol that constitutes actual moderation; some quantity that will give me pleasure and yet not menace me with these evils," I answer thus:

Conceivably that is true, though it is not proved. But in any event, no man can tell you what the safe quantity is — if safe quantity there be — in any individual case. We have seen how widely individuals differ in susceptibility. In the laboratory some animals are killed by doses that seem harmless to their companions. These are matters of temperament that as yet elude explanation. But this much I can predict with confidence: whatever the "safe" quantity of alcohol for you to take, you will unquestionably at times exceed it. In a tolerably wide experience of men of many nations, I have never known an habitual drinker who did not sometimes take more alcohol than even the most liberal scientific estimate could claim as harmless. Therefore I believe that you must do the same.

So I am bound to believe, on the evidence, that if you take alcohol habitually, in any quantity whatever, it is to some extent a menace to you. I am bound to believe, in the light of what science has revealed: (1) that you are tangibly threatening the physical structures of your stomach, your liver, your kidneys, your heart, your blood-vessels, your nerves, your brain; (2) that you are unequivocally decreasing your capacity for work in any field, be it physical, intellectual, or artistic; (3) that you are in some measure lowering the grade of your mind, dulling your higher esthetic sense, and taking the finer edge off your morals; (4) that you are distinctly lessening your chances of maintaining health and attaining longevity; and (5) that you may be entailing upon your descendants yet unborn a bond of incalculable misery.

Such, I am bound to believe, is the probable cost of your "moderate" indulgence in alcoholic beverages. Part of that cost you must pay in person; the balance will be the heritage of future generations. As a mere business proposition: Is your glass of beer, your bottle of wine, your high-ball, or your cocktail worth such a price?

EDITORIALS

THE PEASANT SALOON-KEEPER— RULER OF AMERICAN CITIES

THE great wave of temperance which is now sweeping Europe and America has its chief impulse, no doubt, in ethical and religious sentiment. But a new force is operative — the force of an exact knowledge of the evil physical effects of alcohol. It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of this new element in temperance reform.

The story of the modern series of scientific experiments with alcohol, begun about twenty-five years ago and still in progress, is given by Dr. Henry Smith Williams in this number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. These investigations, largely conducted in Continental Europe, include experiments on the senses, upon the muscles, and upon the different human intellectual activities, from the simplest to the most complex. Without exception they show that every function of the normal human body is injured by the use of alcohol — even the moderate use; and that the injury is both serious and permanent.

This knowledge is of concern to all the world. But there is in America a particular and special concern over a condition which may be believed to be unparalleled in human history — certainly in modern civilization: the power of the saloon in American government, especially the government of cities.

The fact is notorious; yet the condition is not clearly understood. Sixty years ago, with the first flood of European immigration, the character of American city governments changed suddenly and entirely. A great proportion of the peasantry who arrived here from the farms of Europe stopped in our cities. They were isolated from the rest of the population; their one great social center was the saloon. And out of this social center came their political leaders and the manipulators of their votes. The European peasant saloon-keeper, for more than half a century, has been the ruler of a great proportion of American cities.

The case of Tammany Hall, for so many years the real governing body of New York, is most familiar. Its politicians for half a century have graduated into public affairs through the common school of the saloon. Its leaders at the present time are perfect examples of the European peasant saloon-keeper type, which has come to govern us. The same condition exists to a large extent in nearly every one of the larger cities in the country. An analysis of the member-ship of the boards of aldermen in these cities for the past few decades shows a percentage of saloon-keepers with foreign names which is astonishing.

A government necessarily takes the character of those conducting it. The business of saloon-keeping, which produced the present management of our cities, involves, from the conditions which surround it, a disregard for both law and proper moral ideals. Ordinary commercial motives urge the proprietors, as a class, to increase the sale of a commodity which the State everywhere endeavors to restrict; and a savage condition of competition drives them still further — till a great proportion break the provisions of the law in some way; while a considerable number ally themselves with the most degraded and dangerous forms of vice.

The government by this class has been exactly what might have been expected. A body of men — drawn from an ancestry which has never possessed any knowledge or traditions of free government; educated in a business whose financial successes are made through the disregard of law — are elevated to the control of the machinery of law and order in the great cities. Another type of citizen — men of force and enterprise unsurpassed in the history of the world — by adapting the discoveries of the most inventive century of the world to the uses of commerce, have massed together in the past half century a chain of great cities upon the face of a half savage continent, and left them to the government of such people as these. The commercial enterprise of these cities has been the marvel of the world; their government has reached a point of moral degradation and inefficiency scarcely less than Oriental.

The debauching of our city life by this kind of government has been frequently pictured in this magazine. A government by saloon-keepers, and by dealers in flagrant immorality, finds both its power and profit in the establishment of vice by its official position. The progress of such a government is shown in George Kennan's description of the former régime in San Francisco, published in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE of September, 1907:

"Instead of protecting the public by enforcing the

laws, it devoted itself mainly to making money by allowing gamblers, policy-sellers, brothel keepers, and prostitutes to break the laws. Its honest officers and men tried, at first, to do their duty; but the police commissioners, under the influence or direction of Ruef, interfered with their efforts to close illegal and immoral resorts; the police court judges, allowing themselves to be swayed by selfish political considerations, released the prisoners whom they arrested."

Conditions similar to this have been shown in this magazine to exist in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburg, and other great cities of America. The results have been a general disintegration in the moral fiber of cities. Life itself is much more unsafe than under the well-ordered governments of European cities. The murder rate in Chicago and New York is six or eight times as great as in London and Berlin. Even such a primary necessity of civilization as the safety of women is lost sight of. A leading Chicago newspaper said in 1906:

"It has ever been our proudest boast as a people that in this country woman is respected and protected as she is in no other. That boast is becoming an empty one in Chicago. Women have not only been annoyed and insulted in great numbers on the street within a very short time, but not a few have been murdered. In the year before the Hollister tragedy, there were seventeen murders of women in Chicago, which attracted the attention of the city."

The system of government which produces this result was well described some years ago by the late Bishop Potter, speaking of conditions in New York.

"A corrupt system," he said, "whose infamous details have been steadily uncovered, to our increasing horror and humiliation, was brazenly ignored by those who were fattening on its spoils, and the world was presented with the astounding spectacle of a great municipality, whose civic mechanism was largely employed in trading in the bodies and souls of the defenseless."

Aside from giving direct encouragement and propagation to the more terrible forms of vice, the European peasant saloon-keeper government of our cities furnishes a fitting field for so-called respectable men — but really criminals of the worst type — who help organize and perpetuate saloon government for the purpose of securing, by bribery, franchises for public utilities without paying therefor. Thus American cities have been robbed as well as badly governed.

There are signs of amelioration of these conditions in most of the great cities of the country. But every advance is made against the fierce antagonism of just such systems as Bishop Potter described; and those systems exist in every large American city to-day — either in direct control or ready to take control at the slightest sign of relaxation by the forces which are opposing them. And the foundation of this evil structure is the European peasant saloon-keeper.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, in the next year, will consider the horrible influence of the saloon on American life. Dr. Williams will follow his article in the present number by studies of the influence of alcohol upon society at large, upon racial development, and upon the State. The author is especially equipped for his work. He is in the first place perhaps the greatest living popularizer of national science and history in America; and he has himself made life-long observations upon the influence of alcohol — both physical and social — first as a medical practitioner in the treatment of the insane at the great asylums at Bloomingdale and Randalls Island, and later by study and observation in the chief capitals of Europe, where he has lived the greater part of the last ten years. The sound judgment and impartial temper which have characterized his work in other fields will be found in his treatment of this great subject.

THE ELDER STATESMEN

SENATORS Sherman, Hoar, Edmunds, George, and Gray: these were the men who made the present Sherman Anti-trust Law. They were the men who made largely the financial and constitutional history of the United States for the three decades following the Civil War. They brought to the consideration of the trust problem an intimate knowledge of constitutional law, an open, unbiased attitude toward property rights, and a thorough devotion to the public interest. They gave long and careful attention to the question, spending two years on this bill. There was nothing hasty or ill-considered about their action. They sought to end special privilege and put all citizens on the same basis of free competition. Of all their great services to the nation none probably equals in importance this bill, which may be called the Magna Charta of industrial and commercial liberty.

The amendment of the Sherman Act may be an important public issue for some time to come. If it were possible to assemble for this work a body of men as able and as disinterested as the Elder Statesmen who framed the original act, the interests of the public would be safe.

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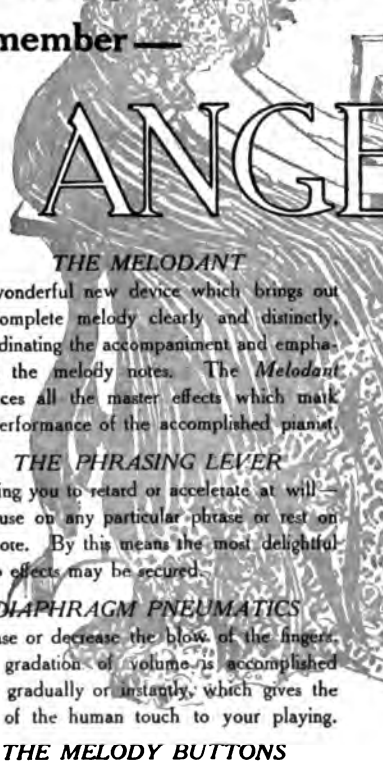

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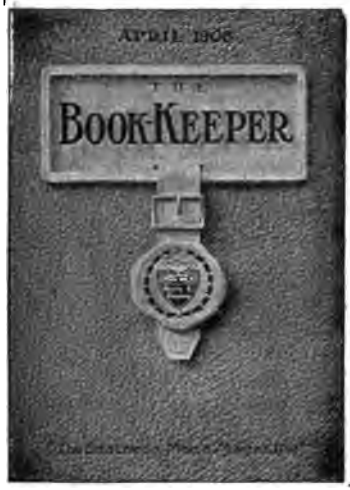

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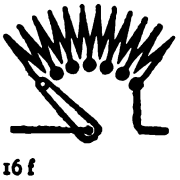

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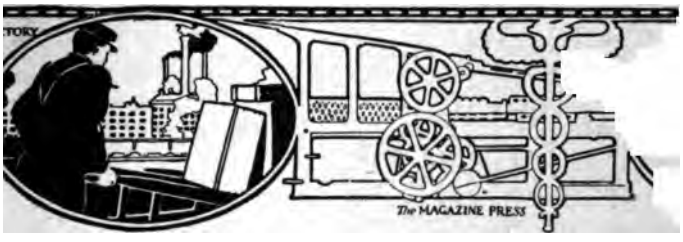

)PLE hain't wut they wuz in *my* day," growled Jasper Flint. "No — nur hain't, nuther."

'ell, thank goodness they 're not!" ed Hiram Oldboy. "Why, when you were youngsters, what did we have? -stove warmed one room — we chopped rdwood. For light — candles. Baths . month in the washtub — and I pump- e water. Clothes home-made by my r. She sewed, knit, spun, wove, and nly cooked all our crude food, but , killed, cured and preserved it. She made our one toilet essential — soft

Recreations, the circus once a year — old times! Fudge!

ook at me to-day!

y house is heated and lighted automati- all over, and machinery pumps our . The fittings in my bathroom are than the dishes we ate from as boys. ry season, special garments for warmth, ss, health, comfort. I have con- ices the rich knew nothing about y years ago. Would my dear mother meats and preserve fruits to-day? f I could help it, with factories to do hings scientifically. For ments, the player-piano her musical instruments, amera, the automobile, , books, magazines— sper, do you realize that agazines have done most

In our boyhood there nighty few conveniences. re 'd been as many as ve would n't have heard 'em, because there were igazines to explain how worked, and how cost was n't the way to look at things, as we did then, but the return in comfort. Ninety per cent. of the comforts I enjoy to-day I 've first read about in magazines. Manufacturers who have sold them educated me at the same time.

"Jasper Flint, if you grumble at times like these we live in now, somebody ought to take you at your word and shove you back into your own boyhood, with no comforts or conveniences at all, and no way of knowing about them if there were any."

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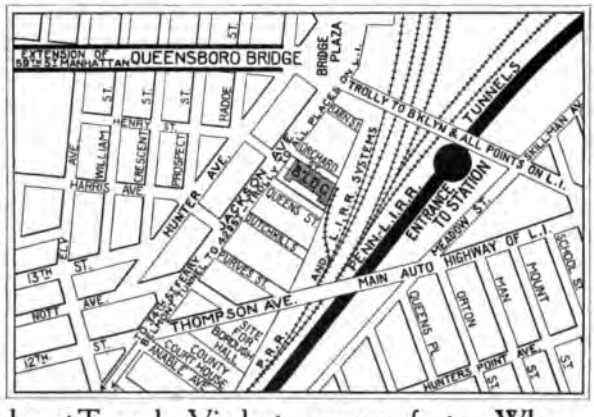

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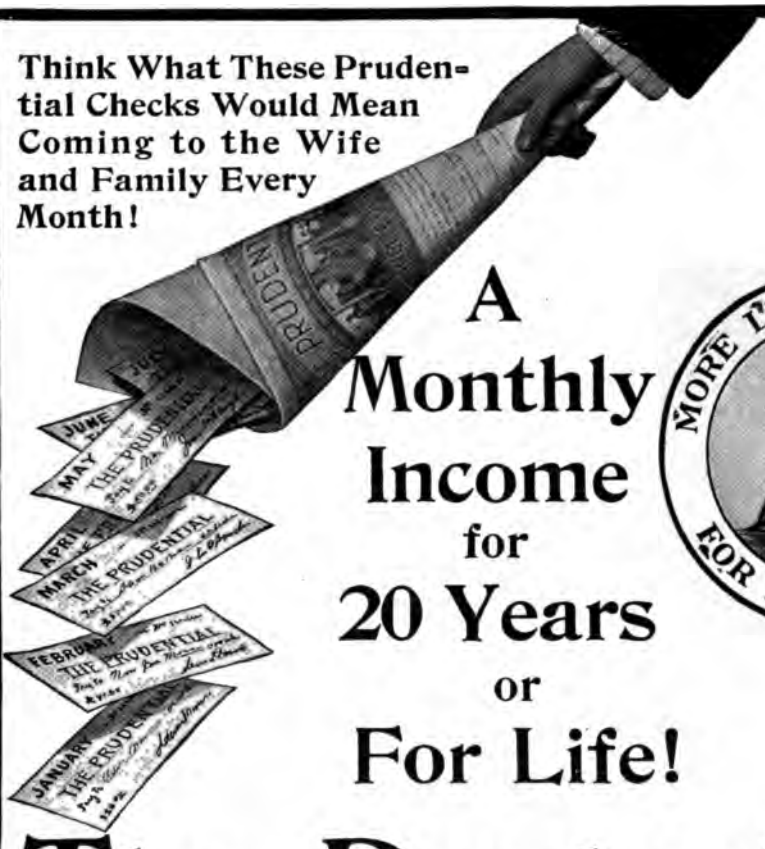

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THE QUESTION BEFORE THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

THE third day of November, 1908, there will be referred to the conscience and the intelligence of the individual citizen the question whether William Howard Taft or William Jennings Bryan shall be cted to the greatest administrative office in : world. The alternative consequences that end such a choice are so great as to make ɔughtfulness in voting a patriotic duty.

Success in maintaining this great Republic of ıety million people, in peace, contentment ł prosperity, is not easy to attain. The publican Party has, however, been hitherto :cessful and its record gives the greatest basis reliance in the future.

A Candidate in Costume—Look Behind the Make-up

e candidate of the Bryan Democracy is the ne one who in 1896 urged the voters to stake : nation's welfare on 16 to 1, and a fifty-cent lar; and who in 1900 urged the voters to n their backs upon the obligations of world atness.

Both times the Democratic Party matched the intellect and character of its candidate against those of American voters. Was it right then and the American voter wrong? Is there any assurance that it has changed? Will you admit that you can't remember 1896 or 1900 and that you can't see through its claims now?

The Democratic Platform a Cloak—the Republican Platform a Record

The Democratic candidate seeks to conceal the purposes of himself and his followers under a caricature of parts of the Republican platform.

Business and industry are inevitably driven to apprehension when he appears. The confidence of the people is infinitely more important for national prosperity than the self-confidence of the candidate. Webster interpreted the genius of American industry and commerce when he said to Andrew Jackson in 1834—"If public confidence is not shaken, all is well; but if it is, all is difficulty and distress." Who can believe that the confidence of the American people can be established with the apostle of

Free Silver, Discontent, and Government Ownership in administrative control of the Government?

The Record of the Republican Party

All important steps in National progress in the last forty-seven years have been brought about by the Republican Party, whose policies have always been constructive rather than destructive.

It has extended national power and commercial prestige.

It gave freedom to Cuba and is aiding her to establish responsible self-government.

It has added enormous areas to United States territory—Porto Rico, Guam, the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines. and has knitted together the interests of this country and the Latin American republics in a manner to command their confidence and increase our trade.

Through President Roosevelt it put an end to the war between Russia and Japan and commanded the affectionate recognition of both countries.

It established the gold standard, placing this country in the rank of other advanced commercial nations.

It passed a currency measure designed to prevent currency suspension in case of panic.

It has appointed a monetary commission to consider further reforms in the currency system.

The Republican Party has constructed a navy capable of meeting that of any other nation. By reorganizing the army it has made an effective fighting force.

It acquired control of the Panama Canal and is pushing the work in a way which amazes by its enterprise the nations of the world.

It has extended to the war veterans and their widows the benefits of a service pension.

It has provided for the arbitration of labor disputes between railroads and their employees, and it has regulated the hours of railroad employees in a way to entitle them to adequate and necessary rest.

It has modified the old common law principle of employment so as to make it possible for the laborer in public service to recover for injuries received while at work.

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It has safeguarded the public health by establishing proper standards under the Pure Food Law.

It has put an end to timber-thieving on public lands.

It has checked criminal monopoly by energetic enforcement of the laws.

It has abolished railway rebates and established equality of treatment and opportunity for shippers, communities and consumers.

It has sought to insure purity of elections and correct expression of the people's will prohibiting corporations from contributing to national elections.

The highest aspirations of the Ameri people for moral reform and natic progress have ever had the sympa and support of the publican Party. I not the duty of citizen who looks ward, and not ba ward to vote for a pa that has done thi rather than for which simply cavils things done?

With the Democra Party in Office R Could Not Be Avoided

Democrats who, fea their own candid place reliance upon obstruction of the publican Senate, not wise. This g nation cannot lie at anc in the stream of time. B ness must go forward backward; it cannot l stand still. Constant dr would soon overcome the feeling of safety bring disaster.

Even if legislation could be kept at a sta still administration must go on and administ tive power is not only the all-important th to-day but is a lever in legislation. Many the most important laws, especially th affecting the public credit, are discretion in their character, and call for sympath and energetic enforcement in time of str What business man would have liked to a Bryan Secretary of the Treasury in seat of Secretary Cortelyou in the panic 1907?

The only way in which the confidence of b ness men in one another and in the future be expressed is by the triumph of the Repu can Party. You, as a voter, as you cast y ballot, contribute to the national message this election. Make it a message of confide not a message of despair.

The Democrats stopped the clock at D ver while they were nominating their car date for the Presidency. Do you wish stop the clock of national progress by elect him?

Taft — One of the World's Great Administrators

The personality of William Howard Taft has long been associated in the public mind with sturdiness and sincerity, firmness and integrity, seriousness and kindliness, with foresight and sagacity, aggressiveness and persistency, industry and tact. The better he becomes known the clearer it is that these qualities are not assumed but were run in the metal of the man.

William H. Taft comes of rugged stock. His stern purpose, the dominant note in his composition, came from New England ancestors who left England to establish freedom in the wilderness. From companionship with his father, the Judge, the Secretary of War, the Attorney-General and the Minister to Austria and to Russia, came prudence and an insight into men and things not taught in schools or to be learned from books. He inherited an almost Spartan capacity for endurance from the mother who from her deathbed cheerfully bade him God-speed upon his errand of duty to the Philippines, there to keep his promise and to initiate that self-government in the Orient which his own pioneer work had made possible. From her, too, came the wholesome good nature that makes men love him and the calm that suggests strength and compels confidence.

No quarrel or rancor long resists the magic of the Taft smile. His power to make men look beyond the petty detail to the important and substantial whole, and to see beyond the immediate the ultimate result, is an economic asset of incalculable value to a people like ours. Who can deny this who remembers its influence in the Philippines, on the Panama Isthmus, and in the War Department? The conservation of energy and the combination of forces are the natural elements of the Taft method of work.

If William H. Taft should never hold another public office, the record of his public service would be long remembered as one of the most honorable in American history. Entering public life in 1881, he has been, successively Ass't District Attorney of his County, Internal Revenue Collector, Judge of an Ohio State Court, Solicitor General of the United States, United States Circuit Judge, Governor of the Philippines, and Secretary of War.

There is no record of his ever having blundered or having been faithless to his duty. *The name of Taft stands for no perilous novelties in government; TAFT has spelled WORK and achievement from* 1881 *to* 1908. In each important office he achieved a triumph. As Solicitor-General he clinched an American diplomatic victory by defeating the contention of the British authorities in the Behring Sea Case. As Circuit Court Judge he laid the foundation for Federal control of trusts upon the principles of the common law. As Chairman of the Philippine Commission he dispelled all apprehension of American imperialism. As Secretary of War he organized that mammoth work in connection with the Panama Canal, bringing order out of chaos, and brought the palm of administration to the American Republic. With Taft, great success in administration has become a habit. To ask for promises, after twenty-seven years of such performance, would be absurd.

Charles Hopkins Clark said recently in *The Independent:*

"He is as strong as he is gentle. His reputation is simply spotless. In all the agitation of a heated campaign for the greatest office in the world, no one has ventured to intimate a doubt of the absolute honesty of this man who has been before the country for a quarter of a century. Nor can anyone successfully dispute the simple proposition that in the whole history of the United States no one was ever named for the Presidency who was so fitted by nature, by training and by experience for the duties, dignities and responsibilities of that unique office."

About the life and opinions of William H. Taft there is nothing secret or discreditable. They are written in the country's history. He is a genuine product of American institutions;

like them his growth has been a continuous and material development. If the country had put a selected man in training for the great office for which Taft is a candidate, how could it have devised more splendidly than he has done in shaping his own career? No man knows more about the country and its whole people or about the problems to be solved in the next four years or has greater fitness to solve them than William H. Taft.

The Career of James S. Sherman

Mr. Sherman's career has been one of public service of the highest order in which he has been tried and not found wanting. He is a man of blameless personal character, large powers and experience, and has always been on the right side of every public question.

The members of the National Government know with what fidelity and painstaking industry he has worked for the country's good. They know with what modest disregard of personal display, thorough knowledge, clearness of expression and force of mind and character he has maintained upon the floor of the National House of Representatives his views of what was best in legislation. They know that he possesses to an unusual degree the rare combination of quick perception, fair judgment and decision of character and his more than twenty years continuous service in Congress, with his long experience as Chairman of Committee of the whole, has shown him to be a master of parliamentary practice and a man who has special aptitude for the honorable position of presiding officer of the United States Senate.

Mr. Sherman comes from honest stock which has been identified with the growth and development of Central New York from its earliest settlement. At 28 he was elected Mayor of his home town—Utica, and he has always been held in the highest respect for his justice, honesty, fairness and consideration, always bearing the part of a good and high principled citizen in the public affairs of his community and of the nation. His character is such as to be worthy of the best tradition of that great deliberate body,—the United States Senate.

What does the Democratic candidate offer *you?* The record of his brief career as a member of Congress few remember; there is no instance of his ever having been entrusted with administration. What good reason of any kind can you give yourself why you should vote to reject for your country the services of such a great jurist, diplomat and administrator as William H. Taft? Can you give any reason consistent with sound Americanism or your own self-respect? If you cannot, it is your duty to your fellow-citizens and to yourself to vote for William H. Taft for President of the United States and for James S. Sherman and Republican Congressmen who will uphold his hands and support his administration.

New Victor Records
for October
on sale throughout America on September 28

All vocal selections have accompaniments by the Victor Orchestra

8-inch—35 cents

American Polka No. 5417 Accordion Solo. John J. Kimmel
Smarty No. 5455.....Miss Jones and Mr. Murray
A Mighty Fortress (Ein' Feste Burg) No. 5434 Trinity Choir
Rah, Rah, Rah (from "The Soul Kiss") No. 5460 Peerless Quartet

10-inch—60 cents

Ye Ancients March No. 5549.....Arthur Pryor's Band
"Morning, Cy!" Barn Dance No. 5569
.....Victor Dance Orchestra, Walter B. Rogers, Conductor
Spanish Dance No. 5548 Violin Solo.....Howard Kattay
Dill Pickles Rag (Ragtime Two-Step) No. 5560
Xylophone Solo.....Chris Chapman
American Valor March No. 5565 Mandolin and Harp-Guitar Duet.....Siegel and Butin
Tout Passe Waltz No. 52007 Whistling Solo..Guido Gialdini
Any Old Port in a Storm No. 5547.....Frank C. Stanley
Wilson's Lullaby No. 5563.....Al. H. (Metz) Wilson
The Soft Southern Breeze (from "Rebekah")
No. 5567..... Harry Macdonough
I Was Roaming Along No. 5561.....Arthur Collins
Sunbonnet Sue No. 5568
..... Harry Macdonough and Hayda Quartet
Don't Take Me Home No. 5545.....Eddie Morton
Somebody Lied No. 5546.....Eddie Morton

Tobermory No. 52008.....Harry Lauder
Killiecrankie No 52009.....Harry Lauder
The Boy Who Stuttered and the Girl Who Lisped
No. 5566 .....Miss Jones and Mr. Murray
Old Black Joe No. 5562.....Peerless Quartet
Tempest of the Heart (Il balen) (from "Trovatore")
No. 5564 .....Alan Turner
Let Me Like a Soldier Fall (from "Mariana")
No. 5551.....William T. Evans
Be Sweet to Me, Kid No. 5543.....Billy Murray
It Looks Like a Big Night To-night
No. 5550.....Billy Murray
Victor Minstrels No. 13 No. 5544.....Minstrel Record

The Famous Prayer and Cavatina from Norma

Norma Casta diva (Queen of Heaven)
No. 52528.....Giuseppina Huguc

12-inch—$1

Hungarian Fantasia No. 31707.....Arthur Pryor's Band
The Death of Nelson No. 31706.....Harold Jarvis
The Wedding of Sandy McNab No. 58001..Harry Lauder

Grand Finale from Verdi's Traviata

Traviata—Alfredo, di questo core (Alfred, Thou Knowest Not) Finale to Act II No. 58302
.....Mme. Huguet—M. Pini—Corsi—M. Badini

Duet from Don Pasquale

Don Pasquale—Pronta io son (My Part I'll Play) No. 58399
.....Giuseppina Huguet—Ernesto Badin

New Victor Red Seal Records

Emma Calve, Soprano

Plaisir d'Amour (Martini) (Love's Delight) No. 88134 12-inch, with piano, $3 In French

Emma Eames, Soprano

(a) **Si tu le veux** (Koechlin)
(b) **Aubade Cherubin** (Massenet) No. 88135 12-inch, with piano, $3 In French

Emilio de Gogorza, Baritone

(a) **Mother o' Mine** (Tours)
(b) **The Lark Now Leaves Its Wat'ry Nest** (Parker) No. 74118 12-inch, with piano, $1.50 In English

Florencio Constantino, Tenor

Favorita (Donizetti) Una vergine (Like an Angel) No. 64090 10-inch, with orchestra, $1 In Italian

Evan Williams, Tenor

Lead Kindly Light (Newman-Dykes) No. 64092 10-inch, with orchestra, $1 In English
Meistersinger (Wagner) Prize Song No. 74115 12-inch, with orchestra, $1.50 In English

Gina Viafora, Soprano

Trovatore (Verdi) Tacea la notte placida (My Heart is His Alone) No. 74116 12-inch, with orchestra, $1.50 In Italian

Alice Nielsen, Soprano

Figlia del Reggimento (Donizetti) Convien partir ("'Tis Time To Part," from "Daughter of the Regiment") No. 74117 12-inch, with orchestra, $1.50 In Italian

Victor Records are universally acknowledged as the best—best artists, best selections, best materials, best recording, best reproducing, best wearing, best money's-worth.

Every *Victor Record* is a record of quality—a work of art from start to finish.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Victor

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

You think you can tell the difference between hearing grand-opera artists sing and hearing their beautiful voices on the *Victor*. But can you?

In the opera-house corridor scene in "The Pit" at Ye Liberty Theatre, Oakland, Cal., the famous quartet from Rigoletto was sung by Caruso, Abbot, Homer and Scotti on the *Victor*, and the delighted audience thought they were listening to the singers themselves.

Every day at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, the grand-opera stars sing, accompanied by the hotel orchestra of sixteen pieces. The diners listen with rapt attention, craning their necks to get a glimpse of the singer. But it is a *Victor*.

In the rotunda of Wanamaker's famous Philadelphia store, the great pipe organ accompanied Melba on the *Victor*, and the people rushed from all directions to see the singer.

Even in the *Victor* laboratory, employes often imagine they are listening to a singer making a record while they really hear the *Victor*.

Why not hear the *Victor* for yourself? Any *Victor* dealer will gladly play any *Victor Records* you want to hear.

There is a *Victor* for every purse—$10 to $300.

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No. 52526.....Giuseppina Huguc

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COLUMBIA

Double-Discs

65c—Two records in one

Your record money will go nearly twice as far hereafter!

Columbia Disc Records are now ***two records in one***—a ***different*** selection recorded on ***each side*** of the disc.

Even if you had to pay $1.20 for a Columbia Double-Disc Record, it would be worth it—for you would get two selections that have always cost 60 cents each. But the price is only 65 cents for the two selections. And it isn't putting it too strong to say that ***no other record is worth considering.***

We are not merely offering you unquestionable double value for 65 cents; we are offering you actually a better record on each side of the Columbia Double-Disc than you have ever bought at the old price, under any name, for the single record—**better in** surface, tone and durability.

If you have never played a **Columbia** record on your machine, be sure to **get at** least one of the new Double-Disc **Columbia** Records from your dealer and take it **home** and hear it.

Don't spend another cent for records till you have seen and heard the Columbia Double-Discs. There's a dealer near you who has them ready. Be sure you see a ***Columbia*** dealer—or write us direct.

Get the new catalog: includes the famous "Fonotipia" series of Grand Opera Double-Disc records. 39 Grand Opera stars in the list, 59 Operas represented—over 200 Grand Opera selections including 22 by Bonci, the world's greatest tenor.

WANTED—Exclusive dealers, with exclusive rights,

DOUBLE-DISC RECORDS

Double-Discs

Fit any disc machine—65c

No one thing will give so much pleasure, to so many people, for so long a time, at so little cost, as the Columbia Graphophone ($20 to $200). Get a catalog!

New machines for old. Any Columbia dealer will make a liberal allowance for your machine toward the purchase of a new Columbia Graphophone. Ask the dealer or write us.

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Simply a Matter of Intelligence.

ISN'T easier Washing, with Time-and-Money-Saving, an object? Isn't your Health of consequence?

¶ DON'T you care whether you are Working Hard and Ruining Clothes, or Working Less and Saving Them?

¶ HAVEN'T you any Idea of Household Economy; Economy of Muscles as well as Money; Economy of Worry and Work?

¶ PEARLINE Saves in all these things. Ask any PEARLINE user if this is not so. It isn't an Experiment. For Thirty years it has been a Blessing to Women.

¶ PEARLINE Does The Work of Washing and Cleaning Perfectly—Easily—in Hot or Cold, Hard or Soft water Without the aid of Soap—Soda—Borax or Naphtha, and with little or no Rubbing PEARLINE Loosens the Dirt—then Easy Rinsing carries it away.

PEARLINE SAVES YOUR CLOTHES
SAVES YOUR STRENGTH

1835

R·WALLACE

SILVER PLATE THAT RESISTS WEAR

1835 R. WALLACE plate is made, not for people who cannot discriminate, but for those who take particular pride in the appearance of their tables. It is different because of the care with which it is made, the skilled efforts of picked designers, the quality of resisting wear, yet it costs no more than the ordinary kinds. Ask your dealer.

We publish a delightful little book on the care of silver. It will be sent free to any woman who is particular about the appearance of her table.

R. WALLACE & SONS Mfg. Co., — Box 23 — **WALLINGFORD, CONN.**

Copyright 1908 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

YOU'LL vote for our raincoat without argument, first time you try one on; all wool, stylish.

Style Book sent for six cents; shows many other good clothes

Hart Schaffner & Marx Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York

Try Our Rival's, Too

When somebody says, "Our beans are as good as Van Camp's," please buy them and try them. Serve them with ours—hear what your people say.

Then serve with Van Camp's a dish of home-baked beans. Ask your folks which they want next.

We are willing to leave it to them.

It is easy to say, "As good as Van Camp's." But we spent half a lifetime to get them so good.

That goodness comes, in part, from using Michigan beans. Ours are picked out by hand from the choicest beans grown.

Sometimes they cost us six or seven times what other beans would cost.

Part of the goodness is due to our tomato sauce—made from vine-ripened tomatoes.

We could buy sauce ready-made, from inferior stock, for exactly one-fifth what ours costs.

Then we bake in live steam, where you use dry heat.

We bake in small parcels, so all beans are baked alike.

No beans are crisped—no skins are broken. Our beans are nutty because they are whole.

And they are baked in a heat that makes them digestible. Our beans don't ferment and form gas.

The beans, the pork and the tomato sauce are all baked together, securing this delicious blend.

Those are the reasons for that superlative zest—that nuttiness, that mealiness, that you get in Van Camp's.

Van Camp's BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

Beans are Nature's choicest food—84% nutriment.

If you serve the beans that your people like, they will eat them often—eat them in place of meat.

It means a great deal to get the right beans.

When you let your people decide they will choose Van Camp's always. And you should be glad.

For Van Camp's are always ready—always fresh and savory. No work for you—no waiting.

Please make the comparison now.

Three sizes—10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

All Six Are Free

These are the famous Lily Butter-Spreaders now seen displayed in the finest jewelry stores.

They are the rage of today. The most popular piece of silverware now on the market.

The price, if you buy them, is $3.00 or more for the six.

The only mark on them is "Wm. Rogers & Son AA"—the mark of the Rogers Extra Plate.

We are going to supply to our customers—for a little time—six of these Spreaders free.

Our offer is this:

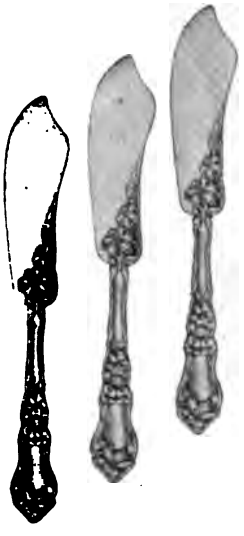
Send us the top from a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef. Else send the paper certificate under the top.

Send with it ten cents to pay the cost of carriage and packing. We will then send you one of these butter-spreaders.

Send us more of the tops as you get them, and send 10 cents with each to pay the cost of carriage and packing. We will send one spreader for each top until you get the six.

Thus this beautiful set—the very fad of the day—costs you only our carriage and packing cost—60 cents for the six.

That means that we return to you—for a little time—more than you pay for the Extract of Beef.



One reason is this:

We want you to learn the hundred uses that every home has for a real extract of beef.

Not merely for beef tea—not as a sick room food. That is the least of its uses.

We want you to know what the Germans know—what the French know about it. This is one of the secrets of their fame as good cooks.

We ask you to use it in soups. Note what a difference it makes.

Add it to gravies—both for flavor and color.

Add it to left-overs. Note how appetizing, how delicious it makes them. See how it enables you to utilize things that now go to waste.

Any meat dish that lacks flavor always calls for extract of beef.

When you use six jars you will use a hundred. You can't get along without it.

Another reason is this:

We want you to know the difference between Armour's Extract of Beef and others.

Armour's goes four times as far, because it has four times the flavor and four times the strength.

The directions are always, "Use one-fourth as much."

Armour's is concentrated. It is rich and economical. It gives one a new idea of extract of beef. We want you to prove these facts.

Armour's EXTRACT of BEEF

There are two ways to tell you the worth of this Extract of Beef.

One is to supply you a few jars free. But that would cheapen the extract.

The other is to give you back—for a little time—more than you pay for the extract. That is what we offer to do.

Then you will have a silver set that will remain in your home for a lifetime.

And then you will know what Armour's Extract of Beef means. And that knowledge, in the years to come, will better a thousand dishes.

Order one jar now—from your druggist or grocer. Send us the top or certificate with ten cents. Then judge by the spreader we send if you want the rest.

Send it today to Armour & Company, Chicago, Department I.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

How can you better invest $1.75 a year for your family than by subscribing now for

The Youth's Companion

The fifty-two issues of 1909 will give for $1.75 as much good reading as twenty 400-page books of fiction, travel, biography, etc., costing ordinarily $1.50 each. The contents will include

50 STAR ARTICLES—Contributions to Useful Knowledge, by Famous Men and Women.

250 CAPITAL STORIES — Serial Stories, Stories of Character, Adventure and Heroism.

1000 UP-TO-DATE NOTES on Current Events and Discoveries in Nature and Science.

2000 ONE-MINUTE STORIES — Anecdotes, Timely Editorials, Miscellany, Children's Page, etc.

Sample Copies of the Paper and Illustrated Announcement for 1909 sent Free on Request.

NEW SUBSCRIPTION OFFER.

EVERY NEW SUBSCRIBER WHO AT ONCE CUTS OUT AND SENDS THIS SLIP (OR MENTIONS THIS PUBLICATION) WITH $1.75 WILL RECEIVE

Free All the issues of the paper for November and December, 1908, including the Thanksgiving and Christmas Holiday Numbers. The Companion's Calendar for 1909—"In Grandmother's Garden." The picture is 8 x 24 inches, lithographed in 13 colors.

THEN THE COMPANION FOR THE FIFTY-TWO WEEKS OF 1909—AS MUCH READING AS WOULD FILL TWENTY 400-PAGE BOOKS COSTING ORDINARILY $1.50 EACH.

CM84

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

All Six Are Free

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Send it today to Armour & Company, Chicago, Department I.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

JAP-A-LAC

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A HIGH GRADE VARNISH AND STAIN COMBINED

JAP-A-LAC

is a high grade varnish and stain combined. There is only one Jap-a-lac and it is manufactured by us. We are one of the oldest and best known varnish houses in the country.

Jap-a-lac is made by a secret process known only to ourselves and must not be confounded with the many imitations, which are now being offered because of the popularity of Jap-a-lac.

When you ask for Jap-a-lac be sure to get it; don't allow any one to argue you into taking something else. Some colored varnishes are higher in price, some lower. You may be told that a higher priced article is better than Jap-a-lac, that the lower priced is "just as good"—this is not true. Get the genuine and be sure of results. Take no chances on an unadvertised article of this character. Advertising compels the manufacturer to make his product better than others. In addition you have the largest and best varnish factory in the world back of every can of Jap-a-lac you buy.

We use special machinery in the perfect grinding of Jap-a-lac, insuring a uniform, easy flowing varnish. We use the best of pigments insuring fast colors—many manufacturers use aniline to color their varnishes—colored varnish in which aniline is used fades quickly, although it may look well when first applied. We use the very finest grade of Kauri Gum and highest qua of materials throughout.

Jap-a-lac is the most durable colored varnish mad it dries quickly with a beautiful lustre as hard as fl does not mar easily, nor scratch white. It wears like i

Jap-a-lac retains its brilliancy through wear abuse right down to the surface.

We want you to "Get the habit" of Jap-a-lac-i when you do you will have found a new method of

SAVING MONE

There are many things about every home that bec scuffed and rusty looking—some of them are disca and replaced with new, simply because of their app ance.

Thousands of dollars are needlessly wasted e year in this way. If you will use Jap-a-lac libe you can save your proportion of this waste.

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The cost is small. A quarter pint can at 15c cont sufficient to cover a small chair or table. A quart at 75c contains eight times as much as the 15c There is a still further reduction on larger sizes, ma the cost a small item when compared with the res

A few of the things on which Jap-a-lac shoul used: Interior Woodwork, Weather Beaten D Chairs, Tables, Floors, Ranges, Andirons, Linole Chandeliers, Radiators, Plate Racks, Wire Scre Refrigerators, Picture Frames, Porch Furnit Wicker Furniture, etc.

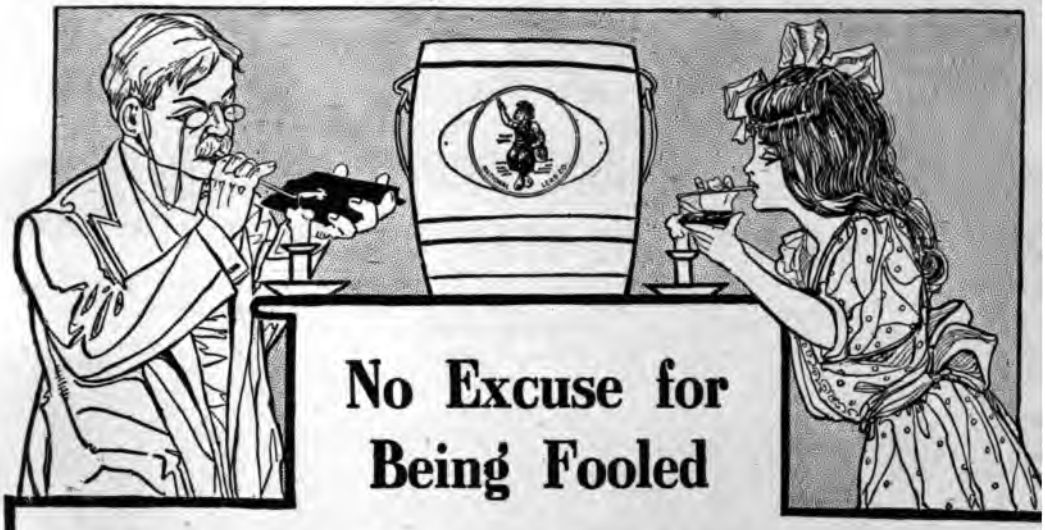
For Sale by Paint, Hardware and Drug Deal
All sizes from 15c to $2.50.

If YOUR dealer does not keep JAP-A-LAC, send us his na and 10c. (except for Gold which is 25c.) to cover cost of mailin and we will send FREE Sample (quarter pint can) to any point the United States.

The name "GLIDDEN" on a can of varnish is a guarantee highest quality. If you use varnishes for any purpose insist Glidden's Green Label line and you will secure the best resu

The Glidden Varnish Co.

1078 Rockefeller Bldg., Cleveland,



No Excuse for Being Fooled

When a paint test is so simple that a child can accomplish it as easily as a man, there is no excuse for being fooled into buying a substitute for White Lead, or White Lead which has been adulterated with chalk, clay or pulverized rock.

When a pigment is thus adulterated, the characteristics which make Pure White Lead and Pure Linseed Oil the best paint are destroyed.

There is no protection whatever in the name "White Lead"—the term is so much abused. Often a keg labeled "White Lead" has absolutely no White Lead in it. But the words "White Lead" on a keg *which also bears the Dutch Boy Painter* trade-mark, mean White Lead and nothing else.

Paint Test Outfit Free

We will send you, free, the means of proving our guaranty, together with valuable painting information. Ask for Test Equipment No. D. Address

FULL WEIGHT KEGS

The Dutch Boy Painter on a keg guarantees not only purity, but ***full weight*** of White Lead. Our packages are not weighed with the contents; each keg contains the amount of ***White Lead*** designated on the outside.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

in whichever of the following cities is nearest you:

New York Boston Buffalo Cincinnati
Chicago Cleveland St. Louis
Philadelphia [John T. Lewis & Bros. Co.]
Pittsburgh [National Lead & Oil Co.]

JAP-A-LAC

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A HIGH GRADE VARNISH AND STAIN COMBINED

JAP-A-LAC

is a high grade varnish and stain combined. There is only one Jap-a-lac and it is manufactured by us. We are one of the oldest and best known varnish houses in the country.

Jap-a-lac is made by a secret process known only to ourselves and must not be confounded with the many imitations, which are now being offered because of the popularity of Jap-a-lac.

When you ask for Jap-a-lac be sure to get it; don't allow any one to argue you into taking something else. Some colored varnishes are higher in price, some lower. You may be told that a higher priced article is better than Jap-a-lac, that the lower priced is "just as good"—this is not true. Get the genuine and be sure of results. Take no chances on an unadvertised article of this character. Advertising compels the manufacturer to make his product better than others. In addition you have the largest and best varnish factory in the world back of every can of Jap-a-lac you buy.

We use special machinery in the perfect grinding of Jap-a-lac, insuring a uniform, easy flowing varnish. We use the best of pigments insuring fast colors—many manufacturers use aniline to color their varnishes—colored varnish in which aniline is used fades quickly, although it may look well when first applied. We use the very finest grade of Kauri Gum and highest quality of materials throughout.

Jap-a-lac is the most durable colored varnish made—it dries quickly with a beautiful lustre as hard as flint, does not mar easily, nor scratch white. It wears like iron.

Jap-a-lac retains its brilliancy through wear and abuse right down to the surface.

We want you to "Get the habit" of Jap-a-lac-ing; when you do you will have found a new method of

SAVING MONEY.

There are many things about every home that become scuffed and rusty looking—some of them are discarded and replaced with new, simply because of their appearance.

Thousands of dollars are needlessly wasted every year in this way. If you will use Jap-a-lac liberally you can save your proportion of this waste.

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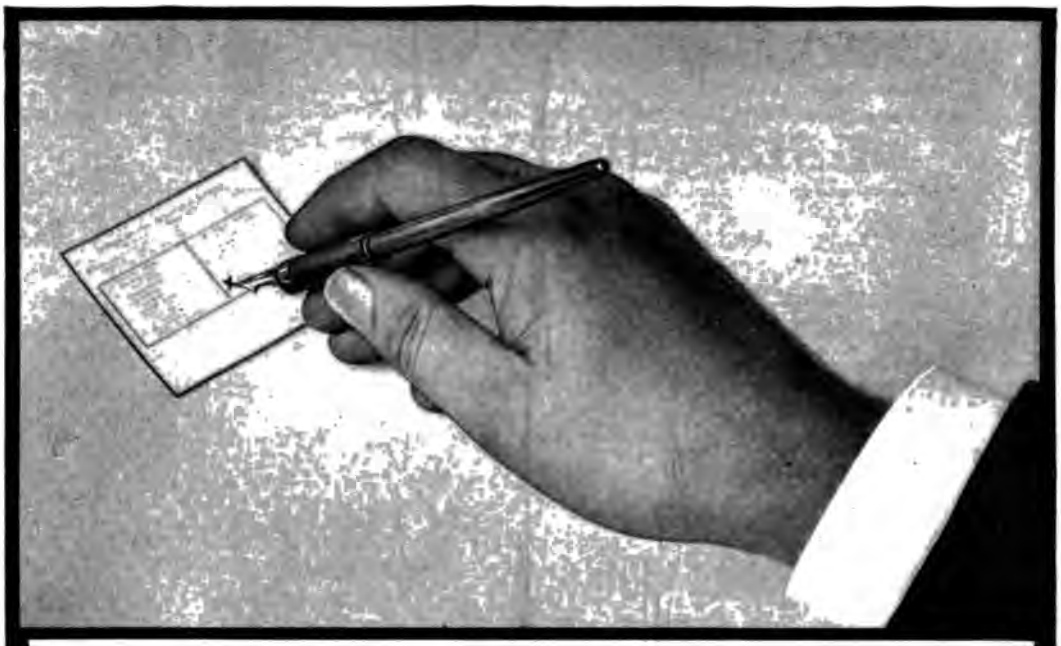


Will You Do This for a Bigger Salary?

There's no sentiment attached to a question like this—it's a matter of dollars and cents—of earning more—of being able to *command* a bigger salary.

This same question has led thousands of men to write and ask how their positions could be bettered and their salaries increased through the help of the International Correspondence Schools. ***The result has been that in the last two years 7,300 of the men who have advanced through the help of the I. C. S. have voluntarily reported salary increases aggregating $4,905,600. During July the number was 310.***

These men were no better off than you when they first marked the coupon. Most of them were poorly paid; some lived thousands of miles away; many of them could only read and write. Yet, without leaving home or work they were quickly enabled to become experts at ***their chosen occupations.***

Won't ***you*** mark the coupon for more money? The I. C. S. has a way that fits ***your*** case exactly. It costs nothing to learn about it. Mark and mail the coupon now.

The Business of This Place is to Raise Salaries.

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 814, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for employment or advancement in the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper	Mechanical Draftsman
Stenographer	Telephone Engineer
Advertisement Writer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Show Card Writer	Mechan. Engineer
Window Trimmer	Plumber & Steam Fitter
Commercial Law	Stationary Engineer
Illustrator	Civil Engineer
Civil Service	Building Contractor
Chemist	Architect's Draftsman
Textile Mill Supt.	Architect
Electrician	Structural Engineer
Elec. Engineer	Banking
	Mining Engineer

Name_____

Street and No._____

City_____ State_____

Our Binding Guarantee Insures Satisfaction

You take no chances when you buy Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments. We never consider that a garment is really sold until you have worn it long enough to know—and are satisfied.

Until then the garments are on trial. You are the judge. Your decision is final.

Our Guarantee reads: "If any garment bearing the Kaufman 'Pre-Shrunk' Label is not satisfactory, it may be returned and money refunded."

It means exactly what it says. Our capital and reputation are behind it. Ev Kaufman dealer has our authority to m this guarantee in our name.

We do not know of another clothier would care to make a legally binding g antee like this without courting bankrup For it goes without saying that a garm wh: .n becomes ill-fitting and out of sh after the first shower can never be re satisf.ctory.

We frankly admit that we oursel would not care to so broadly guaran

Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garment

were it not for our "Pre-Shrinking" Process which is exclusively our own, and which no other manufacturer can use. This process takes all of the shrink tendency out of the goods before the cloth is ever touched with the shears. When the garments are made up, THEY WILL NOT SHRINK, which means that they will not get out of shape, wrinkle, pucker, bag or draw up.

This "Pre-Shrinking" Process, which renders style perpetual, means a great d to a man who must be careful in his penses. He can afford something a li better in Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garme than he has been accustomed to buyi Because, aside from natural wear, th garments always look NEW.

There is no room for doubt about satisfaction they will give. The Guaran assures that.

These Are Our Claims—Our Guarantee is Back of The

Kaufman Garments are supreme in style. No other garments can surpass them. They are well made. The workmanship speaks for itself. Examine it. Compare. They fit perfectly, no matter what your build.

And, in one important essential, which means more to you than all of the above put together, they are different and better than any other garments you can buy, *no matter what you may pay for them*—THEY WILL NOT SHRINK.

The supreme stylishness and the perfection in fit which you observe as you stand before the clothier's glass, is *there to stay*.

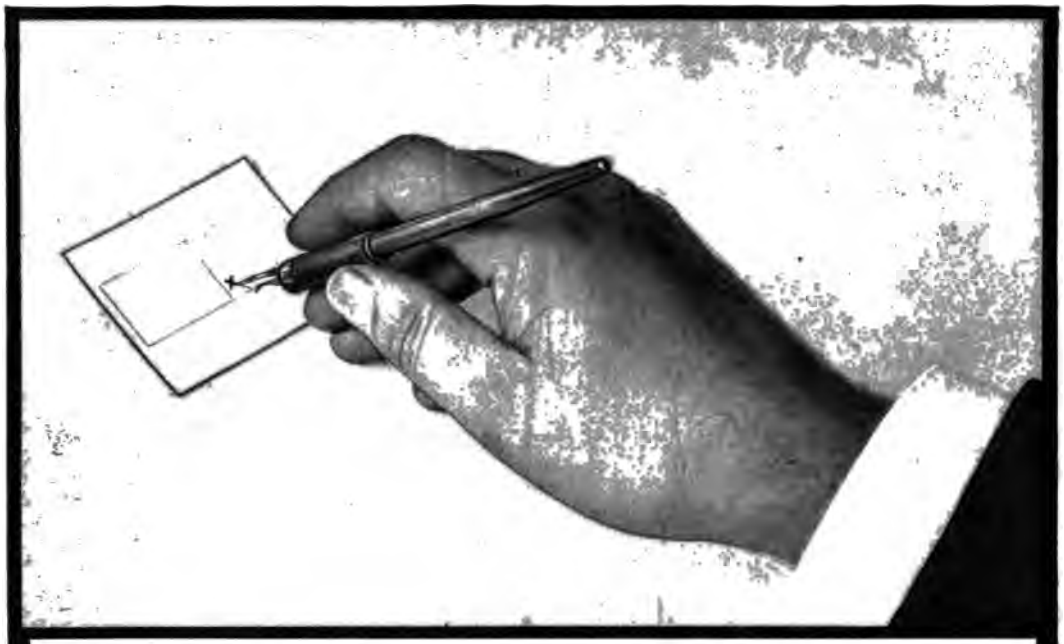
Your dealer will gladly show you Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments in any of the popular fabrics for Fall and Winter at $12.00 to $30.00. Most people will find something to please them at $15.00 to $18.00.

To be sure of Style Permane which you crave, the dealer to s you this label, se in the garments, fore you buy.

Our handsome STYLE BOOK will post you on the correct styles for Fall and Winter. Ask your dealer for it—or send to us direct, if you prefer. It's FREE. You should have it before deciding.

6381

CHAS. KAUFMAN & BROS., CHICAG



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Illustrator	Civil Engineer
Civil Service	Building Contractor
Chemist	Architect's Draftsman
Textile Mill Supt.	Architect
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4381

CHAS. KAUFMAN & BROS., CHICAGO

Styles Are Greatly Changed

In New York, Long Coat Suits are in vogue and Styles are Greatly Changed.

The "NATIONAL" Style Book is sent FREE for the coupon printed below. It shows all the radical changes in fashion, pictures all the new and desirable suits exactly as worn in New York this Fall.

You can have any one of these suits, made to your order, out of your own choice of our 400 different materials. Think of it!

And all the risk of fitting you and of pleasing you in style, workmanship and material—ALL THIS RISK IS OURS. Wouldn't you like at least to see these suits? Wouldn't you like to see Samples of the materials? Fill in the coupon below right now and get your FREE copy of the "NATIONAL" Style Book and 60 free Samples.

Tailored Suits

Made-to-Order New York Styles $7.50 to $35

Expressage Paid **Style Book and Samples FREE**

LEARN WHAT NEW YORK IS WEARING—Mail us the coupon below and get the "NATIONAL" Style Book and Samples sent FREE. You will be interested in seeing the new Long Coat Suits, the new Trimmed Skirts and other New Styles for Fall. And in addition this Style Book shows the following "NATIONAL" ready-made goods at "NATIONAL" prices. EXPRESS CHARGES PAID.

COATS	SKIRTS	HATS	PETTICOATS	UNDERWEAR
WAISTS	FURS	DRESSES	SWEATERS	RAINCOATS

These free Samples are a representative assortment from the largest stock of woolen materials in New York City, including all the imported and new novelty suitings and all desirable weaves and shades as worn in New York. The Samples and Style Book are free for the coupon if you **send it back to-day.**

The "NATIONAL" Style Book and 60 Samples Free for this Coupon

Your money back if you ask for it.
We pay all postage and expressage on our goods.

A New "NATIONAL" Style

Cut This off Right Now Before You Lose It

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT CO., 237 West 24th St., New York.

Please send me my copy of the **"NATIONAL" Style Book Free.** I also want to see the Samples of the new materials. I prefer these colors:

.....

Name.....

Address.....

NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.

237 West 24th Street, New York City

MAIL ORDERS ONLY. *NO AGENTS OR BRANCHES.*

The Howard Watch

Wherever Time is called, the HOWARD watch has respect and authority. On the grid-iron—or in the grand-stand with the spectators—wherever interest hangs on the tick of a second—the HOWARD is a watch of record and an arbiter of disputes.

Edward Howard made the *first American watch*—changed the methods and revolutionized the watch industry of the world. Foreign watches are made today with *American tools*, invented by Howard in 1842.

Years ago, it was the thing for each fashionable jeweler to recommend a special watch of his own (*usually made for him in Switzerland*). Today when a jeweler talks his own "special watch" you suspect a special reason for his doing so.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it. The price of each watch—from the 17-jewel in a fine gold-filled case (guaranteed for 25 years) at $35; to the 23-jewel in a 14-K solid gold case at $150—is fixed at the factory, and a printed ticket attached.

Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him—he's a man worth knowing. Drop us a postal card, Dept. B, and we will send you a HOWARD book, of value to the watch buyer.

E. HOWARD WATCH COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

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Address.....

NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.

237 West 24th Street, New York City

MAIL ORDERS ONLY. *NO AGENTS OR BRANCHES.*

Philadelphia Founded as a City in 1683

Philadelphia is a city with 307,647 dwellings; 65,000 built within the last ten years.

Philadelphia has 846 churches; 334 hospitals and asylums.

Philadelphia has 1400 associations devoted to the relief of suffering.

Philadelphia has 311 public schools.

Philadelphia has 1800 miles of graded and paved streets.

Philadelphia manufactures each year 28,000,000 yards of woolen goods, enough to make uniforms for all the armies of Europe now in active service.

Philadelphia is the city which, having only one-sixtieth of the Population of the Republic, produces one-twentieth of all its manufactures.

Philadelphia manufactures each year 12,000,000 dozen hose and half hose, enough to allow 2 pairs for every man, woman and child in the United States.

Philadelphia manufactures each year 34,000,000 yards of worsted goods, enough to make a suit of clothes for every man over 19 years of age now resident in the New England and Middle Atlantic States.

Philadelphia is the city which gave birth to the Bill of Rights.

Philadelphia is the home of the Declaration of Independence.

Philadelphia is the birthplace of the Constitution of the United States.

FOUNDERS' WEEK
1683
1908
PROGRAM
SUNDAY, October 4th—Religious Day—Open air service in Fairmount Park and original squares; all denominations and sects.
MONDAY, October 5th—Military Day—Largest mobilization of troops since Civil War.
TUESDAY, October 6th—Municipal Day—Parade, illustrating evolution of municipal departments.
WEDNESDAY, October 7th—Industrial Day—Over 100 floats in line illustrating evolution of industries.
THURSDAY, October 8th—Children's and Naval Day. 150,000 children at Independence Hall; 20 United States and Foreign warships and 500 other craft on River with great pyrotechnic display in evening.
FRIDAY, October 9th—Historical Day—Historical pageant, first ever given in the United States; 40 floats and 5,000 marching men in costume.
SATURDAY, October 10th—Athletics & Knights Templar Day—Motor boat and automobile races and athletic contests. Knights Templar review and closing ceremonies at City Hall.
225TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA
OCTOBER 4TH-10TH 1908

Philadelphia has 16,000 Manufacturing Plants, employing 250,000 skilled laborers, each year consuming $400,000,000 of raw material and producing $700,000,000 of manufactures.

Philadelphia has 57 Parks and Squares, one of them being the largest park in the world, containing over 3400 acres.

Philadelphia manufactures 8 locomotives every working day, or 2663 in the year. These locomotives on a perfectly level track would haul 168,000 loaded cars of 50 tons capacity.

Philadelphia manufactures each year 4,800,000 hats. The bands, end on end, would reach from Philadelphia to Denver.

Philadelphia in past 52 years has borrowed 136 million dollars; has paid off 73 million of this debt, and now, with only 63 million dollars outstanding, owns property valued at more than 277 million dollars.

Philadelphia manufactures each year 45,000,000 yards of carpet, enough to put a belt around the earth and leave a remnant long enough to reach Cincinnati.

Philadelphia manufactures each year 180,000,000 yards of cotton piece goods, enough to make a pair of sheets for every family in the United States.

Philadelphia has a jobbing and wholesale trade of $500,000,000 annually.

Philadelphia manufactures each year 2,000,000 dozen underwear, enough to give 2 shirts and drawers to every one in Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia has 650 miles of Electric Tramways, including Elevated, Surface and Subway Lines.

Philadelphia has 105 National Banks, Trust Companies and Saving Funds, with total capital and surplus of 170 million dollars and deposits of 587 million dollars.

Philadelphia has 1000 business firms and corporations engaged in the wholesale trade.

PHILADELPHIA'S HISTORY DRAMATIZED ON FRANKLIN FIELD EVERY EVENING DURING FOUNDERS' WEEK

FOSTER'S IDEAL SPRING BEDS AND SAFETY CRIBS

Bring Rest and Comfort To All The Family

A Veritable Dream of Ease and Luxury

Of all home comforts and necessities your bed is most important. And the chief element of a good bed is the spring. The bedstead is but a support, the mattress a cover for the spring.

FOSTER'S IDEAL SPRING is the perfected result of a quarter century's inventive genius and constructive effort. No other is as good because this is built by special machinery and processes of which we own the exclusive patents. Imitations lack the material and construction that have won general recognition of its supremacy.

It gently yields to the pressure of the body in exact proportion to weight, and conforms perfectly to every curve, yet returns instantly to its original height as soon as the occupant arises. It is a "double-decker"—two springs in one, and never sags like woven wire and other springs.

The only spring on which a heavy and a light person may sleep at the same time without being rolled together. A priceless boon to invalids, a delightful luxury for all. Made either upholstered or plain.

Extensively used by leading hotels. Its merits secure and retain patronage.

Look for the brass name-plate on every FOSTER IDEAL SPRING.

FOSTER'S IDEAL CRIB

Accident Proof

Is a mother's invention. It is designed to obviate the risk evidenced by the following clipping from the Chicago Record-Herald:

Baby is Hanged in Iron Bed.

Findlay, Ohio, August 27.—The 7-months-old son of Mrs. Joseph Baker, living near Hawson, was killed to-day by hanging himself in an iron bed. After falling or crawling through the bars the child was unable to get back and in the absence of its mother was choked to death.

FOSTER ACCIDENT-PROOF CRIB has high sliding sides with close spindles, which may be lowered to place a sleeping child in the crib or to make it an annex to the mother's bed. Baby can't climb over the high sides or put its head through the spindles. Woven-wire springs, patented rail-fastener (on our cribs only)—guaranteed not to break. Different styles and prices. Enameled white or colors.

Look for Our Trade-Mark

on every genuine FOSTER IDEAL Spring Safety Crib, Iron Bed or Davenport. Do not be deceived by imitations. Every furniture dealer and leading department store has or can get our goods. Insist upon them. Write for our free Spring booklet "Wide-Awake Facts About Sleep," or our Crib booklet, mailed free with name of nearest dealer.

This Trade Mark

is on all our goods.

FOSTER BROS. MFG. CO., 17 Broad St., Utica, N. Y., 1400 N. 16th St., St. Louis, Mo.
Canadian Agency, Toronto Bedding Co., Toronto, Ontario, Canada

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WEDNESDAY, October 7th—Industrial Day—Over 100 floats in line illustrating evolution of industries.
THURSDAY, October 8th—Children's and Naval Day. 150,000 children at Independence Hall; 20 United States and Foreign warships and 500 other craft on River with great pyrotechnic display in evening.
FRIDAY, October 9th—Historical Day—Historical pageant, first ever given in the United States; 40 floats and 5,000 marching men in costume.
SATURDAY, October 10th—Athletics & Knights Templar Day—Motor boat and automobile races and athletic contests. Knights Templar review and closing ceremonies at City Hall.
223d ANNIVERSARY OF CITY OF PHILADELPHIA
OCTOBER 9th 1908

Philadelphia has 16,000 Manufacturing Plants, employing 250,000 skilled laborers, each year consuming $400,000,000 of raw material and producing $700,000,000 of manufactures.

Philadelphia has 57 Parks and Squares, one of them being the largest park in the world, containing over 3400 acres.

Philadelphia manufactures 8 locomotives every working day, or 2663 in the year. These locomotives on a perfectly level track would haul 168,000 loaded cars of 50 tons capacity.

Philadelphia manufactures each year 4,800,000 hats. The bands, end on end, would reach from Philadelphia to Denver.

Philadelphia in past 52 years has borrowed 136 million dollars; has paid off 73 million of this debt, and now, with only 63 million dollars outstanding, owns property valued at more than 277 million dollars.

Philadelphia manufactures each year 45,000,000 yards of carpet, enough to put a belt around the earth and leave a remnant long enough to reach Cincinnati.

Philadelphia manufactures each year 180,000,000 yards of cotton piece goods, enough to make a pair of sheets for every family in the United States.

Philadelphia has a jobbing and wholesale trade of $500,000,000 annually.

Philadelphia manufactures each year 2,000,000 dozen underwear, enough to give 2 shirts and drawers to every one in Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia has 650 miles of Electric Tramways, including Elevated, Surface and Subway Lines.

Philadelphia has 105 National Banks, Trust Companies and Saving Funds, with total capital and surplus of 170 million dollars and deposits of 587 million dollars.

Philadelphia has 1000 business firms and corporations engaged in the wholesale trade.

PHILADELPHIA'S HISTORY DRAMATIZED ON FRANKLIN FIELD EVERY EVENING DURING FOUNDERS' WEEK

Are Your Hose Insured?

This is the guarantee that comes in each box of six pairs of "Holeproof" Hose: "If any or all of these hose come to holes in six months from the day you buy them, we will replace them free."

The great success of our men's and women's hose has forced us to increase our line.

We Now Make Children's Stockings

These have 6-ply reinforced knees as well as 6-ply heels and toes. So their cost is 50c a pair or $3 a box of 6 pairs. But once you try them you would pay $1 if we asked it.

They save all the darning—they outwear many pairs of the best unguaranteed stockings, so the saving in dollars and cents at the end of the year makes them the cheapest by far.

No other hosiery equals "Holeproof" in quality.

We Pay an Average of 73c Per Pound for Our Yarn

We buy the best Egyptian and Sea Island cotton—the softest and finest we know—regardless of what we must pay.

Our yarn is 3-ply. We could pay 35c and get weak and coarse 2-ply yarn as others do. But you wouldn't buy such hosiery because it is uncomfortable. We are not trying to sell you wear only. Buy "Holeproof" for all of the qualities of the best unguaranteed hosiery—buy it for 6 months' longer wear.

Your whole family will wear it once they know what it means.

$30,000 a Year Spent for Inspection Alone

80 people in our factory do nothing but examine "Holeproof" Hosiery to see that it is perfect before it is sent out. We do this to protect our reputation. But you get the benefit.

We were the first to guarantee hose in this way. Our hose are so good that the demand is now

15,000 Pairs a Day

Think how much darning—how much trouble and how much money you can save in a year with hosiery that is guaranteed as ours is. Think what a pleasure to wear such hose since they are soft, comfortable, stylish and well fitting.

Try a box. Let what they prove and save decide what hosiery you'll buy in the future.

If your dealer does not have genuine "Holeproof" Sox, bearing the "Holeproof" Trade-mark, order direct from us. Use the coupon. Remit in any convenient way and we will ship you the sox and prepay transportation charges.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Holeproof Sox 6 pairs, $2. Medium, light and extra light weight. Black, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, and black with white feet. Sizes, 9½ to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. One color or assorted to order.

Holeproof Stockings 6 pairs, $2. Medium weight. Black, tan and black with white feet. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Holeproof Lustre-Sox Finished like silk. 6 pairs, $3. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan and pearl gray. Sizes, 9½ to 12.

Holeproof Lustre-Stockings Finished like silk. 6 pairs, $3. Extra light weight. Tan and black. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Children's Stockings Boys' sizes, 5 to 10, and Misses' sizes, 5 to 9½. Colors, black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Six pairs, $3.

Ask for our free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

This Is a Fact to Note:

Please learn that the only difference between the best unguaranteed sox and "Holeproof" is that "Holeproof" *wear* longer. Examine them. Notice how soft and light they are. Compare any brand of sox with "Holeproof." Then let "Holeproof" show how they wear.

Cut Out Coupon as a Memo

Men's ☐
Women's ☐
Boys' ☐
Misses' ☐

Put check mark in square opposite kind you want.

Holeproof Hosiery Co.
193 Fourth St.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Enclosed $_____ Please send me _____

boxes of Holeproof _____

Size _____ Weight _____

Colors _____

Name _____

Address _____

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. 1906. This trade-mark is put on our hose and each box.

New York Style Show

The Fall & Winter Fashions of

Correct Clothes for Men

Made in New York by

Alfred Benjamin & Co.

will be shown at the Stores of Leading Retail Clothiers throughout the United States

During October

TO MEN AND YOUNG MEN:

THE best dressed men of New York have been wearing Alfred Benjamin & Co. clothes for over a third of a century. This firm is recognized everywhere as the leading tailoring organization of the fashion centre of the world for men's clothing.

A VISIT to this New York Style Show will give you the opportunity — no matter where you live—to familiarize yourself with the prevailing New York fashions in Suits and Overcoats and will demonstrate that it is possible for any man or young man to wear the identical Styles being worn by the best dressed men in New York: and at as modest prices as you have been accustomed to pay for inferior grades, lacking distinctive New York style.

Alfred Benjamin & Co. MAKERS, NEW YORK

THE above label is the absolute guarantee that every garment bearing it is the REAL, *not the Imitation*, New York Style of the Season.

If you do not know where "Benjamin" Clothing is sold in your vicinity, write us and we will send full information—Our Style Book showing the current New York Fashions for Fall and Winter, 1908-1909, will be sent free on request. Write for it.

ALFRED BENJAMIN & CO., 436 Lafayette St., NEW YORK CITY

Are Your Hose Insured?

This is the guarantee that comes in each box of six pairs of "Holeproof" Hose: "If any or all of these hose come to holes in six months from the day you buy them, we will replace them free."

The great success of our men's and women's hose has forced us to increase our line.

We Now Make Children's Stockings

These have 6-ply reinforced knees as well as 6-ply heels and toes. So their cost is 50c a pair or $3 a box of 6 pairs. But once you try them you would pay $1 if we asked it.

They save all the darning—they outwear many pairs of the best unguaranteed stockings, so the saving in dollars and cents at the end of the year makes them the cheapest by far.

No other hosiery equals "Holeproof" in quality.

We Pay an Average of 73c Per Pound for Our Yarn

We buy the best Egyptian and Sea Island cotton—the softest and finest we know—regardless of what we must pay.

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Your whole family will wear it once they know what it means.

$30,000 a Year Spent for Inspection Alone

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Cut Out Coupon as a Memo

Men's ☐ Women's ☐ Boys' ☐ Misses' ☐ *Put check mark in square opposite kind you want.*

Holeproof Hosiery Co.
193 Fourth St.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Enclosed $____ Please send me ____

boxes of Holeproof ____

Size ____ Weight ____

Colors ____

Name ____

Address ____

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906. This trade-mark is put on our hose and each box.

I Can't Fill It

If a good position were offered **you** today, would you have to "turn it down" because you lack the necessary qualifications? Even if you accepted the position, could you hold it—or would your lack of training compel you to step out in favor of a **better** trained man?

How can you expect a successful career unless you build it on a good foundation? **Utilize your spare moments—study at home**—fit yourself **properly** to meet opportunity—then you will succeed. The American School of Correspondence will tell you how if you'll clip the coupon and **mail** it **today.**

EXPERT ADVICE FREE

The American School has helped 80,000 people to better positions—surely this experience would benefit **you.** The **School** will cheerfully advise you—will tell you where you are weak, whether or not it can help you, point out the shortest and easiest road to success.

If you don't enroll, you will **at least** have gained some good information and advice **without charge.** If you do enroll, payment can be arranged **to suit your** circumstances. We talk to you by mail only—**we employ** no agents.

The American School of Correspondence is the only correspondence school in the country **which** makes a **specialty** of engineering instruction. Its instructors are practical men—men who have had years of actual experience in their special fields. Consult these experienced men—get their advice—profit by their **years of** hard experience. Let them help you plan a **paying career. Remember, sending the coupon places you under no obligations.**

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CHICAGO

COUPON—Clip and mail today

McClure's, 10,'08.

American School of Correspondence:

Please send me free illustrated 200-page handbook of engineering information. I am interested in the course marked "X."

....Mechanical Drawing	....Mathematics
....Electrical Engineering	....Heating, Ventilating and Plumbing
....Mechanical Engineering	....Architecture
....Stationary Engineering	....Hydraulics
....Structural Engineering	....Surveying
....Locomotive Engineering	....Telegraphy
....Structural Drafting	....Textiles
....Telephone Practice	....College Preparatory Course
....Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting	

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

6% BONDS

We are offering at 95 (par value 100) the unsold balance of a $130,000 issue of 6% Bonds of the

EASTLAND STEAMSHIP COMPANY,

the line to Cedar Point, the Atlantic City of the Middle West. These bonds will net considerably more than 6% and are fully secured by first mortgage on Str. Eastland, valued at $300,000 and insured for full value.

For sale in amounts of $500 or more.

Send for Booklet D-1 giving full details.

Have you investigated our new Money Order Plan where your money is always on deposit at 4% and yet cashable anywhere at any time?
. . . . Write for Booklet D-2. . . . .

THE DEPOSITORS SAVINGS AND TRUST CO.,
TOM L. JOHNSON, Pres.,
CLEVELAND, O.

Let your savings support you

We pay you $6.00 for every **$100 you** deposit with us for a year, and **at the rate of** 5% when smaller amounts are **deposited.**

our money is thoroughly **secured by** $200,000.00 of approved first **mortgages on improved** Real Estate; deposited **with the** Germania Bank as required by State **laws.**

Eighteen years of successful **business and no** losses to our Depositors, shows **how we take** care of their savings.

Write us for information on **how to make small savings pay as good returns as Bond or Stock investments, without the chance of losing your money.**

GEORGIA STATE SAVINGS ASSOCIATION
105 Bull Street, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA

The Great Majestic

"The Range With A Reputation"

PERFECT BAKER

FUEL SAVER

With water fronts if wanted for pressure or other boilers.

Pure Asbestos Lining

Body made of Charcoal Iron, adding 300% to life of Range

All top doors and frames made of malleable iron. Can't break or crack.

You don't buy a range every year. Therefore when you ***buy*** one, ***buy*** the ***best.*** At first the Great Majestic may cost you a very little more than an ordinary range, but in the end it is ***much cheaper.*** It has ***durability*** and will out-last three ordinary ranges. It is scientifically built—***no heat can escape or cold air enter***—will ***save half*** on your ***fuel bill.*** A perfect baker—***not one day good—next day poor—but always uniform.*** Will save you from disappointment and poorly cooked meals. Your Best Guarantee: 1st—The reputation of the plant behind the range. 2d—Hundreds of thousands in use, every one giving satisfaction. We want you to see ***The Great Majestic.*** If no dealer near you has it, write us—we will send you free our booklet "Range Comparisons," and tell you where you can see a Majestic—the range that gives satisfaction and out-lasts all others.

THE MAJESTIC MFG. CO., St. Louis, Mo.

The Great Majestic Is For Sale In Nearly Every County In Forty States

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Ottawa Electric Co., Ottawa, Ont.

"The Tanks with a Reputation"

Water Works Systems

for Traction Companies, Schools and Colleges, Hospitals, Asylums, Country Homes, Ranches, and Small Towns. The

CALDWELL Tanks and Towers

insure an abundance of water under ample pressure to supply running water at any height with Fire Protection besides.

The Tanks are constructed of Steel or Louisiana Red Cypress—so durable it is called Everlasting.

The Towers are of the famous Tubular Column Design, of such weight and strength as to defy cyclones.

Correct Design, the very best of materials, finished workmanship, and a "Know How" gained from Twenty-five Years' Experience mean the safest, strongest, sightliest, most durable, and most economical outfit built.

We plan and install complete Water Supply Systems, including the pump, power, pipe, hydrants, etc., and guarantee both Tank and Pipes to be frost proof.

We erect anywhere—everywhere.

25 Years' Experience.

Send for illustrated catalogue No. 22, of wood and steel tanks, and 64-page Embossed View Book.

W. E. Caldwell Co.

INCORPORATED

Louisville, Ky., U. S. A.

Tanks—Steel, Wood, Galvanized—Towers

Wind Mills Pumps Gas Engines Niagara Rams

Cut Your COAL BILL 1/3 to 1/2

Don't burn Egg, Stove, or Chestnut Coal, when the

"SPENCER" HEATER

Magazine-Feed Steam or Hot Water

uses No. 1 Buckwheat, costing from $2.00 to $3.00 less per ton. During the past 20 years thousands of users have written us that since installing a "SPENCER" they are **thoroughly** heating their properties at a saving of ⅓ to ½ over the former cost.

The "SPENCER" Heater is a combination of water-tube and return tubular boiler, the quickest and most economical steaming device known. Further, the water-jacketed **magazine-feed** and raised grates maintain an even depth of coal in the firepot and render it **unnecessary to look after heater more than once daily** in ordinary weather (or twice in severe).

Interesting heating booklet free on request. Kindly mention your dealer's name.

Spencer Heater Co., 800 Commonwealth Bldg., Scranton, Pennsylvania.

Harmony in Hardware Trimmings

The matter of hardware for a home is not a detail of small importance—the selection should have your own attention. The right sort of hardware has a distinctive decorative value and the owner of the home should give expression to his own taste so that it may always be a source of pleasure and delight, chosen to harmonize perfectly with style of architecture and general scheme of ornamentation.

Sargent's ARTISTIC HARDWARE

is beautiful and durable—the perfection of hardware art. Over seventy designs are handsomely illustrated in

Sargent's Book of Designs—Free

together with many helpful suggestions and an explanation of the Easy Spring Principle of Sargent's Locks. The *Colonial Book* illustrates this line especially well. Both books are valuable—but sent gladly on request. Write at once for them.

SARGENT & CO., 159 Leonard St., New York

A RESPONSIBLE NAME on a sealed can is everywhere the modern guarantee of quality

But Paint needs something more than quality to produce the house beautiful. Its tints must be clear and harmonious, fitted to the style of architecture and the surroundings.

A representative committee of painters, paint manufacturers and architects have selected a number of color combinations suitable for the leading styles of architecture, and these have been embodied in a booklet:

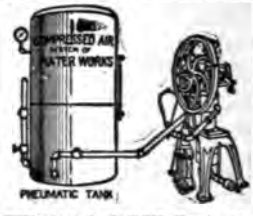
"The Fashion in Painting"

which will be sent free on request by the

Bureau of Promotion and Development
The Paint Manufacturers' Association of the U. S.
623-625 The Bourse, Philadelphia, Pa.

Without increased cost, you can dress your house in serviceable and harmonious colors.

ECONOMY PUMPING ENGINES RUN BY HEAT



This hot air engine and pneumatic tank insures running water and fire protection in the home. The engine is ideal for lifting water out of stock wells, quarries, clay pits, drains, etc., putting water at any desired elevation. Costs little to operate. No EXPLOSION, EXHAUST or NOISE. No boiler.

Write for free book.

THOMAS & SMITH (Inc.), 36 So. Carpenter Street, Chicago

Our latest books of plans, giving views, plans, costs, etc., are:

78	Cottages less than $3000	.	.50	124	Costing	$2000 to $2500	$1.00
94	Costing $3000 to $1200	.	.50	174	"	$2500 to $3000	1.00
126	" $1200 to $1600		$1.00	189	"	$3000 to $4000	1.00
186	" $1600 to $2000		1.00	134	"	$4000 and upward	1.00

THE KEITH CO., Architects, 1750 Hennepin Av., Minneapolis, Minn.

The Official Seal of FURNACE approval.

PUBLIC SEAL OPINION

MUNICIPAL experts battling against the smoke nuisance all over this country of ours have set the seal of approval upon the ***Underfeed*** method of stoking. Such action is in effect a widespread OFFICIAL indorsement of the system which has made the Underfeed Furnace the greatest furnace factor for health and cleanliness ever dedicated to the cause of hygiene and economy. Thousands have solved the smoke-problem in their own homes and places of business, and at the same time learned by ***profit-sharing*** experience, that the

Peck-Williamson UNDERFEED Furnace

Saves ½ to ⅔ of Coal Bills

Illustration shows furnace without casing, cut away to show how coal is forced up under fire, which burns on top.

PATENTED

The Underfeed is the ***only*** furnace which acts as smoke consumer, as well as hot-air heater. ***Cheapest*** slack yields as much ***clean, even*** heat as the ***highest priced*** anthracite. Fed from below, ***all the fire is on top*** and smoke and gases ***must*** pass thru the flames and are thus consumed and turned into heat units. Ashes are few and are removed by shaking the grate bar, as in ordinary furnaces.

Dr. E. L. Moodie, of Chatham, O., in declaring that the Underfeed is a step toward better health and hygiene, writes:

"The Underfeed is the ideal furnace; the *only* furnace that should be allowed to use coal for a heating substance where the smoke may be a nuisance or menace to health. If this point were properly presented to Boards of Health, I see no reason why on that score alone it should not *replace all other furnaces*, not to mention its heating capacity, economy and superior durability."

Let us send you a lot of letters telling of money saved—fac-simile testimonials in our Illustrated Underfeed Booklet.

Heating plans and services of our Engineering Department are yours—ALL FREE. Write to-day, giving name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO.
337 West Fifth Street, CINCINNATI, O.
Dealers Should Write for Our Fall Proposition.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label

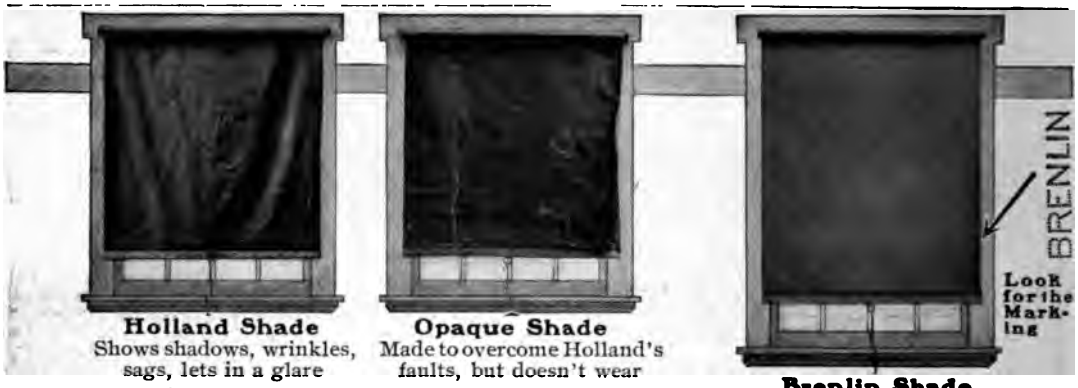
Wood Rollers **Get "Improved," no tacks required** **Tin Rollers**

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Gas Stoves

Stoves and ranges of all kinds direct to you from the factory at factory prices.
Write today for Gas Stove and Range Catalog No.812 —Wood and Coal Stove and Range Catalog No.173 **Kalamazoo Stove Company, Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich.**



Holland Shade
Shows shadows, wrinkles, sags, lets in a glare

Opaque Shade
Made to overcome Holland's faults, but doesn't wear

Brenlin Shade
Really shades
Does wear

Brenlin the new window shade material

Patented 1906. Trade-mark Registered.

is substantial, won't show shadows, won't bag, won't wrinkle like Holland.

There is nothing about it to crack like opaque shades. It is made without filling of *any* kind, but with a *natural* body that makes it opaque. It wears wonderfully, without change.

In thousands of homes, Brenlin has replaced unsightly cracked shades and shades that let in a glare.

Go to your dealer's and *see* Brenlin.

Look for the Marking

The name Brenlin is perforated in the edge of every yard. You can't see it unless you take the shade in your hands, but before your shades are hung, make sure it is there. It is your protection against shades that look like Brenlin but *crack*. If your dealer hasn't Brenlin, we will give you the name of one who has or supply you direct. Write today for samples in colors, also samples of Brenlin Duplex, dark one side and light the other, and our new book showing how best lighting effects are obtained.

BRENLIN

CHAS. W. BRENEMAN & Co.
2048-2058 Reading Road Cincinnati

H S & Co QUALITY TOOLS

Illustration is of Set No. 52 at $10.00.

EVERY business day since 1848 we have sold Tools, none but the best. These Outfits are strictly high grade, not "seconds" and not toys; simply the best brands of Standard Mechanics' Tools in polished Oak Cabinets.

No. 47,	21	tools,	$ 7.50
52,	24	"	10.00
53,	36	"	15.00
54,	40	"	20.00
100,	95	"	85.00

Ask for Catalogue No. 2506.

HAMMACHER, SCHLEMMER & CO.
Hardware and Tools for all Trades.
New York, Since 1848. 4th Ave. & 13th St.

Clean House with the Thurman Vacuum System

The Dreaded Drudgery of House Cleaning is a constant nuisance. The best way to get rid of dust and its dangers is to equip your house with one of our

VACUUM CLEANING SYSTEMS (Thurman Systems)

and give your house an **"AIR BATH."** Thus Air becomes your servant and thoroughly cleans your rugs, carpets, furniture, draperies, decorations, walls, etc., disinfecting and renovating them without removal from premises, and with no wear and tear on you or the article.

The Originators of the Dustless Method.

Portable Wagon Outfits in over 500 Cities. Selling from $2000 upwards.

"A House to House Equipment."

GENERAL COMPRESSED AIR & VACUUM MACHINE CO., Room 3, Thurman Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

IT PAYS BIG To Amuse The Public With Motion Pictures

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY as our instruction Book and "Business Guide" tells all. We furnish Complete Outfit with Big Advertising Posters, etc. Humorous dramas brimful of fun, travel, history, religion, temperance work and songs illustrated. One man can do it. Astonishing Opportunity in any locality for a man with a little money to show in churches, school houses, lodge halls, theaters, etc. and to operate **Five Cent Theatres** in store rooms. Motion Picture Films and Song Slides rented. Profits $10 to over $100 per night. Others do it, why not you? It's easy; write to us, we'll tell you how. Catalog free.

AMUSEMENT SUPPLY CO., 456 Chemical Bank Bldg., CHICAGO

Low-Cost Suburban Homes—25c.

Book of 90 Plans and Photos of Finished Houses, costing $1,000 to $10,000, by Best Architects. Sent prepaid for 25c.

HOUSE & GARDEN MAGAZINE, 1006 ARCH ST., PHILA.

FRANKLIN 1909

Bigness and bulk are not style. They don't make comfort nor safety.

The Franklin Model H 7-passenger touring-car is a powerful, handsome, capacious automobile. You would pick it out anywhere for its symmetrical lines, its big wheels and tires and its perfection of detail; yet it weighs under 2500 pounds. Most 7-passenger automobiles are far bulkier and heavier, and cost a good deal more to own, but not one is more stylish nor as safe and reliable.

Model H costs even less to own and run than many water-cooled 5-passenger automobiles. This shows the extreme refinement and efficiency secured through Franklin air-cooling.

Like all Franklins, Model H has the luxurious riding quality possible only with full-elliptic springs and the non-jarring Franklin construction. No automobile can lead Model H on American roads. It is the easiest automobile to handle and the most enjoyable touring-car ever built.

All Franklin models are light and strong and durable; the ablest automobiles of their power. Easy to ride in, easy to manage, and the most economical to own and use. No heavy water-cooled automobile, with all its burdensome tire cost and operating cost, can give you such comfort and safety and enjoyment.

What else is an automobile for?

G 18 H. P. touring-car, $1850.
G 18 H. P. runabout with hamper, $1750. With single or double rumble, $1800.
D 28 H. P. five-passenger touring-car, $2800. Or runabout, with single or double rumble, $2700.
H 42 H. P. seven-passenger touring-car, $3750. Or runabout, with single or double rumble, $3600.
Prices f. o. b. Syracuse. Write for the 1909 catalog.

H H FRANKLIN MFG CO., Syracuse N Y

Type H. Six cylinders. 36-inch wheels. 127-inch wheel-base. $3750.

"You can do it with a Reo"

20,000 Reos in daily use

1909 REO

Touring Car $1000
Runabout $500

At last we've done it!

From the very start we've been trying to find a way to make what tens of thousand motorists want—cars of the Reo get-there-and-back quality for $500 and $1000; but the costs of materials and selling have been so great that we simply couldn't do it.

Now, all of a sudden, everything has come our way.

(1) Less Cost of Selling

The 20,000 Reos, doing their reliable work in different parts of the world, have built up the Reo reputation so solidly, that instead of curtailing our output last year, we had to increase it twice and at less cost of selling than ever before.

(2) Less Cost of Material

Manufacturers of materials are hungry for business—that has brought down our costs immensely, outsiders don't realize how much.

(3) Still Less Cost on Account of Quantity

Starting with these advantages—lower cost for materials and selling, solid and fast-growing reputation of the Reo, with everybody talking about the splendid performance of the Reo on the recent Glidden Tour—and realizing that the prices of $500 and $1000 would make the Reo easier to sell than ever, we gave the factory an order of such size as to secure these prices.

That's the story. For details of the Reo and the Glidden Tour, send for catalogue, also "*Two Weeks—A Shocking Tale.*"

20,000 Reos in daily use

R M Owen & Company
Sales Agents Lansing Michigan

"You can do it with a Reo"

Are You Getting the Dust

FROM OTHER MEN'S CARS?

Are you weary of being passed on the road?
Do the other fellows shoot by as your motor labors up hill?
Does your car advertise you with its noise?
Do you have to shift gears in and out of traffic? And on grades?
Are you a profitable patron of repair shops?
Have you grown tired of cranking every morning—and sometimes on the street before gaping crowds?
Then cheer up—your relief is here.
No more humiliation for you, Mr. Owner, when you drive a

WINTON SIX

Has six cylinders, because fewer cylinders are mechanically insufficient.

Runs as sweetly and as quietly as a 17-jewel chronometer.

Makes play of hill climbing.

Has all the power any normal man ever needs, with plenty of power in reserve for use just when you want it.

Gives any speed from minimum to maximum on high gear, in evidence of its supreme flexibility.

Carries its starting crank in the tool box, because it has a mechanical infallible self-starter—a starter that starts. Push a button and away she goes.

And keeps out of repair shops. Ten Winton Sixes in the hands of 10 individual owners ran 65,687.4 miles (more than twice around the world) on $1 upkeep for each 4343 miles. Sounds impossible, doesn't it? But get our book of sworn records—note the men who made these affidavits—men of high standing in New York, Boston, Brooklyn, Atlantic City, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Cleveland and Chicago—read the month-to-month statements, and then try the Winton Six.

That will make you want one of these marvelous cars—cars that satisfy the most exacting owners—cars that Go the Route Like Coasting Down Hill.

And the price—that's convincing, too. Five passenger, 48.6 horse-power Winton Six at $3000. No better car anywhere at any price. We have a bigger and more powerful Winton Six—a seven passenger, 60 horse-power car, with four-speed transmission, at $4500. Greatest motor car value you ever saw.

Write today for literature. Winton Six catalog throws new light on sixes, gives facts and avoids platitudes. Booklets give sworn records showing how ten Winton Sixes traveled on an upkeep expense of $1 for each 4343 miles, and detail our $2500 plan to benefit owners.

Better write now.

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE CO.
Cleveland, Ohio

Winton Branch houses in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Seattle and San Francisco. Winton agencies in all important places.

"You can do it with a Reo"

20,000 Reos in daily use

1909 REO

Touring Car $1000
Runabout $500

At last we've done it!

From the very start we've been trying to find a way to make what tens of thousand motorists want cars of the Reo get-there-and-back quality for $500 and $1000; but the costs of materials and selling have been so great that we simply couldn't do it.

Now, all of a sudden, everything has come our way.

(1) Less Cost of Selling

The 20,000 Reos, doing their reliable work in different parts of the world, have built up the Reo reputation so solidly, that instead of curtailing our output last year, we had to increase it twice and at less cost of selling than ever before.

(2) Less Cost of Material

Manufacturers of materials are hungry for business—that has brought down our costs immensely, outsiders don't realize how much.

(3) Still Less Cost on Account of Quantity

Starting with these advantages—lower cost for materials and selling, solid and fast-growing reputation of the Reo, with everybody talking about the splendid performance of the Reo on the recent Glidden Tour—and realizing that the prices of $500 and $1000 would make the Reo easier to sell than ever, we gave the factory an order of such size as to secure these prices.

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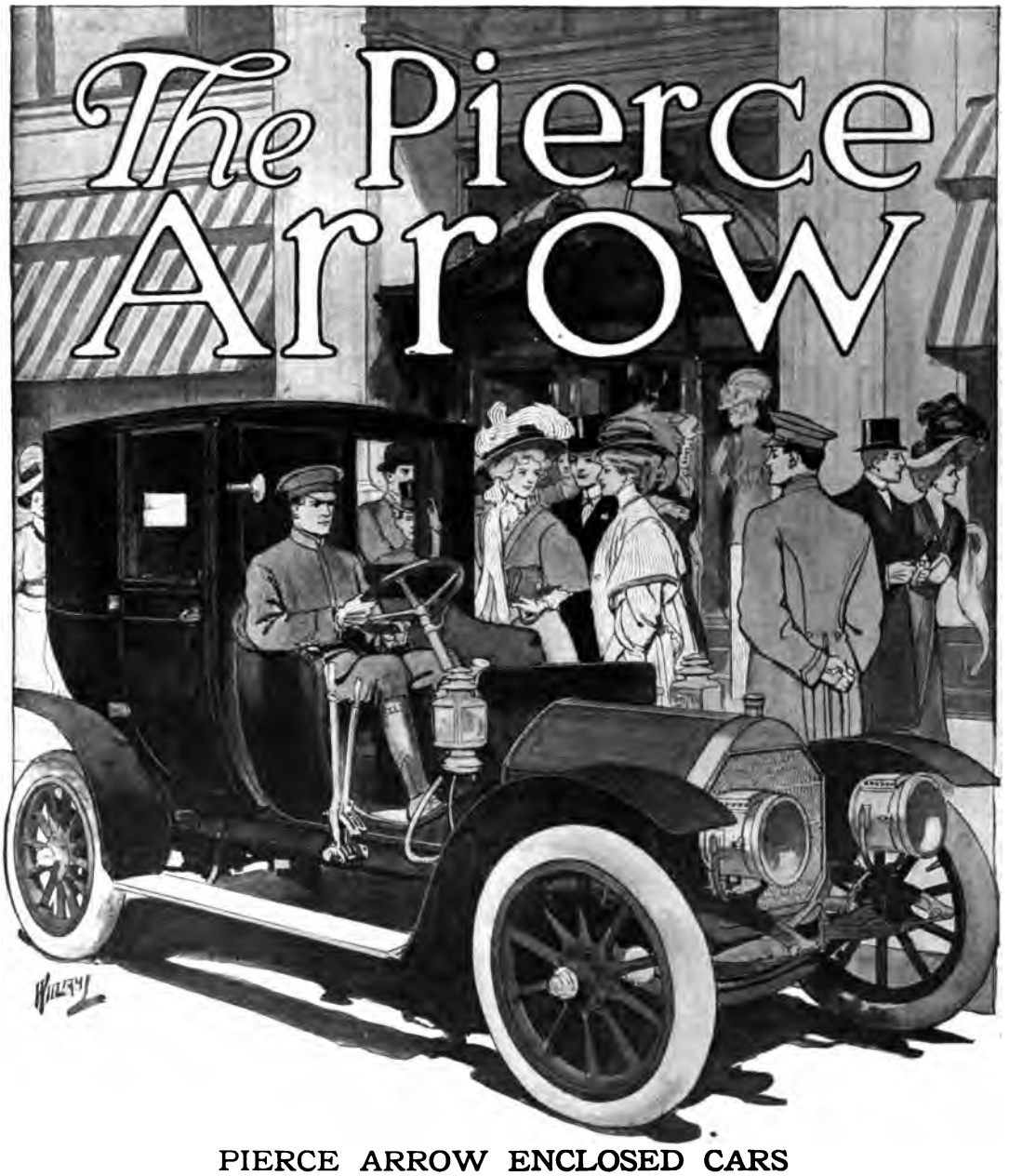
R M Owen & Company
Sales Agents Lansing Michigan

"You can do it with a Reo"



PIERCE ARROW ENCLOSED CARS

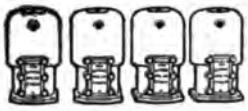
We offer for the coming season four types of enclosed cars of the following horse-power and prices:

	24 H. P. 4 cylinder	36 H. P. 6 cylinder	40 H. P. 4 cylinder	48 H. P. 6 cylinder	60 H. P. 6 cylinder
Landaulet	$3950	$4600	.....	.....	.....
Brougham	3900	4550	.....	.....	.....
Landau	.....	.....	$5500	$6200	$7200
Suburban	.....	.....	5400	6100	7100

These are built on the same chassis as the Pierce Arrow Cars which made perfect scores and won the Trophies in both the Glidden and the Hower Tours.

THE GEORGE N. PIERCE COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y.
Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

This is the car that has no valves and here are the parts that make it go



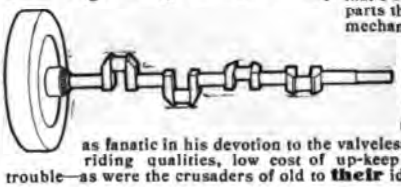
¶ There is no mystery about the phenomenal performances of the Elmore. Some people evidently think there is. Last year a few of them said: "Your catalogue is fine—intensely interesting. We read every word of it. We know now that the Elmore has no valves. We know that its engine has continuous turning power. We know that the Elmore owners don't know what ignition troubles are. We know that it costs less to keep up than any other car extant. But we'd like you to tell us more."

¶ To which we can only reply: "There's nothing more to tell." When we've said that the Elmore has continuous torque; that the power flows as steadily as a rushing river on its way to the sea—we've explained why you get in the Elmore that magnificent steadiness of motion which is only approached (but not equalled) in the four cycle type, by the use of at least six cylinders.

¶ When we tell you the Elmore has no valves, we cannot say much more—except to recall to your mind what a hot-bed of expense and exasperation the valves in **your** car have always been. When we say that Elmore owners know nothing about timer, coil or battery troubles—**absolutely nothing whatever**—how can we be more explicit or emphatic?

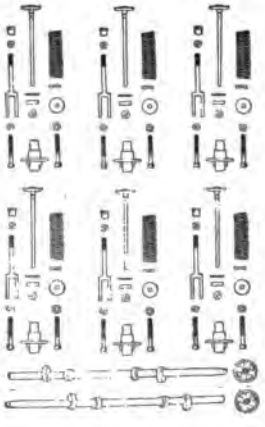
¶ But pictures always help; and if you've never ridden in an Elmore car, these thumb-nail sketches may help you to an appreciation of its ridiculous (and magnificent) simplicity.

¶ Stop and count the parts on an Elmore engine—one, two, three, four, five—only three of which are moving parts. "Is **that** all?" you ask. Yes, that's all. Now drop your eye and look at the parts it hasn't got—the hundred odd parts that clutter up **every other** type of engine, and make it a nest of viperous mechanical troubles.



¶ You'll notice they're **all** missing from the Elmore engine—valves, cams, lifts, springs, rollers—every one of the prolific sources of expense and exasperation which make motoring a hazardous game of chance in **any** four cycle car.

¶ Do you begin to realize now why the average Elmore owner is almost as fanatic in his devotion to the valveless, two cycle idea—with its continuous turning power, superb riding qualities, low cost of up-keep and absolute immunity from trouble—as were the crusaders of old to **their** ideals?



¶ Do you begin to realize why he won't listen to any four cycle car at any price (high or low) because **all** of them contain the handicaps to smooth and restful motoring which **he escapes** in the Elmore?

¶ Do you begin to realize why we closed the present 1908 season in **June last** with a waiting list of nearly one hundred people who could not get cars from our greatly increased output—and who immediately put in a reservation for the 1909 car **now being marketed?**

¶ Do you begin to realize why our dealers poured in their orders and deposits for the 1909 car, with positive delivery dates, early in July—and why we are cautioning **you** that our output, **again largely increased,** is certain to be exhausted in the same way as the outputs of the past two years?

¶ **SEE your Elmore dealer.** He will tell you things so much more wonderful about this car than anything we have even indicated here, that you, too, are certain to become an Elmore partisan of the most positive type.

¶ The 1909 literature is now ready.

ELMORE MFG. CO.

404 Amanda Street .·. Clyde, Ohio

Member A. L. A. M.

ON TOP!!

"Keep your eye on Continentals"

Continental TIRES

¶ Motorists the world over claim "Continentals" to be the best and most durable tires made; manufactured in the ***largest*** tire factory where the watchword is not "how cheap"- - - but "how ***well*** can they be made," they prove their great value over other tires by giving ***more miles for less dollars*** to every user of them.

Cost — Production — Selling Price

¶ ***To-day*** quantity is the governing power in almost everything. ***Two thousand*** (2000) ***and more Continental Tires*** are manufactured every twenty-four hours - - - Consequently our purchasing facilities are unequalled. ***We Sell Continental Tires*** at a profit which has for a basis of calculation our enormous buying and producing ability.

Continental Tires at Lower Prices

¶ The above achievements mean that our success is ***your*** saving and ***not*** that we are ***obliged*** to reduce the ***quality*** and price of ***our*** product to meet ***price*** competition. ***We share with you*** our success by offering you a tire from which you can obtain the ***most*** amount of mileage for the least investment of money.

¶ ***Reduced tire expense means using Continental Tires***

CONTINENTAL CAOUTCHOUC CO.

Home Office: 1788-90 Broadway, N. Y. C., J. M. Gilbert, Genl. Mgr.

BRANCHES: Detroit, 226 Jefferson Ave. San Francisco, 422-4 Van Ness Ave.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS:

Acme Rubber Co., 925 Jefferson Ave., Toledo, Ohio
Centaur Motor Co., 59 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Continental Agency Co., 1268 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Continental Tire Co., 1200 S. Main St., Los Angeles, California
Excelsior Supply Co., 237 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.
Jas. L. Gilbert & Bro., 211 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Newstadt Automobile & Supply Co., 3948 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.
Plant Rubber Co., 322 First Avenue North, Minneapolis, Minn.
Revere Rubber Co., 700 Baronne St., New Orleans, La.
Sammis & Downer Co., Huntington, L. I.
The Post & Lester Co., 821 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
The Post & Lester Co., 175 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.
Western Continental Caoutchouc Co., 1438 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Representatives everywhere you can motor

Return this coupon and 1909 prices will be forwarded — also new price for Continental Ready-Flated Tires.

Name .....
Street .....
City .....
D *State* .....

"The Fastest Car I Ever Rode In"

—Lytle, Noted Driver of Racing Cars

THE AMERICAN

1909 4 Cylinder **ROADSTER** 50 H. P. $3750

Herbert Lytle drove the 1909 American Roadster from Indianapolis to Toledo — 287 miles—in the record running time of 7½ hours.

When he stopped the engine in Toledo, Lytle turned to the man beside him and said: "In all my life this is the fastest car I ever rode in. It is the speediest thing on four wheels — the most wonderful car I've ever driven."

Think what that means from Lytle — famed the world over as a fearless driver of racing cars; Lytle — who has held the wheel of the world's fastest and most powerful machines in every big national and international race.

Think what it means — this voluntary burst of enthusiasm, from a driver of Lytle's experience, after a performance so remarkable.

During this run — Sunday, August 16 — Lytle speeded up to 70 miles an hour, but at no time pushed the engine to its power limit.

The American glides into its gait on the high gear like a greyhound freed from the leash — no fussing, no trembling hesitancy, no labored gathering of momentum. Because every ounce of the engine's power is transmitted to the ground.

THE UNDERSLUNG BODY makes the American the safest and easiest riding of all cars. Lowering the center of gravity, it minimizes the possibility of overturning and prevents skidding when taking curves at speed. Furthermore, the frame depending from the springs, road shocks are taken entirely by the springs and not transmitted to the car and its occupants.

The underslung body gives the car a long, low, racy appearance, at the same time affording the same road clearance found in cars of ordinary assembly. No other domestic car has the underslung body or the comfort and safety it affords. This idea of ours has been adopted by one of the largest European builders, who recognized its advantages.

Our factory output for 1909 has been limited to 150 cars for 150 men who want just the best cars their money will buy. Will you be among the favored few to own and enjoy the American?

Ask us to send you literature about the 1909 American.

AMERICAN MOTOR CAR CO.
Dept. B.
Indianapolis, Indiana
"No noise but the Wind."

THE AMERICAN

"Best Value" Binders

B-V Binders have always been the *best*. ¶ No effort or expense has been spared to make them so. ¶ Therefore when we unhesitatingly affirm that our

New "Best Value" Sectional Post Binder

is even superior to any we ever made before, you may be sure that it is the Binder *par excellence*. ¶ Note the Aluminum Lock, Metal Hinge, Rubber Corners at binding end, and Rubber Ball caps. ¶ *It costs a trifle more than others, but it's more than worth the difference and we can prove it.* Ask for particulars.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY
CHICAGO DEPT. M NEW YORK

There's Danger

Every minute that you keep your valuable papers about the house. Don't risk it a day longer. Get your will, your deeds, your insurance policies, your private letters, etc. into

·THE·SAFEST·PLACE·
·IN·THE·WORLD·

Safe Deposit By Mail is easy, secure, convenient, no matter where you live—The cost is trifling.

Let us send you the illustrated book.

CARNEGIE SAFE DEPOSIT CO.
90 CEDAR ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

ON TOP!!

"Keep your eye on Continentals"

Continental TIRES

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Let us send you the illustrated book.

CARNEGIE SAFE DEPOSIT CO.
90 CEDAR ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

WINCHESTER

BIG BORE HIGH POWER RIFLES

No other rifles made have the tremendous shocking power at long range of the Winchester .33, .35 and .405 calibers. The cartridges they shoot have heavy, mushrooming bullets, making them exceedingly deadly for the biggest game. Winchester Rifles and Winchester Cartridges—each made for the other—are indispensable for successful hunting.

Send address for Catalogue of Winchester—the Red **W** *Brand—Guns and Ammunition.*

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

The No. 2A
BROWNIE

Pictures, 2½ x 4¼. Price, $3.00.

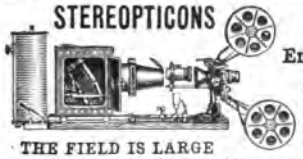
Built on the Kodak plan—uses Kodak film cartridges and may be loaded and unloaded in broad daylight. No dark-room for any part of the work. A perfectly practical little camera for snap-shots or time exposures.

THE 1908 KODAK CATALOGUE fully describes and illustrates our six styles of *Brownies*, and fifteen styles of *Kodaks*, ranging in price from $1.00 to over $100.00, and fully explains the daylight development methods which have done away with the dark-room. Free at any Kodak dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES

STEREOPTICONS



You Can Make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public.

Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost.

THE FIELD IS LARGE

comprising the regular theatre and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. **Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue** and special offer fully explains everything. **Sent Free.**

CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 Dearborn Street, Dept. Y Chicago.

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GOODS for EVERYBODY. Catalog of 200 Novelties Free. If it's Electric we have it. Big Catalog 4c.

OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, Cleveland, Ohio

The World's Headquarters for Dynamos, Motors, Fans, Toys, Batteries, Belts, Bells, Lamps, Books. **We Undersell All. Want Agents.**

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

AFTER THE SUMMER

Beautiful women everywhere use Lablache. Do you? It freshens and soothes the skin, making it clear and velvety. A toilet delight. Many imitators, but no equal.

Refuse substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail.

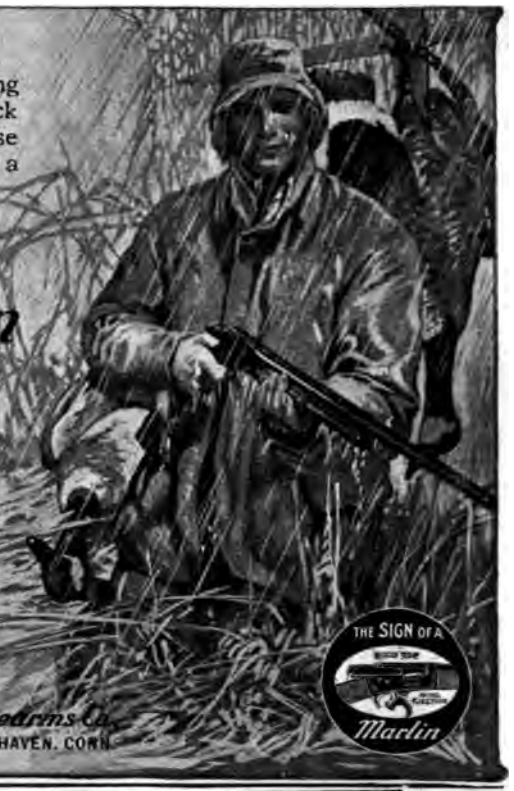
Send 10c. for sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO., French Perfumers, Dept. 19, 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

Don't Worry About the Rain!

or the snow or sleet of good wildfowling weather, or the twigs and rushes of the duck blind, or the drifting sand of the goose pit—nothing can get into the action of a

Marlin Repeating Shotgun



The *Marlin* shotguns shoot hard and close and are built with an eye to overcoming weaknesses of the average "pump" gun. The breech is completely closed in by the bolt and the top of the breech block is solid, so that no snow, sleet, twigs or any foreign objects can clog the action. This solid top prevents water from running down into the magazine and swelling the shells—one of the most aggravating things that can happen with a repeating shotgun.

With one-third less parts than any other repeater, the simplicity and strength of mechanism insures perfect operation; double extractors pull any shell; and automatic recoil safety lock removes all danger from hang fires, making the *Marlin* the safest breechloading gun built.

Send to-day for our 136-page catalog, describing the full *Marlin* line. Enclose 3 stamps for postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
11 Willow St. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE SIGN OF A Marlin

FREE BOOK TELLS OF THIS GUN

A SHOT WITH EVERY TICK OF THE WATCH

SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS

This hammerless repeater is the most rapid pump gun made; it has every known improvement—easy take-down feature, heavy breech block, covered mechanism and top rib if desired. Catalog shows our other shot guns, doubles, singles, etc. A postal brings our book—FREE.

$5 to $27

THE UNION FIRE ARMS CO., 239 Auburndale, TOLEDO, O.

M. & M. Portable Houses

Beautiful Summer and Winter Homes, complete in every detail. Built on the Unit System. Everything fits. Anyone can erect them. Absolutely wind and weather proof. **We pay the freight,** and deliver our houses to any R. R. Station in the United States.

Write us, enclosing 2c stamp for our handsomely illustrated **Book of Plans and Designs,** showing in full detail our Summer Cottages, Bungalows, Automobile Garages, Photograph Galleries, Children's Play Houses, Hunter's Cabins, etc., etc.,

MERSHON & MORLEY CO., 610 Broadway, SAGINAW, MICH.

The Original, Reliable and Largest Manufacturers of Portable Houses in United States.

THEY'RE MADE TO MEASURE

Putman Boots.

Go on like a glove *and* fit all over.

Putman Boots are the oldest and best known line of boots for Hunters, Prospectors, Ranchmen and Engineers, (who demand the best) and we have learned through our personal contact with such men, how to make a perfect boot. Putman Boots are used in nearly every civilized country in the world. They are Genuine Hand Sewed, Water Proofed, Made to Measure, Delivery charges prepaid, and cost no more than others. **Send for catalogue of over 40 different styles of boots and self measurement blanks.** Also Indian Tanned Moose Hide Moccasins. Illustration shows No. 200, 14 inches high, Bellows Tongue, Uppers made of Putman's Special Vegetable Tanned Calf Skin, tanned with the grain of the hide left on, thus making the leather water proof. Black or Brown color. Made to measure and delivered in the U. S., Can., or Mex., for **$8.00**

H. J. PUTMAN & CO. 28 HENNEPIN AVE. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Your Boy's Aim

in Life Will be Better if You Encourage Him to be More Outdoors by Letting Him have a

King Air Rifle

START your boy right. He has the manly instincts. Give him a harmless **King Air Rifle**—a real gun and an accurate shooter—and let him get out into the open air, build up his constitution and acquire the ability to take care of himself.

It's just a little investment, but it repays a hundred fold. King Air Rifles are operated by compressed air—no powder—no recoil—no loud report.

King 1,000 Shot Air Rifle

Hammerless Magazine Repeater—Magazine Holds 1,000 Shots—Loads Automatically—Lever Action—Price $2.00. Single Shot and Repeating Air Rifles for all ages of Boys, $1.00 to $1.75. King Pop Gun for boys and girls too small to handle King Air Rifles, 25 cents.

Nothing will encourage a boy so much to rely on his own resources—to think and act for himself, as a King Air Rifle. He feels manly and becomes manly. It trains his eyesight and puts him in touch with nature.

Give your boy a chance. There is an up-to-date dealer in most every town who can supply you. Take your boy along and select a King "according to his size."

If there is no dealer in your town, our King Air Rifle Book for Boys will show and explain all styles and enable you to make your selection, and we will send you, express prepaid, any King you select on receipt of price.

Markham Air Rifle Company

Established 25 Years

Plymouth Mich.

Lord & Taylor

Wholesale Distributors

"Onyx" Hosiery

Look for this **Trade-Mark**

Stamped on every pair.

TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. of all the Hosiery imported into the United States bears the "ONYX" Trademark, and gives satisfaction to the millions of users. There is no reason why you should not be one of this great army of contented patrons.

"ONYX" Hosiery provides a greater variety—a wider range of qualities—and represents the highest standard of efficiency possible to obtain in Hosiery. Every pair is guaranteed.

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Broadway New York

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Over 11,000 Dealers will display this sign in their store windows. Watch for it.

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if you are going to buy a stove this fall, call on the dealer who shows this sign.

Give yourself an insurance policy against excessive fuel bills by purchasing a Jewel. Jewels are designed and built to give the maximum of efficient service from the fuel. Jewels are not imitations nor copies of other stoves, but are designed and built in our own complete factory—"the largest stove plant in the world"—where the whole thought and aim is to produce the best. We've done it for over forty-four years—we are doing it today.

Jewels are the only stoves built of the famous, fire-resisting **Kemi-Test Metal** the most durable and longest lasting stove metal produced; the only stoves sold at popular prices exclusively on the basis of high quality construction and resultant fuel economy; the one line of stoves where you get a dollar's worth of stove for every dollar invested. Investigate. Call on the dealer who shows the above sign—he sells

JEWEL STOVES *and* RANGES

and can quickly demonstrate to **you** now and why they are the best for **you** to buy. Judge for yourself as to the merits of Jewels. See them. Compare design. Compare quality of castings and finish. Compare workmanship and trimmings. Convince yourself that **Jewels** are the best value regardless of what may be offered at lower prices. Know for a certainty that if you buy a Jewel you'll save fuel.

Over 4,100,000 Jewels in use. That proves satisfying service.

No matter what you want in heating or cooking stoves—Steel Ranges, Cast Ranges, Cook Stoves, Base Burners, Oak Heaters or Stoves and Furnaces of any kind, you will find exactly what you want in the "Jewel" line, better designs, better built, and better finished—at right prices.

Sold only by Dealers. Double Guarantee—the dealers and ours.

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The most complete and practical Catalogue ever issued. Tells all about Jewel stoves—inside and out—shows samples from over a thousand styles of Jewels—explains why **Kemi-Test Metal** lasts longer—most valuable book ever written on stoves. Write for a copy today. Address Dept. E

Detroit Stove Works
"Lagest Stove Plant in the World"
DETROIT—CHICAGO

This Trade Mark identifies genuine Jewels. Look for it on the stove or range you buy. A guarantee of satisfaction.

JEWEL STOVES AND RANGES
DETROIT STOVE WORKS
LARGEST STOVE PLANT IN THE WORLD

Send For Our FREE BOOK

ROUND OUT THE SHOULDERS, NECK AND ARMS, Take away all wrinkles and crow's feet. Our free book tells you how to secure a beautiful complexion and retain the glow of Health and Beauty by a few minutes' daily use of the great

White Cross Electric Vibrator

No woman need have a poor figure nor poor health. Any part of the body may be developed, built up and rounded out perfectly and permanently by the use of this wonderful ***White Cross Electric Vibrator.*** This great outfit, that has been endorsed by medical science, gives you both Vibration and Galvanic and Faradic Electricity all at the same time or separately as you wish. A complete Electric Massage and Electric Medical Battery outfit. Don't suffer any longer when you can have the three greatest known natural curative agents constantly at your command.

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Headache, Catarrh, Insomnia, Indigestion, Weakness, Rheumatism, Asthma, Neuralgia, Earache, Weak Eyes, Nervous Debility, Constipation, Bright's Disease, Heart Trouble, Stomach Trouble, Deafness, Skin Disease, Scalp Disease, Etc. All these and dozens of other chronic and acute diseases in both women and men can be instantly relieved and permanently cured by

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Begin now to remove those blotches. Keep away those puffs under the eyes, and that double chin. Women and men defy the signs of age or ill health.

With our Electric Vibrator and special attachments you can convert **any chair** into a perfect vibrating chair without extra cost, getting the genuine **Swedish Movement** and wonderfully refreshing effects, the same treatments for which you would have to pay at least $2.00 each in a physician's office.

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Get full details of our great Introductory offer. The price of our vibrators cut almost in half, costing but a small sum. Sign the coupon and learn about this extraordinary offer. Also get our **FREE BOOK, "Health and Beauty."** You should have this valuable book anyway. Sign and mail the coupon **RIGHT NOW.**

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Stove Buyers

if you are going to buy a stove this fall, call on the dealer who shows this sign.

Give yourself an insurance policy against excessive fuel bills by purchasing a **Jewel.** Jewels are designed and built to give the maximum of efficient service from the fuel. Jewels are not imitations nor copies of other stoves, but are designed and built in our own complete factory—" the largest stove plant in the world "—where the whole thought and aim is to produce the best. We've done it for over forty-four years—we are doing it today.

Jewels are the only stoves built of the famous, fire-resisting **Kemi-Test Metal** the most durable and longest lasting stove metal produced; the only stoves sold at popular prices exclusively on the basis of high quality construction and resultant fuel economy; the one line of stoves where you get a dollar's worth of stove for every dollar invested. Investigate. Call on the dealer who shows the above sign—he sells

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Over 4,100,000 Jewels in use. That proves satisfying service.

No matter what you want in heating or cooking stoves—Steel Ranges, Cast Ranges, Cook Stoves, Base Burners, Oak Heaters or Stoves and Furnaces of any kind, you will find exactly what you want in the "Jewel" line, better designs, better built, and better finished—at right prices.

Sold only by Dealers. Double Guarantee—the dealers and ours.

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Stoves are unwholesome, inefficient. The Hot Air Furnace robs the air of vitality and it is impossible to give all the rooms an equal temperature, at the same time.

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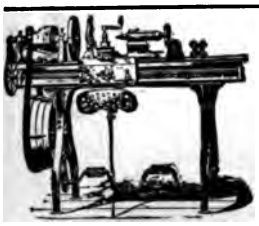

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For 10c. in stamps or coin

I will send, as long as they last, one of my charts showing exercises that will quickly **build up shoulders, arms, forearms, and hands** without any apparatus. They are beautifully illustrated with twenty half-tone cuts. Regular price 25 cents.

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USE "MENDETS"
A PATENT PATCH
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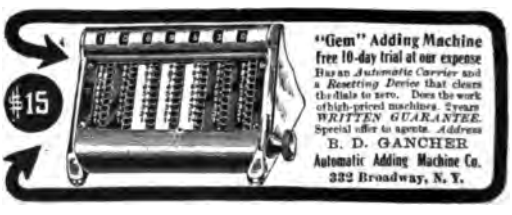

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In appearance it is the equal of any design in sterling—the quality and workmanship being upon the same high plane as all goods bearing the stamp

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The Faneuil Pattern is now made in the staple spoons, forks, knives and many of the fancy pieces — and will shortly be procurable in the full line. There is every indication that the new design will soon establish itself as one of the most popular of this well-known brand of *"Silver Plate that Wears."* "1847 ROGERS BROS." ware is sold by the best dealers everywhere. Send for catalog "X 33" showing the Faneuil Pattern as well as other patterns, of which there are many styles—some fancy, some simple and chaste.

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"F" irst and finest grade—diamonds are gems of the rarest beauty — — perfect in cut and color, pure white; of dazzling brilliancy. Not one jeweler in ten ever carries in stock a diamond equal to the Marshall "F" irst grade; and the jeweler's so-called first grade is generally about equal to Marshall's second or even third grade.

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or give you double the amount of heat from the same fuel, if you will give it a trial, or we will refund the money paid for it. Write for Booklet on heating homes.

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Prices from $2 to $12
For hard or Soft Coal wood or gas
Fits any Stove or Furnace

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Are not produced by chance any more than the famous Dingee Roses. The same knowledge, care and experience stand back of Dingee Bulbs and plants for fall and winter blooming. Write for free

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Established 1850. 70 Greenhouses.

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Makes and burns its own gas and produces a pure white, steady, safe, 100 candle power light. No wick, smoke, dirt, grease or odor.

THE BEST LIGHT

Lighted instantly. Over 200 styles. Agents wanted. Write for catalog

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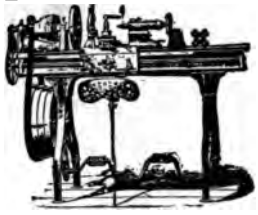

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For Electrical and Experimental Works. For Gunsmiths and Tool Makers. For General Machine Shop Work. For Bicycle Repairing.

Send for Lathe Catalogue and Prices.

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Stallman's Dresser Trunk

Protects the light from the heavy, the clean from the soiled. Everything at your finger's end. No rummaging. No tray-lifting. Easy to pack. No need to unpack. No mussed garments. Nine compartments. Strongest, roomiest, most convenient trunk. Costs no more than old box style. Sent C. O. D. privilege of examination. Booklet sent for 2c stamp.

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Press your trousers over night at home.

Send for booklet and prices.

Use it 60 days. Money returned if not satisfactory.

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THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY

Bright, sparkling, beautiful. They are remarkably brilliant and few people besides experts can tell them from the genuine. One twentieth the expense. Sent free with privilege of examination. For particulars, prices, etc., address

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DIRECT FROM THE ORIENT

Finest, rich green, genuine Chinese Jade Jewelry, 24K Solid Gold mountings made by skilled Chinese goldsmiths. Rings, Scarf Pins, Necklaces, Bracelets, Etc.

Send 2c stamp for Booklet No. 9 "Jade" illustrated in natural colors. Gives interesting history

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From Pacific Waters (Genuine)

Put up in oil, also tasty sauces—Tomato, Mayonnaise or Soused in Spices (mackerel style). Our Brands—Gold Fish (Ravigote style)—Sunset (Le Croix style), La Rouchelle. For sale everywhere.

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Strong Arms

For 10c. in stamps or coin

I will send, as long as they last, one of my charts showing exercises that will quickly **build up shoulders, arms, forearms, and hands** without any apparatus. They are beautifully illustrated with twenty half-tone cuts. Regular price 25 cents.

PROF. ANTHONY BARKER
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Don't Throw it Away

USE **MENDETS**

A PATENT PATCH

that mends all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them; fit any surface; two million in use. Send for sample pkg. 10c. Complete pkg. assorted sizes, 25c. post-paid. Agents wanted.

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For persons having one short limb. Expert workmanship backed by years of experience.

Write for Booklet now. Cut this ad out as it may not appear again.

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WILFRED L. MILLER CO., Room 201, 40 West 28th St., N. Y.

The most up-to-date and complete lighting system on the market. Beautiful fixtures for the home. Attractive high candle power inverted arcs for stores, halls, etc. The best proposition going for hustling agents. Write today for agents' terms and territory. Handsome catalogue free.

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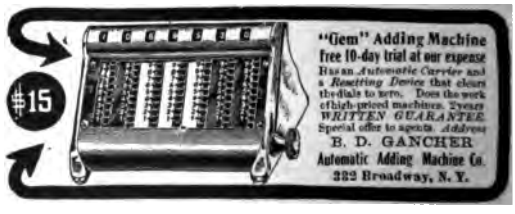
297 Second St., Ann Arbor, Mich.



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Has an *Automatic Carrier* and a *Resetting Device* that clears the dials to zero. Does the work of high-priced machines. Every WRITTEN GUARANTEE. Special offer to agents. *Address*

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Automatic Adding Machine Co.
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The Faneuil Pattern

A new and attractive design wrought in the famous "1847 ROGERS BROS." ware is now on sale.

The Faneuil Pattern is one of dignity and grace—its lines suggestive of the Colonial — from which period it takes the name of Faneuil.

In appearance it is the equal of any design in sterling—the quality and workmanship being upon the same high plane as all goods bearing the stamp

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

The Faneuil Pattern is now made in the staple spoons, forks, knives and many of the fancy pieces — and will shortly be procurable in the full line. There is every indication that the new design will soon establish itself as one of the most popular of this well-known brand of *"Silver Plate that Wears."* "1847 ROGERS BROS." ware is sold by the best dealers everywhere. Send for catalog "X 33" showing the Faneuil Pattern as well as other patterns, of which there are many styles—some fancy, some simple and chaste.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
Meriden, Conn.
(International Silver Co., Successor.)

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Special

Discounts on Highest

grade diamonds, the finest, pure white gems; also jewelry, cut glass, silver, etc.

WRITE for special discount sheet and price list (together with the complete Marshall catalog). The house of Geo. E. Marshall is known for its first quality goods and our special discounts on rarest values may surprise you. Write now.

Marshall's

"F" Grade—

"F" first and finest grade—diamonds are gems of the rarest beauty — — perfect in cut and color, pure white; of dazzling brilliancy. Not one jeweler in ten ever carries in stock a diamond equal to the Marshall "F" first grade; and the jeweler's so-called first grade is generally about equal to Marshall's second or even third grade.

HERE are shown three stones of rare beauty, all "F" grade Tiffany — prices $76, $46 and $28. We allow terms of $7.60, $4.60 or **$2.80 a month** respectively. **Or for all cash, 8% off.** *Any diamond shipped prepaid on approval—not one cent in advance, nothing to pay unless completely satisfied AFTER full examination.*

Catalog on Request

Price List & Special Discount Sheet

Send name & address on coupon—that is all!

Now be sure to get this catalog and discount sheet and our approval-shipment offer **BEFORE** you buy a diamond or jewelry. Write today.

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Without any obligations please send me at once, free, your Marshall Catalog and Special Discounts Sheet, with full explanation of your no-money-down approval offer.

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No letter necessary; this coupon will do.

Formula: Glycerin—Has marked healing and soothing properties. Also has great food value, aiding nature in producing a more luxuriant growth of hair. **Capsicum**—Stimulant, tonic. Increases activity of glands of scalp. **Tea, Rosemary Leaves, Bay Rum**—Valuable in falling hair. **Sulphur**—Absolutely essential for the prompt destruction of the "falling-hair germ" and the "dandruff germ." **Boroglycerin**—An antiseptic of high merit. **Alcohol**—Stimulant, antiseptic. **Water. Perfume.**

Hall's Hair Renewer promptly stops falling hair because it destroys the germs that produce this trouble. We certainly believe that the intelligent and faithful use of this remedy will prove eminently satisfactory.

It quickly removes all dandruff from the scalp, and completely destroys the dandruff germs.

A splendid dressing. Does not interfere with curling or waving the hair.

Show this formula to your family physician. He is acquainted with each ingredient, hence can give you a valuable opinion concerning its use. R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

DOES NOT COLOR THE HAIR

MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER

"Baby's Best Friend"

and Mamma's greatest comfort. **Mennen's** relieves and prevents **Chafing, Sunburn, Prickly Heat** and **Chapping.**

For your protection the **genuine** is put up in **non-refillable** boxes—the **"Box that Lox,"** with **Mennen's** face on top. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents. *Sample free.*

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—It has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets. *Sample Free.*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Mennen's Sen Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental Odor } *No Samples*
Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper) }

Specially prepared for the nursery. **Sold only at stores.**

ARNICA
TOOTH SOAP

Strong's Arnica Tooth Soap

Antiseptic, preserves while it beautifies—sweetens the breath—hardens the gums—whitens the teeth—a leading dentifrice for a

Third of a Century

Preserves while it Beautifies

The metal package is the most convenient for travel or the home—no liquid or powder to spill or waste.

25c
At All Druggists
(Sent postpaid if yours hasn't it.)

ARNICA TOOTH SOAP

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Ideal for sunburn, keeps the skin soft and smooth; nothing better for chaps, pimples, burns, bruises and all eruptions. The collapsible metal tube is convenient and unbreakable. If your dealer hasn't it, send to us. Sent postpaid for **25 Cents.**

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906; Serial No. 1612,

C. H. STRONG & CO., CHICAGO, U.S.A.

CHAS·A·STEVENS & BROS·

1908—Special Catalog Fall and Winter Styles—1909

IN

Ladies' Apparel

Fashion's radical changes make it imperative that you receive a copy of the "Stevens Style Book" if you wish your garments to be absolutely correct as to style.

Write for it today. Mailed free of charge upon request.

Styles have undergone a complete change, and you want to be informed of these before making your selections of Fall apparel. The Directoire gown shown in the illustration is the style that has attracted so much attention in Paris, New York and all the fashionable world, and has come to stay. Modifications of this style will be brought out in tailored suits, skirts and coats this fall, and just how attractively these changes will be embodied in the correct styles for Fall and Winter will be shown in our catalogue by over 250 beautiful illustrations.

The fact that we are able to produce and deliver to you apparel in the very latest styles at popular prices is a demonstration of what thorough knowledge gained from long experience when combined with a great organization can accomplish. There is no house on this continent that can supply your wants so satisfactorily as this firm.

The House of Stevens outfits each season more well-dressed and particular women than any other concern in the United States. This is most remarkable in that we do not cater to the demand for the cheapest of merchandise or that class of garments made to sell at a price only. We are strictly a specialty house, devoting our entire thought and attention to Ladies' and Misses' High-Grade Wearing Apparel, and carry the largest and most complete assortment of styles to be found in America, so arranged in grades and prices as to meet the requirements of all.

Our reputation will guarantee perfection in style, fit and finish, at the lowest possible prices for reliable merchandise. Address Dept. "M."

Chas. A. Stevens & Bros. CHICAGO

Prettiest, Daintiest, Softest Made

DELIVERED

Women's - $1.25
Children's - 1.00
Men's (Plain Front) 1.25

Comfy Moccasin

Made of pure "Comfy Felt," soft leather soles with one inch of carded wool between felt inner sole and felt and leather outer soles, making a perfect cushion tread. Ideal for the bed-room.

Colors: Red, Gray, Navy Blue, Fancy colors for women and children.

Send for CATALOGUE No. 27 showing many new styles.

DANIEL GREEN FELT SHOE CO.

American Felt Co. Building

114-116 East 13th Street, New York

STYLE
NEATNESS
COMFORT

THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

The Name is stamped on every loop—Be sure it's there

THE *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON **CLASP**

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS

WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

Children's Outfitting

We transact the largest children's wear trade in the country. We are specialists in juvenile attire—make nothing else, sell nothing else. Outfitting exclusively for the young we offer—broadest assortments, finest materials, perfect adaptation of styles, original fashions of our own designing. We are the acknowledged leaders in everything for the complete outfitting of boys, girls and infants.

Illustrated Catalogue

describing the new fall and winter fashions in children's dresses, suits, hats, shoes, underwear and furnishings, and listing over 20,000 items, mailed upon receipt of 4 cts. (stamps) to cover postage.

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is simplified by our Mail Order System in charge of competent people. Distant buyers receive the same careful attention as those shopping in person. Our broad guarantee assures satisfaction to every customer.

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LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

Fine Pique Dress

Box plaited with insertions of embroidery on each plait. Sizes 2 and 3 years **$2.25**

Address Dept. 5 **60-62 West 23d St. - - - - - - - - - NEW YORK**

Man Wanted!!

who after he has been properly fitted with

"Common Sense" Suspenders

will wear any other kind

FRONT BACK

1. *Do not slide from shoulders*
2. *Long, medium and short lengths*
3. *Latest invisible drawers supporter*
4. *Yield to every motion of body*
5. *Each pair guaranteed*

Price 50c. { At all stores or by mail postpaid

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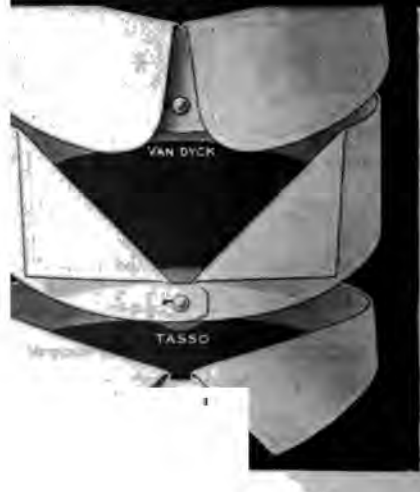
REVERSIBLE

Linene" COLLARS

MADE IN 10 STYLES.

...ars for 25 cts. at stores. By mail 30 cts., ...ple 6 cts. in stamps. Give size and style.

...ERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. F.9, Boston, Mass.



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Illustrations from our 64-page style book.

FURS fashioned in modish styles from thick lustrous pelts form a very desirable addition to the wardrobe. Plymouth Furs, distinguished for their style, fit, comfort, brilliancy and depth of fur are made from the first pick of the pelts which we are enabled to secure through our location in the great Northwest—the heart of the fur producing country.

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Write for our Plymouth Fur Style Book, T, (sent free on request). It will tell you all about furs and how to choose neck pieces, muffs, jackets, fur coats and fur lined coats at from $5 to $5,000 that will give years of satisfactory service. We are manufacturers and give a guarantee that reflects the high quality of all our furs.

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A handsome little publication—illustrated. "Just the thing" for mothers and expectant mothers! Tells how to feed and care for babies and children. Tells how to treat an irritated skin—how to bathe an infant, proper temperature, etc. Tells how to "sterilize" milk, in fact, full information concerning babies.

Sent absolutely free upon request

Tells how to make clothing for baby. Tells about the ***new baby fabric,*** "Fluff-O-Down"—the daintiest, softest and most healthful material—will not irritate the most delicate skin. Fluff-O-Down Flannels are manufactured and sold exclusively by us. They cannot be obtained elsewhere.

Send four (4) cents, in stamps for samples of Fluff-O-Down, Longcloth, Nainsook, Dimity, Lawn, Baby-Cloth, Sanitary Sheeting and materials for infants.

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Dept. F, Dayton, O.

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PROOF BEFORE YOU PURCHASE.

The Acousticon is a scientifically perfect hearing device which magnifies sound 400% and at the same time clarifies articulation so that every word is distinct to the deafest person unless the auditory nerve is entirely destroyed (it seldom is).

It is now used with perfect success in hundreds of churches, theatres and the Public Buildings at Washington (list on application).

Most hearing devices are inefficient or entirely useless; we invite every deaf person and their friends, to

Test It At Our Expense

If, after it has been tried, you find that you cannot hear with it, we would prefer that it be returned and the trial cost you nothing. Three-quarters of our patronage comes from satisfied customers who refer their friends to us, and we cannot afford to have the Acousticon in the hands of anyone who does not hear with it.

If it is convenient, call at one of our offices in the principal cities and test it in person. If not, write us and information will be sent how you may test it thoroughly at our expense—also booklet and other interesting information.

GENERAL ACOUSTIC CO.,
823 Browning Bldg.
B'way & 32d St., New York

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Over 60,000 vose Pianos have been shipped from our Factories to Homes in the United States.

The *tone, touch* and *magnificent wearing qualities* of the **vose Piano** are only explained by the **exclusive patented features** and the **high-grade material and superb workmanship** that enter into their construction. The **vose** is an ideal piano for the home. Delivered anywhere in the United States free of charge. **Satisfaction guaranteed.** Liberal allowance for old pianos and time payments accepted

FREE—If you are interested in pianos, let us send you our beautifully illustrated catalogue, that gives full information

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BURROWES HOME BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE

$1.00 DOWN

Puts into your home any table worth from $6 to $15. $2 a month pays balance. Higher priced Tables on correspondingly easy terms. We supply all cues, balls, etc., free. NO RED TAPE.

BECOME AN EXPERT AT HOME

The Burrowes Home Billiard and Pool Table is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write today for catalogue.

The E. T. BURROWES CO.,

12 Free Street, PORTLAND, ME.

BISHOP FURNITURE CO. Grand Rapids, Michigan

Ship Anywhere "On Approval," allowing furniture in your home five days to be returned at our expense and your money refunded if not perfectly satisfactory and all you expected. We Prepay Freight to all points east of the Mississippi River and north of Tennessee line, allowing freight that far toward points beyond.

We furnish Homes, Hotels, Clubs, Hospitals, Y. M. C. A.'s and other Public Buildings at wholesale prices.

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$36.50 buys this handsome high-grade Buffet, No. 573 (worth $55.00). Made of select Quartered Oak in any finish desired. Length, 50 inches; French Bevel Mirror, 46 x 16 inches. Our FREE catalogue shows Sideboards and Buffets from $11.75 to $137.00.

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Makes Cooking Easy.

A Double Service.

The Glenwood Gas Range Attachment consisting of oven, broiler and three burner top, is made to bolt neatly to the end of the Plain Cabinet Glenwood Coal Range.

The heat in both coal and gas ovens is registered by the wonderful Glenwood Patent Oven Heat Indicator which shows at a glance when to put food in the oven. If a large amount of baking is required, both the Coal and Gas ovens can be operated at the same time, using one for meats and the other for pastry. Being very compact it saves room in the kitchen.

The Plain Cabinet Glenwood

Combination Coal and Gas Range.

Write for handsome booklet of the Plain Cabinet Glenwood Range to Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass.

Buy it in the "Knock Down"

AND SAVE TWO-THIRDS

The finished parts of a complete piece of furniture, including fastenings, Mission stain, etc., are shipped to you in a compact crate.

You need only to put the parts together, put on the stain, etc., according to simple instructions—an hour's work and it is done.

Every piece is selected oak. You save—(1) in the factory cost. (2) in the factory profit. (3) all the dealers profit. (4) ⅔ of the freight. (5) cost of finishing. (6) cost of expensive packing.

As she received it.

I absolutely guarantee you will be satisfied—that I will sell you beautiful furniture at about one-third of what a dealer would charge for a similar piece. I will instantly refund your money and freight charges if you are not satisfied. **You do not risk one cent.** I have made this statement as strong as I know how. The goods warrant it.

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preserves your shingles, makes the artistic house perfect, makes the ugly house artistic. Soft velvety colors. No disagreeable odors. Send for sample colors.

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If your **brick** or **concrete** house leaks ask about

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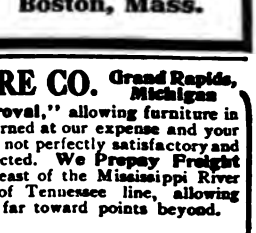

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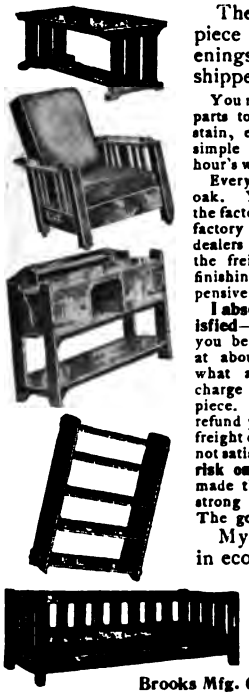

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English Shingle Stain

preserves your shingles, makes the artistic house perfect, makes the ugly house artistic. Soft velvety colors. No disagreeable odors. Send for sample colors.

DEXTER BROTHERS COMPANY

103 and 105 Broad Street, BOSTON, MASS.

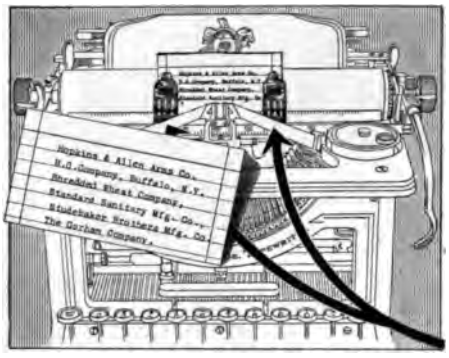
AGENTS

H. M. Hooker Co., 128 W. Washington St., Chicago; W. S. Hueston, 22 E. 22d St., New York; John D. S. Potts, 218 Race St., Philadelphia; F. H. McDonald, 619 The Gilbert, Grand Rapids; F. T. Crowe & Co., Seattle, Spokane, Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.; Klatt-Hirsch & Co., 113 Front St., San Francisco, Cal.; W. W. Lawrence & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

If your **brick** or **concrete** house leaks ask about

ANTIAQUATINE

Keep Out of the Way!



If you forget to replace the Automatic Paper Fingers after writing an envelope address—or a filing card on the

NEW MODEL

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter

it won't interfere with your work.

The paper fingers will not let the type strike them but go quickly to their own place by the motion of the carriage.

They'll hold anything—postage stamp, filing card or big envelope.

And you can write at any edge of anything the capacious paper feed will grasp.

See the Auxiliary Rolls.

Illustrated Free Book.

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter Co.
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

Head Office for Europe, Asia and Africa:
49 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C.

ALL the writing ALWAYS in sight

The Ten-Year SELF-FILLING Pen

ALWAYS WRITES
NEVER LEAKS
NEVER SCRATCHES
FILLS ITSELF
CLEANS ITSELF

Guaranteed for Ten Years

Prices no higher than other standard pens that are not self-filling

We want you to try the Ten-Year Pen. A case of six pens for a week's examination and trial will be sent entirely free of expense to any responsible person. Give us one or two references, and let us send you a case. You try the pen; we stand the expense.

GEORGE B. GRAFF, MANAGER
610 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

VIOLIN OF SMOOTH, FINE TONE

The purchase of a violin is an important thing. Why not get the best musical value to be had? The Lyon & Healy Cremonatone Violin is world-famous, and if you will read its history you will understand why it excels all imitations and why soloists everywhere gladly pay its price, which is $100. The Student Violin is also the leader in its class—price $15. Let us send you our Musical Handbook, which tells all about violins and all other musical instruments. 312 pages, 1100 illustrations.

FROM

LYON & HEALY

84 Adams Street, CHICAGO

TYPEWRITERS

All the Standard Machines SOLD or RENTED ANYWHERE at ½ to ⅔ FACTORY PRICES, allowing RENTAL TO APPLY ON PRICE. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Illustrated Catalog H.
TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 92-94 Lake St., CHICAGO

PATENTS

SECURED OR FEE RETURNED.

Free opinion as to patentability. Guide Book, List of Inventions Wanted, and 100 Mechanical Movements free to any address. Patents secured by us advertised free in World's Progress. Sample copy free.
EVANS, WILKENS & CO., 845 F Street, Washington, D. C.

REMOVING WEST

Household Goods shipped at Reduced Rates to and from Western States. Through cars avoiding transfer. Colored maps free. Write for particulars.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT CO.
San Francisco, 789 Market St. Los Angeles, 224 W. 8th St.
Seattle, 305 Main Street
Chicago, 215 M Dearborn St. New York, 29 M Broadway

ALL ADVERTISING is a matter of impressions. The fact that you paint, varnish, polish or hand-finish your goods for the sake of the looks, is an argument in favor of writing your business letters on Strathmore Parchment for the sake of the looks.

Looks are not everything, but they suggest quality, and nine-tenths of business success is a matter of suggestion.

Strathmore Parchment

will give to your letter-headings, envelopes, bills, statements, checks and other commercial papers the unmistakable stamp of dignity and good taste. Whoever prints for you can show you samples of Strathmore Parchment in the Glazed, Linen and Telanian finishes, with envelopes to match. Or we shall be pleased to send you the sample book.

If you want to get unusual and distinctive effects in the printing of your business literature, it will be worth your while to become better acquainted with the "STRATHMORE QUALITY" BOOK AND COVER PAPERS. Let us know what you have in mind, and we will send you interesting samples, provided you are a business man. Or they can be seen at any good printer's office.

MITTINEAGUE PAPER COMPANY, MITTINEAGUE, MASS., U. S. A.

More Than an Assistant

The Comptometer increases the efficiency of your entire office force and gives you a quicker and better view of the daily progress of your business.

The Comptometer

adds, multiplies, and divides rapidly and with absolute accuracy. It has no complicated adjustments. No hand lever to operate for each item added. A simple key-touch is the whole operation.

The Comptometer does away with the drudgery and renders you quick results.

Many business men who were skeptical at first about the claims of the Comptometer are now enthusiastic users. Let us show you by our Special Trial Offer. Write today for descriptive pamphlet. Comptometer sent, express prepaid, on trial to responsible parties in the U. S. or Canada.

Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 868 No. Paulina St., Chicago.

17 Cents a Day Buys an Oliver

This amazing offer—the New Model Oliver Typewriter No. 5 at *17 cents a day*—is open to everybody, everywhere.

It's our new and immensely popular plan of selling Oliver Typewriters on little easy payments. The abandonment of *longhand* in favor of clean, legible, beautiful *typewriting* is the next great step in human progress.

Already—in all lines of business and in all professions—the use of *pen-and-ink* is largely restricted to the writing of *signatures*.

Business Colleges and High Schools, watchful of the trend of public sentiment, are training a vast army of young people in the use of Oliver Typewriters.

The prompt and generous response of the Oliver Typewriter Company to the world-wide demand for *universal typewriting*, gives tremendous impetus to the movement.

The Oliver, with the largest sale of any typewriter in existence, was the logical machine to take the initiative in bringing about the *universal use* of typewriters. It *always* leads!

Save Your Pennies and Own

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

This "*17-Cents-a-Day*" selling plan makes the Oliver as easy to *own* as to *rent*. It places the machine within easy reach of every *home*—every *individual*. A man's "cigar money"—a woman's "pin money"—will buy it.

Clerks on small salaries can now afford to own Olivers. By utilizing spare moments for practice they may fit themselves for more important positions.

School boys and school girls can buy Olivers by saving their *pennies*.

You can buy an Oliver on this plan at the regular catalog price—$100. A small first payment brings the machine. Then you save 17 cents a day and pay monthly.

And the possession of an Oliver Typewriter enables you to *earn money to finish paying for the machine.*

Advantages

The Oliver is the most highly perfected typewriter on the market—hence its *100 per cent efficiency*.

Among its scores of conveniences are:

- —the Balance Shift
- —the Ruling Device
- —the Double Release
- —the Locomotive Base
- —the Automatic Spacer
- —the Automatic Tabulator
- —the Disappearing Indicator
- —the Adjustable Paper Fingers
- —the Scientific Condensed Keyboard

Service Possibilities

The Oliver Typewriter turns out more work—of better quality and greater variety—than any other writing machine. Simplicity, strength, ease of operation and visibility are the corner stones of its towering supremacy in

- —Correspondence
- —Card Index Work
- —Tabulated Reports
- —Follow-up Systems
- —Manifolding Service
- —Addressing Envelopes
- —Working on Ruled Forms
- —Cutting Mimeograph Stencils

Can you spend 17 Cents a day to better advantage than in the purchase of this wonderful machine?

Write for Special Easy Payment Proposition or see the nearest Oliver Agent.

The Oliver Typewriter Company
58 Oliver Bldg. Chicago

The Greatest Fountain Pen Plan, Plant and Policy
IN THE WORLD ARE BACK OF
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Find this imprint on a fountain pen and you will find the one that is popular for what it does—not for what it is said to do.

A FEW OF THE POPULAR STYLES

No. 12 Plain $2.50	No. 12 G. M. Gold Mounted $3.50	No. 12 G. M. M. Gold Mounted $3.50	No. 412 C-C Sterling Silver $5.00	No. 0022 Chased Half Gold Mounted $7.50

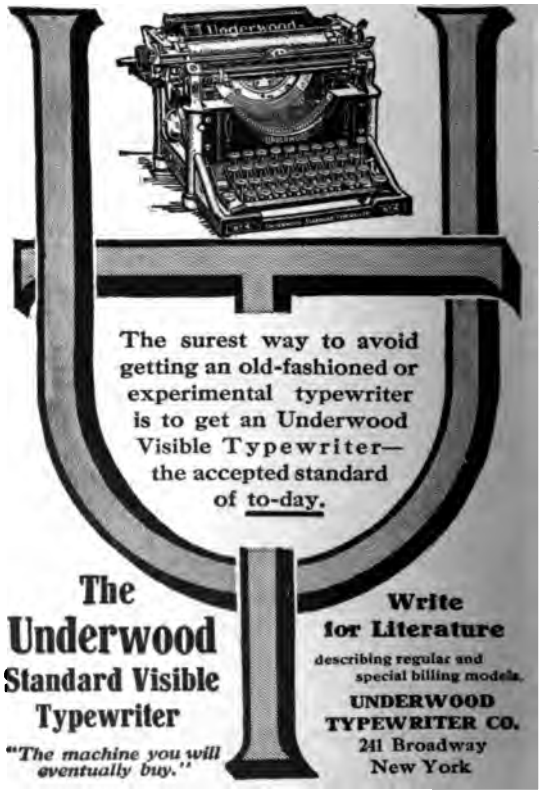
Clip-Cap adds to cost 25 cents for German Silver.

From all leading dealers.

The Waterman's Ideal Plan and Policy insures absolute satisfaction, or money refunded.

L. E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, N. Y.

8 School St., Boston. 209 State St., Chicago. 742 Market St., San Francisco.
136 St. James St., Montreal. 12 Golden Lane, London.


Underwood
The surest way to avoid getting an old-fashioned or experimental typewriter is to get an Underwood Visible Typewriter—the accepted standard of to-day.
The Underwood Standard Visible Typewriter
"The machine you will eventually buy."
Write for Literature
describing regular and special billing models.
UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER CO.
241 Broadway
New York

A FREE SAMPLE
of the New Building Felt

LINOFELT

(LINON FELT MADE FROM FLAX FIBRE IN THIS FACTORY)

Sent to you, if you are about to build or interested in building a house of any kind. Also a neatly illustrated book —

"THE HOUSE OF SILENCE,"

which tells how and why it

SAVES ITS COST IN ONE WINTER.

38 TIMES AS EFFECTIVE AS STANDARD BUILDING PAPER

For Excluding Cold, Heat or Noises. Not Expensive — it adds less than 1 percent to the cost of any building; but adds fully 10 percent to its warmth and comfort.

SOLD BY HARDWARE AND BUILDING TRADES.

WRITE UNION FIBRE CO.
116 Fibre Ave., Winona, Minn.
THE PHILIP CAREY CO.
Distributers, Cincinnati
Branches and warehouses in all large cities in the U. S., Canada and Mexico

ROSES TO PLANT THIS FALL

While the soil is rich with summer's accumulated fertility, giving strength to start the plants into continued growth early next sprin are a Peter's specialty. Only simp and moderate protection is required during winter by properly grown roses planted in the fall, and every rose expert knows that except in the extreme North fall-planted roses give much better results than those planted in spring. While the latter are gathering nourishment for new growth the former are distributing energy in the form of thrifty blooming wood.

Strong, Field-Grown Plants

Grown by right methods under right soil and climate conditions —are required for successful fall-planting. Peter's have them—roses of highest quality, produced in the Southern Alleghenies, where eight months growing season and four months real winter combine to give all plants unusual vigor and hardiness. All the best kinds, new and old, and every rose in stock a hearty specimen. *Send for Special Fall Rose Offer; also "Peter's Plants," the different catalog.*

PETER'S NURSERY CO.,
Box 108, Knoxville, Tenn.

Roses that bloom with the passing of winter's gloom

A Winter Idyl

When the biting winds do blow,
And the water will not flow;
When the pump is frozen tight,
And you're worried, at the sight
Of your stock out in the snow.

Then, oh then, you wonder why
That **Hot-Air Pump** you did not buy.
Now is the time, in early fall,
These winter hardships to forestall.
Don't let your stock go dry.

The Hot-Air Pump

gives an abundant and permanent supply, always fresh and at a temperature which invites the animals to drink their fill. Besides, it does away entirely with the slow and expensive process of watering live stock with a pail and by hand.

Be sure that the copyright name **"Reeco-Rider"** or **"Reeco-Ericsson"** appears upon the pump you purchase. This name protects you against spurious imitations. Write to nearest office (see list below) for descriptive Catalogue **G.**

Rider-Ericsson Engine Co.

35 Warren St., New York.
239 Franklin St., Boston.
40 Dearborn St., Chicago.
40 North 7th St., Philadelphia.
234 Craig St., W., Montreal, P. Q.
22 Pitt St., Sydney, N. S. W.
Amargura 96, Havana, Cuba.

The Hot-Air Pump.

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Write for Literatu

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Amargura 96, Havana, Cuba.

The Hot-Air Pump.

This trade mark on every garment

Better Than an Overcoat

Wright's Health Underwear is so constructed that it retains the natural heat of the body while it maintains a constant ventilation of the skin without admitting cold. The man or woman that wears

Wright's Health Underwear

the Fleece of Comfort, won't need wraps except in extremest weather—if then. Wright's costs no more than any other good underwear—some at $1 a garment.

Send for Free Booklet—
"Dressing For Health"

WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO.
26 Franklin Street, New York

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

have the exclusive and common sense cord action at the back which *gives* and *takes* with every movement. This overcomes all strain at the shoulders and buttons and means long wear.

Highest quality of elastic webbing over the shoulders. Different weights and lengths to suit all requirements.

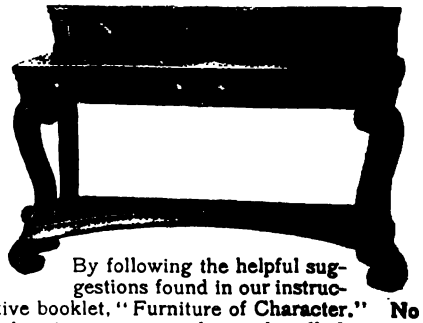
MAKER'S GUARANTEE on every pair—*Satisfaction, new pair or money back.*

Price 50c at your dealer, or sent prepaid on receipt of price.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
702 Main St., Shirley, Mass.

MISTAKES AVOIDED

In Buying Good Furniture



By following the helpful suggestions found in our instructive booklet, "Furniture of Character." No advertisement can adequately tell the wondrous story of the remarkable

Berkey & Gay

reproductions of Period and Colonial furniture for the bed room, dining room and library. This furniture charms by its solidity, grace and beauty because it is artistically designed, durably constructed and elegantly finished. The booklet will be sent for 16 cents in U. S. stamps to partly cover its cost. If not satisfactory, return it and stamps will be refunded.

Our integrity of fifty years standing and our guarantee shopmark is your safeguard in buying this furniture from the dealers.

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE CO. Estab. 1859
Please Address Dept. F. Grand Rapids, Mich.

Model Florentine
Style 83

LENGTH 5FT. 2½IN.
WIDTH 4FT. 9¼IN.

IVERS & POND

Florentine *and* Princess

SMALL GRAND PIANOS.

The most artistic and attractive miniature Grands that the world offers. We are large manufacturers of strictly first-class Grand and Upright Pianos, as well as the popular Player-Pianos. Our new catalogue, containing a wealth of valuable information, will be mailed free to interested persons.

Ivers & Pond Pianos are sold by reliable piano houses throughout the United States, but if we have no dealer near you we can arrange to supply you from our extensive Boston establishment. Any piano you may order will be personally selected and shipped ***under guarantee*** of entire satisfaction. Attractive systems of periodical payments. Write us.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.,
161 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Princess Grand
Style 99

LENGTH 5FT. 3¾IN.
WIDTH 4FT. 10¾IN.

To get the full values from your vacation negatives print them, or have them printed, on

VELOX

Velox is made especially for use with negatives that have been exposed under the harsh conditions of light that the amateur almost invariably encounters — no other paper therefore, so well fits his particular requirements. (We make other papers for the professional that are suited to *his* needs). Velox is simple to handle, prints in any light, requires no darkroom for development and permits the amateur to utilize the evening hours for print making.

There are grades and surfaces to suit all negatives and all tastes—either black and white or the sepia tone is at the command of any amateur. If you do your own printing, use the paper that is made to meet your specific needs — Velox. If you have your printing done by another, insist on the use of the paper that is made to suit your negatives, the paper that is right — Velox.

"Velox Booklet" free at any Kodak Dealers or by mail.

Nepera Division,
Eastman Kodak Co.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

TEXAS & PACIFIC RAILWAY

I Must Absolutely Prove That

10 Acres of this Irrigated Land

Can be Made to Earn Over $100.00 A Month For You

Geo. E. Barstow
President
Pecos Valley Land & Irrigation Co.
OF

BARSTOW TEXAS

I Will Sell it to You for $3.00 a Week

Any one who is familiar with the results from Texas Irrigated Land will tell you that the safest, surest way to gain a large and permanent income from a small outlay is to get hold of a few acres of Texas Irrigated Land

But, heretofore, it has required some capital—at least a few hundred dollars—and it has been necessary for the purchaser to go and live on the land and develop it.

Now, my company makes it possible for you to get ten acres of the finest kind of Texas Irrigated Land, all under cultivation, income property from the very beginning, if you can save $3.00 a week.

You can go and live on it—absolutely assured of an independent living from it alone.

Or arrangements will be made to have it cultivated for you for a small share of the crops.

Now I can and will prove all this from the highest authorities in the land

All you have to do is—write to me and say, "Prove to me that ten acres of your Texas Irrigated Land can be made to produce an income of from $1,000.00 to $5,000.00 a year."

I have the proof, so read what my company will do for you.

New Safe Land Plan

I will deliver at once to the Citizen's State Bank of Barstow, Texas, a Warranty Deed to ten acres of the land of the Pecos Valley Land and Irrigation Company as per the subdivision of the Company's property made by John Wilson and filed for record with the County Clerk of Ward County, Texas.

I will deliver at once to you, one of our Secured Land Contracts for the Warranty Deed at the Bank—on the contract appears a certificate signed by an Officer of the Bank and certifying that the Bank has your deed and will deliver it to you according to the terms of your Secured Land Contract. The Bank acts as an independent agent for both of us—to guarantee fair play.

You must pay $3.00 a week, or at the rate of $3.00 a week in monthly, quarterly, semi-annual or annual payments

Or you can pay as much faster as you like.

Safeguarded

The Bank will deliver your deed direct to you when your $3.00 a week and interest credits total $483.00

It Doesn't Take Long

At the end of each year—if you take more than a year to complete your payments—you will be credited with 5 per cent per annum on the amount you have paid.

$15 down and $3 a week paid regularly, and the interest credits, will mature your Contract in a little over two and three-fourths years.

But you can mature your Contract by paying the same total amount, $483, in a day, a month, six months, a year, or in any less time than 2¾ years, and whenever your regular receipts and your interest allowance credit receipts total $483, all you have to do to get your land is to take or send your receipts and your contract to the Citizen's State Bank at Barstow, Texas, together with twenty-eight vendor lien notes each for $39, payable one every three months for seven years.

The Bank will then give you your Warranty Deed to the land, which, according to the Contract and the Deed, must be fully irrigated and all under cultivation.

Remember this is ten acres of land which I must first prove is capable of producing an income of from $1,000 to $5,000 a year.

You get this land for $483, which you can pay in less t three years—$15 down and $3 a week—and you then have only $39 notes each year for seven years to pay out of your incom

Can you hope in any other way, so safe and sure as thi have so large an independent income in so short a time?

I believe the purchase of Texas Irrigated Land to be the way for a man of small means to make himself independ And I believe I am qualified to pass judgment as I have bee terested in Irrigation matters locally and nationally for 15 y

The results are simply astounding to those who are unfa far with the great subject of irrigation.

And I believe the happiest man these days is the man the little ten acre irrigated farm—(President Roosevelt "Even 5 acres is enough to support a family and keep it bus

The owner of a Ten Acre Irrigated Farm doesn't hav "knuckle to the boss," nor strain his conscience in the stru of the intense commercialism of the day.

His income is practically untouched by "financial depress

His living and peace of mind are not dependent upon whim of any man.

He is king in his own little domain.

He can make his little ten acres earn as much as a qua section (160 acres) unirrigated, would produce—as much a tween twenty and eighty thousand dollars in cash would b loaned out at 6 per cent.

He has his close neighbors, his telephone, good roads, sch and churches—in fact, all the comforts and conveniences of that come with the prosperous close-knit community, tho they pass by the great isolated farm.

The land I want you to buy is all good rich soil, irrig from Canals and Ditches already constructed in the most proved modern fashion and carrying an abundant supply water taken from the ever-flowing Pecos River.

It is within a few miles of Barstow, Texas, and Pecos C Texas, (the two towns are only 6½ miles apart—the land lies tween the towns and a little to the north) and served by the T & Pacific Railway and the Pecos Valley Line of the Santa System.

With rich soil, a splendid climate and the uncertain quan —moisture—eliminated, agriculture horticulture can here be scientifically ried on to the splendid profit of the owner.

The abundant crops of large and every other way superior hays, gra cotton, vegetables and fruits are equ in only a very few favored spots.

The justly celebrated Barstow Gra are considered by many to be even be —variety for variety—than those ra in Southern California—and we are miles nearer the great Eastern mar But all this is the merest outline of w I desire to show you in detail. I am attempting to make it clear to you that you can have an asst Independent living income in less than three years if you possibly save $3 a week.

I have promised to submit the proof. All you have to d write for it. Will you do that today, even if you can't comme right away? I want the address of every man or woman wh willing to save $3 a week if I can prove that the result will financial independence in less than three short years.

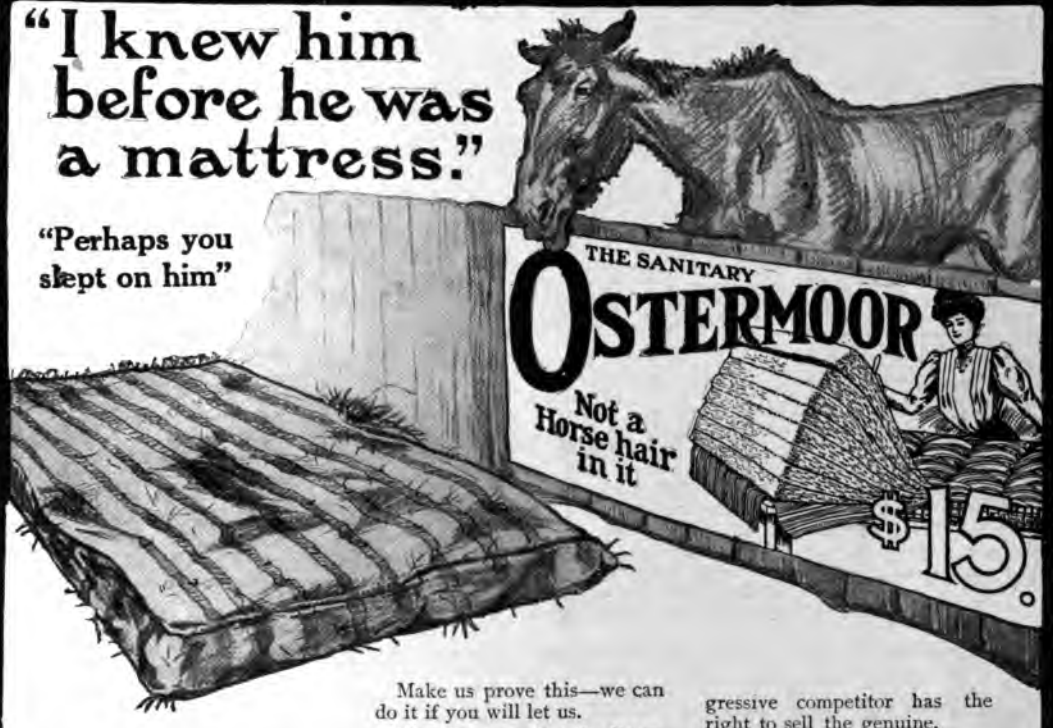
There is nothing philanthropic about this proposition, b especially want to hear from the wage-earners. I have wor for fifteen years to develop this Irrigation System and this c munity. It would be gratifying to me to have those who n need it reap the benefits of my labors.

It will be more convenient for you to address me at St. Lo and I am equipped there to best answer you.

GEORGE E. BARSTOW, President
Pecos Valley Land and Irrigation Company, of Barstow, Tex
832 Missouri Trust Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

"I knew him before he was a mattress."

"Perhaps you slept on him"



One-third of your life is spent in bed—have it a clean and *comfortable* bed.

If the Ostermoor Mattress is as clean, comfortable and sanitary as we claim, how can you sleep on a *hair* mattress which you *know* cannot be really clean and which is seldom comfortable after its newness has worn off?

The *New York World*, Dec. 18th, tells of John Culleton, who worked at the curled hair industry in Sing Sing Prison. He had a sore on his neck and rubbed it—his left side was paralized with the disease *maligna* common among South American cattle.

How do you know what kind of hair you buy?

You don't, and what's more not one dealer in ten knows one grade of hair from another except by the price he pays.

Without fear of contradiction we claim that the Ostermoor is the most sleep-inducing and restful mattress ever made.

Make us prove this—we can do it if you will let us.

We will prove that the Ostermoor retains its shape and resiliency for 30 years—never sags or lumps—because it is *built*—not stuffed.

That it is vermin-proof, damp-proof, dust-proof.

That a sun-bath is all the renovation it ever requires.

That it can show more enthusiastic testimonials from satisfied users than all other mattresses combined.

But, if you want an Ostermoor, *get* an Ostermoor—don't accept one of the "near Ostermoor's" that a certain class of dealer will offer because a progressive competitor has the right to sell the genuine.

You cannot be deceived—unless you wish to be. The name Ostermoor and our famous trade-mark label is sewn on the end of every Ostermoor Mattress ever made. See that it is there—or let us know about it.

When you write us for our handsome and unique book, we will send you the name of your nearest Ostermoor dealer.

If we have no dealer in your place, send your $15. directly to us and we will ship you a full size Ostermoor Mattress by *express paid* same day check is received by us.

Ask for Our 144-Page Book and Samples of Ticking — Sent Free

OSTERMOOR & CO. 112 Elizabeth Street New York City

Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather and Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

I Must Absolutely Prove That 10 Acres of this Irrigated Land Can be Made to Earn Over $100.00 A Month For You

I Will Sell it to You for $3.00 a Week

Geo. E. Barstow
President
Pecos Valley Land & Irrigation Co.
OF
BARSTOW
TEXAS

Any one who is familiar with the results from Texas Irrigated Land will tell you that the safest, surest way to gain a large and permanent income from a small outlay is to get hold of a few acres of Texas Irrigated Land.

But, heretofore, it has required some capital—at least a few hundred dollars—and it has been necessary for the purchaser to go and live on the land and develop it.

Now, my company makes it possible for you to get ten acres of the finest kind of Texas Irrigated Land, all under cultivation, income property from the very beginning, if you can save $3.00 a week.

You can go and live on it—absolutely assured of an independent living from it alone.

Or arrangements will be made to have it cultivated for you for a small share of the crops.

Now I can and will prove all this from the highest authorities in the land.

All you have to do is—write to me and say, "Prove to me that ten acres of your Texas Irrigated Land can be made to produce an income of from $1,000.00 to $5,000.00 a year."

I have the proof, so read what my company will do for you.

New Safe Land Plan

I will deliver at once to the Citizen's State Bank of Barstow, Texas, a Warranty Deed to ten acres of the land of the Pecos Valley Land and Irrigation Company as per the subdivision of the Company's property made by John Wilson and filed for record with the County Clerk of Ward County, Texas.

I will deliver at once to you, one of our Secured Land Contracts for the Warranty Deed at the Bank—on the contract appears a certificate signed by an Officer of the Bank and certifying that the Bank has your deed and will deliver it to you according to the terms of your Secured Land Contract. The Bank acts as an independent agent for both of us—to guarantee fair play.

You must pay $3.00 a week, or at the rate of $3.00 a week in monthly, quarterly, semi-annual or annual payments.

Or you can pay as much faster as you like.

At the end of each year—if you take more than a year to complete your payments—you will be credited with 5 per cent per annum on the amount you have paid.

$15 down and $3 a week paid regularly, and the interest credits, will mature your Contract in a little over two and three-fourths years.

But you can mature your Contract by paying the same total amount, $483, in a day, a month, six months, a year, or in any less time than 2¾ years, and whenever your regular receipts and your interest allowance credit receipts total $483, all you have to do to get your land is to take or send your receipts and your contract to the Citizen's State Bank at Barstow, Texas, together with twenty-eight vendor lien notes each for $39, payable one every three months for seven years.

The Bank will then give you your Warranty Deed to the land, which, according to the Contract and the Deed, must be fully irrigated and all under cultivation.

Remember this is ten acres of land which I must first prove is capable of producing an income of from $1,000 to $5,000 a year.

Safeguarded

The Bank will deliver your deed direct to you when your $3.00 a week and interest credits total $483.00

It Doesn't Take Long

You get this land for $483, which you can pay in less three years—$15 down and $3 a week—and you then have only $39 notes each year for seven years to pay out of your incor

Can you hope in any other way, so safe and sure as th have so large an independent income in so short a time?

I believe the purchase of Texas Irrigated Land to be the way for a man of small means to make himself Indepen And I believe I am qualified to pass judgment as I have bee terested in Irrigation matters locally and nationally for 15 y

The results are simply astounding to those who are unfa lar with the great subject of irrigation.

And I believe the happiest man these days is the man the little ten acre irrigated farm—(President Roosevelt "Even 5 acres is enough to support a family and keep it bu

The owner of a Ten Acre Irrigated Farm doesn't ha "knuckle to the boss," nor strain his conscience in the stru of the intense commercialism of the day.

His income is practically untouched by "financial depress

His living and peace of mind are not dependent upo whim of any man.

He is king in his own little domain.

He can make his little ten acres earn as much as a qu section (160 acres) unirrigated, would produce—as much a tween twenty and eighty thousand dollars in cash would b loaned out at 6 per cent.

He has his close neighbors, his telephone, good roads, sc and churches—in fact, all the comforts and conveniences o that come with the prosperous close-knit community, th they pass by the great isolated farm.

The land I want you to buy is all good rich soil, irrig from Canals and Ditches already constructed in the mos proved modern fashion and carrying an abundant supp water taken from the ever-flowing Pecos River.

It is within a few miles of Barstow, Texas, and Pecos Texas, (the two towns are only 6¼ miles apart—the land lie tween the towns and a little to the north) and served by the T & Pacific Railway and the Pecos Valley Line of the Sant System.

With rich soil, a splendid climate and the uncertain qua —moisture—eliminated, agriculture horticulture can here be scientifically ried on to the splendid profit of the owner.

The abundant crops of large ar every other way superior hays, gr cotton, vegetables and fruits are equ in only a very few favored spots.

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TEXAS & PACIFIC RAILWAY

Why stir up the Dust Demon to Frenzy like this?

The Man
always wonders why some way of cleaning can't be found without tormenting him with choking clouds of dust.

You can Escape all this for $25

EVERY MAN AND WOMAN

The Woman
thinks she is performing praiseworthy and necessary work in an unavoidable manner.

should now realize that such laborious and tormenting "cleaning" methods, not only are absolutely unnecessary, but are **a relic of barbarism, a mockery and a farce.** "Cleaning" with broom and carpet-sweeper merely scatters more of the dirt over a wider area. Old dirt has to be *rehandled again and again*. The house is never thoroughly clean. Disease germs are left to multiply, then are sent flying to infect all those whose powers of resistance may be lowered.

THE IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER

(Fully Protected by Patents)

Operated by Hand puts no tax on the strength.
Price $25

"IT EATS UP THE DIRT"

literally sucks out all the dust, grit, germs, moths and eggs of vermin that are *on* the object as well as *in* it—gobbles them down into its capacious maw, never to trouble you again.

Or by Electric Motor, at a cost of 2 cents per hour.
Price $55 or $60

This machine places in your hands a method of cleaning carpets, rugs, curtains, upholstery, wall decorations, etc., that hitherto has been limited to the very rich. It does exactly the same work as the Vacuum Cleaning systems that cost from $500 up—*and does it better and with more convenience.*

The Ideal Vacuum Cleaner is the perfection of the Vacuum Cleaning principle.

OPERATED BY HAND

Weighs only 20 pounds.
Anybody can use it.
Everybody can afford it.
Compared with sweeping
it is ease itself.

It is absolutely dustless.
Every machine guaranteed.

Our Free Illustrated Booklet tells an interesting story of a remarkable saving in money, time, labor, health and strength. Send for it today.

The American Vacuum Cleaner Company
225 Fifth Ave., New York City

WATER

For Your Country or Suburban Home

An Abundant Supply Delivered Under Strong Pressure to All Fixtures

YOUR country or suburban home can be provided with all the sanitary conveniences and comforts which are possible with the best city water works system. You can have an abundant supply of water, delivered under strong pressure to all fixtures and hydrants—to the bath-room, kitchen, laundry, lawn, garden, barn—anywhere.

This service will be yours, day after day for a lifetime, if you install the

Kewanee System of Water Supply

With the Kewanee System, there is no elevated or attic tank to freeze, overflow, leak or collapse. Instead, a Kewanee Pneumatic Tank is located in the **cellar** or buried in the **ground,** and the water is delivered by **air pressure.**

Over eight thousand Kewanee Systems in successful operation, supplying water for country and suburban residences, clubs, farms, schools, public and private institutions, villages, etc.

The Kewanee System is **not an imitation**—is **not a substitute.** It is the **original** water supply system involving the use of **air pressure** instead of gravity pressure. Avoid cheap imitations. Look for our trade mark and name plates on tanks and pumping machinery. Get the genuine and you will take no chances—we guarantee that.

Expert engineering service is free. Every Kewanee System thoroughly guaranteed—a guarantee which protects you. Write for our complete illustrated catalog No. 33.

Kewanee Water Supply Company
Kewanee, Ill.

820 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
1566 Hudson-Terminal Fulton-Bldg., 50 Church Street, New York City
710 Diamond Bank Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

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GARTERS

Pat'd. Dec. 1906 Other Patents Pending

PERFECT FOR ALL SEASONS

PARIS is the only *shaped* and *fitted* garter. *No metal comes next the wearer.*

An article that careful dressers buy repeatedly must be superior.

That's the story of the PARIS Garter. One man writes: "*I've been waiting 18 years for this garter.*"

In six months' time PARIS has taken the lead, strictly on its merits.

If your dealer is sold out, send us 25 cents for mercerized, or 50 cents for silk. *Money back if you are not enthusiastically satisfied.*

Made only by A. Stein & CO., 152 Center Ave., Chicago

The CADILLAC Desk-Table

For the Boudoir

This dainty French Leg Design adds a touch of elegance and sweetness to her dressing room. Convenient and compact—for small apartments. Desk extends and lid of desk-bed raises, stationery compartment underneath. Pen rack and ink well sunk flush. Table and desk combined. All styles for library, den, office, student's room. Write for booklet F and name of "Cadillac" dealer in your city. Only the Cadillac is a "Desk-Table"—(patented).

CADILLAC CABINET CO., Detroit, Mich.

TEL-ELECTRIC PIANO PLAYER

To unaerstand how well The Tel-Electric plays, you must first remove every impression which any other piano player has gwen you.

The Tel-Electric does *more* than strike notes with perfect accuracy as to time and rhythm. That is only the *beginning* of piano playing. The realm of touch and tone, of delicate shading and interpretation, is the musicianly side of piano playing, the quality which makes it *artistic.*

In this Realm of *Artistic* Playing The Tel-Electric Stands Alone.

You can either listen to it play the compositions of the masters with perfect fidelity to the expression marks indicated by the composers on their original scores, or you can control the playing and give it any interpretation you wish.

In either case there is no tiresome pumping to take your strength and attention. The Tel-Electric can be attached to any Piano—grand or upright—is invisible, does not obstruct the keyboard and is the *one* player which does not harm the instrument.

The highest grade piano of any make with The Tel-Electric attached can be purchased at a price materially lower than that of the best pneumatic player-piano.

Before purchasing any other piano player, or before sacrificing your piano in buying a player-piano, let us demonstrate to you the superiority of The Tel-Electric.

Write us for descriptive booklet and name of nearest representative.

The Tel-Electric Piano Player

285 Fifth Avenue, Corner 30th Street New York

The first Derby made in America was a C&K

Hats For Men

DERBIES have in their safe keeping the good name of the factory which made them and the hatter who sells them. Knapp-Felt marks the highest achievement in hat-manufacture. The superb quality, the noticeable elegance of style and the steadfast Cronap dye form a combination peculiar to the inimitable Knapp-Felt hats.

Knapp-Felt DeLuxe hats are Six Dollars. Knapp-Felts are Four Dollars — everywhere.

Write for The Hatman

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.

Broadway, Corner of Thirteenth Street, New York

Why spend $150 to $400 for an Adding Machine when $25 will buy one

The wonderful Rapid Computer Adding Machine does everything that the cumbersome, complicated, high-priced machines do except *print.* Simple! Practical! AbsolutelyAccurate! Capacity, $9,999,999.99. Will do all you require it to do.

Rapid Computer Adding Machine Price $25. The greatest money-saver, time-saver, labor-saver, result-getter ever offered at so low a price **Five Days' Free Trial** to prove it. Money back if it fails to "deliver the goods." **Book Free.** Send for it on trial and save $125 to $375 cash

Rapid Computer Co., 2002 Tribune Bldg., Chicago

The HOLSMAN

High wheels travel all roads because all roads are made to be traveled by high wheels. The Holsman will go where no other automobile of equal horse power can go—up any hill, over rocks, ridges or stumps, through deep mud, ruts and sand. **Winner in greatest 1908 hill climb in America.** Operation under one cent a mile. Up-keep under ten cents a day. Solid rubber tires. No differential gears or friction clutches. Built by the oldest and largest manufacturers in the world. **Sales Last Year $600,000** Get catalog and testimonials. HOLSMAN AUTOMOBILE CO. 204 Monadnock Blk., Chicago, Ill.

$550 Up

Goes Anywhere

Clark's Cruises of the **"Arabic"** 16,000 tons

Feb. 4, Orient; Oct. 16, '09, and Feb. 5, '10, Cruises Round the World. Fall Tours, '08, **Round the World**

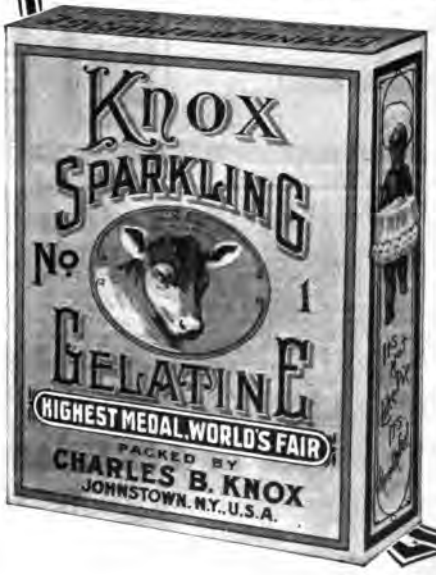
F. C. CLARK, Times Building, NEW YORK

The Value of
Knox Gelatine
For Growing Children

If the mothers of the country realized the value and importance of Knox Gelatine as a food for children I couldn't make enough for them. Do you know that every part of the body—muscles, sinews, tendons, skin, contains a very large proportion of gelatine—that even the bones are actually one-third their weight gelatine? Think of it! Now do you see what it means to your growing children if their system is deficient in gelatine? Their whole structure is weakened and suffers, they do not grow as they should, their constitutions are weak and they have no vitality—no resisting powers to disease. Your doctor will tell you that pure gelatine is one of the most easily digested and quickly assimilated of all foods. And further that it very materially helps in the digestion and assimilation of other food. Children are not careful eaters, their own choice will generally run to the things that they ought not to eat and they are pretty certain to eat a whole lot of indigestible things. This is where a Knox Gelatine dessert will help them out and prevent trouble from their little indiscretions, and at the same time you are giving them something that they like and that is healthful and nourishing.

I have sufficient faith in the mothers of the country to know that they will not feed anything to their children that is not pure—if they know it. *There is only one pure gelatine in America and that is KNOX*, and it is absolutely guaranteed in every respect.

We grown-ups are only children—grown up, and a good many of us take chances sometimes on favorite dishes. Let the last dish be a dainty dessert made from Knox Gelatine and you needn't worry about the others. Most of us have already eaten too much by the end of the meal anyway, so why overtax the stomach with a heavy dessert? The recognition of its healthfulness, and its peculiar quality of aiding in digesting the heavy dishes that have gone before stamps pure gelatine—that is Knox Gelatine, as the Ideal Dessert.



FREE For the name and address of your grocer I will send my illustrated recipe book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People." If he doesn't sell Knox Gelatine, send me 2c. in stamps and I will send you a full pint package, or for 15c. a 2-quart package (stamps taken.) A copy of the handsome painting, "The First Lesson," will be sent for one empty Knox Gelatine box and 10c. in stamps. The picture is a fine work of art and an ornament to any home.

CHARLES B. KNOX
1 Knox Avenue
Johnstown, N. Y.

FOR THE MAN WHO WALKS

one mile or ten a day—it's all the same if your feet are ready for business in STETSON Corndodgers.

Foot-freedom, comfort, ease, that's what this model is built for. The

"Corndodger"

is a

STETSON SHOE

with all that means of STETSON wear and worth. Look at the shape—roomy, sensible, snug—conforming point for point with the natural lines of the foot.

Make the Corndodger your week-day shoe. It means the certainty of shoe-comfort every minute you're wearing it—six days out of every seven.

Send for our book "THE RIGHT TO KNOW." The reading of this is really worth your while. It's a new book based on a new idea that gives you an X-ray view of a good shoe in the making. Send for it. Read it. Learn by it.

THE STETSON SHOE CO., Dept. A, So. Weymouth, Mass.
NEW YORK SHOP 7 Cortlandt Street

MUGGS

A Game That Won't Stale.

Two Sets of Rules: By one, the jolliest game published; by the other an absorbing game for skilled players. FOR THE HOME CIRCLE OR SOCIAL OCCASIONS.

Handsomely Finished Pack, in Telescoping Case, - - - $0.50
Set of Six Packs, for Progressive Muggs - - - - - - 2.50

Sent Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.
CHAMBERLIN BROTHERS,
PUBLISHERS,
Cor. 5th St. and Missouri Av., East St. Louis, Ill.

Fowler's Florimel Lotion

feeds and nourishes the skin and cellular tissues, giving a complexion of child-like purity; banishes redness, roughness, tan and sunburn, quickly heals chapped hands, face and lips. Its purifying and emollient properties make the skin exquisitely soft, smooth, white, and in its natural healthy condition. A fragrant, enjoyable toilet necessity of felicitous combination, appearance and quality, giving pleasing results and rare satisfaction. Ask for it, and take no substitute. There is nothing "just as good." Artistic booklet and generous sized sample bottle free by mail.

FOWLER, MANF'G CHEMIST, New London, Conn.

Digs a Hole in 3 Minutes

—in any kind of soil—three feet deep. Fine for wells. Handiest tool you ever saw. The **Iwan Post Holo Auger** is a wonder—works on new principle.

Ask your dealer to see it. You'll want it SURE.
IWAN BROS., Dept. 101. STREATOR, ILL.

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IWAN BROS., Dept. 101. STREATOR, ILL.

Which Would You Use

TO CUT GRASS?

No matter how sharp you make the hoe, it will never cut grass as well as the sickle. Everyone does not know the reason why—yet it is very simple.

The Reason:

The construction of the hoe compells a staight, hacking stroke. It's all right for hoeing the ground, but for cutting grass it's a failure!

The stroke to cut grass must be a sliding, gliding one and the construction of the sickle gives this particular stroke.

The construction of the Ward permits the **Natural Sliding Stroke** of the old-fashioned razor. It is the only correct stroke for cutting the beard, and the Ward is the only safety razor giving this stroke.

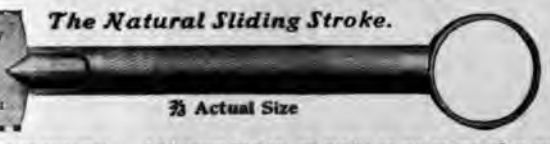
See That Stroke?

Simplicty and Perfection

The Ward is the perfection of simplicity. Only two parts—handle and blade! There is nothing to lose! nothing to adjust! nothing to learn! SNAP! and the blade is adjusted instantly—you shave as with any razor.

THE BLADE is double-edged and incomparably keen. Each blade is rigidly inspected and tested with a human hair to insure perfect cutting edges. There are 12 with each set and you can get new ones at 60c a dozen.

The Natural Sliding Stroke.



¾ Actual Size

We want you to try the Ward at our expense. Ask your dealer, or write to us concerning our THIRTY-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Ward Safety Razor Co., 1227 Star Building, 356 Dearborn St., Chicago.

KING QUALITY

"The Shoe of Shoes" FOR MEN

Of equal importance with material, style and workmanship is the care employed in the making of the **King Quality Shoe.** From the first rough draft of our artist designers to the packing of the finished shoe in its carton, every detail of manufacture is directed by highly trained experts. The result is a shoe that will fit *your* foot.

To this intelligent mastery of the shoemaker's craft is due also the reinforced instep of the **King Quality Shoe,** the latest idea in scientific shoemaking. It is the perfect support of the weak arched foot and an insurance against flat foot.

Nor has style been sacrificed. This season's styles retain the distinctive character that stamps **King Quality** *"The Shoe of Shoes"* for men.

Any dealer in the United States wishing to control the $4.00 and $5.00 men's shoe trade will be sent a sample line express paid.

King Quality Shoes for men are sold by first class retailers the country over. Wouldn't you like our catalogue?

ARNOLD SHOE CO. - No. Abington, Mass.

All Ears Connected

WESTERN ELECTRIC
Intercommunicating Telephones

For Business or Residence Use

An Intercommunicating Telephone System keeps all departments of a business or all parts of a household in close communication,

SAVING TIME, EFFORT AND MISTAKES

Western Electric Intercommunicating Telephone Apparatus is of the quality-standard used by the largest operating companies, and gives the highest efficiency and reliability with the lowest maintenance cost.

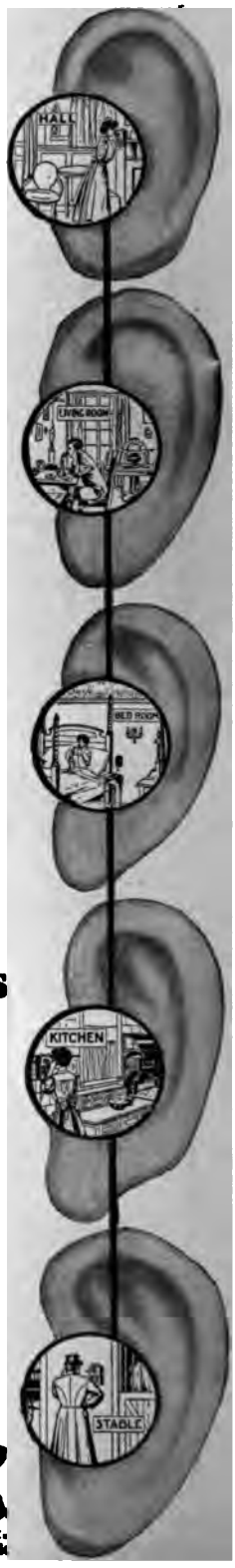
These Sets are extremely simple in operation, and inexpensive to install. They are furnished with either wall, desk or hand type instruments.

Write for our Booklets on Intercommunicating Telephone Systems for Business or Residence Use

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

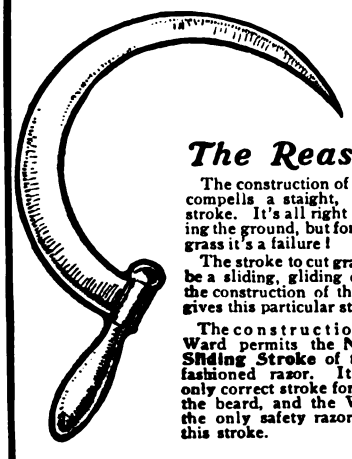
268 S. Clinton St. *Dept. 576,* Chicago

472 West St. *Dept. 576,* New York



Which Would You Use

TO CUT GRASS?



No matter how sharp you make the hoe, it will never cut grass as well as the sickle. Everyone does not know the reason why—yet it is very simple.

The Reason:

The construction of the hoe compells a staight, hacking stroke. It's all right for hoeing the ground, but for cutting grass it's a failure!

The stroke to cut grass must be a sliding, gliding one and the construction of the sickle gives this particular stroke.

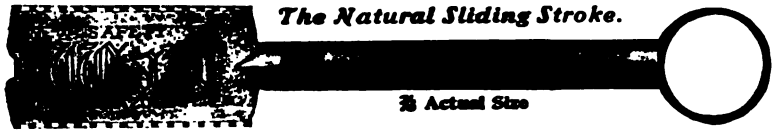
The construction of the Ward permits the **Natural Sliding Stroke** of the old-fashioned razor. It is the only correct stroke for cutting the beard, and the Ward is the only safety razor giving this stroke.

See That Stroke?

Simplicty and Perfection

The Ward is the perfection of simplicity. Only two parts—handle and blade! There is nothing to lose! nothing to adjust! nothing to learn! SNAP! and the blade is adjusted instantly—you shave as with any razor.

THE BLADE is double-edged and incomparably keen. Each blade is rigidly inspected and tested with a human hair to insure perfect cutting edges. There are 12 with each set and you can get new ones at 60c a dozen.



The Natural Sliding Stroke.

¾ Actual Size

We want you to try the Ward at our expense. Ask your dealer, or write to us concerning our THIRTY-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Ward Safety Razor Co., 1227 Star Building, 356 Dearborn St., Chicago.

KING QUALITY

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ENDORSED "THE BEST" BY FIFTY THOUSAND USERS

Lundstrom SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

MADE IN SEVERAL DIFFERENT STYLES AND FINISHES

$1.00 PER SECTION AND UPWARDS

SENT ON APPROVAL
FREIGHT PAID

Send for New Catalog No 45

THE C. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. CO
LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.

Mfrs. of Sectional Bookcases and Filing Cabinets

"Korrect Shape"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Patent Leather Shoes GUARANTEED NOT TO BREAK

We authorize your dealer to give you a new pair *free* should the patent "Burrojaps" leather in the uppers of your "Korrect Shape" shoes break through before the first sole is worn through. Look for the "Burrojaps" label in the lining.

This label Reg. U. S. Pat. Of.

Isn't a broad guarantee like this a good reason in itself for you to wear "Korrect Shape" shoes? It means that in buying patent leathers you need no longer have any doubt as to their reliability. It is proof of satisfaction furnished in advance. Send for catalog.

The name "Korrect Shape" signifies exactly and literally that the "Korrect Shape" model is based on the right principle of foot-anatomy. A pair of these shoes that fits you comfortably when tried on in the store will be comfortable every minute as long as you wear them.

5,000 dealers sell "Korrect Shape" shoes for men. If you do not find a dealer near you, write for our Catalog showing 21 beautiful styles. Shoes sent prepaid.

Trade Mark Stamped on Sole.

Patent Blucher. Box Kid Top. "Stanley" Toe. Style No. 28

Price $4

Custom Made $5

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Department A-1
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THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED CANDY COATED CHEWING GUM

1 OUNCE FOR A NICKEL AND IN 5¢ AND 10¢ PACKETS

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REBUILT at ⅓ to ½ manufa... s. Rented anywhere or sold on 3 mon... approval. Write for our money ba... guarante..., also Catalogue and ... Price List.

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Paint the Kitchen Floor

You can't "touch up" the worn places in oil-cloth or linoleum—when its worn, it's worn out and that means an entire new covering.

A painted floor is as bright and cheery as any floor covering—cleans more easily—does not show grease spots. Can be renewed anywhere and any time and costs practically nothing in comparison.

Granite Floor Paint

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is all ready to brush on—anyone can apply it evenly and smoothly. It makes a hard, durable, lustrous finish that cleans easily and remains bright and attractive.

The Acme Quality Textbook on Paints and Finishes

tells all about Granite Floor Paint and many other finishes for use about the home. It is invaluable as a permanent reference book, for it tells what finish to use for every purpose, how to prepare the surfaces, whether new or old, and how to apply. This book will be sent free upon request.

If you are thinking of painting the outside of your house ask your painter about Acme Quality New Era Paints.

Acme Quality Paints and Finishes for sale by leading dealers.

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You can Save a ton of coal

by using a Barler Ideal Heater, besides it's such a clean way to heat a room. You can have the heat right where you want it and save work. There is no waste or lost time.

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because you save its price by reducing your coal bill. A Barler Heater will last a lifetime and not smoke or smell of oil, giving quick, clean heat for one cent an hour. That is the kind of a heater you want to buy.

If your dealer does not keep Barler Heaters we will ship you one *on trial* and pay the freight. Be sure you get the genuine "Barler Ideal" and you will save money and have heat satisfaction. Folder showing eight sizes with prices, sent free. We want to tell you about our guaranteed heater. Write us today.

If you want the beautifully colored picture "After the Bath" (Size 12 x 18) for child's bed room, send 10 cts. in stamps to pay part of the cost. No printing on it.

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TALKING MACHINES

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Your talking machine runs true and lasts long exactly in accordance with its mechanical construction. Zon-o-phones contain visibly the best made machinery. Any Zon-o-phone dealer will show you. The prices are lower, the value better.

Zon-o-phone records play longer, wear longer, and speak for their own musical excellence. Ask the dealer—it will double your pleasure. Ask for the October list and the complete operas.

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A Perfect Sharpener For Double-edge Safety Razor Blades

It is a fact, patent to all shavers, that a blade unstropped becomes more dull with each successive shave.

A few seconds' use of the ***Sharpquick*** holder and strop maintains the new-blade effect and prolongs the life of the blade at least three times. Simplicity itself.

You cannot cut the strop. Price, including strop, only 50 cents. If your dealer does not keep it, order direct of Dept. "A."

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—THE ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE. None but the purest and best ingredients used. Retains uniform constituency—is never too hard, nor too soft. Possesses a delicious lasting flavor.

The cost of producing this highly meritorious dentifrice is greater than that of any other brand—although the retail price is the same. Therefore do not accept an inferior substitute on which the retailer's profits might be greater. Send 3 one-cent stamps for sample tube.

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OCCASION, season and a man's taste have a bearing on the type of hat worn. Fall is the time that permits the greatest indulgence of fancy, the transition from the neglige to the more formal dress, bringing into use both the soft and stiff hat. Men find in the **Hawes, von Gal Hats** the style, the individuality and the quality that distinguish them from other makes.

Every **Hawes, von Gal Hat** guaranteed. Prices, $3, $4 and $5.

We are Makers of the Hawes Celebrated $3.00 Hats

If not at your local dealer's, write for our new Fall and Winter Style Book "A." We will fill your order direct from the factory if you will indicate style wanted and give your hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25 cents to cover cost of expressage

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TRADE **Nulife** MARK

PATENTED

For

Man, Woman and Child

Compels deep breathing, straightens round shoulders instantly, reduces the abdomen, and molds the figure into symmetrical and perfect proportions.

Nulife not only makes you look well and feel well, but transforms you in a short time into a strong, vigorous person, without resorting to tiring exercises, medicines or other artificial means.

Nulife dispels that sick, nauseated and tired feeling, due to congested lungs, round shoulders and a sunken chest, which cause improper breathing. Stooping shoulders force the weight of the body on the abdomen, the one organ which should be entirely free from all pressure.

Nulife holds up the shoulders, spine and hips, giving the body that natural support which Nature demands.

Nulife is as light as a feather, as strong as steel, is washable, and so simple that any child can put it on without assistance.

Nulife gives man that commanding military appearance, woman that graceful symmetrical form of beauty, and makes children stand, sit and grow erect, and keeps them healthy and strong.

Nulife formerly sold by agents throughout the world at $5.00 each; now sent direct to you, prepaid, for **$3.00**. Send your height, weight and chest (not bust) measure, and state if male or female. Our illustrated booklet **"Nulife, And What It Will Do For You,"** sent free on application by addressing

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Near Fifth Avenue • NEW YORK CITY

The Florsheim **SHOE**

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

The Dover

Winter Tan, Medium Round Toe, Heavy Sole

The above is only one of many equally good Florsheim Styles for Fall and Winter.

They are all made on "natural shaped" lasts and have the well-known Florsheim attributes—Comfort—Quality—Long Wear.

The name Florsheim on a shoe signifies full value for the price.

Most styles $5 and $6.

Write for style book.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.

Chicago, U. S. A.

AFTER SHAVING

PONDS EXTRACT

Relieves Irritation

Prevents Inflammation

Assures Comfort

Used by Men of Discrimination Everywhere

Write for interesting book, Shaving **Essentials** – mailed free on request.

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were good gloves when your father, grandfather and great-grandfather wore them. . . Only solid worth could have sustained their reputation all these years

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Each member buys a different emblem, found near the hole by which you hang brush in your own place to keep dry and clean. Curved handle reaches *all* the teeth. Bristles trimmed to fit and clean between the teeth. Made under American sanitary conditions. Comes in the *yellow box* that protects and guarantees. By mail or at dealers.

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Adults' 35c. Youths' 25c. Children's 25c.

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For

Man, Woman and Child

Compels deep breathing, straightens round shoulders instantly, reduces the abdomen, and molds the figure into symmetrical and perfect proportions.

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They are all made on "natural shaped" lasts and have the well-known Florsheim attributes—Comfort—Quality—Long Wear.

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Most styles $5 and $6.

Write for style book.

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AFTER SHAVING
PONDS
EXTRACT
Relieves Irritation
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Assures Comfort
Used by Men of Discrimination Everywhere
Write for interesting book, Shaving Essentials —mailed free on request.
LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Agents, New York

The Good Barber says:

Get a Razor That Strops (SHARPENS)

"I do not use an *unstropped, dull* razor, because it would not shave comfortably or cleanly."

Besides,

"doing so would irritate your skin, giving instead of a shave a 'scrape,' which would pull and draw."

Therefore,

"I strop (*sharpen*) my razor frequently so as to shave you properly and leave your skin smooth and cool."

"Maybe you've tried to shave with one or several of the different 'no-stropping razors,' and not having the skill or means of keeping them stropped (*sharp*), have quit in disgust."

NOW, HOWEVER, "A WAY OUT" HAS BEEN FOUND IN THE

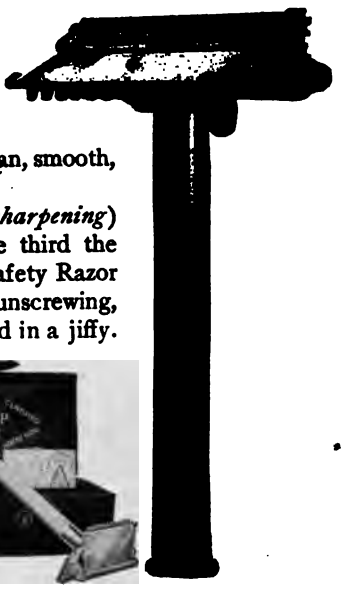
AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR Strops Itself

—placing in your hands a really wonderful expert *mechanical* barber.

Its *self-contained* stropping (*sharpening*) arrangement makes the AutoStrop the "last word" in Safety Razors.

It strops (*sharpens*) automatically, and being *always sharp* gives the well groomed man what he desires—a delightfully clean, smooth, safe shave each time used.

It is not unscrewed or taken apart for either stropping (*sharpening*) or cleaning; the AutoStrop strops itself sharp in about one third the time it takes to remove a dull used blade from any other Safety Razor to replace it with a new one, cleaned just as conveniently, no unscrewing, no taking apart—no trouble at all. Stropped in a jiffy, cleaned in a jiffy.



AutoStrop Maxim:
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If your dealer wishes to give you the **"Square Deal"** in Safety Razors, he'll sell you the AutoStrop. Or, write

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.

345 Fifth Avenue, New York

FOR FREE BOOKLET

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STANDARD OUTFIT.

Complete as illustrated, consists of Quadruple Silver-Plated, Self-Stropping Razor, 12 AutoStrop Blades, One Horse-Hide Strop. All in Handsome Leather Case. Size 2 x 3¼ inches.

PRICE, $5.00

comparison worth at least double

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EDUCATOR CRACKERS contain **ALL** of the grain, which gives them a delicious flavor, besides making them infinitely more nutritious than other crackers.

Educator Crackers are made in many varieties, several of the most popular of which are included in the sample box. No cracker you've ever tasted is like the *Educator Toasterette*. It's a fine entire wheat cracker, toasted, buttered and salted—absolutely unique. The *Fruited Educator*, made of entire wheat flour, Carabuna raisins and best creamery butter. The *Educator Butter Cracker*, a shortened entire wheat cracker, the ideal crackers-and-milk cracker for little and big folks

Send for this box of assorted samples, and also send us your grocer's name, if you don't mind. Most good grocers have Educator Crackers. Order from yours, and if he doesn't or won't keep them, order from us.

JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD CO., 211 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Hopkins & Allen

Hammerless Double Barrel Shotguns

¶ You cannot buy at the price the same quality of material and workmanship, or as many very desirable features as you find in HOPKINS & ALLEN double shotguns.

¶ The joint—wedge-necked, Doll's head extension fitting into circular, wedge-necked socket—is guaranteed not to shoot loose or wear loose. The rib is concave, matted (3 mats), positively guiding the eye to quick, accurate sight.

¶ The safety features, action, frame, working parts, stock and barrels, are distinctly high grade—fully equal to shotguns selling for a much higher price.

Ask your dealer to show you a HOPKINS & ALLEN. It will be worth your while. If you can't get it, we will ship one to you, charges prepaid, on receipt of price.

Decarbonized Steel Barrel

12 or 16 gauge
28 or 30 inch.. **$25.00**

English Twist....**$26.50**
Damascus **30.00**

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THE STANDARD PAPER FOR BUSINESS STATIONERY

Work ceases to be drudgery when it is made an art. To do it nicely calls forth your own admiration and turns "the demnition grind" into a pleasure.

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND

—"Look for the Water Mark"

takes the hum-drum look out of a business letter and gives it the artistic look that you are proud of and pleased with.

That it pays always to use OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND for commercial stationery is the testimony of prudent business men. Prove this for yourself—let us give you the OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND Book of Specimens. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND.

Hampshire Paper Company

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively

South Hadley Falls, Mass.

MADE "A LITTLE BETTER THAN SEEMS NECESSARY"

O'Sullivan's Heels of New Live Rubber Give Energy and Elasticity to Your Walk

In the economy of walking, heels of live new rubber are an essential factor.

Nothing explains the value of Heels of new live rubber in walking better than Mr. Carnegie's version of elasticity as the element necessary for the United States currency.

The energy, yes, the energy, of new *LIVE* Rubber UNDER YOUR HEEL AT EVERY STEP, whether you stand or walk, is what you want.

Energy to walk, energy to work, to act, to think; the more energy the more life; the more success the more achievement, the more happiness; energy imparts energy; energy means power.

Apply it to yourself; the young people need it, the conservative, behind-the-times people need it, and what is there to mark a well-spent life so well as energy in the centenarian?

Last fall, when the O'Sullivan Rubber Company had an opportunity to save 10 per cent. in the cost of their heels, owing to the low cost of crude rubber, THEY PUT IT IN THE GOODS.

They wisely applied the 10 per cent. to secure added *ENERGY*, elasticity and desirability to their heels, soles and other specialties in the form of a higher grade of Para Rubber, without any additional cost to the public.

They want no thanks for doing so; the fact is cited to show the business policy of the O'Sullivan Company.

The purpose of this communication to the public is to call attention to the energy, life and snap in the O'Sullivan Heel of New Rubber AND THE NECESSITY for this quality in the heels TO FILL THEIR MISSION FOR THE PEOPLE.

HUMPHREY O'SULLIVAN
Founder of the Rubber Heel Industry

Carnegie says: "Elasticity is what the currency needs." O'Sullivan says: "Elasticity is what your walk needs to make it natural, graceful and easy."

It won't do to have heels made of dead, musty, ground-up old door mats and the like.

When you decide to wear rubber heels demand O'Sullivan's, that have energy, life, durability: and after telling you why you should demand them, if you don't get them, it's your fault.

We have in mind many people for whom rubber heels are an absolute necessity, but none more so than the Housekeepers.

Juliets and Oxfords for their wear and the wear of Nurses are generally made with rubber heels on.

The merits of the O'Sullivan heels led the manufacturers to do so; but the shame of it is that some makers, just to save a few cents, put on any old kind that looks like rubber, and it is passed out as "just as good" to the Housekeeper or whoever it may be—and there are thousands who use them.

NOW THIS IS TO TELL THE PUBLIC IMITATIONS ARE "NOT AS GOOD." They are used because they cost less than O'Sullivan's, and the few cents saved by the manufacturers is taken out of the vital point—the comfort to the wearer. If those using house shoes with Rubber Heels on will refuse to accept imitations they'll show the dealers that they know. There's only one kind of heels made of New Live Rubber, that have energy, life and durability—O'Sullivan's. The same difference exists between O'Sullivan's Heels and the imitations that there is between the live wire and the dead one.

O'Sullivan's New Live Rubber Heels
Encourage Walking

Have a pair fitted to your street shoes and you'll want to walk. ALL SENSIBLE people WEAR THEM. Whether you work with your hands or brain, or both, whether you stand or walk, heels of NEW LIVE rubber will aid you. They act as a buffer against the daily grind.

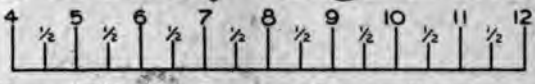
For Men and Women who are doing things, who are making the city's wheels move, they are ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

Only cost 50 cents and they wear TWICE AS LONG AS LEATHER, so that they are CHEAPER TO WEAR. When you decide to get rubber heels demand O'SULLIVAN'S; they are the PIONEERS and the only kind made of LIVE RUBBER. The name O'SULLIVAN on RUBBER is like "STERLING" on silver. All shoe dealers will supply you.

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., LOWELL, MASS.

1/4 SIZES

The ordinary range of sizes



The REGAL range of sizes

Sign of ye REGAL

Unless you wear Regal Shoes, the chances are that you've often bought ill-fitting, uncomfortable shoes, rather than take the time and trouble to go from store to store, hunting an accurate fit.

That's all unnecessary.

Regal Quarter-Sizes give you *double* the assurance of a perfect fitting—because they provide a special *quarter-size in between* each regular half and whole size. (See diagram above.)

No other shoes give you this advantage.

The 243 Regal styles for this season are exact reproductions of the made-to-order metropolitan models.

The name REGAL is itself a guarantee of style-correctness and highest quality.

And Regal Shoes are sold directly from the factory to *you*, with all intermediate profits eliminated. Nowhere else in the world can you obtain equal shoe value at anywhere near Regal prices.

Nobscott
$4.00

Delivered, prepaid, $4.25.

Style B 6332—As Illustrated. High shoe, blucher cut. Made of Patent leather.

Style B 6321—Same, except button style.

$3.50

Specials, $4 and $5

Largest retail shoe business in the world. 487 Stores and Agencies in the United States and 24 foreign countries.

FALL STYLE BOOK: Illustrates the correct models for both men and women. It's an acknowledged authority on styles. Magazine size. Handsome cover in colors. Postpaid on request.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY. Mail Order Dept.: 309 SUMMER STREET, Boston, Mass.

Mail-Order Sub-Stations—Factory, Whitman, Mass. Box 903. San Francisco, Cal., 791 Market St. London, Eng., 97 Cheapside, cor. Lawrence Lane, E. C.

REGAL SHOES

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

What Will You Give To Be Well

I CANNOT tell you ***how happy I am*** that I have been able to bring health and strength to 30,000 women in the past six years. Just think! this means a whole city. It is to my thorough study of anatomy, physiology and health principles, and to my 12 years' personal experience before I began my instructions by mail, that I attribute my marvelous success. It would do your heart good to read the reports from my pupils—and I have done all this by simply studying Nature's laws adapted to the correction of each individual difficulty.

To Have Good Figure, Vibrant Health, Rested Nerves?

I want to help every woman to be perfectly, gloriously well, with that sweet, personal loveliness which health and a wholesome, graceful body gives—a cultured, self-reliant woman with a definite purpose, full of the health and vivacity which makes you

A Better Wife
A Rested Mother
A Sweeter Sweetheart

If vital organs or nerve centers are weak, I strengthen them so that each organ does its work.

I bring each pupil to symmetrical proportions and I teach her to *stand* and to *walk* in an attitude which bespeaks culture and refinement. A good figure, gracefully carried, means more than a pretty face. Nature's rosy cheeks are more beautiful than paint or powder. I help you to

Arise to Your Best!

The day for drugging the system has passed. In the privacy of your own room I streng hen the muscles and nerves of the vital organs, lungs and heart, and start your blood to circulating as it did when you were a child. I teach you to breathe so that the blood is fully purified.

You Can Be Well Without Drugs

And the vital strength gained by a forceful circulation relieves you of such chronic ailments as

Constipation	*Dullness*
Torpid Liver	*Irritability*
Indigestion	*Nervousness*
Rheumatism	*Sleeplessness*
Weaknesses	*Weak Nerves*

Catarrh

by strengthening whatever organs or nerves are weak.

I wish I could put sufficient emphasis into these words to make you realize that you do not need to be ill, but that you can be a vivacious, attractive woman in return for just a few minutes' care each day in your own room.

Too Fleshy? will stay removed. I have reduced 15,000 women.

One pupil writes me:

"Miss Crocroft; I have reduced 78 pounds and I look 15 years younger. I feel so well I want to shout! I never get out of breath now.

"When I began I was rheumatic and constipated, my heart was weak and my head dull, and oh dear, I am ashamed when I think how I used to look! I never dreamed it was all *so easy*. I thought I just had to be fat. I feel like stopping every fat woman I see and telling her of you."

Too Thin? I may need to strengthen your stomach intestines and nerves first. A pupil who *was* thin, writes me:

"I just can't tell you how happy I am. I am so proud of my neck and arms! My busts are rounded out and I have gained 28 pounds; it has come just where I wanted it and I carry myself like another woman.

"My old dresses look stylish on me now. I have not been constipated since my second lesson and I had taken something for years. My liver seems to be all right and I haven't a bit of indigestion any more, for I sleep like a baby and my *nerves* are *so* rested. I feel so well all the time."

Individual Instruction—I give each pupil the individual, confidential treatment which her case demands. My information and advice are entirely free.

A CORSET IS NOT NECESSARY

Write me today telling me your faults in health or figure, and I will cheerfully tell you whether I can help you. I never treat a patient I cannot help. If I cannot help you I will refer you to the help you need.

Send 10 cents for instructive booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly.

SUSANNA COCROFT, Dept. 95, 57 Washington Street, CHICAGO

Author of "Growth in Silence," "Character as Expressed in the Body," Etc.

Miss Cocroft's name stands for progress in the scientific care of the health and figure of woman.

Your Sitting Room LIGHT

Is it bright enough and well distributed enough to allow the whole family to read or work in any part of the room in comfort? Is it a vertical burner that wastes its best brilliancy on the ceiling.

The Angle Lamp throws its light down upon your book or table. It is oil lighting at its best with the smoke, smell and bother of ordinary lamps eliminated by new methods. Yet it is fully one-half cheaper to burn than even the ordinary lamp.

THE ANGLE LAMP

resembles a handsome gas chandelier in appearance and is a perfect substitute for gas in operating and convenience. It is lighted and extinguished like gas. It may be turned up full or turned low without odor. Safely filled while burning. Requires filling but once or twice a week. Floods every corner of a room, floor and ceiling with a splendid light. It is sold on

30 DAYS' TRIAL

The Angle Lamp is made in 32 varieties from $2.00 up, a lamp for *every* purpose. Send for our catalogue "D," showing just the style to suit you and explaining our trial offer.

The Angle Mfg. Co., 159-161 West 24th St., N. Y.

Remarkable Short Stories in Collier's Fiction Numbers

BEGINNING with September, the last issue of each month will be a Fiction Number, largely devoted to short stories of exceptional character. The stories already selected are from the very foremost writers in the English language, and cover a wide range of interest—romance, adventure, political and social tendencies, society, and every-day life. They are set on land and sea, in all parts of America and interesting places in other lands. Some carry a message of enlightenment or the burden of "a great cause." Others are entertaining in a fascinating, vital way.

October Fiction Number

Issued September 26th

ROMANCE—By Robert W. Chambers. A thoroughly dramatic war story, in which a captured spy is a woman and her captor is her lover. Full of excitement and nervous tension, it is handled with all the crispness of the author's "Iole" and his New York Society sketches.

THE ROAD AGENT—By Stewart Edward White. The solution of a series of mysterious robberies that amazed and impoverished a California mining camp is so clean-cut and obvious, when you reach the last page of this story, that the reader is chagrined at not having leaped to it while the plot was still uncoiling.

THE VENTURE OF THE FLYING HIND—By James B. Connolly. A love story, filled with adventures on the sea, including a thrilling double rescue made by a girl with a clever swing of the lead. All through the story a band of Chinamen are in the background smoking their opium or grunting their appreciation of the hero's bravery in the dory.

Stories for the November Fiction Number, by Rex E. Beach, Rowland Thomas, and O. Henry, will be announced next month.

Collier's

The National Weekly

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The Angle Mfg. Co., 159-161 West 24th St., N. Y.

"Handy" Shur-On Eyeglasses

The newest Shur-On style

The greatest eyeglass improvement of recent years. Think of eyeglasses that you can put

on and off with one hand

without even touching the lenses, and with no danger of dropping.

That's convenience for you! And their simplicity will surprise you—no coil springs to break, no screws to come loose.

Another important point: The bridge is rigid and always keeps the lenses in proper position before the eyes—no shaky and dropping lenses, no constant adjusting.

More than all that: **Handy Shur-Ons** are neat and comfortable and won't come off until you take them off—qualities characteristic of every style of Shur-On, that make them the best-known and best-liked of all eyeglasses.

Handy Shur-Ons are the result of 44 years' knowledge and experience, backed by a reputation that we can't afford to trifle with.

You don't need to get new lenses—your present lenses can be used with any **Handy Shur-On** mounting.

BE SURE TO GET THE GENUINE. Look for "Shur-On" stamped on the mounting—your protection against substitution—and refuse all imitations. Write to us if you don't get a Handy Shur-On when you ask for it.

Ask your optician. Shapes to fit any nose—if your optician can't fit you, it's because he hasn't a complete line. Illustrated book free.

E. Kirstein Sons Co., Dept. C

Established 1864. **Rochester, N. Y.**

A Place For Every-thing

—

Every-thing in its Place

Double Your Closet Room

—

Double the Life of Your Clothes

Goodform Closet Sets

Are the Recognized Standard of Excellence.

Nearly a **Quarter of a Million** in daily use, notwithstanding our "Money Back" Guarantee privilege—surely demonstrates the practical need and economic value of Goodform Closet Sets. No house or living apartment is complete without them. **Clothes-Preservers, Space-Economizers, Time-Savers.** Not ordinary "Clothes Hangers"—but carefully constructed devices to preserve the form and fit of garments. Ordinary clothes hangers are mere makeshifts—they destroy shape. Goodform Hangers cost a little more, because they are **right!** Essential features of the system are the Shelf Bar and Door Loop from which the garments are suspended, and waste closet space utilized. Extreme convenience—no confusion—no "Hunting"—any garment instantly accessible when wanted.

Your clothing deserves good care—which you can't give it with cheap and worthless supports. Goodform Hangers are adjustable—**will fit and preserve exact form** of the garments they hold, and **save pressing!**

Goodform DeLuxe Set for Men
$4.50 Delivered

6 Coat Hangers, No. 21 Adjustable.
6 Trousers Hangers, No. 41 or 51 Cloth lined.
1 Each Shelf Bar and Door Loop.
1 Shoe Rail, No. 27.

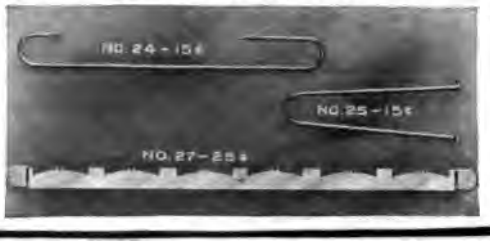
Goodform De Luxe Set for Women.
$4.50 Delivered

6 Coat Hangers, No. 21 Adjustable.
6 Skirt Hangers, No. 47.
1 Each Shelf Bar and Door Loop.
1 Shoe Rail, No. 27.

Each article handsomely nickel plated. Trousers Hanger No. 51 is same as No. 41 except that it folds into smaller space for traveling.

Six Months' Test Goodform Sets are sold by Dealers most everywhere. If you don't find Goodform Equipments in stock with merchants, order direct, and we will deliver through a dealer or express in sets or in single articles as you wish. **You have the privilege of returning the Goodform Set,** if not thoroughly pleased and satisfied, **any time within six months** from date of purchase, **and your money will be cheerfully refunded.** See cost of separate items in the engraving. Delivered for the price. Descriptive Booklet Free on Request.

Chicago Form Company, 117 Franklin Street, Chicago, U. S. A.



WHO LIKES JELL-O?

The Women—There are several good reasons why it is the most popular dessert with them. In the first place it can be **made in a minute.** It can be served plain or made into the more or less elaborate forms seen on the tables of "demonstrators" in the big stores and described in the Jell-O Recipe Book; and the ease and economy with which the nicest of these can be made and the beauty of the finished dish, give the work a peculiar charm that every woman recognizes and enjoys.

The making of

JELL-O

desserts is one of the delights of cookery. They are delicious always, whatever the form of preparation; they are wholesome and healthful; they are economical—and the whole family hails their appearance with delight.

Above all else as a source of satisfaction to the busy and tired woman is the recompense that comes with the knowledge that her work is appreciated.

Full information regarding the preparation of JELL-O for the table and a large number of recipes are given in the New Illustrated Recipe Book, which will be sent on request.

JELL-O is prepared in 7 choice flavors.

It is clean and pure, is approved by pure food commissioners, and is sold by all good grocers.

10 cents a package.

The Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Scientific Designing

THE designer of good clothes must be a student and an artist, gifted by nature with that feeling which enables him to differentiate to the smallest fraction of an inch between what is correct and incorrect. There is no difficulty in recognizing his work, but there is difficulty in finding the right man. It is the purpose of such a great organization as

Strauss Brothers'
National Tailoring Service

(5000 local representatives and branch houses throughout the United States)

The "Sheridan" Newest Fall Model

to retain the services of designers of the ability described, and the fact that there is hardly a city or town in this broad land where Strauss Brothers' clothes are not worn, is the best evidence of the success of their policy. The same principle of having the best of everything prevails throughout the large establishment of Strauss Brothers—the best woolens, the best linings and trimmings, the best tailors and the best methods of executing the countless details of *making good clothes to order*.

GOOD CLOTHES ARE ALWAYS MADE TO ORDER

Everything is done on so large a scale that great economies are effected. Any attempt to make the same quality of clothes under less favorable circumstances would at once increase the cost 50%. It is this modern way of tailoring that makes possible prices for

Guaranteed Suits or Overcoats to Order at $20 to $40

No matter how high your clothes ideals, Strauss Brothers' tailoring will satisfy you. No matter where you live, you can make your selection from an assortment of 500 newest Fall weaves and have your measures skillfully taken by a responsible local dealer. In a week's time, your clothes, perfect in every detail, will be delivered to you.

On request, a copy of the new Fall Fashion Magazine No. 10, entitled, "A Sure Winner," containing also facts of unusual interest bearing on the presidential campaign, and the name of Strauss Brothers' local dealer will be sent to you.

Strauss Brothers
MASTER TAILORS
S.W. Cor. Monroe & Franklin Sts. Entire Building
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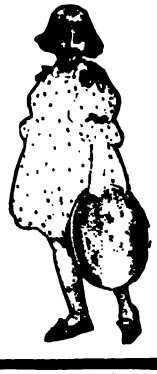

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S.W. Cor. Monroe & Franklin Sts. Entire Building

Established 1877

CHICAGO

The skin is an important body organ. It discharges, through its 28 miles of tiny pores, two pounds of effete or waste matter every 24 hours. Now, unless these pores are properly performing their work, this waste matter stays in the skin and makes it sallow, muddy and yellowish.

Therefore, a healthy skin is necessary to a perfect complexion. Exposure to the weather, to heat and cold, to dirt and dust indoors and out, to the tainted air of the ballroom or the steam of the kitchen, makes a skin tonic an absolute necessity to the woman who values her complexion.

Milkweed Cream

is a nourishing skin food with stimulating tonic properties. Apply a little with the finger tips night and morning and it will help the little pores to perform the work nature intends them to do.

Rubbing and kneading make the skin flabby and cause large, unsightly pores. Many skin troubles are caused by rubbing stuff into the skin. Having no remedial virtue, this simply dries up and clogs the tiny pores, making the complexion worse than it was before.

Milkweed Cream is absorbed by the skin like the dry ground absorbs water. It quickly restores a faded, sallow complexion and removes all skin blemishes. It should be used regularly every night and morning in order to keep the skin healthy and to prevent the pores from becoming clogged up.

IMPROVES BAD COMPLEXIONS — PRESERVES GOOD COMPLEXIONS

Milkweed Cream is put up in the most dainty fashion—white jars that will be an ornament for the most exclusive dressing-table

Liberal Sample Free Just write a note giving your name and address and enclosing a two cent stamp for postage, and we will send a sample free of charge, to prove how beneficial and beautifying Milkweed Cream really is!

F. F. INGRAM & CO., 42 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream is sold by all druggists 50c. and $1.00 a jar, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

ZODENTA

is for particular people, for those who care about the little things which add to the appearance of the well groomed man or woman.

It is a dentifrice in paste form, different from the ordinary pastes because the ingredients are blended together by intense heat, so that Zodenta is always the same.

It dissolves all injurious deposits which discolor and in time ruin the delicate enamel, causing decayed teeth. It prevents the formation of tartar and destroys all poisons and germs which cause softened and diseased gums.

If your druggist does not keep Zodenta, send us 25 cents for a large (2½ oz.) tube postpaid. Your money returned if you don't like it.

Write for Tooth Brush Holder, mailed free.

F. F. INGRAM & CO.,
42 Tenth Street,
Detroit, Mich.

Die in Open Air Seeking Water

Rat Bis-Kit

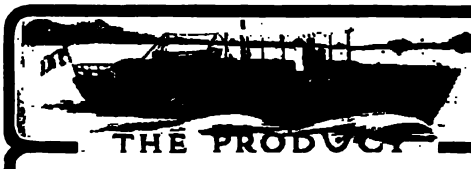
No mixing, ready for use

Rats and mice leave choicest food and grain for it. Dry, clean; never leaves a mark.

All Druggists —15 cts. a box. If yours hasn't it, send us 25 cents for one box or 60 cents for three boxes, delivered prepaid.

Also ask your druggist for **Yankee Roach Powder** or send us 25 cents; we'll mail direct to you. "Never fails."

31 Limestone St. THE RAT BISCUIT CO. Springfield, O.



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We offer a small amount of our seven per cen Preferred Stock at par. This issue is secure four times over by the actual value of our plan and affords a sound, well paying investmen with an iron clad security. Write for pros pectus and detailed information regarding ou

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There is Beauty in every Jar

The skin is an important body organ. It discharges, through its 28 miles of tiny pores, two pounds of effete or waste matter every 24 hours. Now, unless these pores are properly performing their work, this waste matter stays in the skin and makes it sallow, muddy and yellowish.

Therefore, a healthy skin is necessary to a perfect complexion. Exposure to the weather, to heat and cold, to dirt and dust indoors and out, to the tainted air of the ballroom or the steam of the kitchen, makes a skin tonic an absolute necessity to the woman who values her complexion.

Milkweed Cream

is a nourishing skin food with stimulating tonic properties. Apply a little with the finger tips night and morning and it will help the little pores to perform the work nature intends them to do.

Rubbing and kneading make the skin flabby and cause large, unsightly pores. Many skin troubles are caused by rubbing stuff into the skin. Having no remedial virtue, this simply dries up and clogs the tiny pores, making the complexion worse than it was before.

Milkweed Cream is absorbed by the skin like the dry ground absorbs water. It quickly restores a faded, sallow complexion and removes all skin blemishes. It should be used regularly every night and morning in order to keep the skin healthy and to prevent the pores from becoming clogged up.

IMPROVES BAD COMPLEXIONS — PRESERVES GOOD COMPLEXIONS

Milkweed Cream is put up in the most dainty fashion—white jars that will be an ornament for the most exclusive dressing-table

Liberal Sample Free Just write a note giving your name and address and enclosing a two cent stamp for postage, and we will send a sample free of charge, to prove how beneficial and beautifying Milkweed Cream really is!

F. F. INGRAM & CO., 42 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream is sold by all druggists 50c. and $1.00 a jar, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

ZODENTA

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It is a dentifrice in paste form, different from the ordinary pastes because the ingredients are blended together by intense heat, so that Zodenta is always the same.

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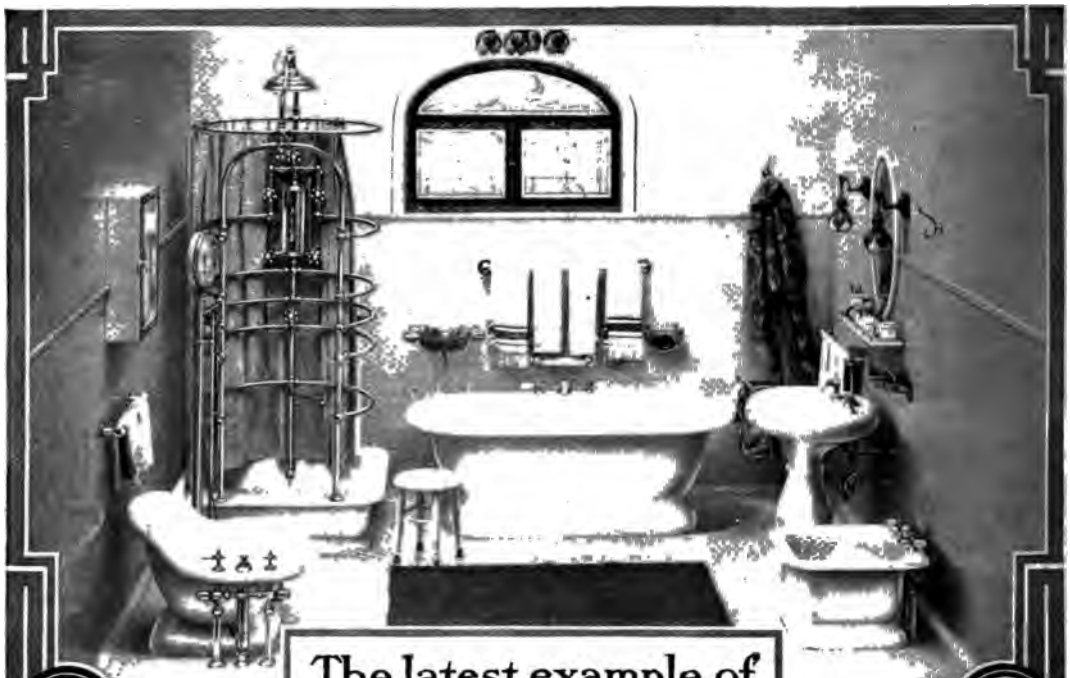

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The Truth About Chemical Preservatives in Foods

The United States Government says they slowly but surely destroy health and they are often used to conceal inferior materials.

Benzoate of Soda and other drugs and chemicals in foods generally, have but two uses—either to preserve that which is not good and clean enough, or that which is not well enough prepared to keep otherwise.

Look at all Ketchup Labels

Beware of brands labeled as containing Benzoate of Soda. It may be—too often is—used to preserve materials of doubtful quality—refuse cores and skins of tomatoes, for instance—canners' waste, which in its original state is actually repulsive.

To make Ketchup, Chili Sauce, etc., without Benzoate of Soda or other chemical preservatives, requires wholesome materials and clean methods.

Heinz Tomato Products are made from whole, ripe, selected tomatoes, prepared fresh from the vines, put up hot direct from the kettles, and contain no drugs or chemicals of any kind. They are safe to buy in every sense.

The Law requires the presence of Benzoate of Soda in a package to be stated on a label—these labels are often small and obscure. Your only protection is to read all labels on prepared foods.

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Family Contentment

No family can enjoy the home or do best work if obliged to huddle around a stove or fireplace. Different members of the family want to do different things in different rooms in all parts of the house.

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS for Hot Water or Low-Pressure Steam give you just the temperature you want in every room—halls, window-places and floors are alike warm, with no dangerous drafts. No coal gases, soot, or ashes reach the living rooms—to menace health and destroy furnishings.

ADVANTAGE 15:—The fire pots of IDEAL Boilers burn the largest possible amount of air to get the full heat out of each lump of coal.

The *first* cost is all the cost there is—the outfit lasts as long as the building, with no repairs. IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators save enough in fuel, labor, and house cleanliness to quickly pay off their original or first cost—thereafter they are a *lasting investment.*

Do not wait to build a new home, but enjoy comfort and *content* in the present one. Put in without tearing walls or partitions. Sizes for all classes of buildings—smallest to largest—in town or country. Our free book, "Heating Investments Successful," tells much that it will pay you well to know. Sales offices and warehouses in all large cities of America and Europe.

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HEINZ

Tomato Ketchup—Chili Sauce
Tomato Soup

Do not contain one drop of chemical preservatives. They are even purer than the law prescribes.

TOMATO KETCHUP—not overloaded with spices and sweetening; the delightful tomato flavor predominates. The special growing of Heinz tomatoes in soil and climate that produce the best, results in a high quality that makes this ketchup a surprise to one accustomed to ordinary kinds. **No preservatives.**

CHILI SAUCE. In this popular relish the fine savor of the tomato is accentuated by skillful seasoning. Smooth, uniform, appetizing. **No preservatives.**

TOMATO SOUP. The secret of its goodness lies not only in the high grade of tomatoes used, but in their careful blending with pure, rich cream and spices of our own grinding. The most delicious of purees—and there's none like Heinz. **No preservatives.**

All sold under positive guarantee of purity and satisfaction or grocer refunds money.

The Heinz Kitchens—always open—annually receive 30,000 visitors. Those who cannot come will enjoy our instructive booklet on Heinz methods and Heinz foods. Sent free.

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IDEAL Dept. 21 AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY CHICAGO IDEAL

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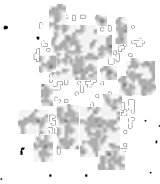

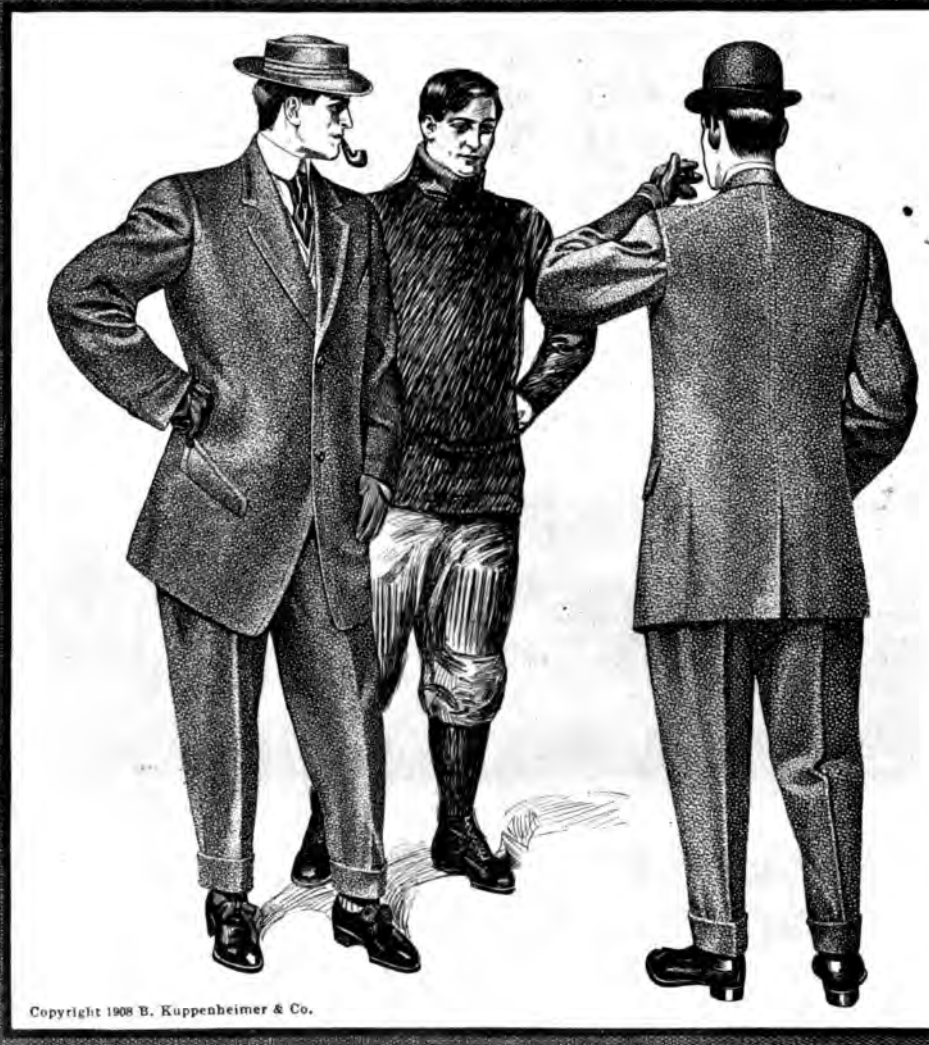

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THE kind of young men who admire snap in clothes, but draw the line at freakishness, wear Kuppenheimer Clothes.

The good effects are both outward and inward—outward, in the favorable impression they create upon others—inward, in their stimulus to pride and self-reliance.

The new Fall and Winter woolens are unusually rich in coloring and quality.

An authoritative book, Styles for Men, sent upon request.

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THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON

Painted by George Gibbs for Cream of Wheat Company.

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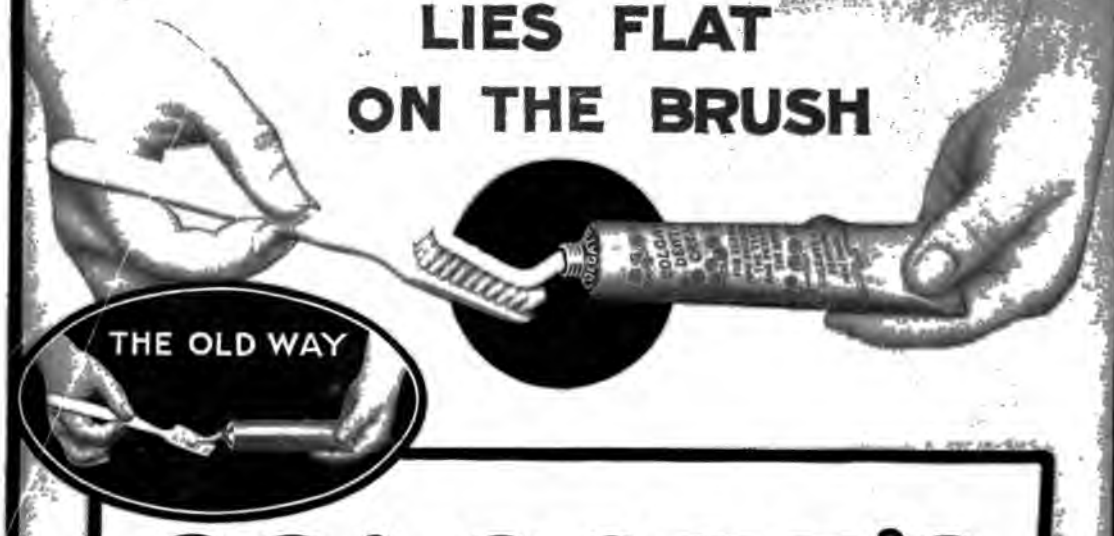
COMES OUT A RIBBON
LIES FLAT
ON THE BRUSH



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DENTAL CREAM

DELICIOUS in flavor, leaving the mouth delightfully cool and refreshed. More convenient, more efficient, less wasteful than powder or liquid. Cleanses thoroughly without scratching, gives a perfect polish to gold work and stimulates gum tissue.

We couldn't Improve the Cream, So we Improved the Tube

Your children will find brushing the teeth a pleasure instead of a duty if you supply them with this deliciously flavored cream.

Note Particularly—*The flat ribbon of cream from the rectangular opening* ▭ *does not roll off the brush as from the old-style round opening,* ○ *so there is no waste or uncleanliness. Also as the cream lies evenly along the brush, and about half as much comes out of the rectangular as from the round opening, less is required. So there is double economy in Colgate's.*

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Two Other Colgate Comforts in Original Packages

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